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THE

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FOR

1835.

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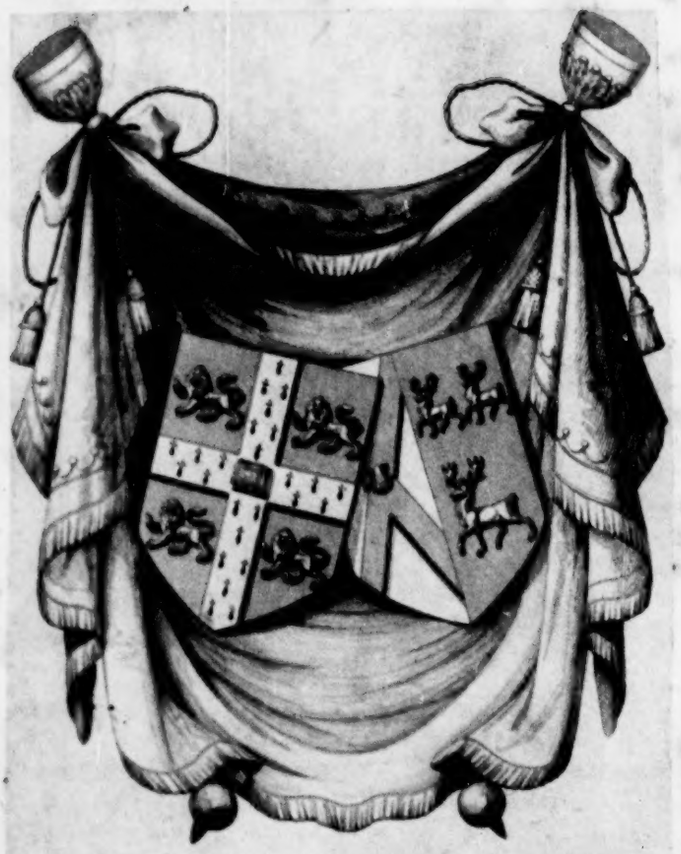
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MONTHLY REPOSITORY,

FOR 1835.

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

It is evident that what Wordsworth calls 'the mighty stream of tendency,' is flowing in the direction of Political Reform, with a force and steadiness which cannot be resisted. The mistakes of the late Administration could not divert its current; and the present Government, thrown up like a breakwater in its course, will only serve for a while to measure its calm rapidity, and then be washed away. There is more in this state of things than meets the eye of those very superficial persons who are fancying themselves the arbiters of the nation's destiny and the directors of its energies; more than enters into the comprehension of the bustling champions of contending parties. Every reflective mind must have noticed the almost total absence from Parliamentary debates and political publications, of statesmanlike and philosophical views of the condition of society, the moral influences which are acting upon it most powerfully and extensively, and the changes which may be expected to result from their agency. And yet there are not wanting abundant materials for this noble and useful species of speculation, without which, we are but groping along in the dark, trying in succession the nostrums of empirics, or clinging with the tenacity of fear to the customs of our forefathers. We should rejoice to see this subject thoroughly discussed; the phenomena classed; the principles indicated; and, which might then be done, the future predicted. The ablest intellect our country, or the world can boast of, would be well employed upon it. Would we could stimulate such a mind to the undertaking. The few slight thoughts we have now to offer may serve as hints to our readers, of its importance and interest.

The popular exertions which obtained the Reform Act, and the craving which exists for further legislative reforms, are only symptoms on the surface, prominent ones though they be, of a moral power which lies much deeper. The Whigs did not create the desire, nor can the Tories repress it. The tricks of party have been, and will be, powerless in this matter. There is a spirit at work too potent for its petty spells, and baffling all its short-sighted calculations.

Whatever of ridicule may have been made to attach to such phrases as the 'march of intellect,' the 'schoolmaster abroad,'

&c.; whatever may be the disappointments produced by the comparative inefficiency of Mechanics' Institutes, the London University, and similar attempts for the promotion of public instruction; whatever may be our just complaints of the yet deficient quantity, and the far more deficient quality, of popular education; it cannot with any plausibility be denied that our times are characterized by an extraordinary developement of intelligence. The growth of intelligence is naturally and always that of discontent. Not of a querulous and aimless discontent, but of that acute sense of present, yet not necessary or irremediable evil, and of that perception of higher but attainable good, which constitute the spur to human improvement. Why is it that the mechanic of the present day is at the same time better off, and yet more dissatisfied, than were the operatives of past generations? He has more knowledge, more mind; he wants more, and he believes that more is to be had; and eventually he will have it. Very silly is the attempt to lecture him out of this craving; it is nature's provision for the progress of society. The more enlightened he is, the stronger will it be in his bosom; and the greater the security of its impulse not driving him to acts injurious to others. Far and wide has the conviction spread amongst the working classes, and a just conviction it is, that they have not yet found their true place in society. And there is another description of persons who are in a similar predicament. The Aristocracy of Talent, as it has sometimes been called, is an Aristocracy chiefly in its own estimation. Its power is only recognised at irregular intervals, when it makes itself felt upon other portions of the community in a manner which cannot be mistaken. A public writer takes no rank by his profession. It often subjects him to unworthy imputations. He is regarded, sometimes, as a convenient tool for his betters to employ. Now, if there be much, in the present arrangements of society, to sting the sturdy operative, much more must there be to goad and lacerate the sensitiveness of cultivated intelligence. The discontent (we use the word, as before, in no bad sense) of this class must be of a deeper character. Their perceptions both of evil endured, and of good not realized, are of the keenest description. And what numbers there are who wholly or partially depend upon intellectual exertion for their pecuniary resources. How strong, of late, have been the stimulating influences to which they are subject. What a mass of mental vitality there is in this country. We must not estimate it by the production of epic poems or voluminous histories. Look rather at newspapers, periodicals, and the current literature of the day. With all the deductions that must be made, they are yet a magnificent exhibition of intellectual power. The press is the fourth estate of the realm; but it is swamped by the other three, so far as affects the condition and prospects of its individual members.

Literary men rarely indeed acquire wealth. They persevere nevertheless. The coinage of their brains supplies the country with its currency of thought. It is not convertible into specie, but it accumulates.

The progression of the trading classes is somewhat slower, and that of the hereditary proprietary much slower still. The latter have obvious inducements to content. The only question for them is, whether they can keep others so. They fear change, for they hold the prizes already. There is nothing for them to get, unless it be moral good and benevolent enjoyment. They doubt whether, for these objects, it would be worth risking the quiet possession of their estates and position, which they apprehend would be at stake, especially while they can bolster up their rents and their station. Yet they see that the mighty change around them must induce some corresponding change, to them undefined, in themselves. Hence, with the exception of a few fanatics, the mass of the landed Aristocracy is disposed towards some of the various modifications of Conservative Reform. The commercial classes, yet working their way up the ladder of Aristocracy, which reaches from the dust to the heavens of English society, see further than this, even to the necessity and desirableness of such Reform as shall not only preserve but improve our institutions. Moreover the perception spreads of the identification of the interests of trade and commerce with the Cause of human progression. The principles of Free Trade are a chapter in the bible of the enlightened philanthropist. Political Reform is thus, throughout the various classes of the community, the object of zealous demand, or of temperate desire, or of calm acquiescence, or of unavoidable concession. Some say, 'Hurrah, it *shall* come!' others, 'Alas! it *must* come!' and others, 'It *is* coming, it *should* come, and let it come!'

That we have correctly indicated the rapid developement of intelligence, as the main-spring of that movement which takes Political Reform in its road, might be shown by a general survey of the literary productions of our time, including in that term all published thought, with all its latent as well as avowed principle and tendency. We have observed enough to feel no doubt of the results of such an analysis. Intellect is power as truly as steam is power; and like that, when generated in a confined space, will act upon the boundaries that compress it until they give way. Here the parallel stops. The material energy dissipates itself, and is lost; not so the mental. That forms a new and ampler nidus for itself, creates fresh and larger boundaries, and works well within them until a renewed expansion brings disproportion again, and requires a repetition of the process. All demonstrations of progressive intelligence, (and how abundant they are,) show that a re-formation of social institutions is in its commencing course, with that certainty which belongs, not to the schemes of partisans, or the policy of administrations, but to the operation of

the laws which regulate the nature of man and the progress of society; laws which are a portion, and the noblest, of that universal plan, by which is insured to us the succession of the seasons and the revolutions of the planetary system.

It is not to such writings as those of the benevolent but impracticable Owen that we refer, when we speak of the reformatory, or rather the progressive character of the productions of modern intelligence. Mr. Owen has been described, too severely, perhaps, yet not without some reason, as a man who can manufacture the plainest truth into an absurdity. The consequences he deduces have certainly not facilitated the reception of the principles he advocates. We rather had in our minds the great Conservative writers, their poets, orators, and oracles, and the tendency of *their* writings. It is not too far to go back to Burke, for the Tories are raising new altars to his name, and rendering the homage due to a great political philosopher and prophet, to the man who in his day was degraded by the pay of a pension for his partisanship. What was the one bright idea, enshrined within his soul, which solves and harmonizes the seeming discrepancies of his career, and which he was infuriate with the French Revolution, and what were called Jacobin principles, for beclouding? It was a stately and glorious vision of social order, 'like the proud keep of Windsor, *rising in the majesty of proportion*, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers.' Now, that same 'majesty of proportion' is equally the object of enthusiastic idolatry to all true Reformers, even down to what are deemed the lowest grades and wildest speculators, to the 'Republicans,' 'Anarchists,' and 'St. Simonians.' In that conception, Burke showed the real and native tendency of intelligence; and if, misled by the passing events and passions of a stormy time, when the dust of falling thrones made the air too dense and foul a medium for the clear perception of facts, he spoke of what to himself could only have been the comparative as if it had been the absolute, that affects not the truth and grandeur of his conception, nor the certainty that the developement of the human mind must ever be, and is strongly now, an impulsive power towards its realization. There is not, there never can be, the 'majesty of proportion' in society, while its various classes feel a gross discrepancy in their position; while imbecility holds supremacy over soul, and idleness sits like an incubus on industry; while the weakest bear the heaviest burdens, and protection is distributed in proportion to strength; while gulfs are yawning wider and wider between classes that must rest on each other, if society is to be an edifice and not a ruin; while political existence is a privilege capriciously conferred, most abundant where its perversion can be best enforced, and withheld from multitudes by whom it is claimed and needed; and while ancient and venerable names gather associations of contempt and aversion by ceasing to represent, as they profess,

any proportionate reality of public utility, and by becoming mere pretexts, under which cupidity aggravates every national incongruity. A sense of the 'majesty of proportion' must, even without much personal participation in the pressure, produce in all pure and generous minds, the passion of renovation. To the Conservative poets, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, apply the observations we have made on Burke. What is Coleridge's 'Idea of an Established Church?' a beautiful and noble speculation, the very speculation which makes many of those who are called Ultra-Radicals and Atheists, demand the dissolution of the union between Church and State. No bonds that have been ever used to hold together the living and the dead, can unite, in men's minds, to any considerable extent, that conception and the English hierarchy. In the corruptions of that body, no such soul can be compelled to inhabit. It must cease to be a sectarian corporation, rich in national endowments, and sacrificing even the comparatively better qualities of a sect to political subserviency and aristocratical patronage, before it can possibly become the means of spiritual culture to the entire population. The Sycorax of our hierarchy must be indeed re-formed before the pure Ariel of Coleridge's vision will do her bidding, and receive from her the mission of national religion. It is

'too pure a spirit,
To act her earthly and abhorred commands.'

But Coleridge is witness of the intellectual movement towards this regeneration. Nor need we point out to those who watch, with a mixture of complacency and melancholy, the superficial yet perennial luxuriance of Southey; or to those, before whom the majestic soul of Wordsworth has stood unveiled, to what an extent, in them, the same truth is manifested. Glancing, for an instant, at a very different form of intellect, we might ask what has become of the (originally) Tory speculations of Malthus? what is the actual influence of talent, which was first put forth to shame man's brightest hopes, and bow his spirit to the oppressions and plunderings of his fellow-creatures in authority, as if they were the decrees of eternal Providence? The philosophy which was evoked, o'ermastered the Toryism it was raised to serve, and became another agent of improvement. And so might we show, whenever intelligence has been evinced in the party, from the orations of Canning, or the fictions of Disraeli, to the scribes of Blackwood and Fraser, how every devil of Toryism confesses, however unconsciously, the presence of the Divinity of Reform, in its divinest character, that of the progressiveness of society and of man.

We may assume Lytton Bulwer to be the prince of living writers of fiction; and he is also an illustration of the affinity between that species of imagination which realizes both the external indications and inward feelings of human character, and the aspiration after a nobler developement of humanity itself.

Campbell is still the bard of Patriotism and of Hope. What is all the sadness, which, like the wailings of an Æolian harp, breathes over the blended poetry and philosophy of the criticisms of Carlyle, but the discontent which we have endeavoured to define, the impulsiveness of a nature too noble for its sphere, towards one more in accordance with its capacity. In strange contrast as they are with this, and with each other, yet is the same principle at work in the very different manifestations of the metaphysical moodiness of Tennyson, and the denunciations of Ebenezer Elliot. As for political and moral philosophy, almost all that we have of it is twin-born with Reform. It was cradled in Westminster. The Philosophers are the Reformers. The two great powers of mind, the logical and the imaginative faculties, have both, in their advance, shown themselves identified, often with the faith, and always with the fact, of the movement towards an improved and improving condition of society.

Amid these general, and, as it were, floating tendencies, all through the intellectual world, often unperceived, and often vainly abjured, by individual minds, it could not be but what there should be some, many, in whom their spirit would become more distinctly incorporate, and with whom the amelioration of social institutions and arrangements, as subservient to the progression of human nature, would form itself into 'their being's end and aim,' and acquire the energy of a determined purpose, a principle, a passion, a religion. And such there are, scattered over the country; their union of purpose and of purity being the pledge of that country's redemption. They have no party to strengthen but that which best advances principles. They advocate no interests but those which best subserve the great common interest. They do not one day worship a political idol, and the next throw him to the moles and the bats with every species of contumely. They measure their zeal by the degree of utility and not by the temporary convenience of factions. If unconnected with permanent good for the people, the triumphs of party do not satisfy them, nor its defeats dismay them. While no momentary advantage can divert them from a principle, they are the furthest of all men from being unpractical. Like one of their greatest precursors, Milton, the heart of each 'the lowliest burdens on itself will lay.' They know that in doing well the work of the day, they best labour for futurity. In their course there is a perfect unity of direction. Hence they have a power, a constantly expanding power, seldom perceived, continually felt. They are the central force of Reform. They are its enduring missionaries; they would not hesitate to become its martyrs. There are no such men in the ranks of Whigism, nor in those of Toryism, nor are they prominent amongst the yet unorganized troops of Radicalism.

Some of the public zeal for Reform by which the Whigs were borne into power, and now think to regain power, may, perhaps,

have been artificially excited; some selfish interests in the country there doubtless are, which the security of a monopoly, or the repeal of a tax, may make the friends or the foes of any Government; some action there may have been of demagogues upon the multitude for individual aggrandizement; the immediate effect of those organic reforms in which some classes are interested, may have been inordinately estimated; there may be in some quarters a blind desire of mere change, or an aimless restlessness, or an insane tendency towards violence: but purblind indeed must the politicians be, who dream that these constitute any sensible portion of the real social movement, any calculable fraction of the impulse which drives it on, or that it can be arrested by their repression. They might as well tie up the vane to change the wind; or catch and fix the twigs that are whirling about when the air and the ground are convulsed with the heavings of the earthquake. The new Premier hopes that 'the people are tired of agitation:' of party squabbles and compromises; of court intrigues, and of the blind obstinacy of the privileged; of empty professions, broken pledges, and disappointed expectations, they are tired; but the spirit of Reform is no more likely to rest in satisfaction, or go to sleep in weariness, than the just liberated eagle to flag on the wing at the very commencement of its upward flight.

Whatever determined stand may be made on behalf of the Church, that institution will probably be the next to yield to the public feeling. It will not be pulled down by the Dissenters. They neither understand the Church nor Dissent, who expect the conflict to be between these parties. The sectarian spirit of the present times is not that of the seventeenth century. The Dissenters will achieve the redress of their own grievances, and be quiet. They will not, as a body, wage war with the Establishment on the abstract principle; nor will any other class. But the present Ecclesiastical Constitution cannot long survive the deep conviction which is becoming general, that it works but little of moral good for the community, and that it presents the most formidable obstacle to almost every measure of real improvement. There is a growing determination that it shall be made of use, or be unmade. Every intelligent Reformer deprecates the latter alternative, so far as it would throw the Ecclesiastical funds into the landlord's grasp, and would preserve this grand national endowment intact for the appropriate purposes of national instruction, of the best and most comprehensive description.

The silly assumption of hereditary wisdom, or the barefaced avowal that, not the wise to govern, but the interested in misgovernment, shall guide a community at their pleasure, cannot long be tolerated. They are condemned in men's minds, and the decent and hollow respect of words, 'mouth-honour,' is all they have left to live upon. The time was, when the Peerage of this country was better qualified to rule than the Commonalty; rightly then had the Upper House its privileges: the time was

when the wealth of commoners was a not very imperfect measure of their aptitude for useful legislation; rightly then had the Lower House its property qualification: but can it be contended that we still live in those times? or that they last to eternity?

The Suffrage and the Ballot, the House of Lords and the Church, and all the mechanism of legislation and government, while, by their tangible forms and the clashing of interests in relation to them, they afford a field for the more overt manifestations of the spirit of Reform, have, after all, more to do with the clearance of outward and gross impediments to human progress than with the progress itself. Hence real Reformers are deeply interested in whatever belongs to science, art, education, and all the economy of life. They especially desire that the working classes should thoroughly understand their condition, and the means for its improvement. The popular tales of Miss Martineau on subjects which, not long since, no one would have dreamed of treating popularly, were amongst the many phenomena which illustrate our present subject. They were one of the currents of that mighty ocean whose billows are bearing us onward. The spirit of Reform has strongly impressed its image on literary criticism, at least so far as to the introduction of a severer logic and the more systematic application of general principles. It has created a new and a progressive power of critical appreciation. We have ceased to hear of the hard and barren doctrine of utility. The cultivation of a popular enjoyment and philosophy of Art, is amongst the primary objects of real Reformers. They would instil into the people the reality of that taste, of which the semblance is affected as one of the perquisites of Aristocracy. They want not, in the multitude, a mass of brute agency to do their bidding, but men who not only 'know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,' but who also shall reason, and feel, and derive enjoyment from all those finer inlets which are the access of nature and genius to the human soul. Education is undergoing the process of Reform, and gaining a wiser, kindlier, and more efficient adaptation to its proper object of training the human being to the full expansion of his nature, and all the happiness thence arising. And theirs is the mission, abandoned to them by others, and joyfully accepted, of preparing the way of universal instruction, the first interest and first duty of a community.

Our readers must not accuse us of forgetting in the wideness of these speculations, the stirring topics, and pending conflict of the day. We have shown our interest in them elsewhere; and they have, in fact, led us, amid all the noise and bustle they produce, to the train of thought which is here hastily and very imperfectly traced. Reformers will not obey with less alacrity the call to be up and doing, for having snatched a few minutes' quiet meditation on the tendencies of society; and on the utter vanity, for their counteraction, of all the golden dreams or desperate efforts of the Soldier or the Sophist.

THE NUTCRACKER;

SECOND FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

Maehrchen fur grosse und kleine Kinder!
Tales for great and small children!

Chapter I.—New Year's Day.

On a certain New Year's Day the children of Dr. Smallhorse were expressly forbidden to enter the front drawing-room. When the evening closed in, Frederick and Mary sat, in the dark, in a corner of the little back room, and Frederick, speaking very low and mysteriously, informed Mary, his younger sister, who was nearly seven years old, that he had heard strange noises in the locked-up chamber, and that he had seen a little black man glide out from the door, who he believed was no other than godpapa Pivot. At this communication Mary, transported with joy, clapped her little hands together and cried: 'Oh! dear me! how I should like to know what pretty thing godpapa Pivot has got for us.'

Mr. Pivot, commissioner of something or other, was not a very handsome man; he was small and thin; his face much wrinkled; the locality of his right eye covered with a great black patch; and, having no hair, he wore a splendid, patent, white periwig. But godpapa was a very ingenious man; he understood watchwork, and it was said could even make watches. Indeed when any of Dr. Smallhorse's pretty clocks were out of order, godpapa Pivot came, took off his periwig, put on a little cap, girded himself with an apron, and poked into their insides with pointed instruments, to the great apprehension of little Mary; but, certainly, they were all the better for the operation, and began again to tick, and strike, and play, to the satisfaction of every one. Whenever he visited Dr. Smallhorse, he had in his pocket some pretty thing for the children; sometimes a little man, who rolled his eyes, and made the finest bows possible; sometimes a snuff-box, out of which popped a bird. But at the new year, Mr. Pivot always made for them something particularly fine and ingenious.

'How I should like to know what pretty thing godpapa Pivot has got for us,' said Mary. Frederick thought it would be a grand and imposing fortress, on which might be seen the soldiers guarding and exercising; afterwards the enemy would assault it, but the garrison would fire the cannon bravely, and kick up a devil of a row.

'No, no,' interrupted Mary, 'godpapa Pivot has spoken to me about a beautiful garden, with a piece of water, in which swim magnificent swans, which have gold collars, and sing pretty tunes; then comes a nice little girl who calls them to her, and feeds them with *bonbons*.'

'Swans don't eat *bonbons*,' said Frederick, rather impatiently, 'and I don't believe godpapa Pivot could make a garden; and, after all, I

like the presents of papa and mamma best, for we may do as we like with those, and we hardly dare touch his.'

As the children talked in this manner about what they expected, Mary found that Miss Gertrude, her largest doll, altered very much; that she was awkwarder than ever; that she fell down continually, which caused dreadful bruises on her face; that, in short, further painstaking was quite useless. Frederick asserted that he required a fine pie-bald for his stables, and that his army was quite unprovided with cavalry—'as,' said he, 'papa very well knows.'

Thus chattered Frederick and Mary, sitting half afraid in their corner; when, all of a sudden, the folding-doors opened, and a brilliant light dazzled the eyes of the children, who remained quiet, as if frozen with astonishment. Then did the father and mother take hold of their hands, saying, 'Come, dear children, come and see what the good new year has brought you.'

Courteous reader, I beg of you to recall to your memory the sweet impression of pleasing gifts in childhood; if you can, you will be able to conceive easily the joy of these children. For a time they stood breathless—then cried Mary, 'Oh! how beautiful! oh! isn't it beautiful!' Frederick, after several astonishing capers, recovered himself marvellously. It might be supposed that they had been very good during the past year, for never had so many fine things been given to them. A large, flourishing tree bore a quantity of apples, oranges, *bonbons*, and sugared almonds of all colours. Upon its branches sparkled, like stars, scores of little wax-lights. What fine things were there, and how shall I describe them? Mary saw a doll, larger and prettier than you can possibly imagine, with a most splendid house, and the most precious furniture. Her frock was of silk, tied with variegated ribands, and her eyes turned on all sides. Mary exclaimed six times—'Oh! beautiful! beautiful! I never, never did see any thing so beautiful!' Frederick found a superb piebald horse, which he soon galloped three or four times round the table. On dismounting he observed—'the beast has been broken in badly, but that does not matter, I will quickly have him under command!' Then passed in review the squadron of hussars, in magnificent uniforms, covered with gold, with silver weapons, and upon horses of a most surpassing whiteness.

When the children became a little calmer, they perceived on another table what they guessed was the present of godpapa. We will endeavour to describe it. Upon a meadow, strewed with flowers, rose a superb castle, with golden turrets and casements. A little peal of bells was heard, the doors and the windows opened, and ladies and gentlemen, very small, but extremely spruce and gallant, were seen walking about the saloons. Their robes trailed behind them, and they had plumes of feathers on their heads. The middle saloon appeared all on fire, it was so brilliantly lighted by silver chandeliers, and there the company danced to the music of the little bells. One gentleman, in an emerald green cloak, now and then peeped out of window, made signs, and disappeared again. Godpapa Pivot was also there, about as big as my thumb; he came to the great gate of the castle, and then went in again. Frederick, with his elbows resting on the table, had contemplated, attentively, the castle and the little figures; at last he said—'Godpapa Pivot, let me go into thy castle!' The commissioner observed, that it was im-

possible. He was right, and certainly it was foolish of Frederick to wish to enter a castle which, with all its turrets of gold, was not so high as himself.

Soon afterwards the promenade and the dance were repeated in exactly the same manner; the man in the emerald green cloak looked out of the same window, and godpapa Pivot came to the same gate. Frederick cried out with impatience—'Godpapa Pivot, I do wish you would go to the other gate!'

'That cannot be, my dear Frederick,' answered the commissioner.

'Well, then, tell that man in green not to look so often out of the window, but to go and walk with the others.'

'I cannot do it,' said the commissioner, 'as the mechanism is at first arranged so must it proceed.'

'Well, then I must tell you, godpapa Pivot' said Frederick, that if those good little people in the castle only do one thing continually, I don't think much of them. With my hussars it is quite different; they manœuvre as I wish; they advance, they retreat, they are not shut up in a house. So saying, he ran to the other table and put his squadron in motion. Mary also turned to go away, for she was tired of the eternal walking and dancing; but, being a very good little girl, she did not wish her godpapa to observe her ennui.

Mr. Pivot said to Dr. and Mrs. Smallhorse, in a discontented tone—'I must take away my castle, the work is too ingenious to be understood by these little folks.' But Mrs. Smallhorse begged him to show the interior of it, and the wheels which put the puppets in motion.

Chapter II.—The Protégé.

Mary still lingered by the table, and suddenly observed something new, for the hussars of Frederick, in making a grand charge, cleared every thing before them, and discovered, on their left flank, a little man who had not been seen until that very moment. He stood in a modest manner waiting patiently his turn.

There is a great deal to say about this little man. The lower part of his body, from his shoulders downwards, was not very well formed, and his head was extremely large; but this bad effect was somewhat diminished by his style of apparel, which indicated the man of quality. He wore a violet-coloured hussar jacket, plentifully covered with braids and buttons, red pantaloons, and the most beautiful boots—quite enviable; they looked as if they were painted. Mary, at first sight, thought the little man very ugly, but, afterwards, when she observed the expression of goodness in his face, became better pleased with him. Friendship and universal benevolence glowed in his large, grey, open eyes, and his red lips were curled into a sweet smile.

'Dear papa,' said Mary, 'tell me, do tell me, whom does this pretty little man belong to?'

'He must work for you all,' answered papa; 'it is his duty to break nuts, and Louisa (who was the elder sister) and Fred may use him.' So saying, papa put him with care upon the table, and, the cap being pushed, the little man opened his large mouth, within which was seen fine, white, and pointed teeth. At papa's bidding, Mary placed therein a nut, and—crack!—the little man bit it so hard that the shell flew away, and the kernel tumbled into her hand. So Mary learned that the

little man was of the race of Nutcrackers, and that he followed the profession of his ancestors. Mary gave him more nuts, but little ones, that he might not have to open his mouth very wide, for that rather disfigured his countenance. Louisa took her turn, and the nutcracker lent his teeth with much good nature, always smiling pleasantly. Then came the turn of Frederick. After he had laughed very much at the personal appearance of the little man, he put into its mouth one of the largest nuts he could find: all at once was heard, crack! crack!—three teeth fell out of the mouth of the nutcracker, and the lower jaw appeared empty and broken.

'Oh! my poor nutcracker!' cried Mary, taking it away from Fred.

'Your nutcracker is a fool,' said Fred; 'he knows nothing about his duty; he hasn't good teeth. Give it to me again Mary; he shall crack my nuts or else break his jaw quite.'

'No, no,' said Mary, weeping, 'you shan't have my dear nutcracker! See how unhappy he looks with his little bruised mouth! You are a hard-hearted, wicked boy; you beat your horses, and you shoot your soldiers.'

'Well, so I am obliged to do; you know nothing of military affairs. Give me the nutcracker, Mary; it is as much mine as yours.'

Mary began crying bitterly, and wrapped up the nutcracker in her little pocket handkerchief. At the noise made, her father and mother came towards them, also godpapa Pivot, who took Frederick's part, to the great displeasure of Mary. The father said, 'I placed the nutcracker under the care of Mary, and, as I see she has taken a fancy to it, I give her full power over the little man; as for Fred, I am astonished that he should wish to press into his service an invalid. As a good officer he ought to know that a wounded soldier should not figure in the ranks.'

Frederick felt rather ashamed, and stole away to the table where lay his hussars under arms, after having advanced their videttes. Mary tried to replace the teeth of the nutcracker, tied his jaws up with a bit of pretty white riband, and rocked him gently in her arms. Godpapa Pivot mocked her very much on the ugliness of her favourite, but she answered him: 'I wonder, dear godpapa, if you would look as well if you had such a coat and boots.'

Mary could not understand why her papa and mamma laughed at what she said; nor why the commissioner looked quite put out. I dare say they had their reasons.

Chapter III.—Wonders.

In that back drawing-room, at Dr. Smallhorse's, on the left, as you go in, may be seen a lofty cabinet, with glass doors. The children used it to preserve the fine presents which were given to them yearly. Dr. S. had it made by a skilful workman when Louisa was young; the fine clear panes of glass in front made every thing appear very brilliant. On the top division, which Mary and Fred could not reach, might be seen the wonderful things made by godpapa Pivot. Underneath was the shelf for picture books, and beneath that were two shelves, which Mary and Fred might use for their own will and pleasure. In this way it came about that Mary used the lowest shelf to lodge her dolls, and that Frederick used the one above to quarter his troops in.

It was getting late, very near midnight; godpapa Pivot had departed some time, and Mrs. S. wished to get the children to bed, who kept lingering. At last, said Fred,—'It is true, the poor devils (he spoke of his hussars) the poor devils must be tired.' So he gave the word of command, and they marched into barracks, and then he marched to bed.

But Mary begged her mother to grant another little minute, and, as she was a very good, careful girl, it was granted. Her mother put out all the lights, except one shaded lamp which hung from the ceiling, and, bidding her not to stop more than another minute, kissed her and went to her bed-room.

As soon as Mary was alone, she hastened to the nutcracker, which laid wrapped in her pocket handkerchief; and, placing it carefully on the table, she unrolled it and examined its wounds. Nutcracker was very pale, and looked so piteously that Mary felt quite moved. 'Nutcracker, my little friend,' said she, in a low voice, 'do not be angry with my brother Fred on account of the harm he did you; his love of military affairs has made him rather stern, but he is, nevertheless, a good boy, I assure you. I promise to take care of you, great care of you, until you are set to rights again, and that will be godpapa Pivot's affair, for he understands those things better——'

Mary would have said more, but, when she pronounced the name of her godpapa, the eyes of Nutcracker sparkled, and he made a strange grimace. Mary closed her eyes involuntarily, and when she opened them again, Nutcracker appeared with his usual smile. Perhaps the light of the lamp, agitated by a puff of air, gave that expression to the face of Nutcracker which startled the little girl.

'What a silly girl I am to frighten myself so,' said Mary; so she put her friend Nutcracker under her arm, and, going to the cabinet, thus addressed her new doll:

'I must beg of you, Miss Clara, to give up your bed to poor Nutcracker, who is sadly wounded, and to accommodate yourself as well as you can upon the sofa; you must consider that you are in good health and strong, as your red cheeks plainly show, and that very few dolls have such a sofa as that to use.'

Miss Clara appeared indignant and melancholy, and answered not a word.

'I am sure it is very good of me to use such ceremony with you,' said Mary; so she drew the bed towards her and placed the nutcracker in it, covering him carefully up to his nose.

'I don't like him to be near that ill-natured Miss Clara,' said she, and lifting the bed, she placed it upon the shelf above, close to the village in which the hussars of Frederick were cantoned.

Mary shut the cabinet, and was going up to bed, when suddenly she heard a noise, crackling, scratching, gliding, moving, behind the door,—behind the chairs,—behind the cabinet. The clock, on a bracket against the wall, ticked louder and louder, but did not strike. The gilded owl, which was on the top of it, stretched out its ugly head, and strange words were heard muttered.

'Hour, hour, hour—go by—go by—go by—pass—pendulum swing softly—the king of the rats is coming—bam, bam, bam,—sing the old song, bam, bam—strike, clock, strike—strike this instant.'

The clock struck, bam, bam, bam, twelve times.

Mary trembled and would have fled, only she perceived godpapa Pivot sitting upon the clock, in the place of the owl; the skirts of his snuff-coloured coat flying around him like the wings of the night-bird.

'Godpapa Pivot—godpapa Pivot, what are you doing there? Come down and don't frighten me, naughty godpapa!'

Suddenly a strange whistling and gnashing was heard—a trotting and a running behind the walls. It sounded like the noise of thousands of little feet. Soon there was a general trot and gallop into the room, and Mary perceived crowds of mice, with fiery eyes, ranging themselves in order and forming ranks, like the soldiers which Frederick set in battle-array. Mary, who was not so timid of mice as some children are, looked at them with pleasure, when all of a sudden there arose a whistle so piercing that it made her blood run cold. Close to her feet the carpet parted, as if moved by a subterraneous irruption, and seven rat heads, each crowned with a jewelled diadem, appeared. Soon came the body, the one body, to which these seven heads belonged; and the army saluted with a shout the rat crowned with seven diadems, who immediately advanced, at full gallop, towards Mary, who was leaning against the cabinet. Mary's heart beat so, that she thought it would burst, and that her death-hour was come, but, suddenly, it stopped beating, her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and she fell half fainting. Crash went the glass of the cabinet door, broken by her fall. She felt a sharp pain in her left arm, but her heart was relieved. Then all was quiet, and for a moment she thought that the rats and mice had returned to their holes. Alas! behind her, Mary heard strange murmurs, and little voices crying, 'Up, up—we must march this night to the combat—up, up—to the combat!'

The greatest agitation prevailed in the cabinet, puppets ran from one side to the other (what a fine motto for a political pamphlet!) The Nutcracker raised himself up, threw off his coverlet, and jumped out of bed, crying, 'Rat people, race of mice—I despise ye—vermin that ye are!'

So saying he drew his sword, waved it in the air, and thus continued, 'Dear friends and vassals, will you follow me to the combat?'

Three scaramouches, Punch, four chimney-sweepers, one violin player, one drummer, and a black velvet cat, answered, with the greatest enthusiasm, 'Yes, sir, we are faithful!—we will fight by the side of thee to the death—let us on to combat—to victory!'

With those words in their mouths, they threw themselves from the cabinet on to the floor. It was all very well for those gentry, dressed in cloth and silk, with their paunches well stuffed with wool or horse-hair, to take such a perilous leap; but quite different with the poor nut-cracker, who would certainly have broken every bone in his body, if Miss Clara had not first precipitated herself with the sofa and then received the hero tenderly in her arms.

'My dear and good Clara,' said Mary, 'how I misunderstood you—certainly you are a well-wisher to Nutcracker.'

Miss Clara, addressing the young hero, said, 'Sir, sick and wounded as you are, do not throw yourself into the *mêlée*. See how joyfully your vassals hasten to the combat. Scaramouch, Punch, and the rest, have already taken the field. Repose in my arms, and await your victory.'

Thus spoke the blue eyed maid, but Nutcracker struggled so much in

her embrace, that she was obliged to set him down. When set on the floor he knelt on one knee before her, and said: 'Madam, the honour you have done me is indelibly engraven on my heart.'

Miss Clara curtsied very low and gracefully; then taking off her scarf, she would have bound it around him, but the little man receded two steps and, placing his hand upon his breast, said solemnly, 'Confer not your favours, madam, upon one so unworthy: for I ——' he hesitated, sighed deeply, took the white riband, which Mary had tied round his jaws, pressed it to his lips, made a scarf of it, and then drawing his sword rushed boldly towards his troops. Then the whistlings, and squeakings, and scratchings recommenced. The battalions of rats and mice were getting into motion, and above all were seen the frightful seven heads of the crowned rat.

Chapter IV.—The Battle.

'Drummer, beat to arms!' cried Nutcracker, in a loud voice. The drummer made the room resound again. A great noise was heard within the cabinet, and Mary saw the boxes in which Frederick kept his infantry fly open, and the soldiers rushed out tumultuously. Nutcracker went through the ranks, and spoke a few inspiring words to the troops. Then turning to Punch, he addressed him gravely, thus: 'General, I know your courage and experience; all will depend upon precision of sight and movement. I confide to you the command of the cavalry and artillery. I trust—I am assured—you will do your duty.'

Punch put his hand to his mouth, and gave out a noise like the sound of twenty trumpets. The cuirassiers, the dragoons, the lancers, having at their head Frederick's new-formed regiment of hussars, issued out from the cabinet, and formed into line upon the floor. Afterwards, regiment defiled after regiment, with their colours flying and bands playing. Then came the artillery, who formed a battery of heavy cannon upon a footstool, and commenced the action by firing with destructive effect on an advancing column of the enemy. The rats *déployed* in larger and larger masses, and the little silver balls which they threw began to fall quite close to the cabinet. Clara and Gertrude ran about in despair, wringing their hands.

'Must I then die in the flower of my days—I, the handsomest of dolls?' cried Clara.

'Is it my fate to perish within these four walls?' moaned Gertrude. Forgetting feminine jealousies, in mutual trouble, they threw their arms round each other's necks, and their lamentations were heard even above the din of battle. Gentle and courteous reader, what a sight was before them, partly obscured by the smoke and dust! Bang-bang-bom—pouf-piff-bang. Amidst the roaring of cannon, and the noise of drums and trumpets, were heard the squeaks of the rat-king and his followers, and the powerful voice of Nutcracker, who gave his orders, and, at the head of his battalions, dared the fire of the enemy.

Punch made many brilliant charges with his cavalry, and covered himself with glory. On observing his dauntless courage, his truncheon waving high in the thickest of the fight, we might, to use the words of Tacitus, 'have forgotten in our admiration of the hero, the private vices of the man;'—we might have forgotten that public report accused him

of killing his amiable wife, and throwing his innocent child out of the window.

In one of the charges of cavalry, the battery posted upon the footstool was, unfortunately, left uncovered, and a strong body of rats, turning the right wing, fell upon it, carried it, and eat up all the artillery men. This was a sad stroke for Nutcracker, who was obliged to order a retrograde movement. The rats followed up their advantage by *débouching* upon a large arm-chair, and throwing forward masses of cavalry, who fell with dreadful squeaks upon the left wing of Nutcracker. There they met with a check, for the troops composing it formed a square, and received the onset with the greatest coolness and courage. But all efforts were useless, for the rest of the army was in full retreat. The unfortunate Nutcracker, carried away by the flying crowd, towards the cabinet, called out in vain, 'Let the reserve advance—Punch!—Scaramouch!—drummer!—where the devil are you?' Alas! most of them were lifeless on the field of honour. The four chimney-sweepers fell at the head of the black guards, after performing unheard-of prodigies of valour. Nutcracker wished to ensconce himself in the cabinet, but his legs were too short, and there was nobody to help him up. Clara and Gertrude had swooned away. The hussars and dragoons passed him at full gallop, and threw themselves into the fortress. Then did he exclaim in his terrible despair, 'All is lost, except honour!' At this very moment two of the enemy's sharp-shooters seized him by the wooden jacket, and the king of the rats hastened towards him, horrible cries issuing out of his seven mouths.

'Oh, my dear, poor Nutcracker!' said Mary, weeping; and without hardly knowing what she did, she took hold of her left shoe, and whirled it at the rat-king. In a moment all vanished. Mary felt a violent pain again in her arm, and fainted.

Chapter V.—The Illness.

When Mary awoke from her swoon she found herself in her own little bed, and the sun was shining in at the window through the icicles which hung outside the casement. Near her stood a stranger, whom she soon recollected to be Mr. Widesight, the surgeon. He said, in a low tone of voice, 'See, she wakes.' Her mother ran to her. 'Dear mamma,' murmured Mary, 'are all the rats gone, and is poor Nutcracker saved?' 'Don't talk such foolishness, Mary, my love,' answered her mother; 'what do you mean by talking about rats and nutcrackers? Naughty girl, you have made us very unhappy. Why did you not do what I bid you, and go to bed, instead of wanting to sit up all night to play with your dolls? Heavens be praised, I woke about midnight, and not finding you in your little bed, went into the other room, and there you were, lying by the cabinet, surrounded by the leaden soldiers of Frederick, and your dolls, with the nutcracker resting upon your bleeding arm, and your left shoe at a little distance from you.'

'Oh! mamma, mamma,' said Mary, 'you saw traces of the battle which was fought there between the rats and the dolls. When I saw the rats taking poor Nutcracker prisoner, I threw my shoe into the midst of them, and I am sure I don't know how it all happened.'

The surgeon made a sign to her mother, and said to Mary, 'Well,

my love, never mind; keep yourself quiet; the rats are all gone, and Nutcracker is safe in the cabinet.'

Just then Dr. Smallhorse entered the room; he spoke with the surgeon, felt Mary's pulse, and whispered about 'high fever.' She had to remain some days in bed, to fast and take physic.

Mary was very pleased that Nutcracker had escaped from the battle safe and well; and often in her dreams she heard him say to her, in a piteous tone, 'Mary, noble girl, I am infinitely obliged to you; but you can do more for me yet!' Mary endeavoured in vain to guess what this could mean—she could not.

On account of her wounded arm she was unable to play, and when she wished to read, or to look at a picture-book, her eyes dimmed, and she was obliged to leave off. So time appeared very long, and she waited impatiently for the twilight hour, when her mother came and sat by her bed, to read to her, or to tell her little tales. One day when her mother was just finishing the beautiful history of Prince Façardin, the door opened, and Mary saw Godpapa Pivot enter.

'I must know how poor little Mary gets on,' said he, as he entered.

No sooner did Mary see her godpapa, with his snuff-coloured coat, than all the circumstances of the battle with the rats rushed into her memory, and she exclaimed, 'Oh! godpapa, you are grown very ugly! I knew you very well when you sat upon the clock, and called the rat-king. Why did not you help Nutcracker? Naughty godpapa, it is your fault that I am wounded, and that I am ill and obliged to lie in bed.'

Her mother, quite frightened, asked Mary what was become to her; but her godpapa made a strange grimace and said in a singing tone of voice, 'The pendulum must swing—the hour must strike, must strike, swing—swing—strike—strike—ding-dang, ding-dong. Little girls and little dolls, be not afraid. The clock has struck, the rats are gone—the owl sings his song—towho—towho—he spreads his wings and comes to you. Tick-tack—tick-tack—ding-dang—ding-dong—the black hour's passed—the rats are gone.'

Mary looked with staring eyes at her godpapa, and she thought him uglier than ever; but her mother put on a very serious look, and said, 'What are you talking about Mr. Pivot?' 'What!' said he, 'don't you know my pretty song of the clock-maker; I always sing it to sick folks like Mary.' So saying, he sat down by the bed-side of the little girl, and continued, 'You must not be angry with me because I did not kill the rat-king, or because I did not pluck out his fourteen eyes; it was not in my power; but, see what I have brought you, to make up for it.'

The commissioner put his hand into his snuff-coloured coat-pocket, and drew out of it, softly and slowly, the nutcracker; his teeth replaced, and his jaw mended. Mary jumped in the bed with joy.

'You may observe,' said the commissioner, 'that this nutcracker, whom you like so much, has not a very handsome face, nor a very fine form; now, if you like, I will relate to you how this ugliness became hereditary in his family. But, perhaps you are already acquainted with the history of the princess Pearloprice, the sorceress Greymouse, and the skilful watchmaker.'

'Godpapa,' said Frederick, who had been examining the nutcracker, 'what have you done with his sword?'

'I know nothing about his sword!' replied godpapa, 'if he wants a sword, let him get one.'

'The history, the history!' said Mary.

'I hope,' said Mrs. S., that this tale is not so frightful as some that you tell?'

'No, no,' answered godpapa; 'it is a merry one, and will do no harm.'

'The history, the history!' shouted the two children, and godpapa commenced thus:

Chapter VI.—History of the Hard Nut.

'The mother of Pearloprice was the wife of a king, consequently a queen, and Pearloprice, as soon as she was born, was herself a princess. The king was quite beside himself with joy. He sang, he danced, he hopped upon one leg, and cried out twenty times, "Did you ever see anything so beautiful as my little Pearloprice?"

'The cabinet ministers, the law officers, the generals, the bench of magi, all the court hopped, like their sovereign, upon one leg, exclaiming, in a loud voice, "No! we never did see anything half so beautiful!"

'Indeed, it could not be denied that the princess Pearloprice was the finest child ever seen. Her face was like a beautiful tissue of silk; mingled lilies and roses: her eyes were brilliantly azure: her hair fell around her in long curling ringlets: she was born with two rows of teeth, like seed pearl, with which, soon after her birth, she bit the lord chancellor so hard, that his lordship hollowed out pretty loudly.

'As I said before, all the court was ravished; but her majesty the queen was melancholy, peevish, and no one knew why. But it was remarked that the doors of the nursery were guarded; that six ladies and two nurses watched by the cradle day and night; that, which was the strangest of all, these six ladies held each of them a cat upon their knees, which they caressed so as to keep up a continual purring. You cannot possibly guess, my dear children, why the mother of Pearloprice took these precautions; I know why, and will now tell you.

'It came to pass one day, that several powerful kings and very agreeable princes, assembled at the court of the father of princess Pearloprice; and on that occasion a number of brilliant fêtes and balls were given. His majesty determined to give an extraordinary grand party, and, after having conferred with the principal pastrycook of the court and the chief astrologer, he issued out his invitations; afterwards he said to the queen, "You know, my dear love, how fond we are of puddings?"

'The queen understood very well that this speech signified that she should, herself, look after the puddings. The grand chamberlain was ordered to bring the large golden pot and silver stewpans; a fire of sandal wood was lighted, and, in a very short time, delicious fumes spread on all sides. The smell of the boiling pudding even reached the chamber where his majesty was sitting in council; he could not contain himself, but jumping up, said, "Gentlemen, with your leave!" and he

bolted off to the kitchen, embraced the queen, took off the lid of the pot with his sceptre, sniffed it, and then returned to the council-board.

'The important moment arrived when the lard, which had been cut into little slices, was to be roasted upon the silver gridirons, and then thrown into the stewpan. The ladies in waiting, out of respect to her majesty, who wished to execute the affair by herself, stood aloof; but, at the moment when the lard began to fry, a strange, little whistling voice exclaimed: "Give me some of this, sister; I mean to feast; I am also a queen!" The queen knew that it was dame Greymouse who spoke. Dame Greymouse had lived many years in the palace; for she asserted that she was allied to the royal family. Now the queen, who was really a very good-natured and benevolent lady, though she would not acknowledge dame Greymouse for a relation, yet had no objection to let her share in the feast, and so she said, "Well, dame Greymouse, you may taste the lard." Greymouse went very pleased and eat up all the little bits of lard that the queen gave her. But, before long, the relations of Greymouse, and her seven sons, very bad fellows, came running in and fell upon the lard. By great good luck the grand chamberlain came in just at this instant; he drove them away, and what remained of the lard was put into the puddings, after the relative proportions had been adjusted by the court mathematician.

'The drums, the trumpets, and the cymbals sounded; and the potentates and the princes, who were invited to the banquet, arrived at the palace, in gorgeous dresses, riding in coaches of crystal. The king received them with the greatest courtesy, and took his place on a throne at the table, with his crown on his head, and his sceptre in his hand. The banquet proceeded, when suddenly the king changed countenance; he raised his eyes to heaven; he sighed profoundly; he appeared convulsed; at last he threw himself back upon his throne, covered his face with his hands, and groaned audibly. Everybody rose from table in the greatest confusion. The court physician endeavoured in vain to feel the pulse of the unfortunate king; but, at last, after some feathers had been burnt under his nose, and other strong measures used, he came to himself and stammered out in words scarcely intelligible, "Not enough lard."

'The queen threw herself weeping at his feet. "O my dear husband," cried she, "that you should suffer such misery! But I am the faulty one; punish me, punish me severely. Alas! dame Greymouse, her seven sons, her cousins, and the rest of her relations eat almost all the lard; and ——"

'So saying, the queen fell back motionless. The king, enraged, called out, "Grand chamberlain, we wish to know how all this happened."

'The grand chamberlain related all that he knew, and the king swore vengeance upon dame Greymouse and her relations. The privy council was immediately summoned; the council determined to confiscate her goods first, and then to proceed against her *ex officio;* so gave the attorney general his orders. But, suddenly it was recollected that none of these measures would prevent the family of Greymouse from eating lard, so the affair was laid before the court watchmaker and mechanician. This man, whose name was the same as mine, William Frederick Pivot, promised to do his best to banish the family of Greymice for ever.

He invented a little machine, within which hung, by a wire, a bit of lard, and it was placed near the dwelling of dame Greymouse. She was up to the snare; but all her advice and warning could not prevent her seven sons and numbers of her relations from falling into it. As soon as they touched the lard, a door behind them fell, and they found themselves in a grated dungeon. Their after fate was an ignominious end, in the kitchen. Dame Greymouse and her surviving relations quitted, at last, that place of terror. Anger, despair, and a hope of revenge, possessed her soul. The court rejoiced greatly at her departure, but the queen was ill at ease; for she knew that dame Greymouse would never forgive the death of her sons and her relations.

'But that is enough for one evening,' said godpapa Pivot, rising from his chair; 'to-morrow, children, I will tell you the rest.'

Chapter VII.—The History of the Hard Nut concluded.

'Now, children,' continued godpapa Pivot, 'you know why the queen had the pretty little princess Pearloprice guarded so carefully. She dreaded the revenge of dame Greymouse, who had threatened to give the princess a mortal bite. The machine of the mechanician could not prevent this, and the king's astrologer declared, that the family of the cat Tortoiseshell only was able to protect the princess from the family of Greymouse. It was on this account that each waiting lady was attended by a young scion of the noble house of Tortoiseshell; they were appointed to the dignity of sergeants at law, and sworn in to watch the princess incessantly.

'One night, about twelve o'clock, a nurse awoke from sleep, and, looking around, she discovered all her companions napping; the king's sergeants at law—I speak it with pain—not excepted. A deathlike silence reigned, occasionally broken by a snore. Suddenly the nurse saw a very ugly mouse, standing upon its hind legs, and regarding attentively her royal highness. She jumped up, uttering a piercing shriek, and dame Greymouse (for she it was) darted into a corner. The king's sergeants at law pursued, but alas! too late; she disappeared through a hole in the floor. The princess Pearloprice, awoke by the tumult, began to squall loudly. "Thank heavens," said the nurses and ladies in waiting, "she is alive!" but, terrible was their fright when they looked at her and saw the transformation that had occurred. Her head was enormously large, her body distorted, her eyes changed from azure to green, her mouth stretched from ear to ear.

'The queen nearly died of the shock, and they were obliged to hang the king's private cabinet with wadding; so continually did he knock his head against the walls, exclaiming, "Wretched monarch that I am!"

'Without considering whether it was possible or not, his majesty ordered the mechanician, William Frederick Pivot, to re-establish the princess in her original appearance, or, else to perish by the axe of the executioner.

'Pivot felt rather nervous about it; nevertheless, having confidence in his skill and good fortune, he commenced operations. He did all in his power, but it was useless, she grew more and more deformed. The two months elapsed, and the king, foaming with rage, waved his sceptre, exclaiming, "Pivot, cure the princess, or prepare for death to-morrow!"

Pivot wept bitterly, and the princess cracked nuts like fun. All at once, this taste of the princess for nuts struck the mechanician; he also recollected that she came into the world with teeth. He immediately asked permission to speak with the court astrologer. They retired into a private room, consulted many books, passed the night in contemplating the stars, and, at last, it became as clear as day to them, that the princess, to regain her former beauty, must eat the kernel of the nut cratacrack.

'The nut cratacrack has a shell so hard that an eighteen-pounder might be fired against it, and not break it. It was also to be presented to the princess by a man who had never been shaved, who had never worn boots, and who gave it with closed eyes. The king consented to suspend the execution, and he allowed the mechanician and the astronomer to set out in search of the man who could restore Pearloprice to her natural state.

'Fifteen years did Pivot and the astrologer seek all over the world, vainly, any trace of the nut cratacrack. Their adventures are too long to recount. At the end of that time, Pivot felt a violent desire to see once more his native place, Tonbridge Wells. This violent longing seized him one day as they were smoking a pipe of tobacco, in a forest in Asia.

'"O beautiful Tonbridge Wells," said he, "how I long to see you once more!"

'Listening to these exclamations of Pivot, the astrologer also became melancholy. At last, wiping his eye, he said, "But, my honourable colleague, why should we stop here lamenting? let us be off to Tonbridge Wells at once: we may as well look for that beastly nut cratacrack there as anywhere else."

'"Why that is true," said Pivot, consoled.

'Putting their pipes away, off they went, straight to Tonbridge Wells. When they arrived there, Pivot hastened to call upon a cousin whom he had not seen for many years. He was a large toy manufacturer, his name Christopher Zacharias Pivot. The skilful watchmaker related to his relative the history of the princess Pearloprice, dame Greymouse, and the hard nut. At almost every word Christopher Zacharias scratched his ear, saying, "Very strange, cousin, upon my honour."

'Pivot related all the adventures of their long travel; how they had passed two years at the court of the king of dates; how they had been banished the dominions of the king of almonds: how they had vainly consulted the Royal Society in the kingdom of squirrels; in short, how they had searched everywhere for the nut cratacrack. During the recital, Christopher Zacharias twisted his fingers, bit his tongue, turned upon one leg, and, at last, threw his wig into the air, embraced his cousin, and exclaimed, "Cousin, cousin, you are saved; if I am not very much deceived, I, myself, possess this wonderful nut!"

'So saying, he unlocked his desk and produced a gilt nut of a moderate size. "This is the history of the nut," said he, presenting it to his cousin. "Some years ago, at Christmas time, a stranger offered to sell me a sack of nuts. But the regular nut-sellers did not like a stranger to interfere with their sale, and they quarrelled with him just before my shop, so that he was obliged to put down his sack to defend himself. Just at that time a broad-wheeled waggon, heavily laden, passed by my house and over the sack of nuts, breaking them all, except one, which the stranger gave me, with a singular smile, in gratitude for a plaster to

a broken nose he had received in the scuffle. I had the nut gilded, and have kept it carefully ever since, without knowing the reason why I attached any value to it."

'All doubts concerning the authenticity of the nut disappeared, when the court astrologer rubbed off the gilding, and was able to read upon a ridge of the shell, the word cratacrack, in Chinese characters. Great was the joy of the travellers. When bedtime came, the astrologer said to the mechanician, "My dear colleague, we are very fortunate; I think we have not only found the nut cratacrack, but also the person who can crack it, and restore the princess her beauty. I speak of your cousin's son. No, I will not go to bed; I will pass the night in drawing his horoscope."

'So speaking, the astrologer pulled off his night-cap, and raised his nose towards the planets, in an angle of 85°.

'The son of Christopher Zacharias Pivot was a hobby-de-hoy, not yet shaveable, nor arrived at the dignity of a pair of wellingtons.'

'The next morning the astrologer threw himself upon the neck of the mechanician. "He is indeed the person," said he; "now, my dear colleague, we have only to keep our secret safe, when we arrive again at court; and I know that he who restores the princess her beauty will be her husband, and succeed to the throne."

'When Pivot and the astronomer reached the court, from which they had so long been absent, they quickly made known that they had found the hard nut, and a crowd of persons, including many princes, who reckoned upon the goodness of their teeth, presented themselves to restore the princess her beauty. One after another broke their jaws, and went away crying, "Oh! what a hard nut!"

'At last, the king, in despair, promised solemnly his daughter in marriage to the person who restored her beauty; then did young Pivot step forward. After saluting the king and queen most politely, he took the nut from the hands of the master of the ceremonies, placed it betwixt his teeth, cracked it, and gracefully presented the kernel to the princess, who swallowed it. In a moment, marvellous to relate, she vanished, and in her place was seen a young lady of ravishing beauty. The trumpets, the cymbals, the mouth-organs, the jews'-harps flourished; the king and all the court danced upon one leg, as they danced when Pearloprice was born; the queen was so overcome with joy, that they were obliged to inundate her with eau de Cologne.

'In the midst of all this tumult, young Mr. Pivot did not forget his manners. Preparing for a very superlative bow, he stepped back three paces, and threw himself into the first position. At that instant, a little piercing cry was heard; he stood upon dame Greymouse, who had peeped out of her hole. The unfortunate young man underwent the fate of the princess; his head became immediately enormous, his body unshapely. Meanwhile, dame Greymouse, on the floor bleeding, made a terrible lamentation, "O, cursed hard nut," said she, "to thee I owe my death. But Nutcracker shall also die; my children will avenge me. O life, so full of sweets, must I relinquish thee? Death—away—oh—s-q-u-e-a-k!" So, squeaking, dame Greymouse expired, and they threw her out of the window.

'As for young Mr. Pivot, when the princess saw his transformation, she shrieked with horror. The king was determined that his daughter

should not breed nutcrackers, and ordered him to be thrust out from the door. The mechanician and the astrologer were banished for ever. These events were certainly not portended in the horoscope which the astrologer formed at Tonbridge Wells; nevertheless he continued his old trade, and predicted that young Mr. Pivot would regain his original appearance, and kill the king of the rats, the son of dame Greymouse, whenever it came to pass that a lady found something loveable in his ugly face.'

Here terminates the commissioner's tale. Mary gave it as her opinion that the princess was a very ungrateful young lady. Fred was not quite so hard upon her.

Chapter VIII.—The Uncle and Nephew.

Mary remained about a week in bed, and then, being nearly well, was allowed to run about the house as usual. The first visit she paid on her convalescence, was to the inmates of the glass cabinet. There she found every thing brilliant and beautiful, above all, her dear Nutcracker, with his jaw mended, smiling so agreeably. The history of godpapa was fresh in her memory, and she had little doubt but that her Nutcracker was young Mr. Pivot, of Tonbridge Wells, and that godpapa was himself the mechanician.

'My dear Mr. Pivot,' said Mary, 'if you are not able to move or speak, yet I know that you can understand me. Depend upon my help if you ever require it, and be assured that I will beg your uncle to use all his skill on your account.'

The Nutcracker moved not, but Mary heard a little voice say in reply to her, 'Mary, my sweetest Mary, I am thine.'

Mary fled; a cold sweat broke out on her face; but she felt a secret satisfaction.

On the evening of that day, at tea-time, Mary was sitting on her little stool, down by Godpapa Pivot. In an interval of silence Mary fixed her beautiful blue eyes steadfastly upon him, and said, 'I know now, dear godpapa, that Nutcracker is your nephew, young Mr. Pivot of Tonbridge Wells; and you know as well as I do, that he is at war with that wicked king of the rats; now why don't you help him?'

Then Mary gave a full account of the battle. Her mother and Louisa often interrupted her with bursts of laughter, but Frederick and godpapa were very serious.

'This is a dream,' said her mamma, 'the dreams of a sick little girl.'

'It is all a fib,' said Frederick; 'my hussars could never act so cowardly as to fly from the field of battle!'

Godpapa took Mary upon his knee, and said, 'You will have plenty to do if you undertake the defence of poor Nutcracker, but you only can save him; so be persevering and faithful.'

On hearing these words, Dr. Smallhorse took godpapa's hand, felt his pulse, and said, 'My worthy friend, I think your brain is a little disordered; I will prescribe something for you.'

Chapter IX.—The Victory.

Some short time after, Mary was awoke one fine moonlight night, by a strange noise. 'The rats, the rats are come again!' cried she, much

frightened. She wished to wake her mother, but fear prevented her from moving when she perceived the sparkling eyes of the rat-king, who leaped on the top of a little table placed beside her bed.

'Little girl,' said the rat, 'I must have your cakes and sweetmeats, or else I will gnaw Nutcracker;' and he disappeared.

The next day Mary felt very poorly, but she said nothing, for fear her mamma and her sister Louisa should laugh at her. Before she went to bed, she placed her sweetmeats and cakes on the ledge of the cabinet. In the morning her father said, at breakfast time, 'I don't know where those mice can come from; I do believe they eat up all Mary's dainties last night.' Mary did not regret them; she was very happy that she had saved Nutcracker.

On the following night she heard again the sharp voice of the rat-king whispering at her ear, 'Little girl, I must have all your puppets made of sugar, or else I will gnaw Nutcracker;' and he disappeared again.

Tears rushed into the eyes of Mary; her sugar figures were so beautiful; she looked at Nutcracker—he wore such a mournful air; she fancied the seven mouths of the rat-king fastening upon his throat. She kissed all the sugar figures, and put them under the cabinet. In the morning they were gone.

On that evening Dr. Smallhorse again spoke of the mice running so much about the house at night. 'Our baker,' said Frederick, laughing, 'has got an excellent sergeant at law; shall we borrow him? he would kill all the rats, even the son of Dame Greymouse, I know.'

'Yes, and break all the glasses and china,' said his father; 'it would be better to place a trap in Mary's room.'

That night poor Mary had another fatal visit; the rat-king jumped upon her shoulder and squeaked, 'I must have all your picture-books, and your dolls, and their dresses, or else I will gnaw to death thy Nutcracker!'

Her mother said, next morning, 'There is nothing in the trap, but never mind, my love, we will catch them.'

When Mary found herself alone by the cabinet, she cried very much, and said to the Nutcracker, 'Dear Mr. Pivot, what can I, a poor little girl, do for you? If I give my picture-books, and my dolls, and their clothes, to that wicked rat-king, not to eat you, he will only want something else, and after all will do it. Oh, what shall I do?'

'Dear Mary,' murmured Nutcracker, 'give not on my account your picture-books and your dolls, but procure for me a sword, and leave me to use it.'

Where to procure a sword was now the thought of the little girl, and she went to consult Fred about it. Frederick had never ceased to grieve over the accusation which had been made against his hussars. He first asked his sister if what she had asserted was really true, and when she persisted in it, he went to the cabinet, drew out his hussars, made a most moving speech to them, on their conduct, and, finally, deprived them of their colours.

'As for the sabre,' said he to Mary, 'I can provide one. Yesterday I invalided an old colonel of cuirassiers, and he has no further use for his accoutrements.' So the sabre was suspended to Nutcracker's girdle.

That night Mary was not able to sleep; she was so very anxious. At midnight she heard a noise.

'The rat-king! the rat-king!' cried Mary, jumping up in bed, but all was again quiet. Soon she heard a tapping at her door, and a little flute-like voice. Mary knew it to be Nutcracker, who begged her to rise and open the door. When in, he fell on his knee before Mary, and said, 'Miss Smallhorse, I lay at your feet the vanquished enemy.'

So saying, he presented her with the seven crowns of the rat-king, and begged her to follow him.

Chapter X.—The Kingdom of Puppets.

'I will go with you, Mr. Pivot,' said Mary, 'but not very far, nor for a very long time, if you please, as I have not yet had much sleep.'

'We will then go the shortest way,' answered the Nutcracker.

Mary took hold of his hand, and immediately they stepped out of the door a brilliant light struck her. They appeared to walk on a shining meadow.

'This is Sugar-candy Place,' said Nutcracker, 'and we must pass out of one of the gates.'

The gate was at a little distance from them; it appeared built of white marble veined with brown, but when they approached nearer Mary found it was formed of bleached almonds and raisins. In front of this gate twelve pretty monkeys, dressed in red, played the most beautiful Turkish music that ever was heard. They then came to a wonderful forest, from which issued sweet perfumes. Golden and silver fruits hung from the branches of the trees, and the trunks were bound with ribands; when the zephyrs moved the foliage, sweet and joyful music sounded, whilst thousands of little lights danced about amidst the leaves.

'How beautiful it is!' said Mary.

'We are now, dear Miss Smallhorse, in Christmas Wood, which is in the province of New Year's Gifts,' said Nutcracker.

'I should like to rest a little bit here,' said Mary; 'every thing does look so very beautiful.'

Nutcracker clapped his hands together, and some little shepherds and shepherdesses appeared, so delicate and white that we may be assured they were made of treble-refined sugar. They brought a pretty little gilt chair, and politely invited Mary to sit. Then they executed a very charming ballet, gradually disappearing into the wood.

They continued their walk, and soon reached a brook of orange-flower water, which Nutcracker informed Mary threw itself into Lemonade River. A loud murmur was heard, and they found themselves on the banks of Lemonade, which proudly rolled its waves, of an *isabelle* colour, between banks covered with brilliant verdure, to the ocean of Milk of Almonds.

They also passed through the Valley of Bonbons; but Nutcracker kept hastening forward, exclaiming, 'To the capital! to the capital!'

Chapter XI.—The Capital.

Nutcracker clapped his hands together again, and they found themselves on the shores of a rose-coloured sea. Mary saw coming towards

them a car formed of a single nutshell, ornamented with precious stones, and drawn by two dolphins. Twelve charming little negresses, in bonnets and frocks of dove feathers, jumped upon the land, and bore Mary and Nutcracker through the waves into the car. What a charming voyage had Mary, borne on her shell of mother-of-pearl, upon the rose-coloured waters. The two dolphins, scaled with gold, threw into the air streams of crystal, which fell again, forming rainbows; and little silver voices sang, 'Who swims, who swims, on the Sea of Roses? The fairy, the little fairy! swim, swim, little fishes! fly, fly, little golden birds! roll, roll, silver waves! for here is your queen!' But the twelve little negresses did not seem to admire this music, for they whirled their parasols so much about that the date leaves of which they were formed flew away; they also made a great noise and kicking behind the car.

'The negresses do not like travelling by sea,' said Nutcracker. Certainly, strange voices were heard in the air and in the waters, but Mary paid no attention to them; for she was observing, in the rose-coloured waves, the pretty smiling face of a young girl.

'Do look, my dear Mr. Pivot,' said Mary; 'I think I see the princess Pearloprice smiling very graciously on me!'

Nutcracker sighed dolorously, and said, 'Dear Miss Smallhorse, it is not the princess you see; it is your own face which smiles so sweetly in the waves.'

Mary raised her head quickly and shut her eyes, she was so ashamed. At that instant, which covered her confusion, the twelve negresses carried her again to land, and she found herself in a little wood, which, if possible, was prettier than Christmas Wood.

'We are now in Comfit Wood,' said Nutcracker; 'beyond it is the capital.'

Mary looked forward, and wonderful was the sight she saw. Not only did the walls and towers shine in the most magnificent colours, but the forms of the edifices were without parallel on earth, for the houses had fine crowns at the top. When they passed through the gate, built of barley-sugar, silver soldiers presented arms, and a little man, in a brocaded robe, threw himself on Nutcracker's neck, exclaiming, 'Oh, my prince, welcome, a thousand times welcome, to Comfit Town!' Mary was astonished to find that she had a prince for her guide.

Soon they heard a very great noise, laughter, and shouting; and Mary asked Nutcracker the meaning of the tumult.

'My dear young lady,' replied Nutcracker, 'it is all as usual. Comfit Town is a very lively and populous place. Come with me, and we shall see more.'

A little further on they arrived at the market-place, and a very fine sight presented itself to them. All the houses were formed of iced sugar, raised gallery upon gallery. In the midst of the market-place was a large cake, in the form of an obelisk, flanked by four fountains, from which poured out lemonade and other delicious liquors; the froth formed in the basins was so thick that it might be cut with a spoon. But the finest sight of all was the little people, who crowded about in thousands, nodding to each other, pushing, laughing, singing, in short making the great noise which Mary had heard at a distance. In this crowd were seen people of all nations; Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Spaniards, Tyrolians, officers, soldiers, priests, shepherds,—in a word, all

possible people. At one corner of the market-place a great tumult arose, for the people all ran to see the great mogul, who was going by in his palanquin, attended by all his court, and seven hundred slaves. At the same time, at the other corner of the place, entered the lord mayor's show. In the midst of the crowding and noise caused by the meeting of these two grand processions, an alderman got his head knocked off by a brahmin, and the great mogul was pitched out of his palanquin. Terrible was the fray in consequence; they began to beat each other, when suddenly the little man in the brocade robe, who had saluted Nutcracker by the title of 'prince' at the gate of the town, jumped upon the base of the obelisk, and cried out, in a loud and clear voice, 'Confectioner! confectioner! confectioner!' Immediately the tumult was stilled, the crowd dispersed, the great mogul remounted his palanquin, the alderman put his head upon his shoulders, and the processions defiled by rapidly.

'What did the cry of "confectioner!" mean?' asked Mary of Nutcracker.

'My dear young lady,' replied Nutcracker, 'this confectioner is the all-powerful and unknown first cause of these lively little people; one confectioner; or, as some of them more rationally believe, three confectioners, father, son, and journeyman, mysteriously intertwisted into one confectioner. His name, pronounced in a loud voice, immediately subdues the greatest tumults. Here people think very little of terrestrial affairs, and are very much opposed to changes of any kind. They meditate, and say, "What is a puppet? and to what does the existence of a puppet tend?"

They then advanced further into the city, and Mary could not repress a cry of astonishment when they came in sight of a castle, crowned with numerous turrets, all covered with flowers, and spangled with stars.

'We now stand before the castle of Alicumpane,' said Nutcracker. Mary was quite absorbed in contemplation of this grand building, and observing that workmen were employed in repairing one of the towers, she interrogated Nutcracker concerning it.

'Some time since,' said he, 'this castle was menaced with entire destruction. The giant Dampantime passing this way, bit off one of the towers, and would have continued his meal on the palace, if the government had not bought him off with a quarter of the town, and a large portion of Comfit Wood.'

This discourse of Nutcracker was interrupted by the sound of soft music. The gates of the castle opened, and twelve little pages came out; they were followed by four ladies, who could not but be taken for princesses; they embraced Nutcracker tenderly, exclaiming, 'O my prince, my excellent prince! O my brother!' Nutcracker appeared very much moved; he wiped his eyes frequently, and, at last, taking the hand of Mary, said, in a pathetic tone:

'This is Miss Mary Smallhorse, the daughter of a worthy physician who saved my life; I mean Miss Mary, not the doctor. She threw her shoe at my mortal enemy: she procured me the sabre of an invalided colonel of cuirassiers; to her I owe the death of the king of the rats.'

The ladies threw themselves upon Mary's neck, and loaded her with thanks and compliments. They then conducted her into the castle, where a magnificent repast was served up. In the middle of the feast, the handsomest of Nutcracker's sisters presented to her a cup filled with

a delicious sirup, which Mary sipped; and Nutcracker related his adventures at length, again repeating the praises of Mary. During the recital, Mary thought that the words of the prince became less and less distinct, and that the pages and the princesses lost by little and little their brilliant appearance; at last all gradually began to fade away with a wavy motion.

Chapter XII.—The Marriage.

Suddenly, with a prodigious noise, Mary thought that she fell from a terrible height, but, when she opened her eyes, she found herself in her little couch. Her mother stood beside it and said: 'Well, how long do you mean to sleep? breakfast is just ready!'

'O mamma, my dear mamma,' said Mary, 'I have been with young Mr. Pivot, and he showed me such beautiful sights.'

Then Mary related all about her travels to her mother, who said, 'Really, my love, you have had a very fine dream; but you must put all that nonsense out of your head.'

But Mary firmly held that she had not been dreaming. When she was dressed, her mother led her to the glass cabinet, and taking out Nutcracker, who was in his usual corner, said, 'What a little goose you must be to think that this Tonbridge Wells toy is alive!'

'But, dear mamma,' said Mary, 'I know very well that Nutcracker is godpapa Pivot's nephew.' Dr. Smallhorse, who just then entered the room, burst out laughing.

'You laugh at Nutcracker, papa,' said Mary, with tears in her eyes; 'but I am sure he spoke very respectfully of you when he presented me to the princesses, his sisters, at the castle of Alicumpane!'

The laughter increased, and her mother and Louisa and Frederick joined in it. Mary went and fetched the seven crowns of the rat-king, which Nutcracker had presented to her, on the preceding night, and showed them to her mother. Dr. S. examined, very much astonished, these little crowns, artistically formed; they did not look as if made by human hands, and they all insisted that Mary should tell the full truth about them. Mary did so, but they would not believe her, and her papa was very cross, and called her a story-teller. The poor little girl wept very much.

Suddenly the door opened, and godpapa Pivot entered. 'Bless me, what's the matter,' said he; 'my darling Mary crying; what's it all about?'

Dr. S. told him, and showed him the crowns. When godpapa saw them, he began to laugh. 'These are,' said he, 'the little crowns I used to wear upon my watch-chain, and which I gave to Mary on her second birth-day, because she cried for them; don't you all recollect?'

Nobody recollected, and Mary, jumping on her godpapa's neck, said, 'Oh, godpapa, you know all; now do acknowledge that my Nutcracker is your nephew, and that he gave me these crowns!'

Godpapa made a grimace, but answered not; and Dr. S., kissing Mary, ordered her never to speak again of such foolishness, or else that he would throw her Nutcracker on the fire.

Mary spoke no more of her adventures; but recollections of the won-

derful country of puppets often came fresh on her mind in brilliant and laughing shapes.

One day, perhaps a year or two after the foregoing related events, it happened that a small party of juveniles was to assemble at the house of the worthy physician, Dr. S., on Twelfth Night, to eat cake, and draw for king and queen. When Mary was dressed to receive her little friends, she sat in the room where stood the cabinet, and she could not help going towards it to contemplate the Nutcracker. All at once she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, 'Ah! Mr. Pivot, if you really were alive, I would not act like the princess Pearloprice: I would not repulse you because you were no longer a handsome young man!'

At the instant she finished speaking, there was such a sudden uproar that she fell nearly fainting upon a sofa. When she came to herself, she found her mother beside her supporting her, who said, 'Why Mary, love, what's the matter, are you ill? I hope that you have not laced yourself too tight. Do you know godpapa is come, and brought with him his nephew from Tonbridge Wells; put on your gloves, and let us go; and mind and behave like a young lady.'

They found the commissioner in his best wig, and a new snuff-coloured coat, smiling with pleasure, and holding by the hand a youth, apparently two or three years older than Mary. The dress of this youth was the dress of Nutcracker, but the form and the face were sufficiently different, indeed they were both very tolerably handsome.

Mary became red as fire on observing this young man; and redder still, when, as they were dancing the first set, Louisa playing the piano, he being her partner, asked her to show him the cabinet chamber. When the quadrille was finished, they ran to the cabinet, hand in hand, and there he fell upon his knee, saying, 'Dear young lady, you see at your feet the now happy Pivot, whose life you saved on this very spot. You promised not to repulse me as did the princess Pearloprice, and then my original form returned. Sweetest young lady, grant me your hand; share with me my kingdom and my crown; reign with me in the castle of Alicumpane, where I am the monarch.'

Mary raised him and said, in a low voice, 'You are very agreeable and good, and, as you have a nice kingdom, I will accept you for my husband.'

In due course of time, Mary was wedded. Whether she was fetched in a golden coach, drawn by silver horses,—whether twenty-two thousand puppets, ornamented with pearls and diamonds, danced at her marriage,—whether she still reigns queen at Alicumpane Castle, must be left to the brilliant imagination of the courteous reader. It is my own private opinion that she is the happy wife of a celebrated and most respected barrister, who resides near Bedford-square.

W. L. T.

QUAKER WOMEN.

BY MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

THERE is an unfairness in the manner with which men mee innovation, which is deeply disgusting to the open, honest mind however that mind may be armed by philosophy against th attack of such a feeling.

When we reflect on the power, the varieties of organization— in fact, when we look upon the whole chain of cause and effect observing that the first of the one, and the last of the other however remote, are yet in direct connexion, producing a power independent of the creature, which, whether as passive, recipient or active agent, is acted upon,—we cannot but agree with thos philosophers who have asserted the folly of praise and blame; and who thus, at one fell swoop, level to its base the whol building of the cabinet of creeds. But the tremendous truth here recognised does not alter the nature of things. As long a human nature is human nature, moral attraction and repulsion will exist; the one winning approval or love, the other inducing disapproval or hatred, according to the strength of the feelings acted on. Hence the necessarian, and the free-willist are, an ever will be, on a parity of circumstances regarding the effects of good and evil. Virtue and vice must in themselves ever re main the same; the happiness of the one, and the misery of th other, to the necessarian, appear inevitable consequences,—to th advocate of free-will, discretionary or proportionate reward and punishment; but the one, as the other, cries out against offences, for each alike feels that they inflict harm upon him.

I throw forth these observations as a sort of piquet guard, or bulwark, to defend me against charges of too great warmth on a subject, which, if the spirit leaves any record on the perishable material through which it acts, will be found, when that spirit is gone, graven on my heart. Would that I had ten thousand hearts, ten thousand lives, that I might work in one generation that which it will take many to effect.

When the axe of truth is laid to the tree of prejudice, no one can wonder that the monkeys should make a great jabbering among the boughs: the fall of the tree deprives them of the nuts they love to crack, and the husks with which they like to pelt people. But how can we spare to wonder, when those free to range the fields and breathe amid the bowers, join the senseless yell of the long-tails, and clamour, it would seem, more from common sympathy than common sense.

I am speaking now from the effects produced upon my mind by the noble William Howitt's essay on George Fox, and the article of an anonymous writer, in the same number of 'Tait's Magazine,' on 'Women of Business.'

How does the generously philosophic mind declare itself, when

William Howitt says, that we are not to judge a character by the occasional extravagance of a mind under strong excitement; that 'Boyle, the philosopher, had great faith in the marrow of the thigh-bone of a hanged man, for the cure of certain complaints; and left the recipe among his papers:' that, 'Bacon, notwithstanding the wonderful advance of his mind beyond the mind of his own age, held some notions nearly as absurd: but who measures these great men by their foibles? It would be easy to bring a ludicrous list of extravagances, follies, and eccentricities, committed by three-fourths of our martyrs and reformers; but it would be an invidious task. We have better things to estimate them by.'

When is this tone of thought and feeling adopted in considering the character and actions of women? On *that* subject recourse is ever had to old stock notions and assertions, which are as suitable to the theme now as the old stock suits of the performers of past ages would be to the histrionic brotherhood of the present day.

The head and front of the offence (to me) of the paper on 'Women of Business,' consists in this assertion:

'That women are not capable of that self-abstraction—that concentration of the powers of the mind—that calm deliberate sobriety of contemplativeness, indispensable to statesmanship. With *them* the passions and the faculties are inextricably mingled in mutual reaction. Their moral, no less than their physical organization, interdicts their interference in the mighty strife of political warfare.'

The cloven foot of the narrow politician appears in this paragraph, which the after allusion to Lord Durham makes yet more intelligible. The changes which are circulating with the vital currents of this country will mount upwards to the throne; but that will not be till a *young* branch waves its green honours there. Though no idolater of royalty, glad shall I be to see the day when I may bend in *heart* homage to the 'anointed head' of one who loves humanity—who looks upon a people with a wish to do much for them, not to make the most of them. So long as thrones be necessary, blest will be the lands which see them filled by such as rise to them in the spirit of the age in which they live, and of the people they are appointed to govern.

As for political 'strife,' I hope that, like the strife of war, is passing away; and that the irrational spirit among men, which necessitated the exclusion of women, is yielding to the rational spirit which will admit their co-operation. Of old, cobalt was thrown aside by miners as useless: they regarded it as such an annoyance when found among the ores, that there was a prayer used in the German church, that God would preserve miners from *cobalt* and evil spirits. The oxide of cobalt forms the most permanent blue colour with which we are acquainted; and the

painter now, through knowledge, prizes that which the miner then, through ignorance, despised. A parallel case (the simile is unworthy of my subject) will occur when the noble energies and genial feelings of woman are once fairly in action on the affairs of life. Men will laugh at their prejudiced progenitors, as the painter now smiles at the ignorant miner; and, exulting in the possession of female aid, pity the age which wanted it.

What disposition to political strife there is now existing lies with the Conservatives (they are losing the nuts and the husks.) The liberal Whig and the enlightened Radical are showing a spirit which will shed an undying distinction on the present day. The men of England and Scotland have proved themselves, without violence, invincible:—may the men of Ireland join the fraternity and act as well;—but they, like women, exist under the operation of circumstances and prejudices, which make the mischief for which *they* are blamed.

It is not such instances as those of Louisa of Savoy, or Margaret of Angoulême, or of others far greater who have figured on the field of politics, from which opinions of the sex can justly be drawn. Political great women, like the same order of men, are rarely other than mere puppets; some merry-andrew, who stands out of sight, is pulling the wires which prompt their performances. Examples, which may index a sex, must be sought among those in whom nature has had most fair play; and no matter what their field of action, to *that* field we must look for the evidence of what nature, so treated, has enabled them to do. This field is to be found in common life; but few think it worth while, for the conduct of men, far less for the conduct of women, to explore it. Such moralists (more often maligners) exhibit some such a proof of wisdom as the naturalist would display, who, instead of plunging into field and forest, preferred peeping into the gilded cages of parroquets and cockatoos.

Men have long held the pike and the pen; and the world hath seen much bloodshed and inkshed: the one has been used to justify the other. But the day has come when the pike is being superseded by the pen; when the high spirit necessary to wield the one is striking down the strong arm which can only lift the other. The fine essence of the female mind was prisoned up so long as it could not come abroad without being mingled with tobacco and gunpowder smoke; but as all sorts of ruffianisms subside, *that* essence will more and more steal forth and contribute to confirm and endear the intellectual daylight which is gaining on the world.

The writer on 'Women of Business' sounds an alarum with the names of Napoleon, Byron, and Talleyrand, who are described as having preferred the dove to the serpent. (What an absence of self-love this showed!) If lions and tigers ever learn to write, what counterstatements we shall have to put against

the descriptions of gallant hunts in which tigers turned tail and lions turned pale before the potent eye of their human pursuer! Some such an effect will, I fear, follow when women come to fill the chair of moral anatomy; a different view will then be taken and given of some of the leviathans of fame, from Milton to Montgomery! How little was the conduct of the great Napoleon to Madame de Stael; and as for the aristocratic poet and the politic statesman, they are dearer to fancy and finesse than to truth and integrity. What subjects for the professorship I have just named has the new Poor Law Act brought forward? What is the moral to be drawn from that chapter of human history? That man *will* play the tyrant so long as he may play it with impunity, and that he is but half human, half civilized, so long as he is opposed to the equality of the other sex.

We *have* a people who recognise this equitable principle. William Howitt tells us that the great founder of his sect 'placed women on a footing of social equality with man, and gave them, in his society, meetings of civil discipline of their own, where they transacted their own affairs of association, and learned *to rely on their own intellectual and moral resources*.'

What have been the effects of this system? Hear it in the words in which William Howitt speaks of his own people:

> 'Among all the various society I have mingled in, I have nowhere seen a greater purity of life and sentiment; a more enviable preservation of youth-like tenderness of conscience; a deeper sense of the obligations of justice; of the beauty of punctuality; or so sweet a maintenance of the domesticities of life.'

This has been the result, if it were not the object, of George Fox's policy: he acted, probably, more from justice than foresight, and the sequel shows how well justice consists with the truest interests of man. The effect of female influence does not appear among Friends, as it does elsewhere, now and then, as an epigrammatic moral to a story; it pervades the whole economy of the sect; it emanates from all their proceedings; it is infused into the moral atmosphere of the community, as perfectly as the harmonies of nature are blended, of which it is impossible to point out the one which completes the universal diapason.

A quakeress, on her missions of moral and religious business, goes to various parts of the world and to different scenes of life with no protection but her purpose and her purity—secure in her common sense and right feeling, and her power of appeal to these in others. What an antithesis is presented in the woman who cannot walk out unattended by a footman, and Elizabeth Fry, the friend and counsellor of felons, who turned, with her bright benevolent face, *to* them, whom all others turned *from!* Who that contemplates the mere nonentities of fashion and sentiment can forbear to exclaim,—

'Ye *would* be dupes and slaves,
And so ye *are*.'

I despise, let me rather say deplore, the *intrigante* no less than the writer on 'Women of Business.' But he looks only at effects; if he must condemn, be it the cause. It is discipline that makes the soldier, not the soldier the discipline. Women cannot come openly forward in the affairs of life, and finesse must gain that which freedom should give. As for his assertion that there 'never was a female politician but looked to the loaves and fishes,' I will ask him how often do male politicians stand acquitted of the charge? Verily, let him who hath no sin cast the first stone!

Women will soon appear, and I speak with a prophetic confidence in their inherent power, who will war like angels of dread with lightning, and others who will win their way like angels of love in sunshine. The one will be more beautiful than the other; but perhaps both may be essential. The lightning is necessary to pierce the thundercloud; if the cloud come upon human destiny, the lightning must rend and scatter it; but if there be a clear sky, with only here and there scudding vapours, then for the sunburst! *that* will banish partial darkness by perfect light. Upon a fair field, the heart of man, far more the heart of woman, will open its bland and beautiful treasure, and say unto all human creatures, 'Take what wealth I have, let me join it to the general stock, and, without any drawback for selfishness, increase the riches of sociality.'

'All that is custom now was innovation once;' all that is innovation now will be custom by-and-by. But the enemies of change feel a sort of cockney wonder, and sensibility to the ludicrous, at anything which is new to them. To such the idea of a *woman* speaking in the House of Commons is almost as surprising as the idea of *themselves* speaking there, and *nearly* as laughable. But I will ask the thinking, the informed, the liberal man,—he who has felt his heart throb and his brain beat in behalf of human nature, whether a woman, so armed and animated, though a *new*, would be a ridiculous sight in Parliament, or in a nobler assembly still, that of the enlightened of all classes of her country people? If nature has endowed her with eloquence, and study possessed her with knowledge to serve the cause of her country, should she be declared incompetent, because she were wrapped in a silken shawl instead of a senator's robe? because she spoke with a voice of silver instead of brass?

As regards the guardianship of the poor, and the regulation of public morals, the least reflection is sufficient to show that the united agency of the sexes must be more efficient than the agency of either alone. In every parish there are women, elderly and old, who yet in the vigour of their health and intellect, might bestow on general interests those powers which their

grown-up families no longer tax. How much more might, and would, a female overseer of the poor do in acting for the poor, than any of that kind of superintendents have ever yet done. If *she* were applied to in the case of a lying-in woman, *she* would not order *dry bread*, as was done on a recent occasion. She who had been herself a mother, and given a mother's nourishment to a child, could appreciate the necessities and the sufferings of the creature who, in such a case, appealed to her. Was there a female police, acting in conjunction, and under wise regulation, with male officers, the young victim of folly might find a friend and an adviser, where she now only finds a further betrayer. Women once invested, by education, opinion, and custom, with the power of exerting heart and mind in behalf of their fellow-creatures, instead of shrinking from the miserable prostitute, would pause and speak to her, and might, perhaps, often turn the sinner from her way of sorrow.

If an estimate could be made of all the dormant moral and mental power which sits with dowagers at fire-sides, or as mere lookers-on at midnight parties,—power which might be brought to bear beneficially on the best interests of all,—the very welkin would ring again with laughter at human folly. Women are allowed to be guides and directors in all that adds polish and grace to social life; he is only a *bear*, who has not been modified into a *beau* by the agency of *belles*. This is only one form of a power, which, so far from being confined to drawing-rooms, should be extended to school-rooms, lecture-rooms, workhouse-rooms, cottage-rooms, and prison-rooms, and *then*, if the world were not the better for this accession of power from female hearts and minds, *then* let woman bear the brand of inferiority, upon proof, and not upon presumption.

There is one point which is remarkably neglected by all the writers upon women, even by Mrs. Jameson, whose delightful work on Shakspeare's Women should have won for her a diadem, if crowning the head could add consecration to the brow of genius. She says, in speaking of the character of Miranda, that it 'resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and these only.' Mrs. Jameson's poetic temperament invests her views with a veil, which may be worn when we are companioned by *ideality*, but must be put aside when we encounter *reality*. The rank which beauty holds, poetry has conferred, but philosophy has not confirmed. My spirits sadden when I think how many, beautiful at heart, are wounded by this overweening, this exclusive homage to the beauty of form.

But that which I would principally remark is, that the female character is always considered such as it exists in *youth*, though, like the male character, it becomes modified and altered with advancing age. Abstractly considered, woman is always beautiful and young,—beauty, modesty, and tenderness are her ele-

ments. This has its source in the one principle which is the base of female degradation.

Let it not be imagined that I am so unwise as to undervalue beauty,—so unsexed as to deny the yet greater value of modesty,—so cold as to be insensible to the charm of tenderness. But these qualities need to be combined with others; and at different stages of life wear and exert a different aspect and power. The modesty and tenderness of the girl, united with immature and untried power, and with utter inexperience, makes her a shrinking, sensitive being, needing aid, not yielding it; but this creature, advanced to be an aged matron, though the same in principle, is very different in her powers and their application. Instead of blushing behind the silver shield of modesty, she walks forth, and bears it along with her: instead of pressing the urn of feeling secretly and silently to her own heart, she carries it forth, and pours it into the hearts of others.

When the upholder of things as they are is beat out of every other hold, then he says it is *tenderness* which shelters women from the rude encounters of the world, which any attention to general interests would necessitate her meeting. What a fallacy is this! How is this plan kept in the letter, and violated in spirit! Many a woman, in the unregarded walks of common life, bears the brunt of more than our men in authority have ever faced. If, without lacerating private feeling, the biography of the King's Bench, for instance, could be written, we should behold many of those who are ostensibly so carefully sheltered from the gusty storms of public life, buffeting the huge waves of a sea of private sorrow. Truly, man and woman have walked through life very much like the giant and the dwarf in the fable,—*he* has got all the honours, and *she* all the blows.

Men have been misled by their overweening estimate of physical strength,—it is a force which in its blind action may do much evil, but no good; it is the direction of intelligence that gives it value, and intelligence finds that it may now be left to rank, like the fossil mammoth, with the distinctions of past ages,—such huge masses are no longer necessary to overcome the inertia and resistance of chaotic matter. As society refines, man transfers labour to machinery, and works himself by mental, not by manual, power. The principle of physical superiority might place the muscular coachman above his nervous master, though the one was only fit to drive coach horses, and the other capable to direct the state team.

The benefactors of society, if some power could burst the cerements of the grave, and call them in array before us, would present in their ranks few Ajaxes, and no *Hectors*; the majority have been little men with large minds, and unboastful and unpresuming in proportion to their merit. Yet if this idea were indeed realized, these pale apparitions would make men blush, as

many among them might say, 'And I have then no monument!' while the ghosts of melodramatic heroes would glance away behind the shelter of the tomb, conscious that it presented a nobler piece of work than they had themselves ever done.

There is a tide running in my heart that would carry this paper too far out. I will conclude with William Howitt's words: 'A day is certainly coming upon us when many old prejudices shall be thrown down; when we shall work with purer hands and simpler views; when we shall feel it necessary to regard all men as brothers, really made of one flesh, and ordained to one salvation, —not as mere machines to grow rich upon; * * * when it becomes a bounden duty to spread abroad better views of war and oaths,—to inspire more elevated and just views of the character, offices, and duties of Women.'

M. L. G.

A POLITICAL ORATORIO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SPIRIT OF PEERS AND PEOPLE.'*

[A little book, under the title of 'Spirit of Peers and People,' was published some ten or twelve months since, which neither Radicals, Tories, (except Christopher North, who, for a wonder, very wisely held his tongue,) or Whigs, seemed rightly to understand. The author, simple man, thought it was *plane enough* in all conscience. The following Political Oratorio is an extract from a continuation of the same work, and the writer offers no apology to the readers of the Repository for its insertion, as *they* will find no difficulty at all in apprehending his full meaning. The Oratorio is supposed to be from the *bat* of Poet Clinker, a cricket player, who is characterised in the book already before the public, as the manful author of 'Corn-law Ninetails.']

Enter Mr. CLINKER, *as Prologue; he is dressed as a cricketer, with a large bat over his shoulder.*

You see before you one of humble station,
Clinker by name, poet by avocation;
I speak with many voices of the nation.
Pardon this boast, my friends, for I have been
An old political tourist, and have seen
Sights of extensive want and misery,
And heard men groaning like the hungry sea.
I come to call your serious fix'd attention
To much reality and small invention;
For you shall trace, in chorus long and short,
Fac-similes of Satan at his sport
With suffering humanity, and see,
Whether in surplice black or white chant he,
Mitre, or coronet, or herald's coat,
That labour's not considered worth a groat;
And, in plain fact, a man who's robb'd of all
Cannot be worth a coin, however small,
And worth, moreover, chang'd in name should be:
Riches coin man's respectability.

* * * *

* Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

I'll show you presently, my friends, the way
Rogues should be handled.

[*He drops his bat, and places himself in the attitude of 'the striker.'*]

Crack! and where are they?
We play not 'tip a run,' no 'touch and go;'
We move but with a serious braining blow.
Chorus we'll have, and semi-chorus strong,
Horsemen and foot, in tramping squadrons long,
Headed by patriots and men of might,
In pure, untax'd religion, clear of sight,
The balance to restore 'tween day and night.

[Poet Clinker *bows, and retires amidst great applause and sundry groans.*]

Enter a dense squad of Rectorized Spirits in full canonicals. They are led on by twelve Right Reverend Fathers in Mammon, in full uniform also, and bearing golden lyres. They range themselves along the front of the stage, the Bishops standing a pace in front at regular intervals.

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS,

Accompanied by the golden lyres and the serpent.

Wake, golden lyre, in this perturbed hour;
Nor longer slumber in your beds of down
O delegates of heaven's imperial power,
But rise to guard the sin-endanger'd crown
Of king and God—both patrons of our cause,
For whom we wage disinterested wars!
Wake, golden lyre!

Wake, holy men! this missal is our shield,
Or armour, proof against a nation's curse;
Our sword of fiery vengeance in the field,
And in its use hereafter ten-fold worse;
Our glory, honour, hope, and blessed pride,
Our food, our raiment, and all things beside.
Wake, holy men!

Enter a posse of Peers, led on by crimson-robed Figures on stilts, presenting front elevations of Queen Sinister, Dukes Bagnetlodge and Bloodmansdorf, the Earl of Oldenvice, Lord Normanrust, Earl Trampleneck, &c. They range themselves along one side of the stage.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Lords of the earth, and pillars of its thrones,
In every age we've stood undauntedly,
Like towers, above rebellion's threats or groans,
Dashing our bases with their idle sea:
Our power electric doth men's bosoms search,
Preserves the sovereign and his loyal church.

Enter the real representatives of the people, led on by Daniel O'Toole, William Flail, Editors of the 'True Luminary,' 'Weekly Ninetails,' 'Poor Man's Goliath,' 'Trade's Union Gazette,' &c., with two or three Members of Parliament. They range themselves on the side opposite the peers.

POPULAR CHORUS.

Here stand we—living men,
Who claim a right to live!
A beast is fed within his pen;
Our fellow-creatures nought will give!
We gave you all that you possess,
And gain your scorn by our distress!

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Fire, earthquake, deluge, pestilence, and slaughter,
Are better than starvation; they are shorter!

SEMI-CHORUS II.

But ye, inflated, self-idolatrous peers,
Less mercy have than war, plague, deluge, fire;
And ye, the evil fates, with clerical shears,
Would leave us bare, while ye with unctuous fat perspire!

Enter Poet Clinker, with Junius Redivivus, Publicola, William Broadbrim, Will Samson, Tête-à-Tête, the Editor of the 'Black Book,' &c. They are followed by men bearing poles and placards, on which the word 'MILLION' *is inscribed. They place themselves among the foremost of the Representatives.*

FULL POPULAR CHORUS.

We are worn out with long delay,
Exasperated with the mock:
How are we humbugged day by day,
By shuffling Wig and barefac'd Block.
But still you'd have us pay! pay! pay!
You *can't* have blood out of a rock;
But fire, from many blows, you may;
Oh cormorant Wig! oh tyrant Block!

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Led by POET CLINKER, *whirling his bat.*

Off with the poor man's tax;
Descending multiplied by 's poverty!
Are we like nacker's hacks,
Working for hounds of aristocracy?
Shame, with a tongue of flame,
Blister the noble's name
Who advocates this game,
Curs'd by the past and present times—and to posterity!

SEMI-CHORUS II.

Led by the Central Committee of Trades' Unions.

Is not the labourer worthy of his hire?
Thus do ye teach us every Sabbath morn;
But what we're worth we never can acquire,
Since, with our wages, ye yourselves adorn!
We want no revolution
Of violence and strife;
We ask a fair solution
Of the problem of our life.
You live by us, are hous'd and cloth'd;
Why should we wander ragged, hungry, loath'd.

SEMI-CHORUS III.

Led by three Poet-Mechanics.

We do not seek, as priests aver,
Back'd by hereditary star and spur,
To rob the *sea* of whale or whiting;
But we claim justice to the letter!
We want no civil wars or fighting—
We *now* know better!

GRAND CHORUS OF TRADES' UNIONS.

A right we claim from nature,
Beyond all priests, lords, kings,
Of having large inheritance
In the wealth that labour brings!
A right in social state we have
As well as priests, lords, kings,
Of living in some comfort
So long as plenty springs!
Who shall deny there's plenty
When we see fat priests and lords
Wallow in wealth they *can't* consume,
And then bequeath their hoards?

[*A long symphony of very rough music.*

Grand Solo, by CLINKER, *with orchestral accompaniments.*

RECITATIVO.

If men were born with outward marks of rank,
Stars on their foreheads, or with nine-inch noses,
Small reason would there be their slaves to thank
For growing corn, or weaving beds of roses:
We'd do it as our natural duty,
In homage of such wondrous beauty!
Or, if they had no need of corporal food,
Coats, hats and shoes, large town and country houses,
Living, self-fed, by virtue of their blood,
And walking, cloth'd like trees whom spring espouses,

We then should know there were earth-gods among us,
Whose *independence* could not need to wrong us!
And if they did, from mere caprice, their station
Would claim a trembling and obeying nation.
[*Thunders of applause, and thunders of opposition.*

ARIA.

But since we find they're mark'd full oft
As nature's verriest fools,
In all things save the herald's craft,
Why should we be their tools?
Why should we worship at the feet
Of things that are compell'd to eat,
Yet will not work to get their meat,
And cannot think
Aught rational for governing,
But talk, sleep, drink,
Wear out in wantonness, game, dance, and sing,
And die, bequeathing to like noble folks,
Pride, wealth, disease, and the same glorious hoax!
[*A continued uproar of applause, and aristocratic execration.*

CHORUS OF PEERS,
With trumpet obligato.

Tank! tank! too-too!—Rise, souls of fire,
And let each peer with lofty ire
Think of the glories of his sire,
And make these slaves their folly rue
In chains or carnage!—*tank! too-too!*

Trank-titty-hank!—Shall ages gone,
And honours left from sire to son,
Be by our vassals trampled—won—
And blown away like dust and flue?
Never—no, never!—*tank too-too!*

Must peers—*trank hank!*
In stellar rank,
Heed baying hounds—*tra ting, too-too!*
Relinquish—*hank!*
Large tax—*trank trank!*
Because men starve?—*hank hank, too-too!*
[*Shouts of applause; in which the people join, carried beyond themselves by its excellence!*

CHORUS OF PLOUGHMEN.
Led by William Flail.

Off with the malt-tax now!
That National robbery (of which
The State is robbed—by many a leach;)
That makes the labourer wipe his streaming brow,

And vent a parching groan,
With nought to renovate the strength
Which, toiling since the dawn, at length
Is nerveless now, and gone!

CLERICAL SEMI-CHORUS.

The cattle thrive in field and dell;
Example take—drink of the well!

CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Accompanied by the tongs and the bones.

Where is your honesty—reply?
Are not the poor *by Statute unrepeal'd*,
Entitled to a third part lawfully
O' the tithes of benefices? 'Tis not given!
Is it withheld by a private hint from heaven,
One of your texts unwritten, yet reveal'd?
Where is our share—reply?

CLERICAL CHORUS.

It doth repose e'en with our honesty,
All things are safe that we do hold,
Pigs, poultry, cabbages, and gold,
Enshrin'd in orthodox sanctity;
But be *ye* honest, erring sheep;
Be shorn in silence! rail not—weep!

SEMI-CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Give us some share of your vast stores!

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Our ears are like the clos'd church-doors!

SEMI-CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

We can't live long on a Peel'd 'tater,
Nor while Duke Bagnet is Dick-tater!*
Give us a better Poor-law Bill:
The last was burnt in both your Houses;
Because they know *tarnation* well
Starvation e'en a pauper rouses:
Then, Shepherds, render some account ——

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Ye are all d——d! we won't! we won't!

* This insufferably bad (and therefore exquisite) pun is a plagiarism from a letter of Lord Busby's, recently sent from 'over the water, to Charlie.'

CHORUS OF PAUPERS.

Soup for the poor in all its meagre stages
Ye give, and then deduct their hard-earned wages;
Soon will our skeletons be made
Tools for rough music, if your trade
Persist in deafness to our pain?

GRAND CLERICAL CHORUS.

Your words fall on us like the rain,
Just as before we now remain.
Our honesty is unimpeachable,
But ye are ignorant, and unteachable!

POPULAR CHORUS.

Why not share out the briny wave,
Make tides, by floating turnpikes, pay their pence!
Off with the window tax! who gave
The glorious light for your inheritance?
Kings, nobles, tell us, if beside
Being landlords of the earth so wide,
A patent also has been given
As fire-lords of the sun in heaven?

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Off with all taxes on life's humble wants!

FAT JAQUES, *loudly.*

Huzza! huzza! well done—huzza!

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Then give us free-trade, and 'twill soon be shown
How national industry can quell the vaunts
Of foreign markets!

FAT JAQUES, *loudly.*

We can stand alone!

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

We want no ignorant civil war,
But labour's rights!

FAT JAQUES, *bawling.*

Huzza! huzza!

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Let Garter, Coronet, and Star
Act but like *men*—we want no more!

THE AUDIENCE, *rising up;*

Be men!—Fat Jaques will ask no more!

GRAND POPULAR CHORUS.

Give o'er your airs of fierce sky-rockets,
They hide no fact of emptying pockets;
Be honest men, your hearts unbar,
And we'll work on!

THE AUDIENCE *vociferously.*

Huzza! huzza!

EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE TOUCHING DEER-STEALING.*

MOST truly saith the author of 'Imaginary Conversations,' Mr. Walter Savage Landor, in his preface to this delightful volume, that 'there is little of real history, excepting in romances. Some of these are strictly true to nature; while histories in general give a distorted view of her, and rarely a faithful record either of momentous or of common events.' Sundry professed biographers of Shakspeare might be exhibited, if needful, in confirmation of the negative portion of the above proposition, while its positive averment is exemplified in the work before us. Your true poet is evermore the best historian of all that is finest and grandest in human nature; that is to say, of all that most merits the chronicling. When the documentary evidence of the plodding annalist fails him, he is brought to a dead stand; while he whose documents are in the inexhaustible treasure-chest of his own soul, goes onward, with a living impulse, in the delineation of the character which he has studied, appreciated, and felt. The poet is nature's logician. Like the mere historical critic, he traces causes and consequences, but those of the former are rough and material; he investigates the crumbling wall, and from the appearances of the dilapidated and ponderous ruin, extracts the date of erections and repairs; while the latter feels the connexion of subtler essences, and, as the air of heaven breathes upon his face, tells 'whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' Greatly are they mistaken, who suppose logic to be the only, or always the best instrument for the attainment of truth. Many there be who belong to the wisest of mankind, and yet handle that instru-

* Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, *Clerk*, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, *Knight*, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of Grace 1582. Now first published from original papers. To which is added, a Conference of Master Edmund Spencer, a Gentleman of note, with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, A.D. 1595. London: Saunders and Otley, 1834.

ment with little skill; and some of its ablest masters have often sadly failed. Those who reason and feel, will surely know; and so will they also who feel and reason; nor will there be any mighty disparity in the amount of their knowledge, or its certitude. Logic is not so much the instrument of acquirement as of defence. It is a good armour to buckle on when compelled to do battle for our heritage, but a poor implement for its cultivation. The sword cannot do the work of the ploughshare. To beat it into a ploughshare, may perhaps prefigure the mental, no less than the national millennium. But we are idly prating, whilst Shakspeare 'stands at the gate.' More of his youth has Mr. Landor told than antiquarianism has ever yet poked out of mouldy records; and more truly, we will be sworn. Let any one judge, who can really read Shakspeare without spelling; which is more than many can, notwithstanding the play-bills. 'It is tough work,' as Fuseli said to the breeches maker, who threatened to go home and read Paradise Lost, after he had seen all the pictures in the Milton Gallery.

The opening scene of the *Examination* is thus narrated by Ephraim Barnett, the worthy clerk of Sir Thomas Lucy:

'About one hour before noontide, the youth William Shakspeare, accused of deer-stealing, and apprehended for that offence, was brought into the great hall at Charlecote, where, having made his obeisance, it was most graciously permitted him to stand.

'The worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, seeing him right opposite, on the farther side of the long table, and fearing no disadvantage, did frown upon him with great dignity; then, deigning ne'er a word to the culprit, turned he his face towards his chaplain, Sir Silas Gough, who stood beside him, and said unto him most courteously, and unlike unto one who in his own right commandeth,

'"Stand out of the way! What are those two varlets bringing into the room?"

'"The table, sir," replied Master Silas, "upon the which the consumption of the venison was perpetrated."

'The youth, William Shakspeare, did thereupon pray and beseech his lordship most fervently, in this guise:

'"O, sir! do not let him turn the tables against me, who am only a simple stripling, and he an old cogger."

'But Master Silas did bite his nether lip, and did cry aloud,

'"Look upon those deadly spots!"

'And his worship did look thereupon most staidly, and did say in the ear of Master Silas, but in such wise that it reached even unto mine,

'"Good honest chandlery, methinks!"

'"God grant it may turn out so!" ejaculated Master Silas.

'The youth, hearing these words, said unto him,

'"I fear, Master Silas, gentry like you often pray God to grant what *he* would rather not; and now and then what *you* would rather not."

'Sir Silas was wroth at this rudeness of speech about God in the face of a preacher, and said, reprovingly,

'"Out upon thy foul mouth, knave! upon which lie slaughter and venison."

'Whereupon did William Shakspeare sit mute awhile, and discomfited; then, turning toward Sir Thomas, and looking and speaking as one submiss and contrite, he thus appealed unto him:

'"Worshipful sir! were there any signs of venison on my mouth, Master Silas could not for his life cry out upon it, nor help kissing it as 'twere a wench's."

'Sir Thomas looked upon him with most lordly gravity and wisdom, and said unto him, in a voice that might have come from the bench,

'"Youth! thou speakest irreverently;" and then unto Master Silas, —"Silas! to the business on hand. Taste the fat upon yon boor's table, which the constable hath brought hither, good Master Silas! And declare upon oath, being sworn in my presence, first, whether said fat do proceed of venison; secondly, whether said venison be of buck or doe."

* * * * *

'"Young man! I perceive that if I do not stop thee in thy courses, thy name, being involved in thy company's, may one day or other reach across the country; and folks may handle it and turn it about, as it deserveth, from Coleshill to Nuneaton, from Bromwicham to Brownsover. And who knoweth but that, years after thy death, the very house wherein thou wert born may be pointed at, and commented on, by knots of people, gentle and simple! What a shame for an honest man's son! Thanks to me, who consider of measures to prevent it! Posterity shall laud and glorify me for plucking thee clean out of her head, and for picking up timely a ticklish skittle, that might overthrow with it a power of others just as light. I will rid the hundred of thee, with God's blessing!—nay, the whole shire. We will have none such in our county: we justices are agreed upon it, and we will keep our word now and for evermore. Wo betide any that resembles thee in any part of him!"

'Whereunto Sir Silas added,

'"We will dog him, and worry him, and haunt him, and bedevil him; and if ever he hear a comfortable word, it shall be in a language very different from his own."

'"As different as thine is from a christian's," said the youth.

'"Boy! thou art slow of apprehension," said Sir Thomas, with much gravity: and, taking up the cue, did rejoin:

'"Master Silas would impress upon thy ductile and tender mind the danger of evil doing; that we, in other words, that justice, is resolved to follow him up, even beyond his country, where he shall hear nothing better than the Italian or the Spanish, or the black language, or the language of Turk or Troubadour, or Tartar or Mongle. And, forsooth, for this gentle and indirect reproof, a gentleman in priest's orders is told by a stripling that he lacketh Christianity! Who then shall give it?"

'William Shakspeare.—"Who, indeed? when the founder of the feast leaveth an invited guest so empty! Yea, sir, the guest was invited, and the board was spread. The fruits that lay upon it be there still, and fresh as ever; and the bread of life in those capacious canisters is unconsumed and unbroken."

'Sir Silas (*aside.*)—"The knave maketh me hungry with his mischievous similitudes."

'Sir Thomas.—"Thou hast aggravated thy offence, Will Shakspeare! Irreverent caitiff! is this a discourse for my chaplain and clerk? Can he or the worthy scribe Ephraim (his worship was pleased to call me worthy) write down such words as those, about litter and wolvets, for the perusal and meditation of the grand jury? If the whole corporation of Stratford had not unanimously given it against thee, still his tongue would catch thee, as the evet catcheth a gnat. Know, sirrah, the reverend Sir Silas, albeit ill-appointed for riding, and not over-fond of it, goeth to every house wherein is a venison feast for thirty miles round. Not a buck's hoof on any stable-door, but it awakeneth his recollections like a red letter."

'This wholesome reproof did bring the youth back again to his right senses; and then said he, with contrition, and with a wisdom beyond his years, and little to be expected from one who had spoken just before so unavoidably and rashly,

'"Well do I know it, your worship! And verily do I believe, that a bone of one being shovelled among the soil upon his coffin would forthwith quicken* him. Sooth to say, there is ne'er a buckhound in the county but he treateth him as a godchild, patting him on the head, soothing his velvety ear between thumb and fore-finger, ejecting tick from tenement, calling him *fine fellow, noble lad,* and giving him his blessing, as one dearer to him than a king's death to a debtor,† or a bastard to a dad of eighty. This is the only kindness I ever heard of Master Silas towards his fellow-creatures. Never hold me unjust, Sir Knight, to Master Silas. Could I learn other good of him, I would freely say it; for we do good by speaking it, and none is easier. *Even bad men are not bad men while they praise the just.* Their first step backward is more troublesome and wrenching to them than the first forward."

'"In God's name, where did he gather all this?" whispered his worship to the chaplain, by whose side I was sitting. "Why, he talks like a man of forty-seven or more!" '—p. 1—11.

Shakspeare conducts himself, as worthy Ephraim observes, 'with all the courage and composure of an innocent man, and indeed with more than what an innocent man ought to possess in the presence of a magistrate.' And now the knight, the chaplain, the witnesses, and the culprit, are admirably played off for many a page, the record itself serving as the running commentary of the scribe.

The usual operation of searching the pockets of the accused is not forgotten: we are favoured with their contents, amongst which is,

* 'Quicken, bring to life.'

† 'Debtors were often let out of prison at the coronation of a new king, but creditors not paid by him.'

'"THE MAID'S LAMENT.

'" I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share!
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, oh! pray too for me!"

'Sir Thomas had fallen into a most comfortable and refreshing slumber ere this lecture was concluded: but the pause broke it, as there be many who experience after the evening service in our parish-church. Howbeit, he had presently all his wits about him, and remembered well that he had been carefully counting the syllables, about the time when I had pierced as far as into the middle.

'"Young man," said he to Willy, "thou givest short measure in every other sack of the load. Thy uppermost stake is of right length; the undermost falleth off, methinks.

'"Master Ephraim, canst thou count syllables? I mean no offence. I may have counted wrongfully myself, not being born nor educated for an accountant."

'At such an order I did count; and truly the suspicion was as just as if he had neither been a knight nor a sleeper.

'"Sad stuff! sad stuff, indeed!" said Master Silas, "and smelling of popery and wax-candles."

'"Ay?" said Sir Thomas, "I must sift that."

'"If praying for the dead is not popery," said Master Silas, "I know not what the devil is. Let them pray for us; they may know whether it will do us any good: we need not pray for them; we cannot tell whether it will do them any. I call this sound divinity."

'"Are our churchmen all agreed thereupon?" asked Sir Thomas.

'"The wisest are," replied Master Silas. "There are some lank rascals who will never agree upon any thing but upon doubting. I would not give ninepence for the best gown upon the most thrifty of

'em; and their fingers are as stiff and hard with their pedlery knavish writing, as any bishop's are with chalk-stones won honestly from the gout."

'Sir Thomas took the paper up from the table on which I had laid it, and said, after a while,

'"The man may only have swooned. I scorn to play the critic, or to ask any one the meaning of a word; but, sirrah!"

'Here he turned in his chair from the side of Master Silas, and said unto Willy,

'"William Shakspeare! out of this thraldom in regard to popery, I hope, by God's blessing, to deliver thee. If ever thou repeatest the said verses, knowing the man to be to all intents and purposes a dead man, prythee read the censurable line as thus corrected,

'Pray for our Virgin Queen, gentles! whoe'er you be,'

although it is not quite the thing that another should impinge so closely on her skirts.

'"By this improvement, of me suggested, thou mayest make some amends—a syllable or two—for the many that are weighed in the balance and are found wanting."

'Then turning unto me, as being conversant by my profession in such matters, and the same being not very worthy of learned and staid clerks the like of Master Silas, he said,

'"Of all the youths that did ever write in verse, this one verily is he who hath the fewest flowers and devices. But it would be loss of time to form a border, in the fashion of a kingly crown, or a dragon, or a Turk on horseback, out of buttercups and dandelions.

'"Master Ephraim! look at these badgers! with a long leg on one quarter and a short leg on the other. The wench herself might well and truly have said all that matter without the poet, bating the rhymes and metre."'—p. 49—54.

Our readers will perceive by this time, if indeed they have not been beforehand with us at the book itself, what a mirror of magistrates and jewel of knighthood Sir Thomas is; how profound his theology, and how polished his poetry; a perfect model of the accomplished country gentleman and county representative of those days. But let the justice have justice, and the author too, for dealing gently with him. There are passages which make us feel the good heart of Savage Landor as well as of Sir Thomas Lucy.

'And then did Sir Thomas call unto him Master Silas, and say,

'"Walk ye into the bay-window. And thou mayest come, Ephraim."

'And when we were there together, I, Master Silas, and his worship, did his worship say unto the chaplain, but oftener looking towards me,

'"I am not ashamed to avouch that it goeth against me to hang this young fellow, richly as the offence in its own nature doth deserve it, he talketh so reasonably; not indeed so reasonably, but so like unto what a reasonable man may listen to and reflect on. There is so much, too, of compassion for others in hard cases, and something so very near in semblance to innocence itself in that airy swing of lightheartedness

about him. I cannot fix my eyes (as one would say) on the shifting and sudden *shade-and-shine*, which cometh back to me, do what I will, and mazes me in a manner, and blinks me."

'At this juncture I was ready to fall upon the ground before his worship, and clasp his knees for Willy's pardon. But he had so many points about him, that I feared to discompose 'em, and thus make bad worse. Beside which, Master Silas left me but scanty space for good resolutions, crying,

"He may be committed, to save time. Afterwards he may be sentenced to death, or he may not."

'Sir Thomas.—"'Twere shame upon me were he not: 'twere indication that I acted unadvisedly in the commitment."

'Sir Silas.—"The penalty of the law may be commuted, if expedient, on application to the fountain of mercy in London."

'Sir Thomas.—"Maybe, Silas, those shall be standing round the fount of mercy who play in idleness and wantonness with its waters, and let them not flow widely, nor take their natural course. Dutiful gallants may encompass it, and it may linger among the flowers they throw into it, and never reach the parched lip on the wayside.

'"These are homely thoughts—thoughts from a-field, thoughts for the study and housekeeper's room. But, whenever I have given utterance unto them, as my heart hath often prompted me with beatings at the breast, my hearers seemed to bear towards me more true and kindly affection than my richest fancies and choicest phraseologies could purchase.

'"'Twere convenient to bethink thee, should any other great man's park have been robbed this season, no judge upon the bench will back my recommendation for mercy. And, indeed, how could I expect it? Things may soon be brought to such a pass that their lordships shall scarcely find three haunches each upon the circuit."

'"Well, Sir!" quoth Master Silas, "you have a right to go on in your own way. Make him only give up the girl."

'Here Sir Thomas reddened with righteous indignation, and answered,

'"I cannot think it! such a stripling? poor, pennyless: it must be some one else."

'And now Master Silas did redden in his turn redder than Sir Thomas, and first asked me,

'"What the devil do you stare at?"

'And then asked his worship,

'"Who should it be if not the rogue?" and his lips turned as blue as a blue-bell.

'Then Sir Thomas left the window, and again took his chair, and having stood so long on his legs, groaned upon it to ease him. His worship scowled with all his might, and looked exceedingly wroth and vengeful at the culprit, and said unto him,

'"Harkye, knave? I have been conferring with my learned clerk and chaplain in what manner I may, with the least severity, rid the county (which thou disgracest) of thee."

'William Shakspeare raised up his eyes, modestly and fearfully, and said slowly these few words, which, had they been a better and nobler man's, would deserve to be written in letters of gold. I, not having that art nor substance, do therefore write them in my largest and roundest

character, and do leave space about 'em, according to their rank and dignity:

'"Worshipful Sir!

'"A WORD IN THE EAR IS OFTEN AS GOOD AS A HALTER UNDER IT, AND SAVES THE GROAT."

'"Thou discoursest well," said Sir Thomas, "but others can discourse well likewise: thou shalt avoid; I am resolute."'—p. 89—93.

The *penchant* of the justice for divinity serves Willy in good stead, who right nobly ministers to his cravings for the repetition of all that had been preached or said, in his hearing, by Dr. Glaston of Oxford, when the woolfactor's son had gone thither on his father's business, and, after sermon, been invited to the dinner and evening admonition of the doctor. There are many passages bearing the same stamp as those for which alone we can make room.

'"In the earlier ages of mankind, your Greek and Latin authors inform you, there went forth sundry worthies, men of might, to deliver, not wandering damsels, albeit for those likewise they had stowage, but low-conditioned men, who fell under the displeasure of the higher, and groaned in thraldom and captivity. And these mighty ones were believed to have done such services to poor humanity, that their memory grew greater than they, as shadows do than substances at day-fall. And the sons and grandsons of the delivered did laud and magnify those glorious names; and some in gratitude, and some in tribulation, did ascend the hills, which appeared unto them as altars bestrown with flowers and herbage for heaven's acceptance. And many did go far into the quiet groves, under lofty trees, looking for whatever was mightiest and most protecting. And in such places did they cry aloud unto the mighty, who had left them,

'"*Return! return! help us! help us! be blessed! for ever blessed!*

'"Vain men! but, had they stayed there, not evil. Out of gratitude, purest gratitude, rose idolatry. For the devil sees the fairest, and soils it."'—pp. 119, 120.

* * * * *

'"Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him. Conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. It is better to consign him to Christ his Saviour than to man his murderer: it is better to bid him live than to bid him die. The one word our Teacher and Preserver said, the other our enemy and destroyer. Bring him back again, the stray, the lost one! brink him back, not with clubs and cudgels, not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God above smile upon ye: in this posture of yours he shall recognise again his beloved Son upon earth. Do ye likewise and depart in peace."'—pp. 121, 122.

Of the following, Shakspeare says:

'"I can repeat by heart what I read above a year agone, albeit I cannot bring to mind the title of the book in which I read it. These are the words:

'"'The most venal and sordid of all the superstitions that have swept and darkened our globe, may, indeed, like African locusts, have consumed the green corn in very extensive regions, and may return periodically to consume it; but the strong unwearied labourer who sowed it hath alway sown it in other places less exposed to such devouring pestilences. Those cunning men who formed to themselves the gorgeous plan of universal dominion, were aware that they had a better chance of establishing it than brute ignorance or brute force could supply, and that soldiers and their paymasters were subject to other and powerfuller fears than the transitory ones of war and invasion. What they found in heaven they seized; what they wanted they forged.

'"'And so long as there is vice and ignorance in the world, so long as fear is a passion, their dominion will prevail; but their dominion is not, and never shall be, universal. Can we wonder that it is so general? can we wonder that any thing is wanting to give it authority and effect, when every learned, every prudent, every powerful, every ambitious man in Europe, for above a thousand years, united in the league to consolidate it?

'"'The old dealers in the shambles, where Christ's body is exposed for sale, in convenient marketable slices,* have not covered with blood and filth the whole pavement. Beautiful usages are remaining still—kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations!'"'—p. 134—136.

Dr. Glaston thus admonishes his pupils:

'"Young gentlemen! let not the highest of you who hear me this evening be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was *originally* a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waved and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round.

'"The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may: the truly great must have done it.

'"This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silkenly and lawnly religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it."'—pp. 154, 155.

Much of Dr. Glaston's divinity is not exactly to Sir Thomas's satisfaction. 'Reasonable enough! nay, almost too reasonable! but where are the apostles? where are the disciples? where are the saints? where is hell-fire? Well! patience! we may come

* 'It is a pity that the old divines should have indulged, as they often did, in such images as this. Some readers in search of argumentative subtilty, some in search of sound Christianity, some in search of pure English undefiled, have gone through with them; and their labours (however heavy) have been well repaid.'

to it yet. Go on, Will.' And Will does go on, much to edification. But we must 'stint,' as we wish to give the Doctor's admonition against poetry, and the story of young Wellerby. The justice inquires whether Shakspeare did not get himself lectured for his versifying propensities. To which he replies:

'"Sir, to my mortification I must confess, that I took to myself the counsel he was giving to another; a young gentleman who, from his pale face, his abstinence at table, his cough, his taciturnity, and his gentleness, seemed already more than half poet. To him did Doctor Glaston urge, with all his zeal and judgment, many arguments against the vocation; telling him that, even in college, he had few applauders, being the first, and not the second or third, who always are more fortunate; reminding him that he must solicit and obtain much interest with men of rank and quality, before he could expect their favour; and that without it the vein chilled, the nerve relaxed, and the poet was left at next door to the bellman. 'In the coldness of the world,' said he, 'in the absence of ready friends and adherents, to light thee upstairs to the richly tapestried chamber of the muses, thy spirits will abandon thee, thy heart will sicken and swell within thee; overladen, thou wilt make, O Ethelbert! a slow and painful progress, and, ere the door open, sink. Praise giveth weight unto the wanting, and happiness giveth elasticity unto the heavy. As the mightier streams of the unexplored world, America, run languidly in the night,* and await the sun on high to contend with him in strength and grandeur, so doth genius halt and pause in the thraldom of outspread darkness, and move onward with all his vigour then only when creative light and jubilant warmth surround him.'

'"Ethelbert coughed faintly; a tinge of red, the size of a rose-bud, coloured the middle of his cheek; and yet he seemed not to be pained by the reproof. He looked fondly and affectionately at his teacher, who thus proceeded:

'"My dear youth, do not carry the stone of Sisyphus on thy shoulder to pave the way to disappointment. If thou writest but indifferent poetry, none will envy thee, and some will praise thee: but nature, in her malignity, hath denied unto thee a capacity for the enjoyment of such praise. In this she hath been kinder to most others than to thee: we know wherein she hath been kinder to thee than to most others. If thou writest good poetry, many will call it flat, many will call it obscure, many will call it inharmonious; and some of these will speak as they think; for, as in giving a feast to great numbers, it is easier to possess the wine than to procure the cups, so happens it in poetry; thou hast the beverage of thy own growth, but canst not find the recipients. What is simple and elegant to thee and me, to many an honest man is flat and sterile; what to us is an innocently sly allusion, to as worthy a one as either of us is dull obscurity; and that moreover which swims upon our brain, and which throbs against our temples, and which we delight in sounding to ourselves when the voice has done with it, touches their ear, and awakens no harmony in any cell of it. Rivals will run up to thee and call thee a plagiary, and, rather than that proof should be wanting, similar words

* 'Humboldt notices this.'

to some of thine will be thrown in thy teeth out of Leviticus and Deuteronomy.'"—pp. 193—196.

* * * * *

'"Ethelbert! I think thou walkest but little; otherwise I should take thee with me, some fine fresh morning, as far as unto the first hamlet on the Cherwell. There lies young Wellerby, who, the year before, was wont to pass many hours of the day poetising amidst the ruins of Godgson nunnery. It is said that he bore a fondness toward a young maiden in that place, formerly a village, now containing but two old farm-houses. In my memory there were still extant several dormitories. Some love-sick girl had recollected an ancient name, and had engraven on a stone with a garden-nail, which lay in rust near it,

POORE ROSAMUND.

I entered these precincts, and beheld a youth of manly form and countenance, washing and wiping a stone with a handful of wet grass; and on my going up to him, and asking what he had found, he showed it to me. The next time I saw him was near the banks of the Cherwell. He had tried, it appears, to forget or overcome his foolish passion, and had applied his whole mind unto study. He was foiled by his competitor; and now he sought consolation in poetry. Whether this opened the wounds that had closed in his youthful breast, and malignant Love, in his revenge, poisoned it; or whether the disappointment he had experienced in finding others preferred to him, first in the paths of fortune, then in those of the muses,—he was thought to have died broken-hearted.

'"About half a mile from St. John's College is the termination of a natural terrace, with the Cherwell close under it, in some places bright with yellow and red flowers glancing and glowing through the stream, and suddenly in others dark with the shadows of many different trees, in broad overbending thickets, and with rushes spear-high, and party-coloured flags.

'"After a walk in Midsummer, the immersion of our hands into the cool and closing grass is surely not the least among our animal delights. I was just seated, and the first sensation of rest vibrated in me gently, as though it were music to the limbs, when I discovered by a hollow in the herbage that another was near. The long meadow-sweet and blooming burnet half concealed from me him whom the earth was about to hide totally and for ever.

'"Master Batchelor!" said I, "it is ill-sleeping by the water-side."

'"No answer was returned. I arose, went to the place, and recognised poor Wellerby. His brow was moist, his cheek was warm. A few moments earlier, and that dismal lake whereunto and wherefrom the waters of life, the buoyant blood, ran no longer, might have received one vivifying ray reflected from my poor casement. I might not indeed have comforted—I have often failed: but there is One who never has; and the strengthener of the bruised reed should have been with us.

'"Remembering that his mother did abide one mile further on, I walked forward to the mansion, and asked her what tidings she lately had received of her son. She replied, that having given up his mind to light studies, the fellows of the college would not elect him. The master had warned him beforehand to abandon his selfish poetry, take up

manfully the quarterstaff of logic, and wield it for St. John's, come who would into the ring. 'We want our man,' said he to me, 'and your son hath failed us in the hour of need. Madam, he hath been foully beaten in the schools by one he might have swallowed, with due exercise.'

'"I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck, and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows at last the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks."

'"Lady!" said I, "none are left upon him. Be comforted! thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken is yet thine." She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage and sustained the shock, and said calmly, "God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them."

'"Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which often is permitted to pass the gates of death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator.

'"The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterwards he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutter's charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words:

"JOANNES WELLERBY,
LITERARUM QUÆSIVIT GLORIAM,
VIDET DEI." p. 209—214.

There is only one fault that we can find with this book; and it has left us not much disposed to find that. The author seems to us to have formed a conception of the youth of Shakspeare, which, with all its truth and beauty, has yet too complete a correspondence with the characteristics of his maturity; which presents, in fact, the unfolding germs of all the qualities by which he was afterwards distinguished. In this respect, the picture fails of correspondence with the course of nature. 'The boy is father of the man,' but the boy is not, altogether, the man in little. His faculties bear not the same proportions. In men of genius it continually happens, that some of the most striking qualities of their maturity were wholly latent in early life. There is always, no doubt, the germ, but it sometimes waits for the stimulating influences of a comparatively late period to excite it to vital action. The acorn is not the miniature of an oak. When it shoots up,

the plant is not a tiny tree, with its mock branches and minikin seeds. Nor is the morning merely a dim day. Some powers in man, like some arts in society, speedily attain to excellence, while others wait for the appropriate excitement or discipline. This must be taken into account in reasoning backward from maturity to youth; although what allowance should be made for it is a question not very easy of solution.

A PORTRAIT.

Beautiful eyes! they seem to fill all space
With light, and love, and hope, and purity!
To watch the gleam that plays about thy face
Is like a glimpse of fairy land, we try
In vain to track the spell so wondrously
Revealed in thee—whence is it? for where'er
Thy presence comes, so rare a grace we see
In its poetic charm, the very air
By thee seems newly gifted to make all things fair.

Excelling voice! whose spirit tone can reach
The whole world of the heart in one brief minute,
And by its music-eloquence can teach
What deeply-hidden treasures lie within it;
Thou hast a power to charm the soul, to win it
To deeds of nobleness—oh! then to praise,
As voice to song, the heart leaps to begin it!
Whence comes thy power? whence that excelling grace?
Whence the surpassing light that shines from out thy face?

Love answers for thee! he has shed around thee
The atmosphere of light wherein you dwell;
Even the reptiles who crawl forth to wound thee
Are decked with glowing colours by thy spell;
They cannot harm thee, and thine eye might well
Charm serpents dumb, who fain would hiss at thee—
Let them hiss on, heed not their venom's swell;
Bear on and fear not! thou art guarded by
The finely-tempered shield of thine own purity!

Shine on, thou sunborn child of light! thou star
That dwellest brightly in thine own calm heaven!
What tho' the ignorant world send up afar
Its noxious vapours! Yet to thee 'tis given
To live thy life of light for ever; even
The clouds that thicken darken not *thy* way;
Theirs is the mist of earth—thine light from heaven;
The changeful wind shall waft the cloud away,
While thou shalt shine serene in thine own changeless ray.

S. Y.

A CHAPTER ON CHIMNIES.

THERE is a world above and a world below, and if people will build such monotonous houses, like the four-and-twenty fiddlers 'all of a row,' where is the wonder if we turn to the chimnies for a little variety? And there is a world of matter of fact, and a world of imagination, and unless my readers can step with me into the latter, with no help from the former but a chimney-pot for a walking-stick, they may pass over the page that will appear to them but

> 'As the smoke, like flag upfurling,
> Above the blackened chimney curling.'

As there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy, so there are more things in the ups and downs of chimney existence, than are dreamt of in ours. A word or two, and see if your next walk within sight of the far-famed blackened pottery groves of which London may boast, does not help to discover them. See there's a goodly row! What are they like? A set of pandeans for Æolus. If I were a wind I would 'blow' till I cracked my cheeks in whistling an *air* along the goodly pipes. A terrible blow for the cooks! but if it would hasten the time when one shall do the work of twenty, one fire the work of one house, one chimney the work of that fire, we would say,

> 'Blow high! blow low! let the black soot scare
> The cook beside the board.'

Look at that row of houses! Think of the twenty breakfastings, dinings, and suppings; twenty troubles in 'housekeeping,' ay, troubles, unless the mistress of the *ménage* have a *penchant* for putting her mind into mahogany and rosewood, her capabilities into creams and custards, and her perceptions into pies and puddings; where all might be done by one; without that stimulus to the selfish and degrading vanity of keeping a better table than your neighbour. What do you say to it, you group of chimney gossips, stunt and steady, with one taller than the rest for your oracle? And you, little Miss Beffin of a one, with not a leg to stand upon, and your arms cut off at the shoulders, what do you say to such doings? are you not ashamed to be *smoked* by such people? We hear of people 'eating their own words;' it is, in other phrase, but consuming their own *smoke*. Look to it chimnies, and do not any longer be imposed upon. There is a group, like soldiers, square-shouldered, compact, regular, awaiting the word of command—not to *fire* be it hoped; and there are two friends who have remained firm to each other through wind and weather; their bases parted, their tops meeting, like to, but happier than, the two willows on the seal—'Fate sepa-

rates, but inclination unites us;' for they *do* meet, and the fate that will not let their union be entire, makes what union there is the more firm and enduring. There is a moral for all those who would forbid the natures, which rush to each other, to mingle; they must, they do; though it be but in a dream, that dream binds their souls for ever. Look at yon hooded monk! Well is it that the 'No Popery' cry is over, or surely they would have him down as an upholder of his holiness. There, though you may neither see nor believe, is a Cupid and Psyche. Strange that the curve of that huge mass of rough brickwork should suggest the exquisite language and grace of that lovely and loving pair. The old sign of 'the Crooked Billet' has in it the same sort of magic—its tortuosity suggesting the far-famed statue of the dying gladiator. Here is more work for Æolus, or Fame if she will, in her flight over the earth! An inkstand-looking house for her to dip her recording quill into. A Tunbridge toy sort of place, with square grey roof, and the chimnies for the pens—chimnies for pens! poor little lads, who have too often found *pens* in our chimnies! The English negro race, (our inky brethren, for they are our brethren, though we may disown them,) 'born with the same organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, (no, not with the same food, but they would eat it if they could have it,) hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer,' and sometimes warmed to death in a service to which man and woman should be ashamed to doom them. Poor fellows! they are a race apart, and the very avoidance of contact with them in our streets must tend to unhumanize them. Let us not think of their 'inky *soot* alone,' but remember that they have 'that within which passeth show;' minds to comprehend and hearts to feel; and let us all employ, for their salvation, that great physical Saviour—machinery.

And now the light is diminishing, and how richly and blackly come out the forms against the twilight sky! There is no longer the detail of brick and mortar; they are dark and massy in their mingled sameness and variety of form. Darker and darker—and now they are all asleep in the moonlight. There is a charm in moonlight to harmonize buildings that by day are full of strange incongruities; there is a charm in moonlight to harmonize man into the disposition to admire the beautiful, rather than detect the defective. That church, which by day is the imperfect work of an inferior architect, to-night is like a classic temple of the olden worship. Calm, bright, and hallowed it is, as if spirits were worshipping within it and around it. Look! what is that? it flashes like one of earth's purest brilliants; or like a star new fallen from heaven. Where? there! at the topmost corner of the eastern end. Strange! Is it a spirit risen from the graves

below to keep guard over the departing glory of episcopacy; as did the 'sweet little cherub smiling aloft' on the topmast? Vain care, if poor Jack's life were not better worth preserving than that of old, selfish, grumbling beldame Mother Church. No, spirits are wiser; and when they do rise from their graves it will be, like Ezekiel, to say to the land, 'There is a conspiracy of her prophets (priests) in the midst thereof; like a roaring lion, ravening their prey, they have devoured souls; they have taken the *treasure and precious things*.' But what is it? Proud, yet trembling in its impulses, like a huge swelling world of a drop of water. The sky is without a cloud—no glistening rain-drops to make marvels upon slanting roofs. What is it? No glazed window to lighten with the moon's pure reflection. Nearer and nearer—brighter and brighter—how strange! What is it? I declare it is the moon shining on the bright tin tube of the vestry chimney!

S. Y.

RATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

ALTHOUGH books for the instruction of children have greatly improved of late years, it must be acknowledged that good books of this description are still rare; and it becomes our duty to mention from time to time such works as fall under our notice which have pretensions to a rational character.

It has only been discovered recently (and is still but partially known) that the familiar objects which surround a child may be easily converted into useful and delightful materials of instruction. Formerly instruction was commenced with crabbed books, which were thrust into the infant's hands long before he could comprehend their use, and which thus unwittingly became instruments of torture; instruments for the repression of real knowledge, and for deadening all delight in the attainment of knowledge. Would that we could say that such is not the case now. We trust, however, that the parents and instructors of young children will every day have less excuse for continuing a practice which is as destructive to the children's intellects and happiness, as to their own comfort; for we cannot admit that a mechanical and painful mode of instruction can add to the happiness of either parent or instructor.

Several treatises have appeared within the last year or two, for the purpose of showing the rational teacher in what manner valuable instruction may be extracted from ordinary familiar objects. The two most remarkable of these works are; first, a cheap London reprint of an American work, entitled 'The Little Philosopher, for Schools and Families; designed to teach children to think and to reason about common things; and to illustrate, for parents and teachers, methods of instructing and interesting children. By Jacob Abbott, Principal of the Mount Vernon

School.' Secondly, 'Lessons on Objects, as given to Children between the ages of five and eight, in a Pestalozzian School at Cheam, Surrey.' Meritorious as these works are, either for domestic instruction or for the lower classes of a school, they are hardly available for little children below the age of six or seven, for whom, however, it is exceedingly desirable that such exercises should be prepared, seeing that very little children, though not in a condition for book learning, are as capable and desirous of examining nature, if not of profiting by that examination, as, in all probability, they will ever become.

From nature we get knowledge at first hand; from books we get knowledge at second hand, when we succeed in getting it at all: so that we exhibit no remarkable signs of wisdom in preferring the shadow to the substance, when the latter is within our reach. The author of the 'Lessons on Objects' tells a story of a teacher who gave a lesson to his class respecting a window, of which he had taken the trouble to make a drawing, not reflecting, until reminded of the fact by one of the pupils, that a real window was actually before him; and even then the force of habit was so great, that he silenced the child and proceeded as before. A child will read about a blacksmith with apathy, and forget the lesson in an hour; but show him the real man at his forge, with his black hands, roaring bellows, and heavy hammer, making the bright sparks fly around him, and fashioning the hard iron as if it were of clay, and an effect is produced on the child's mind that will never be effaced. So, also, any object, no matter how common, a table, or a carpet, a grate, an article of dress, a stone or a flower will, each and all, afford a fund of entertainment when the parent is once familiarized with the mode, set forth in the above-mentioned works. He will then soon find himself in a condition to diminish or enlarge, and to alter and improve the lessons to his heart's content; for the variety of object and illustration has no bounds.

We shall now go a little into detail in describing these two works.

The design of the 'Little Philosopher,' to use the words of its author, 'is not to go at all out of the appropriate field of childish observation; but to fix the attention of children, and to employ their reasoning powers upon the thousand objects around them, with which they are necessarily more or less familiar, and which are consequently the best subjects of thought and reflection for them. . . . But in order that the book may at all accomplish the object for which it is intended, it must be used as the text-book of a teacher, not the mere reading book of a child.' The book consists of a series of questions calculated to engage the teacher and child in agreeable conversation, and to induce the latter to observe with accuracy, and to make various simple experiments. The subjects treated of are very numerous, and of course

no scientific order is attempted. Sections I. and II. relate chiefly to the more obvious qualities of simple objects, and proceed to the more striking phenomena of the elements, earth, sun, moon, &c. Section III. comprehends a brief examination of the body. Sections IV. and V. relate to animals and plants; and Section VI. includes an examination of several simple works of art, a brief examination of language, and a variety of miscellaneous experiments and questions.

Mr. Abbott states various modes in which his book has been used in schools; for it is not a crude and untried speculation, but the result of his long and successful labours in practical education. The exercises have been performed by the whole school at once, and by a single class. In doubtful cases the pupils were required to ascertain the fact by experiment or by observation; and in some cases particular boys or girls were appointed to inquire into facts, or make experiments, and bring a report on the result. Certain of the questions were also set to some pupils as a lesson or exercise.

The merits of this little treatise, and its very reasonable price, ought to insure its introduction into every family and elementary school.

The second work before us, namely, the 'Lessons on Objects,' is more elaborate and systematic than the 'Little Philosopher,' and therefore calculated for older children. If the 'Little Philosopher' be used with children at the age they usually commence school, the 'Lessons on Objects' would answer very well as a second book for the same children as they advance in capacity. The exercises of which it is composed are confined to such familiar objects as can easily be produced before the pupils; and the desultory character of such exercises 'is corrected by making a previous selection of subjects, and presenting them in the class room. As they are intended to be preparatory to instruction in natural history, they gradually assume a more scientific character, and thus a feeling of progress is sustained in the pupil's mind. It has been found indeed by long experience, that no lessons produce more continued interest, or more enlarge the minds of children, than those on objects.'

The first series presents a selection of miscellaneous simple objects, each possessing some distinguishing quality, such as glass, Indian rubber, leather, &c. The second series presents more complicated objects, the qualities, parts, and uses of which are examined as far as they come within the cognizance of the external senses; such as a pin, pencil, chair, &c. The third series resembles the second, but includes qualities not discernible by the outward senses, and also explanations and derivations of the more important terms. The chief aim of the fourth series is to exercise the children in arranging and classifying objects. For this purpose the spices have been selected for one set of exercises,

and a variety of liquids for another. The fifth series is intended as a first exercise in composition; observations and interrogations on familiar objects take place, and information is communicated as before; a written account is then required from the pupil: miscellaneous objects increasing in complexity are next presented; the metals and earths follow, and the work concludes with similar exercises on the external senses.

The above account of these interesting works will show that they cannot be advantageously used in schools or families without reasonable attention on the part of the parent or tutor. But with a little pains at the beginning, and a due allowance for a few failures, such as must be expected in all new undertakings, any persons of ordinary temper and capacity will soon find them highly useful as well as entertaining to the children, and possibly not uninstructive to themselves.

A small work somewhat resembling the 'Little Philosopher,' was published twenty years ago by the celebrated Mrs. E. Hamilton. It is entitled 'Examples of Questions calculated to excite and exercise the Infant Mind,' and is not without many traces of the usual talent of its author, although, on the whole, it must be pronounced a failure. Too many things are required to be known, or to be admitted without evidence, by the pupil; and nearly the whole is embedded in a theology which is beyond the depth of a little child. To an intelligent instructor it would, however, afford many useful suggestions.

The whole of Miss Edgeworth's smaller works, and especially 'Harry and Lucy concluded,' abound with valuable remarks on the branch of education which we have been noticing. And we might have adverted to several other works, such as 'Smith's Lessons on Words and Objects, with Experiments,' (which is just published) and 'Von Türk's Phenomena of Nature familiarly explained,' were it not that they fall more appropriately under another head, which we may possibly examine hereafter.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

High Church anti-Property Doctrines.—A certain Dr. Etough, who seems to be a tough doctor, made two long speeches at the great Suffolk conservative dinner, eaten at Ipswich on the 2d ult., which not only show the truth of the old maxim, that if you give some people rope enough they will hang themselves withal, but, moreover, that there are people who will find the rope themselves. The *illustrissimi* of this county-gathering consist of one lord, one baronet, two or three majors, two or three captains, two or three esquires, and thirteen clergymen 'with several others.' And Dr. Etough was their mouthpiece, both for 'Church and King,' and the 'clergy of the diocese.' What

we wish to point out in his orations is the High Church notion of the sacredness of property. He censures the Whigs for 'abstaining from touching the appropriation of land which had been acquired by spoliation and robbery,' and specifies the estates of the Duke of Bedford, which some ages since were alienated from the Church, as an instance. This illustration was received with 'loud cheers,' and 'three tremendous volleys of groans for the Duke of Bedford.' Very good. The greedy locusts no doubt have swallow enough to gorge Woburn whole, with all its appurtenances. But then the impudence of talking about property in the same breath, declaiming against its violation, and demanding that that of the clergy 'should be dealt with in the same manner as other property is.' The stupidity of these clerical diners must have been equal to their rapacity. When did the Duke of Bedford's estates belong to the Protestant Church of England? If there be any valid ecclesiastical claim to them it is that of the Catholic Church, which would, on the same principle, be valid also for all the possessions of Dr. Etough's Church, his own 'rectory of Claydon' included. Talk of public robbery, indeed! Not even the abominable plan for despoiling the public creditor had a tithe of the impudence of this clerical *projet.* When will these men learn that they have *no property;* that they are the State's hired servants; and that although their wages have been usually paid for life, yet that their neglect of duty, their idle, mischievous, plundering, and insulting propensities, may induce the speedy revision of an arrangement which never has worked well, nor ever will?

The Principle of the Whig Administration. — Lord John Russell's speech to his constituents, delivered at Totnes, Dec. 2, is a very able and manly effusion. But there is one portion of it which his auditors were somewhat precipitate in applauding. It declares the secret of the weakness of the late Government, of its loss of character, and of the utter want of sympathy with its fall except as that fall involved the appointment of the Duke of Wellington. He says, 'It was the principle of Lord Grey's Government to carry into effect as many reforms as they could with the concurrence of all the branches of the Legislature; that is to say, not unnecessarily to bring before Parliament, and pass through the House of Commons, measures which would only go into the House of Lords to meet with certain defeat.' A more false or fatal principle could not have been adopted. Its obvious tendency was to cut down every measure of Reform to the will, not of a responsible Tory Government, but of an irresponsible Tory Opposition. And for this mutilation, it held up the Ministers themselves as accountable to the nation. No set of men ought to have held office on such a principle; they could only be disgraced thereby. And if it be said that they did much

good thereby, it should be remembered that there must follow, and has followed, an immensely overbalancing amount of evil, in the loss of consistency and public confidence. Suppose they had gone out months ago, on being defeated in some broad and efficient scheme of Church, Law, or Corporation Reform—should we not have been all the better for it now? Would not the experiment, now making, have been tried, failed, and almost forgotten? Would not the ex-Ministers have gained an elevation which is now for ever beyond their reach, and which would not only have gratified an honourable ambition, but conferred a power of serving their country to which all that their accommodation gained was not worth a straw in the balance? Might not, by this time, the House of Lords have been reformed, and the Court itself propelled some inches towards common sense? To look back on this principle with complacency, and to put it forward in vindication of the small doings of the Cabinet to which he belonged, argues ill for Lord John's sagacity. We should have thought better of him had he frankly confessed it as a great blunder. He has only to look into the Tory and rota-tory newspapers, and the speeches and addresses of dishonest candidates; the little done by the Whigs, in the way of Reform, is the burden of them all: and if the people should be deceived, this is the topic by which they will be deceived. True, the argument is bad enough, that because the Whigs were prevented by the Tories from doing more, we should, therefore, expect more to be done by those very Tories who prevented them. But this is not the way in which it is put. That the Whigs should have allowed themselves to be prevented even from proposing what they profess to have wished, and what their avowed principles demanded, is alleged against their sincerity; and then the inference follows, with some plausibility, that we may as well have one set of rogues in office as another. For the injustice this may do them they have themselves to thank. They ought to see, and renounce their mistake, before they dream of holding office again.

Cheap Elections.—'The Spectator,' of Dec. 6 and 13, has some excellent hints on the mode in which the Economy of Reformers should oppose itself to the Money of Tories, in the ensuing contests. The plan should be printed and distributed all over the country. Amongst the hints are the following: School-rooms and other buildings might be used for polling places, instead of erecting booths. Large rooms hired, instead of going to hotels. Canvassing conducted by local committees. No useless placards. Competent and practised persons appointed to superintend printing, &c.; and liberal journals should advertise for the duty. One lawyer at each polling place quite enough; attornies would not lose by volunteering. The pomp of processions a 'vain show.' Those who have conveyances take their

neighbours to the poll. In counties, district sub-committees might report what conveyances would be wanted. Local election funds should be everywhere subscribed. Coalition wherever there are two liberal candidates. And everywhere, forthwith, 'a WATCH COMMITTEE to keep a sharp look-out after every act and process of bribery, treating, and coercion; and to record every device and act of the Tories which may hereafter void corrupt returns, or illustrate the virtue of the BALLOT.' Such are some of the modes in which organization may grapple with corruption. The people have not learned how to make use of the strength which they possess; nor will they be taught yet, except very partially; but the time is coming.

Dr. Lushington and the King.—At a meeting of his constituents of the Tower Hamlets, Dec. 11, Dr. Lushington spoke as follows:

'You have, in the first place, against you, the King. It is utter folly—it is false delicacy—it is altogether absurd to say, that by discussing these matters we are infringing on the prerogatives of the Crown. The people have also their prerogatives; and be it recollected that the King was made for the people. If he chooses to appoint Ministers whom the people cannot trust, the people can make him change them again. If he pursues such a course as to lead the country into danger, the people must stop him in his career. What is now the state of our country? For ten years we had a monarch who was insane. For ten years more we had, for his successor, a cold-blooded and heartless voluptuary. A change came, and we have now one, who, after exciting the hopes and expectations of the people, is prepared to disappoint them. But are the hopes of the people to be now blasted? I would warn the friends of monarchy, that if such course is to be pursued, monarchy itself is in danger.'

Now this is honest, and therefore it deserves praise; for of the thousands who know and feel its truth, how few there are who have spoken it out so plainly. Even in the speeches of courageous Reformers, we generally find that whenever the King is introduced, cant follows, as if there were a natural and necessary connexion between royalty and insincerity. We do not mean to affirm that there is not: but we demur to such a mode of keeping up the connexion. We object to the worse than mystification which has been generally practised on this matter. Can there ever have been a doubt since May, 1832, of the King's Tory propensities? Did he not first accept the resignation of the Reform Ministry, and after they were forced back, Bill and all, carry that Bill by an extraordinary act of influence, rather than create a sufficient number of popular peers to enable a Reform Government to go on? What was to be expected after this, but what has actually happened, that the Whigs should be disgraced in every possible way, and then dismissed. Was not the speech to the Bishops a plain warning? The King was never

heartily with us: and it was not very wise, though it might be generous, to believe that he was. He thinks and feels on the subject like a King, as he is. What have Kings to do with Reform? It is scarcely possible, unless in the exercise of a superhuman intelligence, to discern, from their position, the good produced in a community by the amelioration of political institutions. Supposing them the most purely disinterested of human beings, how should they appreciate the multitudinous influences upon condition and character, which growing liberty diffuses through the different classes of society? This species of good comes not near them personally; they cannot see, hear, feel, taste, nor therefore conceive it. They are only affected by it inconveniently: as are their hangers on, whose power and plunder are abridged. As much of mob-popularity as their eyes and ears may need, when they show themselves, can generally be purchased; and a few dragoons, with a cohort of police, can keep unpleasant symptoms at a convenient distance. Moreover, it is no secret that all political Reform tends towards Republicanism. We do not say that it will arrive there; for as Toryism may stop short of absolute Despotism, so may Reform of Republicanism. But such is the tendency of each; and hence Kings and Tories have a natural antipathy to Reform. It is questionable whether they can ever be made to comprehend that it is really for their own good, until they have actual experience of the fact. With that, therefore, it is the people's duty to provide them, as speedily as they can; and, in the mean while, drop all the common humbug about their goodwill towards Reform. The only safe plan is to reckon upon their hostility. It is quite absurd in us, to resolve that we will have an hereditary King, and yet be astonished that he does not reason like a President of the United States. We must allow him his Toryism. It is a portion of his prerogative; and we should also calculate on his free exercise of that, as occasion serves. It may be difficult to deal straightforwardly with Whigs who are sometimes crooked themselves. Or it may be that he follows the example of 'his sainted father.' We should like to know, as 'the King can do no wrong,' who is responsible for the late sudden change, which might have plunged the whole country into confusion; which did subject us to the temporary dictatorship of a soldier; and which may still produce a world of evil. We are told that there must always be a responsible adviser. Does Sir Robert Peel become so by taking office in consequence? Or is it the Duke? or who? It should be known, because with that adviser the country has an account to settle.

The Peel Manifesto.—We never remember to have seen any composition so thoroughly characterized as this by shallow hypocrisy. There is, perhaps, no direct lie in it; there is certainly in

it no direct truth. It contains scarcely a single straightforward sentence; and yet it contains not a sentence that can impose on an intellect two removes from idiocy.

The very construction of this document is hypocritical. Sir Robert Peel felt it necessary to address some exposition of his policy to the people of England, and so he took advantage of the incidental circumstance of the vacation of his seat, to write to his Tamworth constituents. Yet he represents the duty of addressing *them* as his primary feeling, and the more important purpose as incidental. He is not such a fool as to think that cajoling the nation is subordinate to tickling the Tamworthians.

He travelled from Rome to London in obedience to his Majesty's summons; and yet resolved to take office 'after an anxious review of the position of public affairs' on his arrival, which must have been taken in a few hours.

'The King, in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services.' No doubt; the King made the crisis for that very purpose. The 'great difficulty' was in creating the crisis. Alexander disposed of knots by the sword; William disposes of them by the toe; the one cut, the other kicks.

Sir Robert volunteers a declaration that he will not repeal the Reform Bill. 'Thank you for nothing.' This goes as far to prove him a Reformer as would a declaration that he will not repeal the monarchy, to prove him a loyal subject. The people's question is, who will amend and extend the Reform Bill?

He will *consider* of Corporation Reform when the commissioners report. He must have considered some time to find out such a mode of evading a plain declaration.

The Dissenters are graciously told that he supported the abortions of Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell, on the Church Rate and Marriage questions. He will make love to them by offering again the rotten oranges which they threw down, and trampled under foot.

The Dissenters are to continue excluded from the Universities; but may take degrees, if they can get them.

He promises that future pensions shall be good ones; and old ones not touched.

No Church property shall be alienated from 'ecclesiastical purposes.' What are they? In the Christian dictionary, public instruction is the great ecclesiastical purpose. In the Tory lexicon, ecclesiastical purposes are parsons' pockets.

'If by an improved distribution of the revenues of the Church, (of Ireland,) its just influence can be extended, and the true interests of the Established Religion promoted, all other considerations should be made subordinate,' *i. e.*, being interpreted, the plunder shall be differently divided, if thereby the possession of the plunder be rendered more secure.

Sir Robert has not yet had opportunity of giving his 'grave

consideration' to the reform of the Church of England. He is sadly behind, and should have left Rome a day sooner. From some millions of people, the Church has had a '*grave* consideration,' and has commenced digging it herself.

It is asked, with great seeming simplicity, whether it should be assumed that the effect of the Reform Act was 'so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects; he must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only, of public men?' Premising that 'one section' is here a felicitous phrase for the whole people, with the exception of the Tories, we answer that, though, legally, the Reform Act does not limit the sovereign to the choice of Reform Ministers, yet that morally it does; that having given his assent to that Act in accordance with the nation's will, he could not be expected to assign the powers of Government to its enemies; and that if Sir Robert Peel and the Tories believing, as they have always declared, that Act to have been destructive of the Constitution, take office to govern in its spirit, they are also, in their own consciences, traitors to the nation; and if they do not so intend to govern, while yet they conceal and disavow their purpose, then are they traitors in the people's estimation, and hypocrites by their own showing. The prerogative, like every privilege, is limited by the laws of honour and consistency. The criminal code, like the Reform Act, confines the King's choice to one section of public men; that section which has not been convicted of felony.

The Duke's man has done his best; but it will not do. The fiercer folks of the party have shouted the Waterloo war-cry, 'Up, boys, and at them,' but the National Guard of England will more easily sustain the onset than did the old Imperials. Electoral conflicts are not to be decided by the sword of a Wellington. And if, for a moment, victory should seem to incline towards it,

'Humanity will rise, and thunder *Nay*.'

The Cheltenham Free Press.—This paper is a spirited attempt to establish a vehicle for the diffusion of sound political knowledge and principle. It deserves circulation and support far beyond the limits of Gloucestershire. The editor is evidently a man of superior education, intelligence, fervour, and energy. Such are wanted to manage the much-abused machinery of public instruction. The articles on the Ballot are admirable; and so is the acuteness with which the editor exposes the danger to the people of being misled by the cry of Union at the approaching elections. He thinks, as we do, that *all Reformers* should unite; but that we should make sure that we *are uniting with Reformers*. There will be gross juggling and deception on this point. The Reformers are those who *will reform further*,

and whose conduct has given evidence to that effect. Those who will advance not a step beyond the Reform Bill, ought to be sent after those who were kicked out for not going so far. Their day is gone by. The recent change is sufficient evidence that the people have not yet power enough. The experiment may fail; but with household suffrage, triennial parliaments, and the ballot, would such an experiment have been attempted? We trow not. We deserve that it should succeed, unless we take measures to prevent its repetition.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

THERE is much of sweetness and grace, much also of feeling and discrimination in Mrs. Hall's writings; and they are pervaded by the earnestness of religious principle. The careful parent, who is rather jealous of fiction generally, will find in them none of the qualities which indispose him to trust tale, novel, or romance in his children's hands. They uphold the recognised morality of the day, in so far as it is sound, and also in so far as it is conventional.

We opened this volume with some curiosity to see how a woman's pen would portray woman's trials. The endurances to which the female heart is doomed in the present state of society, the sources of its strength, the means of deliverance, and the prospect of amelioration, these are themes which woman best can handle; but to do justice to them requires no common degree of intellect, observation, or courage. On these subjects Mrs. Hall has thrown little new light; but she has produced a succession of interesting and touching stories, the chief moral of which seems to be, submission here and heaven hereafter; a good moral whenever the mischief is incurable; but a misleading one, if the maxim of English law obtains in the government of the world, that wherever there is a wrong, there is a remedy. The heroines of many of her stories might have studied to advantage the writings of the strong-minded author of 'Cleone', whose remarks, in a former part of this number, may perhaps give Mrs. Hall herself a more just and vigorous conception of the condition and duties of her sex.

The sneer at the 'march of intellect' (p. 9) and the ascription of gross vice to 'the principles of equality, the rights of women, and Mr. Owen's morality,' (p. 273,) are not creditable to Mrs. Hall. Yet we can forgive her much for a sentiment so beautiful and true as the following:

'Let no one make sport of youthful sorrow—it is the bitterest we are doomed to endure in our course through life; the trials of after age are, doubtless, more real, but not so intense; they are of the world, worldly—it is seldom they are unselfish—rarely untutored. Let any of us recall the devotedness of our first *real* grief, the anguish of our first *real* disappointment, and remember how literally it was deep and heartfelt—how perfectly mind and body were stricken during its continuance, and then, in justice to fast-coming memories, we can never make sport of early sorrowings.'—p. 27.

Many sentiments of similar beauty are scattered over these narratives, mingled with others more questionable, though they will perhaps be more generally adopted, and with some humour, especially in the delineation of Irish character, which all will appreciate, or at least enjoy.

Turner's Annual Tour; the Seine.

The Indian, in the American wilderness, delights to track a river to its source; and we have here a proof of how much enjoyment may result from a similar expedition in the most civilized regions of Europe. Many persons may perhaps think the subject not well chosen, before they open the book; few can think so afterwards. Other routes or rivers might have afforded much more of material for what is called the picturesque; but we can scarcely imagine the production of a succession of more beautiful pictures. We would, however, advise the rambler who may be stimulated hereby to explore the course of the Seine for himself, to be sure and bespeak Turner's moons for his voyage. It were better else to leave the engravings at home; and in some cases to stay at home with them. Any way, Leitch Ritchie, who furnishes the printed prose to Turner's pictured poetry, will be found a most pleasant companion.

Mornton. By Margaret Cullen. Fourth edition.

The publication of the fourth edition of a novel, without any adventitious sources of popularity, may well exempt it from criticism. It may perhaps create another duty for the censor, and a not less useful one, viz., that of accounting for the phenomenon. The causes, in this case, are by no means obvious. On commencing the perusal of 'Mornton,' the dialogue certainly appeared to us sensible, but rather dull and trite; and we felt a general lack of interest, both in character and incident. About the middle of the first volume, however, we were roused by a critique on Southey's Life of Nelson, and on the character of Nelson himself, which abounds in truth, vigour, clearness, and courage. Many similar discussions, on various topics of importance, in morals, manners, politics, and literature, are interspersed through the work, and form, to our taste, its best portion. If we cannot always coincide in the sentiments of the writer, we must yet do justice to their general soundness, purity, and useful tendency. Amongst other feelings which do her honour, she manifests, and portrays, in her heroine, a very strong one on the humane treatment of animals, which is often argumentatively, and sometimes affectingly enforced. The interest of the narrative increases very much in the concluding volume, and the mental struggles of the heroine are depicted with a power which must find its way to the heart.

The Resources and Statistics of Nations. By John MacGregor. Part I. 4*s.* 6*d.*

This work is to be completed in eight or nine monthly parts. It contains, in a compact tabular form, with brief comments, a prodigious mass of information, which it must have cost immense labour to collect and arrange. All the branches of statistics, natural, political, moral, and economical, are comprised in the plan. We trust the circulation of a

work so useful, and indeed essential, to the politician, the merchant, and the philosopher, and so convenient for all who have any care about the world we live in, will bear some proportion to the expenditure of time and toil by the compiler.

The British Almanac, and Companion.
The British Household Almanac.
The British Working-Man's Almanac.

The above are published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to which society we are indebted for the great almanac-reformation which has been so happily accomplished. They are all full of information of a practical description, and of constant application; and the 'Companion' sustains the character which it has so well earned in former years. The exertions of the Society in this department amply entitle it to the gratitude of the country.

Dodsley's Economy of Human Life. London: Van Voorst. 1834.

An embellished and elegant edition of a work which has long been too popular to require description or criticism.

Selections from the American Poets. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

We must so far confess our ignorance of American poetry as to allow that we are not certain that it is not more the fault of the selector than of the poets, that there is, in this volume, so decided a preponderance of mere description and common-place sentiment. Of the fact of that preponderance, we are quite certain; and equally so of the result, that the volume will be chiefly acceptable to that class of persons with which a sort of sober sentimentalism passes for poetry, and goodness, and all that is valuable. There are several pieces of Bryant, who is already pretty well known in this country; as is Paulding, from whom there is only a single extract. The selections from Brainard and Pierpont have more of originality than perhaps any others; and the song of 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' by the latter, is a beautiful lyric. As this appeared in some of our periodicals soon after the occasion for which it was written, (the Centenary of the Landing of the Exiles,) we prefer giving, as a favourable sample of the lighter compositions in this volume, the following verses by N. P. Willis:

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

'I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old,
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told,

It is very true; it is very true;
I'm old, and "I 'bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low:
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.'

p. 170.

'*Appendix to the Black Book.* By the original Editor.

As we said of the 'Black Book' itself, so say we of this Appendix to it; 'every man who is interested in the condition and improvement of the country, should have this book at hand for reference.' To which may be added, that the 'Appendix' should *instantly* be procured, and consulted for information of the most varied and valuable description, in connexion with the coming elections. It is the Elector's Guide Book, and the Candidate's Test Book, and the Ministerial Character Book. It is powder and shot for the Reformers, and bad pieces must they be that miss fire when loaded with it. We cannot give even the briefest epitome of the information it contains, and which is rendered so much more valuable by the clear-headed comments of the Editor. In an Advertisement at the end, he announces 'that he is ready to offer himself (*free of expense*) a candidate for the representation of any city or borough in Parliament, in opposition to a Tory or Conservative Whig.' And if ever man ought to be returned 'free of expense,' it is such a man as this who would be sure, in the exercise of his peculiar talent, to repay the public very handsomely all that he could possibly cost them. But the public is given to be penny-wise and pound-foolish in politics. Mr. Wade would be well worth a liberal salary in addition to the cost of his election. And yet his offer will probably remain unaccepted, while constituencies, of which the majority call themselves Reformers, are putting up with mere idlers and trimmers, on the strength of a few indefinite promises. Let us get fairly through this last conflict with Toryism, and then there must be some discussion on what Bentham termed the 'Appropriate Intellectual Aptitude' for the work of Legislation and Government.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'American Sketches,' and other communications, are unavoidably postponed. Will C. P. send to our office?

THE ELECTIONS.

THE brief interval, during which we write, between the completion of the election returns and the meeting of Parliament, would furnish materials for an extraordinary scene, were it possible to exhibit pictorially the phenomena of the moral world, as the painter delineates those of the material creation. Externally, it is one of comparative repose. The constituents have waged their warfare, and won or lost the prize for which they struggled; while the representatives, an equally pugnacious body, have not yet begun their conflict. But this quiet is chiefly external. At no season, perhaps, except on very extraordinary emergencies, is there more of strong and turbid political feeling than in this interval. The glow of recent success, the bitter recollection of irretrievable mistake, the rage of defeat, the self-upbraidings of indolence or delinquency, the planning of what might have been done and of what shall be done another time, the stimulated sensation of new enmities or friendships, the excited discussion of characters, measures, or principles; the anxious speculation into future proceedings and consequences; these, and a thousand other commotions, are mingling beneath the smoothened surface of society, unquiet elements, that would readily relieve themselves by the outbursting of another storm. We are much mistaken if a large proportion of the people would not rush into the excitement of a second election with more zest and avidity than they engaged in that which has just been terminated. Scarcely any result short of having beaten the opposite party by at least two to one, is sufficient to slake the electioneering fever, when once the blood is really up. It would not be wise in the Dictator to try a succession of dissolutions. The popular spirit will not soon cry, 'Hold! enough!' There are defeats which it is eager to retaliate; and triumph only puts it in the mood to sing, 'If it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.' We have no doubt that the fresh election in March, with which some of the Tory journals threaten the country, will, should the threat be realized, produce a Parliament decidedly more hostile to the Administration than the one now chosen.

But although, as politicians, we look with satisfaction on the security which this condition of the public mind affords against the daring and desperate designs which have been prematurely avowed, we cannot but lament it as evil in itself, and as a mournful object of contemplation, when compared with the state in which the country might have been but for the intrigue, cupidity, and caprice which are allowed to sport with the welfare of millions. These excitements are only less unwholesome for the nation than would be the demented baseness that would quietly return to the condition from which we have emerged. They are not that troubling of the waters which is caused by the descent of an angel, and succeeded by the gift of healing; they are only a

needless stirring up of angry passion; the symptoms of a mischievous power, too strong for the public peace. Evil in themselves, they are the fruits of a culpability which calls for reprobation, if not for retribution, which it is necessary to quell, though it may not be magnanimous to punish.

How long is it to be endured that an election should be merely a party conflict? That the most dignified act of free men, the choice of representatives for protecting the honour and interests of the community, for revising its institutions, and accommodating them from time to time to the people's wants and opinions, and for facilitating national improvement by the wise application of national resources,—should be degraded into a convulsive effort to repel a faction struggling for place and power, that it may rule for its own advantage. The Tories complain of demagogues; there would be no demagogues but for themselves. There is no *party* in the country but their own; no set of men, that is, banded together for the purpose of gaining and keeping possession of public property and political authority. Could we imagine the whole faction deported, the next election might, for all that appears, be simply the choice of persons supposed to be the best qualified to legislate for the country; from whom again, on account of capacity or station, would be selected the requisite number of individuals for the executive department. The great good of the Reform Bill was in its being a step towards this state of things. The selfishness of party, now concentrated in Toryism, is the great obstacle in the way of our arriving at its realization, and therefore a nuisance which requires to be abated.

That the country should have any interest in being governed by a party, is a manifest absurdity. Legislative wisdom and executive impartiality and energy, these are what the nation needs. That a party has a strong interest in governing the nation is an obvious truth. They become possessed thereby of an enormous mass of that material of enjoyment for which mankind are continually striving. All public offices and appointments, diplomatic, judicial, colonial, the church, the army, the navy, corporations, together with the influence of legislation upon class interests, all become the prizes of an organized body, instead of being simply the machinery of social order and prosperity. The late change in the Administration was a barefaced attempt to appropriate these advantages, or rather to recover that monopoly of them which Reform had broken up; and the dissolution was an endeavour to deceive or to corrupt the electors into an acquiescence in this attempt; with what measure of success will soon appear.

The elections have been conducted in the spirit which corresponds with this view of the occasion. With scarcely more than one or two exceptions, the known and hitherto avowed enemies of Reform, the men who occasioned or took advantage of the late change for the very purpose of obstructing the progress of Reform,

have presented themselves before their assembled countrymen, with the lie upon their lips that they were Reformers. We cannot descend to language less plain. The instantaneous conversion of the entire party, immediately upon the success of the last and deadliest of a long succession of hostile efforts, is a miracle not to be credited, and the affectation of it an hypocrisy not to be endured. Would that this were all, and that these *soi-disant* novitiates of Reform had not been polluting the souls of multitudes by demoralizing practices, which in several cases have proved successful; which in very many more were sufficiently notorious; and which in all are deeply disgraceful.

It is evident that the Tories have gained in numerical strength by the elections. That they have done so to a sufficient extent to retain possession of the Government, we will not believe until we see it. By no calculations that have been made on any rational principles, by no test that we can apply, is any other result to be obtained than that as a party they are decidedly in a minority, whose only chance of success is in their superior organization, the strong bond of a selfish interest, the support of the House of Lords and the Court, and the opportunities which may occur for dividing those to whom they are opposed. It is the business of all honest representatives to render these chances unavailing.

Devoutly is it to be hoped that no false delicacy, no foolish fear of being called factious, no vain expectations of future opportunity, will interfere with that immediate decision of the great question between the Ministry and the people, which is so aptly provided for by the forms of Parliament. The battle can never be so well fought as on the first two topics that must necessarily engage the attention of the House, viz. the choice of a Speaker, and the Address. The first is not a mere matter of form; nor, now that the transition has been accomplished from a nomination Parliament to a representative one, can it be again treated as only a question of convenience for the despatch of business. There is nothing, henceforth, to interfere with the appointment of a man who, while qualified by his experience and attainments for the routine duties of the office, shall also be qualified, by his principles and character, to represent the reformed House of Commons; who shall be in sympathy with the majority of that House; and who may, therefore, without the incongruity which was temporarily submitted to, be presented to the King, in the face of the country and the world, as the first commoner of Great Britain. To endure, now, the elevation of a member of *the party*, the one party which alone disturbs and confronts the nation, to so conspicuous and honourable an office, would show an indifference and insensibility as culpable as they would be extraordinary.

But while the strength or weakness of the new Administration will, in all probability, be exhibited by this question, it is that of the Address by which their fate will be decided. And here we

trust that the Reformers in Parliament will rise to the full sense of the responsibility and dignity of their position. The occasion is a magnificent one. It is for them, now, to give an elevated tone to the popular feeling, a defined aim to the national desire for improvement, a distinct expression to the great principles of Reform. The Amendment on the Ministerial Address ought to be a National Manifesto, embodying the desires and determinations of the people on the mode and agents of Government. There should be none of the little tricks of the old party conflicts. None of the ambiguities by which parliamentary tacticians used to catch straggling votes. Carried or lost, if lost it can be, it should tell why the country will never again voluntarily endure the misrule of party. It should denounce those who, after the lapse of so many generations, have revived the exercise of an irresponsible prerogative, the obsolete and fatal claim of the Stuart dynasty. For royal interpositions it should demand accountable advisers. It should proclaim that when a public act is imputed to the King personally, as in the dismissal of the late Administration, there is a gross violation of all that, by courtesy, is called the Constitution. It should indicate the absurdity of calling for public confidence in the hitherto systematic opponents of public right. It should declare that the National Reformers tenaciously uphold the sacredness of property, and the obligation of applying public endowments to public purposes; and that therefore they claim for the people the benefit of educational and religious funds which are grossly abused in their monopoly by a sectarian and political hierarchy. It should assert full and entire civil equality for the holders of all the diversities of theological opinion. It should announce their determination to correct the abuses, to extend the advantages, and to liberalize the spirit of municipal institutions. It should pledge them to apply the now recognised principles of Reform to all political, civic, legal, or religious establishments that may require revision. And in the respectful but manly language of free men, speaking with the voice and armed with the authority of a free people, it should remind the Sovereign that he holds his crown but by common acquiescence for common good; that it befits not his station to lend his authority to the selfish purposes of a party; that in these sentiments he hears the reply to his appeal to the people; and that should he, by renewing that appeal, allow the accursed enginery of electioneering demoralization again to bear upon their weakness, their dependence, and their fears, they will arouse the popular spirit to such a manifestation of determined principle and resistless power as shall make faction, corruption, and oligarchic pride call on rocks and mountains to screen them from the awful judgment. Let the majority, as majority we think, and a large one too, they must be; let them but thus speak, and the hearts of the mere men of office will quail within them, while the

grumblings and vituperations of their subordinates will, in spite of their angry loudness, be drowned in the roar from without of the thunders that will utter their voices responsively.

If the Reform Members of the House of Commons will take their stand on such ground as this, they will do more for their country than has ever before been accomplished, even by the noblest patriots of the most trying periods; more than by the Parliamentarians of 1641, for they will head the people in the warfare, not of brute force, but of enlightened opinion; more than by the Revolutionists of 1688, for they will establish, not the 'reign of Influence,' but that of Representation.

Such an Address must be followed, either by the resignation of Ministers, or the dissolution of Parliament. Preparation should be made for either event. The constituencies should hold themselves in readiness for the latter by permanent committees, which, like skeleton regiments, can at short notice recruit their ranks, and be fit for action. The other alternative is ably discussed in a pamphlet, of which the second edition has just been published, and which we earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers,* as full of sound political philosophy.

'It appears, therefore, that, under any combination of circumstances, the present Administration cannot stand. It can stand only on these suppositions: First, that the present Ministers are willing to sacrifice all the reputation and self-respect which alone can render the toils of office endurable. Secondly, that the country is willing to sanction a degree of political profligacy, which even the tools of a despotism would not venture. And, thirdly, that the monstrous doctrine is to be admitted, that no one is responsible for the most dangerous of all possible exertions of the Royal prerogative, the unforeseen and total, and, unless indeed its popular measures were the provocation, the unprovoked, dismissal of a popular Administration. Any one of these objections would be fatal. What, then, must be the effect of their combination? The arduous question is, therefore, forced upon us, On what terms are their successors to take office?

'It is obvious that they cannot accept it *simpliciter*, without pledge or condition, subject to be summarily ejected, while apparently possessing the full confidence of the Crown and of the people, without even a pretext that will bear a moment's discussion. Some pledge must be given, and it must be more than a mere nominal pledge; it must consist of something more than mere words, which four months after may be forgotten, or explained away, or disowned. It must be a pledge, deriving its force, not from the giver, but from the thing given. It must be a pledge, not merely promising the means of good government, but actually affording them.

'Our readers must at once acknowledge that only one such pledge is possible, and that is, a majority in the House of Lords.'—p. 70—72.

The writer proposes to conform the House of Lords to its

* On National Property, and on the Prospects of the present Administration and of their Successors. London: Fellowes.

changed position in relation to the Commons, by the creation of Peers for life, and by allowing Peers to un-lord themselves for the purpose of sitting in the Lower, or rather the then Upper House.

'Who is there, even among Tories, not blinded by faction or ambition, who does not anxiously wish that it were possible to retain Lord Spencer in that House in which his influence was so powerful and so beneficial? or to restore Lord Brougham to the field in which he was so long the champion of improvement?'

We will only add, that the recent elections have added ample proof to the indications which before existed of the imperfections of the Reform Act in some important points, and of the necessity of averting the formation of a number of venal boroughs, and of securing even the degree of representation which it was intended to bestow, by the speedy extension of the suffrage, the repeal of the Septennial Act, and the adoption of Vote by Ballot.

THE RICHES OF CHAUCER.*

Charles Cowden Clarke deserves well of his country. His merit is manifold. It should be recognised the more readily for two reasons: first, its humble pretensions and unobtrusive character; and, secondly, its relation to the most interesting portion of society, and also the most improvable,—the young. He is great with little folks, and will rise with the rising generation. On the cricket-ground he is potential, and his laws are obeyed by the boy with the bat, who searches the 'Young Cricketer's Tutor' for statute, precedent, and pattern. And he is not less grand in the garden. We should wish that his 'Adam' were an annual, but that the book is perennial. What an eloquent homily it is on the duty and delight of digging! Wordsworth consecrates an ode to the 'Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands;' but, begging Wilkinson's pardon, and Wordsworth's too, we have much more reverence for Adam's hoe. It is more influential, more prolific, a self-multiplying machine, a very polypus of a hoe, and has produced its like in the hands of hundreds of juvenile cultivators. Honour to the man who makes boys and girls love flowers, teaches them to sow with success, gives them a turn for transplanting, disposes them to haunt the hedges, and make botanizing forays in the fields, and opens their eyes and hearts to nature's loveliness! The descriptions in the work we refer to, show how much Mr. Clarke is at home when he is abroad. But look within doors, and you will find him quite a native in the nursery. Anterior to the age for spade or bat, the little things have head enough for 'The Tales from Chaucer.' And for the

* The Riches of Chaucer; with Explanatory Notes, and a Memoir of the Poet. By Charles Cowden Clarke. Two Volumes.

time when they begin to outgrow the bat and spade, he has made provision in the work now before us, the *da capo* of his juvenile melody, in which the 'big manly voice' may chant again the notes of its 'childish treble,' but with a deeper tone of meaning and a richer swell of harmony.

If Chaucer be the 'well of English undefiled,' Mr. Clarke's book is a famous bucket, and we have to thank him for a delicious draught. His own metaphor in the title reminds us rather of a mine; in 'The Tales' he has coined the ore into small change for children, but here the senior juveniles are presented with pure and massy ingots, the genuine 'Riches of Chaucer.'

And truly a good work does *he* perform who induces young folks to read old poets. Statues have been raised for achievements far less honourable or useful. The education is radically defective in which they do not contribute some portion of the mental discipline. Their absence cannot be atoned for by all the volumes of history and science which the strength of youthful appetite may enable it to digest. They are Professors of Humanity, whose lectures cannot be delivered by proxy. What Burns says of misfortune may be said of their poems, which are a fortune:

> 'There's wit there ye'll get there,
> Ye'll find na other where.'

And of all the great names of our poetical classics, the editor judged wisely to commence with Chaucer. This was to begin with the beginning, not only in the order of time, but in the more important order of the mental impressions which the writings of our most illustrious bards are calculated to produce; and also in the order of the previous attainment which is requisite for a correct appreciation. Chaucer's writings are the basis of English poetry. In them we can best trace the elemental principles of its versification, and of its prevailing modes of thought and feeling. Their broad simplicity is a noble study for the young. The universality of Shakspeare is too much for them in one way, and the learned magnificence of Milton is too much for them in another way. The full action of each is only upon a matured and accomplished intellect; and such an intellect is required for their appreciation. Spenser, too, is well postponed to Chaucer. His fascination is of an artificial character. The 'Faery Queen' can only be read by the initiated. It rests on an hypothesis, like the faith in dramatic reality. Until the student has taken one degree, at least, it is a sealed volume. That degree he may take upon an examination in Chaucer, who writes for the worshippers of the outer court of the Muses' Temple. The literal character of his poetry has been well commented upon by Hazlitt. It is a word for word translation from the volumes of nature and of the world. They are fairly 'done into English.' He catalogues plants like a botanist; and narrates events as if he were in a witness-box. And yet the

result is sterling poetry. It is so, because Chaucer was a poet. His faculty was simply in poetical selection. This is his peculiarity. Nothing is effected by the medium through which the objects are seen, with the exception of the melody of the versification; that medium is only the clear and sharp atmosphere of his intellect; there is no colouring, no mistiness. You look at his inventory, and you feel that it is poetry, because it is an inventory of poetical object and attribute. Now this is wholesome food for the young mind; a thousand times better than the made dishes which in our days are cooked up to pass for poetry. And Chaucer was, not only a lover of nature, but a man of the world; and to complete an extraordinary combination, he was also a man of principle, active and zealous for the reformation of such corruptions and abuses as were most rife in his times. Hence, though devoid of the absolute versatility of Shakspeare, he abounds in strokes of humour and character; and though devoid of the stateliness of Milton, he yet makes us reverence the presence of moral principle. Hence, his verbal translation of the poetry which is in nature and in man, may fitly precede their illustrative commentary. This is learning the language of the gods, according to the Hamiltonian system; and our gifted translator himself selects the best passages to be construed. It is true there is a yet further selection to be made. The plain-spoken tongue of those days often offends our niceness. Some words which were then tolerably reputable, have since lost caste and been banished from decent society. Nor did even the virtuous scruple to tell of very unmannerly doings. On these points, the present editor interposes. He has discharged this portion of his office with much good taste and sound discretion. Without being fastidious himself, they must be very fastidious to whom he has left any cause of offence. His dealings with the orthography and accentuation are also creditable to his judgment. The noble music of Chaucer's verse is freed from the seeming and exaggerated difficulties of reproducing it from its appropriate instrument, the human voice. It may now be read at sight. Heartily do we thank the editor for his hearty labours in this good work. We hope he will be encouraged, next, to see what he can do, for the same class of readers, with the chivalric pictures by which the halls of the Faery Queen are tapestried. The youth whom he has endowed with the 'Riches of Chaucer' will then find them an admission fee to the Gallery of Spenser.

THE SANCTUS.

THIRD FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

The doctor shook his head and looked very grave. 'What!' exclaimed the chapel-master, jumping off his chair, 'What! is this illness of Clara really serious?'

The doctor took out his snuff-box, tapped two or three times upon the lid, replaced it in his pocket without taking a pinch, looked up at the ceiling, but spoke not a word. This put the chapel-master quite out of patience.

'Tell me,' said he, 'tell me, without any mystification, is this cold—which Clara caught, I think, by neglecting to put on her shawl when she left church—likely to cost the dear child her life?'

'Why, no,' said the doctor, again taking out his snuff-box, and this time using its contents, 'no let us hope not; but it is more than probable that she will never sing a note again all her life-time.'

On hearing those words the chapel-master thrust his ten fingers desperately into his hair, thereby surrounding himself with a cloud of powder, and, running about the room in great agitation, he cried,—'Not sing again!—never sing again!—Clara never to sing again! All those charming canzonettas, those astonishing arias, those ravishing romances, which flowed from her lips like honey-brooks, are they silenced for ever?—Shall we never hear from her again those tender *agnuses*, those sweet *benedictuses?* Oh! oh!—never hear again those magnificent *misereres*, which refined the soul from terrestrial ideas, and inspired everybody with chromatic themes? Doctor, doctor, you surely deceive me! The organist of the cathedral, who hates me ever since I composed that *qui tollis* for eight voices, which ravished the whole universe, has bribed you to destroy me! He wishes to drive me to despair; to prevent me from finishing the mass I am about; but he shall not succeed. I have here (he clapped his pocket) Clara's solos, and to-morrow the dear child shall sing them, *con amore.*'

The chapel-master put on his hat, and would have gone out, but the doctor held him fast by the coat-tail, and said with mildness, 'I honour your enthusiasm, my worthy friend, but, really, I exaggerate not; and as for the organist of the cathedral, I know nothing about him. Since the day on which Clara sang the solos in the *gloria* and the *credo*, she has experienced a loss of voice which quite defies my skill, and makes me fear, as I told you before, that she will never sing again.'

'Very well,' said the chapel-master, as if resigned to his

despair, 'very well! Then give her laudanum,—laudanum,—and continue to give her laudanum until an easy death finishes her. If Clara cannot sing again, she will not wish to live; she lives to sing; she exists in singing. Dear doctor, oblige me thus far; poison her quickly. I have acquaintances in the criminal college; I studied at Halle with the president; he has an excellent heart. You need not fear anything; I swear you need not; but poison her, I beg of you, my good doctor!'

'When people have arrived at a certain age,' said the doctor, 'when they have worn powder during many years, they ought not to talk in this manner about murder and poisoning; they ought rather to sit quietly in their arm-chair, and listen with patience to their medical adviser.'

'Well, so I will,' said the chapel-master, in a lamentable tone; 'I will listen to what you have to say.'

'There is,' continued the doctor, 'in Clara's case, something so strange, that I might almost be allowed to term it marvellous. She speaks freely; she has not even the signs of a common sore throat; she is, as far as I am able to judge, quite in a fit state to produce a musical tone; yet, as soon as she endeavours to sing, the sound is stifled, or else comes out low and hoarse. This negative state of illness mocks my skill. The enemy I combat escapes like a spectre. You certainly had reason to say that Clara exists only in her art, for she frets herself to death at the idea of losing her voice, and that redoubles the evil. I am, to tell the truth, inclined to believe that her malady is more mental than bodily.'

'You are right, doctor,' said a third interlocutor, who sat in a corner, with crossed arms; 'you are right, doctor; you have struck the right note; Clara's illness is the physical repercussion of a mental impression; and not less dangerous on that account. I, alone, gentlemen, can explain it all to you.'

'Then pray do,' said the chapel-master, in a very dolorous voice. The doctor approached his chair towards the new speaker, and looked at him with a satirical smile; but the dialogist took no notice either of him or of the chapel-master, and raising his eyes to the ceiling, said:—

'I once saw, chapel-master, a pretty painted little butterfly a prisoner under the wires of your grand pianoforte. The little insect fluttered from side to side, beating them with its wings, and producing sounds infinitely sweet, just perceptible to a tympanum exquisitely fine. As the delicate insect appeared voluptuously borne along by the harmonic undulations, it happened that now and then a string, touched ruder, struck, as if irritated, the joyous butterfly, whose brilliant colours were scattered into diamond dust; but it fluttered gaily, until, at last, wounded more and more by the strings, it fell lifeless upon the sounding board; the sweet sounds which intoxicated it playing its requiem.'

'What are we to understand by this?' asked the chapel-master.

'You must find the application. I really did see the butterfly playing on your grand piano, but I only wished to express an idea which struck me when I heard the doctor speak concerning Clara's illness. It has always appeared to me as if nature had placed us upon an immense key-board, which we unceasingly use; we are capable of producing from it rich harmony and flowing melody, but too often we strike the chords so rudely, so inharmoniously, that we fall heart-wounded by the repulsion.'

'That is very obscure; very metaphysical;' said the chapel-master.

'Patience, patience,' exclaimed the doctor, laughing; 'he is now upon his hobby, and will soon be off, full gallop, to the land of presentiments, of dreams, of sympathies, and perhaps will not stop until he reaches magnetism.'

'Softly, doctor, softly,' said the third dialogist; 'you ought not to laugh at things whose power you yourself recognise. Did not you say, not many minutes since, that you considered Clara's malady psychological?'

'Well,' answered the doctor, 'but what relation do you find betwixt Clara's case and that of your unfortunate butterfly?'

'To examine it in detail, to sift it down to the least grain of dust on the insect's wing, would, perhaps, prove rather tiresome. Let the remains of the butterfly repose in peace at the bottom of the piano. Now listen to me. When I came to this town last year, Clara was quite the fashion; quite *recherchée*, to speak like the good folks in the new novels. At every party the presence of Clara was required, that she might sing a Spanish seguidilla, or an Italian canzonetta, or a French romance. I feared very much that the poor girl would perish in this ocean of tea; luckily she did not, but another catastrophe has happened and—'

'What catastrophe?' exclaimed the doctor and the chapel-master.

'Gentlemen, you must know that poor Clara is enchanted; and, whatever the avowal may cost me, I will avow that I, myself, am the enchanter; and like the pupil of the magician, who raised the fiend, I have not skill enough to undo what I have done.'

'Stuff!' exclaimed the doctor, rising from his chair; 'here are we quietly sitting and listening whilst he makes fools of us.'

'The catastrophe! the catastrophe!' shouted the chapel-master.

'Silence, gentlemen, and I will tell you all. You may laugh, if you please, at what I shall tell you; however, I shall not less regret that I was, without intending it, the cause of evil to Clara; that I served unconsciously as the conductor for the electric fluid which—'

'Hop! hop! hop!' said the doctor, putting the cane betwixt his legs, 'he is off again; he is prancing away.'

'The catastrophe! the catastrophe!' bawled the chapel-master.

'You doubtless recollect, chapel-master, the last time that Clara sang before she lost her voice. I dare say you remember that it was Easter Sunday, and that you conducted that day the beautiful mass of Haydn in F major. Clara sang the solos in fine voice. You know I was amongst the tenors. At the moment when the "Sanctus" was commencing, I heard a slight movement behind me; and, turning round, perceived, to my great astonishment, that Clara had left her place and was endeavouring to pass between the singers and the instrumentalists. "Are you going?" said I.—"I must go," she answered; "I have to sing at another church, and I want to go home to practise some duets, for we are invited to a party this evening; will you accompany us? we shall have some chorusses from the Messiah and the finale to the first act of Figaro."

'As we spoke, the majestic harmony of the "Sanctus" burst forth, and the incense ascended in clouds to the cupola. "Don't you know," said I, "that to leave church during the "Sanctus" is a sin which never remains long unpunished?"

'I was jesting, and I don't know how it was that my words took a solemn tone. Clara turned pale and left the church. From that moment she lost her voice.'

The doctor rested his chin upon his cane, but spoke not a syllable.

'How very odd!' exclaimed the chapel-master.

'I thought no more,' continued the dialogist, 'of what I had said to Clara, until I heard the doctor speaking of her illness; and now a tale, which I read many years ago, in an old book, suddenly strikes me; I will, if you please, relate it.'

'Do relate it,' said the chapel-master; 'perhaps it will give me some idea on which to found a good comic opera.'

'My dear chapel-master,' said the doctor, 'if you can set to music dreams, presentiments, and magnetic ecstasies, it is all very well; for doubtless his tale treats on those subjects.'

The enthusiast answered not the doctor, but settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair, commenced, in a grave voice, thus:—

'The tents of Isabella and Ferdinand of Arragon stretched, almost numberless, before the walls of Granada—'

'In the name of Scheherazadé!' exclaimed the doctor, 'here begins a story likely to last a blue moon; and I am stopping here whilst my patients are lamenting. Gentlemen, your most obedient.'

The doctor went out; but the chapel-master remained quietly sitting, and said, 'From your opening movement, I should ex-

pect some tale of the wars betwixt the Moors and the Spaniards. I have wished for a long time to compose something in that style, with combats, romances, serenades, marches, cymbals, chorusses, drums, trumpets, trombones, and *tableaux vivans*. So now, as we are alone, do relate this story to me, my dear friend; who knows? perhaps it may germinate in my brain some very fine conceptions.'

'Oh, doubtless, Herr chapel-master. Everything resolves into an opera with you; and that is the reason why some steady-going people, who pretend that music ought only to be taken in small doses, consider you sometimes a little cracked. However, I will relate the tale to you;' and the dialogist recommenced:—

'The tents of Isabella and Ferdinand of Arragon stretched, almost numberless, before the walls of Granada. Hoping in vain for succour, every succeeding day blockaded more closely, the coward Boabdil—called by his subjects, in derision, the little king—only found consolation for his misfortunes in the cruelties which he practised. Whilst the Moorish warriors despaired, the Spaniards were full of hope, and ardent for the combat.

'An assault was not considered necessary. Ferdinand contented himself with firing upon the ramparts, and battering down the works of the besieged. Those little skirmishes resembled gay tournaments rather than bloody combats; and even the death of comrades raised the courage of the survivors, for the victimst were honoured with all Christian pomp, as martyrs of the true faith.

'In the centre of the Spanish camp, Isabella had an immense edifice of wood constructed; from the lofty towers of it floated the standard of the cross. The interior formed a church and a cloister, and Benedictine nuns sang daily the holy services. Every morning the queen and her suite attended to hear mass, which was performed by her confessor, accompanied by a choir of nuns.

'One morning, Isabella's attention was particularly drawn towards one of the voices in the choir; its superior melodious quality made itself heard above the rest, and yet, at the same time, the words were accented in so singular a manner, that it could not be doubted the nun joined for the first time in the sacred service. Isabella observed that her attendants were as much astonished as herself. She felt as if upon the brink of some strange adventure, when her eyes happened to fall upon the brave general Aguilar. He was kneeling, with his hands clasped, and his eyes firmly fixed on the gratings of the choir. When the mass was concluded, Isabella proceeded to the apartments of Donna Maria, the superior of the nuns, to make inquiries respecting the strange songstress.

'"Deign to know, O queen!" said Donna Maria, "that about a month since, Don Aguilar planned to attack one of the enemy's

outworks, surmounted by a magnificent terrace, which served the Moors as a promenade. On the night chosen by the brave Aguilar for the attack, the voluptuous songs of the Pagans were wafted from that terrace into our camp, like the voices of the syrens.

'"When the fort was carried, many women were made prisoners; and though our troops were driven from the fort back to the camp by a strong reinforcement of the enemy, yet the prisoners remained in their power. Among the women was one whose despair particularly excited the attention of Don Aguilar. He approached her; she was veiled; and, as if her grief could find no means of expression or relief but in singing, she took the cithern which hung from her neck by a golden ribbon, and, sweeping the strings, commenced a romance which described the misery of two lovers torn asunder by a cruel fate. Don Aguilar, strangely moved by those lamentations, determined to send her back in safety to Granada. She threw herself upon her knees, and raised her veil to thank him. 'Are you not Zuleima, the pearl of the singers of Granada?' exclaimed Don Aguilar. It was indeed Zuleima, whom he had seen before, when on an embassy to king Boabdil. 'I grant you your liberty!' said Don Aguilar. But the reverend father, Agostino Sanchez, who was standing by, crucifix in hand, then said, 'Do you know that you do wrongly to send this maiden back again amongst the infidels? Peradventure, if she remain with us, the grace of the saints may enlighten her, and lead her into the bosom of holy church.' Don Aguilar answered, 'Well, she shall remain with us a month; and, if in that time the grace of the saints does not enlighten her, then shall the maiden return to Granada.'

'"It is thus, O queen! that Zuleima was received among us in this cloister. At first, she abandoned herself to boundless grief, and made the place re-echo with her strange songs. One night, however, we were assembled in the choir of the church, to sing the hours, according to the beautiful and holy method of the great Ferrara, when I observed, by the light of the tapers, Zuleima standing at the open door. She contemplated us with an air of grave meditation, and when we departed from the choir, two and two, I saw her kneel down in the corridor, near the image of the holy Mary. The next day she sang not romances; she passed it in silence and reflection. Soon after, we heard her trying upon her cithern, the music of the chorus; then she sang it very softly, endeavouring even to imitate the words. Thus we remarked that the goodness of the saints, manifested in her singing, had opened her soul to grace; and we sent sister Emanuella, our chorus-mistress, to the young Moor, to fan into a flame the sacred spark which had illumined in her heart. Zuleima has not yet been received into holy church by the sacrament of baptism, but she is permitted to aid with her marvellous voice the glorifying of the saints."

'The queen then understood why Don Aguilar had yielded so easily to the remonstrances of the reverend father, Agostino Sanchez; and she rejoiced greatly in the conversion of Zuleima. Some few days after, Zuleima was baptized, receiving the name of Julia. The queen herself and the marquis of Cadiz were the god-parents of the beautiful Moor. Anybody would have thought that Julia's singing would have become more fervent still, after her baptism; but it happened quite the contrary. She often put out the choir by striking the deep tones of her cithern, which resounded along the vaulted temple, like the murmurings of a coming storm; and sometimes she interrupted the Latin hymns by singing Moorish words. Sister Emanuella, the chorus-mistress, warned the new convert to resist womanfully the devil, the secret enemy of her soul, who tempted her; but Julia, instead of following her advice, very often sang, to the great scandal of the elder sisters, tender Moorish love-songs, at the very moment when the chorusses of old Ferrara were thundered in the ears of the saints. She accompanied those ballads with a light *arpeggio*, which contrasted strangely with the church music, and brought to recollection the sound of the little Moorish flutes.'

'*Flauti piccoli*, octave flutes,' said the chapel-master. 'But, really, my dear friend, there is in your tale absolutely nothing at all for an opera; not even an explanation at the beginning, and that is the principal thing. The episode of the cithern did certainly strike me a little. But tell me, my dear friend, with respect to Julia being incited by the devil, do you think, as I do, that the devil has a tenor voice, and sings *falsetto* devilish well?'

'My dear chapel-master, you become every day more and more caustic; do pray allow me to continue my story, for I am approaching a very critical part.

'One day, the queen, accompanied by the principal captains of the army, attended the cloisters of the Benedictine nuns, according to custom, to hear mass. A mendicant, covered with rags, had placed himself near the great gates, and when the guards would have driven him away, he bounded from one side to the other like a madman, and even knocked against the queen. Don Aguilar was going to strike him with his sword; but the mendicant drew a cithern from under his tattered mantle, and made it give out tones so strange, that every body was struck with fear. When the guards had removed him, the queen was informed that he was a Moorish prisoner, who, being witless, was allowed to range the camp and amuse the soldiers with his songs. The queen entered the church, and the service commenced. When the sisters of the choir had thundered out the "Sanctus," at the moment when Julia was beginning, in a sonorous voice, "Pleni sunt cœli gloriâ tuâ," the sound of a cithern was heard in the church, and the new convert, closing her book, was going to leave the choir. The superior, Donna Maria, in vain endeavoured

to prevent her. "Do you not hear the splendid harmonies of the master?" said Julia; "I must find him, I must sing with him." But sister Emanuella held her tight by the arm, and said, in a solemn voice, "Wretched sinner, who deserts the service of the saints; whose heart is full of worldly thoughts; know, that if you quit this place, thy voice will break; that gift which was lent to thee to give praise will be extinguished for ever!"

'Julia bowed her head in silence, and departed.

'At the hour of matins, at the time when the nuns again assembled in the church, a thick smoke spread on all sides, and soon the flames penetrated, hissing, through the wooden buildings, and encircled the cloister. It was with great trouble and danger that the nuns were able to save their lives. The trumpets sounding through the camp awoke the soldiers, who, headed by Don Aguilar, hastened to give assistance. Aguilar sought in vain everywhere for Julia, to save her from the flames; she was nowhere to be seen. In a very short time the immense camp of Isabella was only a heap of cinders. The Moors took advantage of the confusion which reigned to attack the Christian army; but the Spaniards displayed the greatest valour; and when the enemy was repulsed, the queen assembled her chiefs, and ordered that a town should be built on the very spot so lately occupied by the camp. Thus the Moors were informed that the siege of Granada would never be raised.'

'If religious matters might be meddled with upon the stage,' said the chapel-master, 'the part of Julia would exhibit some brilliant things, in two distinct styles, the romances and the church music. A march for the Spaniards would do very well; and that scene of the mendicant would, I think, be a hit. But go on, and let us hear more about Julia, who I hope was not burnt to death.'

'Take notice first, my dear chapel-master, that the town, which was built by the Spaniards in the space of twenty-one days, is Santa Fé, to be found very near Granada still. I ought to have told you this *en passant*, but your strange remarks have involuntarily drawn me into a too familiar style. That I may regain the true tale-telling dignity, do play me, if you please, one of those *adagios* of Beethoven. I see you have him open upon the piano.'

The chapel-master did as the other requested, who afterwards continued thus:—

'The Moors ceased not to annoy the Spaniards during the building of the town, and consequently many sanguinary combats took place, in which Don Aguilar displayed the greatest valour. Returning one day from a skirmish, he quitted the troops, and continued his road to the camp alone, delivering himself up to sad thoughts. The image of Julia was continually before his eyes. Even in the fight he often thought he heard

her voice; and then in his loneliness he fancied in the distance strange sounds—combined wild Moorish modulations and solemn church music. Suddenly he heard the clang of armour near him; a Moorish cavalier, mounted on an Arab steed, passed rapidly by, and a javelin whistled close to the ear of Aguilar. He would have rushed upon the aggressor, but a second javelin struck the chest of his charger; mad with rage and pain, the animal sprung forward, and then fell, rolling with its rider on the earth. The Spaniard quickly disengaged himself, but already the Moor was above him, standing in his stirrups with his scimitar raised. Aguilar, in the twinkling of an eye, threw himself upon his antagonist, grappled him vigorously in his nervous arms, bore him to the ground, and, putting his knee upon his breast, placed his poniard at his throat. He would have pierced him, but the Moor pronounced the name of Zuleima. "Wretch!" exclaimed Aguilar, "whose name do you call upon?"

'"Strike, strike!" said the Moor; "strike him who has sworn thy death. Know, Christian, that Hichem is the last of the race of Alhamar; know that it was I who carried off Zuleima; know that I was the mendicant who burned thy idolatrous temple, to save the soul of my thoughts! Strike! take my life! I would have taken thine."

'"Julia—Zuleima—is she living?" exclaimed Aguilar.

'Hichem laughed horridly. "She lives, but thy gory, thorn-crowned idol has struck her with a magic curse; the beautiful flower withered in your hands; her melodious voice is silent, and the life of Zuleima is also quenching. Take my life, Christian; you have already taken from me more than life."

'Aguilar raised himself slowly. "Hichem," said he, "Zuleima was my prisoner by the laws of war; enlightened by grace, she renounced Mahomet. Call not 'the soul of thy thoughts' one whom I have chosen for my love, or prepare to dispute the cause with me in fair and knightly combat. Take to thy weapons!"

'Hichem took again speedily his buckler and his scimitar; but, instead of attacking Aguilar, he sprung upon his steed, and, spurring it, dashed away with the rapidity of lightning.'

Here the chapel-master imitated upon the piano the noise of a cavalier galloping off; the tale-teller signed not to be interrupted, and continued his recital.

'Beaten continually in their *sorties*, and pressed by famine, the Moors were forced at last to capitulate, and Ferdinand and Isabella made their triumphal entry into Granada. The priests consecrated the great mosque into a cathedral, and assembled there to sing a grand Te Deum, and to thank the God of armies. Knowing the desperate fury and fanaticism of the Moors, divisions of troops were placed in the streets to protect the procession. Don Aguilar commanded one of those divisions; and, as he was

marching it towards the cathedral, he felt himself suddenly wounded on the left shoulder by an arrow. At the same instant a body of Moors rushed from a neighbouring street, and attacked the Christians with astonishing impetuosity. Hichem was their leader; to him Aguilar forced his way, and left him not until his sword had pierced his heart. The Spaniards then pursued the Moors to a large house of stone, into which they fled for refuge. From the windows of this house they poured out flights of arrows, and many of Aguilar's soldiers were killed and wounded. Aguilar then ordered that fire, and all kinds of combustibles, should be brought. This order was executed, and the flames already roared above the roof, when a wonderful voice was heard in the burning building. It sang loudly, "Sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus sabaoth!"

'"Julia! Julia!" cried Aguilar in despair. The gates opened, and Julia, clad as a Benedictine nun, advanced, repeating, "Sanctus, sanctus Dominus Deus sabaoth!" Behind her marched a long train of Moors, their faces inclined to earth, and their arms crossed upon their breasts. The Spaniards involuntarily fell back, and Julia, followed by the Moors, proceeded through their ranks towards the cathedral, which she entered, singing, "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini." The people all fell upon their knees; and Julia, with eyes upturned to heaven, continued her progress with a firm step towards the great altar, at which knelt Ferdinand and Isabella. As the last chord of the "Dona nobis pacem" died away, Julia fell fainting into the arms of the queen. All the Moors who had followed her received that very same day the holy sacrament of baptism.'

Just as the tale was concluded, the doctor entered in a great hurry, and said, 'You remain here telling stupid stories, and don't know how near my patient is to you, nor how you may aggravate her case for the worse.'

'Why, what has happened, my dear doctor?' asked the chapel-master, quite alarmed.

'I know very well what has happened,' said the tale-teller, quietly.

'Why nothing more or less, sir, than that your daughter has been in the next room, and so has heard all his rigmarole. This comes of lying tales and foolish ideas; but I shall consider him responsible for all that may occur.'

'But, doctor,' replied the tale-teller, 'if the malady of Clara is mental, why should we not apply a moral remedy, and, in that case, perhaps my tale ——'

'Silence!' exclaimed the doctor; 'I know very well what you would say.'

'It is not worth a pin for an opera,' said the chapel-master.

A week after, Clara sang, in a voice more melodious, if possible, than ever, the 'Stabat Mater' of Pergolese. W. L. T.

THE COPSE.

TO ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Nor step, nor speech of human thing is near;
But many-winged creatures, round me flying,
Make the incessant airs one voice appear
From Being's infinite heart! Upon the dying
Trunk of this mossy fruit-tree, old and sere,
And half-uprooted, toward the green slope lying,
Will I recline; and fold me in a trance
Of meditation with the bard of France.

Away! thou art too wild for this calm dell;
Anon, I'll ponder with thee by the foam;
A bridal music not a burial knell
Must echo here: within this leafy dome
Soft-gushing melodies high o'er me swell
From two enamour'd birds, to shadow come
To bless each other with a summer song,
Whilst yet the earth is green and daylight long.

O, god Apollo! there be million pleasures
Which thine eternal lyre can ne'er express,
That warble in these winged poets' measures,
Full flowing from their little hearts' excess!
I know not what may be the rhymed treasures
That have been lost in old Time's wilderness;
But well I weet that never human lips
Breath'd love to love with sweeter soul-eclipse!

They chant, till their own exquisite melodies
Entrance them into silence, and they flit
Mutely among the leaves: the gleaming flies,
Whose wings are rainbows, as with ether lit,
Around me wheel with stirring harmonies
That ne'er from dawn to twilight intermit;
And deep in yon green cave a veiled stream
Murmurs like thoughts of Heaven in a dream.

Alphonse de Lamartine! Come hither, hither—
Furling thy sullen spirit's eagle pinion,
As mine is furl'd; and let us weave together
A sunny song of panting Love's dominion
Over the universe! let us wear ether
Unclouded in our hearts, leaving the minion
Of common life to strive with common sorrow,
And with our lyres assert the joy of Heaven's morrow!

'I am here! but not rejoicing
With thine idle gladness;
From the music round us voicing
I but gather sadness:
Thou sittest on a tree uprooted,
Which shall no more be leav'd or fruited;
Those minstrel birds, the bird of prey,
Or winter and its want, shall slay;
Those insects are each other's slaughter;
And the sweet music of the water,
Yon emerald cavern's mystic river,
The falling earth strikes dumb for ever!'

I would reply; but, hark to that pure strain
Those wiser bards sing in the boughs again!

* W.*

AMERICAN SKETCHES,

JOTTED DOWN DURING A COUNTRY RAMBLE IN NEW ENGLAND.

'A LIGHT heart and a thin pair of breeches go through the world.' Now, thought I, as I have as much of the one as cost me two dollars and a half, and as much of the other as falls to the lot of any common man, why should not I make a try? So, without more ado, I packed up a compendious bundle, containing a miscellany not very unlike that of the man with the great nose when he entered the town of Strasburg. I had been shut up for six months in a narrow room in a narrow street in Boston. I will just gallop off to the lakes, said I, skip over the Green Mountains, climb the highlands of New Hampshire, and be back again with such luck as may betide me. No sooner said than done; the next morning, at one o'clock, I found myself in the stage bound for Northampton. The waning moon hung low in the east, faintly gilding the spires of the city, and the still waters of the bay reflected her beams, unruffled by a breeze. We rattled off at a great pace, and soon lost sight of busy Boston. The night was cool, and, as we proceeded into the country, we found a thick mist, that, as the morning broke, settled into the valleys; and they thus appeared like great lakes full of islands, from the hills and tree tops rising above the surface of white fog. The rising sun dissipated this great sea of vapour, and all became verdant and smiling. We stopped to breakfast at the village of Framingham.

'Pray, Mr. Landlord, where is the post-office?' asked I of the man as he stood at his bar. 'This is the post-office,' replied he. 'And where is the postmaster?' 'Why I am postmaster.' 'I dare say, then, you have a letter for me.' 'I'll look,' returned he; so fumbling among the punch-bottles and segar-boxes on a shelf behind him, he drew it out. 'You have a way of mixing

business,' said I. 'That's a fact,' said he; 'if a man can drive two trades under one roof, why should'nt he? It stands to reason, for it saves rent, and fills up odd hours.'

'Well, ma'am,' said one of our inquisitive companions to an oldish lady, after we had taken our seats again, 'you are going, I suppose, as far as Worcester?' 'Yes.' 'Further, perhaps?' 'Yes.' 'To Northampton?' 'Yes.' 'To Albany?' 'Yes.' 'To Buffalo?' 'Yes.' 'How much further?' 'Why to Mesopotamia, in Ohio.' 'Bless me! all alone?' 'Yes to be sure; it's nothing at all; there are stages, and steam-boats, and canals, and lakes, and rivers all the way, and it is not above fifteen hundred or two thousand miles.'

'And are you not afraid of accidents?' 'Accidents! why there can't be any accidents.' Here she began to fumble in her reticule. 'Law me! what a spot of work! if I haven't spilt all my Cologne!'

The woods were full of birds making the air resound with their melody. The robin, the thrush, the towhee, the song sparrow, the field sparrow, the indigo bird, and the fly-catcher distinguished themselves by the spirit and briskness of their notes. It is unaccountable how the notion ever got abroad that the American birds were inferior to the European in melody: naturalists who have never visited this country have spoken of the silence of the American forests, and remarked that nature had given the feathered tribes in this quarter a superior brilliancy of plumage, but had denied them the powers of melody. Nothing can be further from the truth than this last. Europe has never exhibited to my observation any thing comparable to the vocal concerts of the American woods. In a bright summer morning, the chorus that bursts upon you from every thicket is really wonderful for the sweetness and variety of its strains. Here the feathered tribes preserve a secure and undisturbed asylum amidst the thick forests which still overspread the land. In Europe, two or three thousand years of occupation have enabled the inhabitants to change the face of nature, to extirpate the forests, plough up the plains, and mark every spot with their habitations. The very mountain tops are shorn and built upon. Here, on the contrary, the ancient forest continues to stand; for even in New England, the oldest, most populous, and highly cultivated part of the Union, immense portions of the mighty woods of old meet your view in every quarter. The land consists of hills and mountains, for it is rare to meet with a square mile of plain, and every mountain and hill-top is covered with trees. This imparts a peculiar feature to the landscape; the mountains at a distance have seldom that light mellow tint, even under the clearest sky, which the mountain scenery of Italy presents, but look almost black, and print a sharp distinct outline upon the horizon. The ***White Mountains*** are the blackest I ever saw, though it is true

that on their eastern sides they exhibit portions of bare rock, which wear a somewhat light hue at a distance; and as they were first discovered from this quarter, hence their misnomer.

As we approached Worcester, the country became sloping toward the west, and exhibited a wide prospect in that direction, bounded upon the horizon by a long ridge of highlands, so darkly blue, and so little broken by undulations, that it might have been mistaken for the ocean. Two isolated mountains, Wachusett and Monadnock, in different points toward the north, accompany the traveller's view for a long distance. Westward the country grows more hilly and picturesque; the hills are loftier and more peaked. We stopped at Leicester, which stands on the top of a hill, an uncommon situation in these parts. Here we found an immense school-house, or academy, built on the model of the Parthenon, and painted as white as snow. 'Tis a pity that so many fine edifices in this country are of wood, when the best building stone in the world is to be found at every step. But it is easier to chop timber than to hammer granite; and your Yankee hates to lose time. 'Ask me for anything but time,' said Napoleon. We passed Ware valley, a beautiful little dell, four or five miles long and a mile in breadth, skirted by hills of the most graceful shape; their sides chequered and variegated with farms, tracts of black forest, green meadow land, orchards, &c. The southern part of the valley is occupied by the charming little village of Ware; all the houses are painted white and red, and as neat as toys. A little stream winds down the valley, and completes the beauty of the prospect.

Late in the evening we reached the Connecticut, where the river rolls its broad volume of clear waters through the rich flat of the Northampton meadows. A covered wooden bridge here crosses the stream, passing which I found myself in the town of Northampton. Early the next morning I was climbing the steep ascent of Mount Holyoke, which overlooks the town and neighbourhood, and is celebrated for its prospect. This eminence is of no great height for a mountain, but owes all to its happy situation. There is no danger of spoiling the effect of a first sight by catching occasional glimpses as you ascend, for the path upward winds all the way through a wood so thick as to shut out not only the prospect, but the beams of the noon-day sun. At the summit the whole bursts upon you at once. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the meadows under your feet, through which the Connecticut winds its serpentine course. The rye grounds are of a bright golden colour, the maize fields of the liveliest green, the pastures and orchards present every fresh hue of verdure, like a rich carpet, in which the brightest colours are intermixed and contrasted. The whole surface of the meadows is sprinkled with trees, singly or in groups, and the banks of the river are fringed in the neatest manner with trees and shrubbery.

The town of Northampton, with its cluster of white houses, peeps out from a mass of dark foliage beyond, and though two or three miles distant, you imagine that you might fling a stone into it. The lofty height of Saddle Mountain is dimly seen far off in the north-west. Monadnock and other eminences appear in the north and east. The whole country, except the alluvial meadows of the Connecticut, appears one great forest, with a town and small patches of cultivated land here and there.

I left Northampton on foot, and proceeded westward. The farmers use windmills for scarecrows; Don Quixote would not have fought them, as they are too small to pass for giants. He would have been more struck with the appearance of a field newly cleared of wood, which, being full of the stumps of enormous trees, black with fire, might easily be taken for the grave yard of the Anakim. Putting up for the night at the small inn of an obscure village, I found a notable Bostonian there who had come to enjoy trout-fishing. It was as good as drink to hear the bumpkins about the tavern guessing who this magnifico could be; finally they set him down for an itinerant singing-master.

I never was fond of trout-fishing, though books have been written to prove it agreeable. Nor, indeed, do I admire fishing of any sort. Were there a sea-serpent or so to catch now and then, I might lend a hand without minding a wet foot. But to fish for trout—excuse me. Standing for hours mid-leg deep in water for sport, and setting your wits against a little minnow, I know of nothing to which I can compare it except a spectacle which the streets of Paris often exhibit. There you may see, of a cold December evening, a crowd of people standing in a torrent of rain and in the midst of a dirty puddle, just to listen to the scraping of a fiddle. The amusement seems to me somewhat negative.

'Trouts?' said the landlord, 'yes, there are trouts here as thick as moschetoes. I'll catch you a basket full in fifteen minutes,—big ones too!' 'Now,' said another fellow, 'I like the small ones best, because you see, when they are fried, you can take them up by the tail and down with them *so*.'

I recommenced my journey by day-break toward the Hoosac mountains. The wood-thrushes were filling the groves with the sweetest melody I ever heard. This bird loves the solitude of the forest; you never find him in gardens or cultivated fields, or about houses; but the deepest and darkest recesses of the woods are his favourite abode. Here, amidst the dim twilight which the foliage of a thousand gigantic oaks creates around you, the full-toned, organ-like notes of this bird will strike your ear with impressive power, sweet and solemn. The effect is great and peculiar. 'Tis like evening music in a cathedral.

'Well, neighbour,' said I to a countryman going to his field, 'can you tell me what o'clock it is?'—A real Yankee answer.

'Didn't know, but guessed it was pretty early in the morning.' A Yankee will never be positive unless he is sure,—nor even then without absolute need.

Traversing several cross roads among the wild scenery of the Hoosac mountains, I came, late in the afternoon, to the western slope of these heights, which afforded me a fine view of the plain in which the town of Pittsfield is situated, and of the mountains surrounding it. A black thunder-cloud was hanging over the mountain tops, and masses of white fleecy vapour were swimming low in the valleys. Long streams of the most beautiful and vivid forked lightning burst from the cloud: a tremendous clap of thunder shook the earth under my feet, and a deluge of rain followed, which poured down like a cataract for a quarter of an hour, when the clouds broke and passed away, and the sun went down bathed in a flood of golden light. It was a glorious scene. The most magnificent thing in America is a sunset. An Italian sunset is not to be compared to it: there is a rich, golden, mellow light in the evening sky of Italy, but the clouds of glowing purple which hang like blood-red banners over half the heaven, when the American sun marches down the steep of day, have no equal anywhere on this side of the Atlantic. It is a pageant that no pencil can copy, no canvas reflect. The sky is in a glow of brilliancy that tinges the whole air, and the departed orb seems to be rising again. You may see a pale face or a white page catch the tints of this reddening and fiery blush of the heaven; the great sea of flame that lights up the atmosphere, throws upon all objects a roseate hue, like that of the last rays which fall upon the snowy summit of Mont Blanc.

Lenox, where I stopped for the night, is a model of neatness and rural beauty. This little town stands on the declivity of a hill surrounded by mountains, and the snowy whiteness of its buildings is strikingly set off by the dark foliage of the forests which clothe the mountain sides in all directions. A little valley of cultivation opens a charming prospect to the south. After enjoying this scene for a while, I retraced my steps to the north. Saddle Mountain lifted its broad blue mass before me, towering above the mountains to the right and left: these heights overlook a broad plain chequered with fields, orchards, meadows, and patches of woodland, with the spires of Pittsfield rising in the midst, and a stream meandering through it. The prospect is enchanting. Pittsfield is very neatly built with wide and regular streets. Further on, at the foot of Saddle Mountain, is Lanesborough, another cluster of neat buildings painted of a brilliant white, with red roofs. Nothing in the world looks so neat as a New England village. The road onward to Williamstown lies among mountains covered with a black and shaggy forest, whose steep sides now and then threaten to fall upon your head. A wreath of white cloud began to curl around the dark

brow of Saddle Mountain as the sun went down, and left me in the narrow valley where stands the town of Williamstown.

In the morning I set off to ascend the mountain, which though it presents the appearance, at a distance, of a single height, yet consists of a heap of mountains rising one above the other. Out of the deep valleys arose here and there a curling wreath of this blue smoke through the calm bright air of the morning. A rough pathway led up the mountain through the thick overhanging woods. No solitude is so imposing as that of these mountain forests. The fiercest rays of the sun hardly send their light through the dense canopy of leaves: the gigantic trunks and broad spreading branches tell you of the vigour and wildness of primeval nature; the freshness of the virgin soil, on which the vegetation of thousands of years has lain untouched, comes to your senses with its wild odours: you hear nothing but the gush of a mountain rill, or a woodpecker tapping the trunk of an aged tree, or the solemn notes of the wood-thrush. The effect is overpowering. As you ascend the woods grow thicker, but the trees decrease in height: the oak, and maple, and beech, and walnut, give place to pines growing in so dense a mass, that a snake could hardly get through them. A high spur of the mountain toward the west presents a craggy rock clear of trees, and a wide view may be obtained in this direction; from this eminence the body of the mountain opposite is seen towering up so steep and lofty, that it looks like an immense green curtain drawn over the heavens. Down the sides of this declivity are channels furrowed through the soil, and exposing the bare rock of the mountain to view. These were occasioned by a remarkable torrent that fell suddenly upon the mountain some years since, and which the inhabitants describe as the 'bursting of a cloud!' Westward the heights open and show a distant prospect: the Green and Cattskill mountains lift their lofty peaks on the far horizon; near at hand the country is intersected by valleys, and the bases of the mountains are chequered with bright fields of verdure amid the black mantle of forest which covers the country. Williamstown, with the villages and hamlets around, appear under your feet, as if drawn upon a map.

From Williamstown to the west the road passes through a deep valley, at first covered with woods, but after some miles these are succeeded by fields of rich cultivation. The mountains everywhere present a fresh and verdant appearance: their summits are black with forests; sometimes their sides are cleared of wood for half the distance upward, leaving a dark crown above a broad belt of lively verdure; but generally the forest is so predominant in the landscape, that the mountains resemble solid piles of vegetation. These mountain tops are like sponges sucking up the moist vapours of the air and gathering them into clouds. Were the forests extirpated, the copious rains of this

country would be sensibly diminished. Down the mountain sides rills of water are perpetually gushing, and the traveller can take no step where his ear is not saluted with the murmur of a falling stream.

A few miles' travel now lead you to the boundary between Massachusetts and New York; and just within the limits of the latter state stands New Lebanon, celebrated for its spring, and its community of Shakers. The hills which enclose the valley of New Lebanon slope very gracefully in all directions, and the beauty of the spot has made this watering-place one of great resort, although the water of the spring has no remarkable medicinal properties. A more singular and interesting object is the Shaker village, which exhibits the perfection of neatness and thrift. It occupies a little lap of land above the bottom of the valley; nothing can surpass the rich cultivation of the fields, the commodiousness of the buildings, and the spectacle of industry, skill, and prosperity, which the abode of this strange community of beings offers to the view: the public buildings are in a style worthy of a great city. One cannot help wishing to see their industry, neatness, honesty, and peaceful habits imitated by all mankind; though should all mankind become Shakers, it would be extending these good qualities at a little too much cost in the end.

From this point to Albany the road offers little that is remarkable. The land slopes gradually to the Hudson, which here sweeps its broad and rapid current between lofty banks covered with wood. Albany rises fairly to the sight on the western shore, its thick cluster of buildings crowned by a white marble edifice with a gilt dome. The interior of the city presents striking contrasts of architecture; the fresh-looking and tasteful structures of the present day stand by the side of the odd old piles of the ancient Dutch burghers. Rail-roads and locomotives now whisk you off to Schenectady, across the great canal to Ballston and Saratoga, gay watering places, amidst a wilderness of pine woods. The fences round about here are made of the stumps of enormous trees, and the first sight of one of them would startle a war-horse; nothing ever looked so fantastically and horribly scraggy. Stopping at an inn by the way-side, I witnessed a strange trial of prowess which, I trow, must have been learnt from the Indians. Two country fellows sat puffing tobacco-smoke in each other's face, to see which would hold out longest:—

'Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!'

From hence to Lake George, the road lies through the woods over a hard country, with a log cabin and a corn field here and there. At Glen's Falls, a bridge crosses the Hudson at the spot where the river falls in a fine cataract over a precipice of blue limestone. Below the falls are several narrow caverns in the

rock, which have figured in some legend or fiction. I found a party of ladies exploring them at the hazard of their necks. They pronounced them to be most charmingly romantic, dark, and dismal.

Approaching the lake, the road traverses a defile between long ranges of mountains which, further north, skirt the shores of the lake its whole extent. In the early wars with the French, this was a most important military pass, being the main entrance from Canada. Two strong fortresses were built at the south end of the lake, to defend this Thermopylæ, and their ruins, now overgrown with trees, are still discernible. At this point, the traveller emerges from the woods, and catches the first glimpse of Lake George. The little village of Caldwell is seen on the slope of the western bank, which rises gracefully from the water to a lofty height: the opposite shore presents a steep and shaggy pile of forest. Casting a view beyond, the eye passes along the beautiful expanse of water between, and rests upon the blue mountain tops, which close the long vista in the distance. The rays of the setting sun threw a mellow upon these heights, which it is rare to remark in the mountain scenery of this country. Embarking the next morning in the little steam-boat which plies upon the lake, I contemplated the remarkable beauty of its banks, the transparency of its waters, and the charmingly picturesque groups of islands which diversify its surface. During its whole length, which is thirty-four miles, it presents a perpetually varying succession of the most romantic views: in all this extent there is not a spot in the landscape that is unsightly; no bare strand, naked bank, plashy margin, or monotonous flat; no speck to mar the loveliness of the scene, but every feature of beauty so combined, contrasted, and diversified as to present to the eye an untiring diorama. On both sides, the mountains, clothed with wood, rise abruptly from the water; the lake now narrowing, now widening, now sweeping round a bold headland, surprises you every moment with some striking change. The forests have not the dark green hue which I had remarked on the mountains of Massachusetts; they are more rocky and less thickly wooded: this gives them at a distance a mellower tint, and where the lake opens a long vista, they vary in the distance through innumerable shades of green, blue, and purple, into the thin misty hue of furthest vision. Here and there a house stands perched on the mountain side or at the water's edge; but generally the scene is one of perfect wildness. The islands are innumerable; they are of all sizes, and not one but seems made on purpose to add a new beauty to the scene. They are covered with trees; and you may often see a rock rising out of the water apparently not a foot square, with a tall tree growing on it. Some of them are low and flat, looking like clumps of trees growing in the water. A group of islands in one place has the exact resemblance of a fleet

of ships under sail. In short, every mountain, island, cape, and bay of this beautiful lake forms a perfect picture. Now and then a bald eagle might be seen circling slowly and majestically over our heads, and presently dashing with a sudden stoop into the water, then sailing off to the mountain top with a fish in his talons.

The outlet of this lake falls over a number of cataracts ere it reaches Lake Champlain. Passing down this stream I came to the famous old fortress of Ticonderoga, in former times the Gibraltar of America; but now a heap of ruins, overgrown with thistles. The situation is commanding, and affords a fine prospect over the southern part of Lake Champlain; but a steep mountain overlooks the fortress, so near at hand as to prove it not impregnable. Burgoyne, in the invasion of 1777, found means to drag cannon to its summit, an enterprise which till then had been deemed impossible. Ticonderoga fell, and has never since been of any military importance: the sheep now browse among the crumbling walls, and hear no sound save the echo of their own bleating: the steam-boat dashes through the waters at their base without arousing the thunders of the mighty fortress. America has its ruins; but while they exhibit only the arts of peace triumphant over war, they may be contemplated without any saddening emotions.

The voyage down Lake Champlain exhibits many fine views. This lake has not the clear waters nor the romantic shores of Lake George, yet it admits of wider prospects both of water and land. On both sides high mountains appear at a distance from the shores, and the banks are adorned with villages. The clayey soil of the shores produces a white and turbid water in the southern part of the lake, but on proceeding north it becomes clear. The chain of mountains on both shores continued in sight as we sailed down the lake, and the sun set behind the western ridge, covering them with a dim, misty, blue mantle, that contrasted finely with the fresh green of the shores. The shades of night came over us while we were still *at sea;* but after a few hours' sail, the appearance of a light-house ahead announced our approach to the harbour of Burlington. This town stands on a high bank on the eastern shore of the lake, and commands a grand view of its waters and the western shore, with the lofty mountains beyond.

Journeying easterly from this place, the country is found to be wilder than the western part of Massachusetts, but the farms are under good cultivation. The Green Mountains enchant the eye with their variegation of surface, and the bright freshness of their verdure. A narrow pass, called the Gulf, offers a striking scene: here the mountain is cloven down to the base, almost perpendicularly, for about three miles on either hand. These immense walls of rock are everywhere overgrown with trees, and the

traveller, as he passes through, is struck with astonishment to behold enormous oaks, some hundred feet over his head, growing out of the perpendicular sides of these rocky barriers, which appear like immense sheets of foliage stretched out on both sides. The narrowness of this passage is such, that in many places the road is overhung by the rocky wall: the sun shines into it only for a short space during the day, and in the heat of a summer noon the air of the Gulf is chilling.

A handful of houses in the midst of these mountains bears the name of Montpelier, and the title of the capital Vermont. It is as unpretending a metropolis as is perhaps anywhere to be found; but the Vermonters are distinguished for their republican simplicity: the governor of the state does not think it scorn to drive his own team; indeed, the salary of this magistrate is not such as to encourage any unnecessary splendour, and the office has frequently gone a begging. Political ambition is not likely to disturb the happy repose of these honest mountaineers. Nor is their 'golden mean' of property less secure. Here are no rich men, as the Englishman would count riches; no enormous heaps of wealth, like overgrown sponges, sucking up every stream of affluence within their reach, and making dryness and dearth around them. No sudden fortunes offer a temptation to cupidity and wild adventure, or disgust patient industry with its slow and sure career to competence. Riches and poverty are alike unknown, and unknown too is the corruption of morals commonly following in their train. Here is no hopeless want or sudden misfortune to engender the 'circumstance, that unspiritual god and miscreator,' that helps along a vicious tendency; and where there is least temptation to crime, there will be fewest criminals.

I love wild scenery; 'tis a delight to contemplate nature out of prison, for earth's aspect may exhibit too much of man, and European scenery bears, to my eyes, a great deal of this character. The dark forests have been thinned, the mountain sides laid bare, the plains rent by the plough, covered with habitations, or scored with walls and hedges; cast your eyes where you will, every spot is full of art. But in America the primeval features of the country still predominate, and art only appears as an occasional embellishment or contrast to set off in a stronger light the wildness of nature. 'Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air!' but he who uttered this exclamation would have felt its truth tenfold had he ever snuffed the mountain air of the new world, where the piles of native forest and the untouched soil breathe forth a fragrance upon the gale that the Alps and Apennines know nothing of. The remembrance that occasions one of the chief longings of the American while absent in Europe, is that of the fresh odour of his native woods. The scent of an orange grove does not awaken so delicious sensation as when some sylvan dell sends forth from its dense foliage of pine or oak

a faint breathing of those wild sweets that load the gales of his native mountains.

New England abounds in beautiful scenery; the lakes, the rivers, the forests, the villages, the towns, and the cities, all these offer delightful pictures; yet, except in the wildest landscapes, there is a deficiency of certain features which are necessary to constitute a picturesque view: castles and towers are wanting; here are no tottering walls, broken arches, ruinated mansions, or lowly cottages to group and contrast in picturesque assemblage; the works of man, and man himself, lack that picturesqueness of appearance which characterises the scenery of the old world. Compare a country scene in Italy with one in New England: the dwelling of the Italian peasant is, perhaps, a picture in itself; small, yet a most fantastic bit of architecture, stone, wood, and thatch in picturesque combination; the remains of a temple or an amphitheatre ornament this rude structure; a ruined wall props one end; a straggling pathway, overgrown with weeds, leads by the door; a ragged-looking donkey is browsing in one corner, and a more ragged peasant is idly enjoying the sunshine in another; half-naked children with dirty faces, and a beggar with his tatters and tragical visage, occupy the foreground, while the ruined arches of a bridge choke a sluggish stream in the distance; all look very negligent and picturesque. On the other hand, contemplate a New England farm: the house is a spacious wooden edifice, neat and comfortable; the walls and fences are in good repair; the barn is snug and tidy, the cattle are smooth and sleek, the garden exhibits straight lines and regular divisions; the roads are broad and even. Instead of beggars and idlers, you see a neatly-dressed rustic driving his waggon to market; a smart-looking boy with his satchel trudging off to school; or a female with a leghorn hat and silk parasol—nothing looks so comfortable, thriving, and unpicturesque.

Of such a nature, indeed, is the general contrast which strikes the observation of the American when across the ocean, and it is a contrast ever present to his mind. On the European shores, in spite of the wealth and luxury heaped up in every spot, and the thousand artificial means of promoting human happiness and the improvement of mankind, he is struck at each step with the marks of the sluggishness and decrepitude of decaying institutions; everything speaks to him of an old world; and his contemplations turn by contrast to his own land, where society has begun a new career, and all things exhibit the blooming freshness and vigour of young life.

EPISTLE FROM A SECTARIAN SAINT.

[The following letter from 'ANNONIMUS' was occasioned by our having extracted a former epistle, by the same writer, from the 'Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.' Our readers must judge for themselves of its authenticity. We give it precisely as it came to hand.]

TO THE HEADITOR OF THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

Scale Street, Feb. 10nd.

SIR—I trust to your grate *imparshiality* and love of all meetineers, for the insursion of the present *letter* in your valuable composition.

In the last but one Monthly Repository, a book I return thanks to God whom I never saw before, and will never again set eyes on, for its introduckshion of the heathen writings of Plato and such foreign herriticks, I there saw an account of a book called Autobography of a Dissenting Minister, in whom was printed an anonnimus letter written by me some yeers a go. Being myself of a mild and unobtusive disposition and well-regulated mind and sole, which was the cause of my writing it to that erring, sinful, not enough God-fearing divine, I was in course greatly overcome with rage and unpleasantness at finding it had been printed without *my permission,* and in sich a radical composition as your Monthly.

It seams, sir, from the tenner of the remarks put upon my letter, both from the pen of the reverend gentleman and author of a book, and also from *your* pen, that my endeavours which, under the Lord, proved very serviceable, were not gratefully received, nor treeted with the *respect* that I considder waz my *dew*. But the divine perspiration and instinct that were upon my whole frame when I rote it, tels me now, as it told me then, that I was the ritest of the rite among the flocks of the ryechouse. That letter was not the only one I wished to send, howsomedever it were the only one I *did* send. For I had ment to lecture him with a noley pen upon the subject of his too good living in the flesh, and his too great corpolency; since he was the fattestest minister of the gospul I ivver saw. I sat under him five yeers; so I ought to know.

The child of sin, his son, that wicked herrytic, whose playings at *marvels* I put an hefishent stop to in a manner quite *miraculouse,* as also his playings at hop-scotch and dumps, besides eating shugar-stick and bull's-eye-balls on the sabbath day with a face and pinnerfore which were dirty and gormed all over with alligumpane; that child of Satun, I say, repented himself and was *saved* intirely throo *my* interfearance. Sing his praises O! my sole! I should not forget to inform you that many yeers aterwards, he came to thank me for it with teers in his ii's, and down plump upon his knees. So I picked him up forgivesomely, and after we had read a few chapters out of the bibel

and sung a sarm, and a nym or two, I made him partake of the Lamb, which I was having for my dinner, with a bit of sallit and kukehumber. All this is as true as *can* be, and if he waz not dead he would come imself and vouchsafe every *word* of it.

Sir—Mister Eaditor, think of your own sitivation! think of it yourself: the devil I know very well, comes to your bedside every night, and so he does to that wretched ingividual who wrote Plato in your Monthly; and says he 'Don't believe a word Annonimus tells you:' but I will make myself heard from the house top—yea, from the clay pots upon the *tip* top, and I will never ceese to cry slaughter and hell-fire upon those who leave the Lord, and will *not* leave the pious world alone! But the pious parts of the world *should* be let alone; as that venerable and god-fearing noble statesmen Eldon hath so often said, and as I have so often said too, only I am a woman instead of a Hurl. Forasmuch as it hath pleased heaven to give us the present condition of sosiety, so sertin is it that we should continner in the same, save and except the he stableish church, all of whose property should be sold and divided among those who could prove, as *I* can, how they have attended their meetin for 8 years reglar; and more in proporshion to those who have attended for a *great while longer*, as I can prove I have done, for one. This is the only reform what's in the least necessary. But you, Mr. Headitor, and the rest of your *monthly incarnates*, are continnerly battling for all sorts of things beside—sich as eddication, poor laws, corn rhymes, ballot and other songs, parliament and sich like gingerbread stuffs; for which, mark my words, if you don't all have to *howl* you know where! One thing only you ort by rites to do, and that is wot hive just told you. All the rest is mere sinful and mischievous backsliding, even as the wicked young varmints in winter, who throw honest people down in spite of ashes and list tied over the shooze.

And now, sur, to conclude. Although I am but a poor single individooal; a numble, penitent, god-fearing beleaver; a meek, lowly, and obedient creatur of hopeful trusting grace; a sorrowful, weak, sad-in-spirit, and never-enough fast-and-praying penitent; an afflicted one, and moreover a shedder of teers; a petickler constant attender of the worship, although a trembling contrite and gentle cristian of charrity; yet will I, feeble and meek as I be, rise up to do battle for the trueth. And the sword of the ryechouse shall strike all sich as turn aside from the rite path, which is the one I have pointed oute. For I will gird up my loins and arm myself with faith hope and charity; thereby striking all erring patriots and radicals to the bottom of the bottomless pit; yea, and lower than that where fire is, and *all mouth!* And I will knock down, over throw, cast off, upset and absolutely capsize all sich monsters of inkwiddity, as rites about Plato and the poor, and corn and chimneys, and *setterer;* so

help me lord, to the best of my poor abillity, so long as one bone of my blessed body stands upon another!

So no more at present from your sincerly well-wisher

And never-wearied ghostly adviser

ANNONIMUS.

P. S. I am hinformed that ingividuals are sometimes *payd* for contribushions to *Monthlys*. Perhaps you will *enlighten* me on this pint in your notise to correspondintz

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FEBRUARY.

MONTH of gloomy mist and shower,
Do they call thee Spring's first-born?
Thou hast not a single flower
On thy naked thorn.

Rugged Winter is thy sire;
'Twas he that gave thee birth;
And bade thee, in his bitter ire,
Prolong his sway on earth.

Dark as his, thy features are,
Sad as his, thy sullen eye;
And like the plaint of pining care
The wailing of thy sigh.

And yet, upon thy cloudy brow
A shadowy light appears,
And a soft smile is gleaming now
Amidst thy streaming tears.

And, half concealed, upon thy breast
A precious gem is seen—
The flow'ret with its snowy crest,
And slender stem of green.

Month of gloomy mist and shower!
Welcome then, since thou dost bring
A promise of the sunny hour,
A token of the spring.

C. P.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THERE is a gleam upon the horizon. There is a breaking among the clouds and a hush of the warring winds! The last number of the 'Journal of Education' contains an excellent paper, entitled 'Public Instruction,' and it *actually* makes the education of woman its primary and principal theme! You will not credit this. Turn to the number of the work in question—it is a rich number altogether. It has, among many fine thoughts and passages, *one* which ought to be written up in great gold letters in every market-place, meeting-house, or wherever else people assemble—it is as follows:—

'*A child should never be degraded; a child should never have to wipe away a stigma from his character which he never can have deserved.*'

Let money-loving England, the country in which wealth is more worshipped and poverty more despised than in any other, think of this.

But to return to my theme. It appears that M. Delessert, in the last session of the French Chamber of Deputies, said:—

'The education of women is as worthy of your attention as that of men, and it is necessary that the laws on the education of girls should be revised. I request, therefore, that the minister of Public Instruction will prepare, for the next sessions, a law on this subject.'

Thanks to M. Delessert. It is almost the eleventh hour; but manumission is welcome come when it may. It is dispiriting, not surprising, that M. Guizot should reply as he did:—

'The system of girls' schools, at the present day, is so unconnected and badly understood, that I am compelled to declare myself unprepared with a set of reasonable propositions on the government of female schools; nor can I yet fix the period when I shall be able to present a memorial on this subject.'

France, who takes the lead in all improvements, however she may follow them up, has made this first move on the political chess-board, and other moves must follow: let only the importance of that greatest of all human interests—female education—be recognised and acted upon, and I cheerfully leave the rest to time and woman. But I say to her, on the knees of my heart, if such an expression may be allowed me, *be not yourself supine.*

The moral sun, now rising with stronger and stronger light, day by day, upon the world, is penetrating the dark places, and making the very spiders of prejudice ashamed of their sullen work. The intelligence which exposes the abuse of power in *one* department will search it out in *others;*—the moral courage which rises in behalf of an oppressed people, will take cognizance of the cause of degraded and insulted woman, of the suffering stultified schoolboy, of the back-branded, spirit-broken soldier

and sailor. Reviewing all this, it will say—'Here is evidence of what power, whether physical or political, when uncombined with benevolence, intelligence, and knowledge, ever effects; against *such* power all who think rationally, or feel kindly, must prosecute a crusade, and England, to say nothing of other countries, shall once again drive the wolves from her woods.'

How is the spirit-spoiled weaver, the soul-subdued tailor—victims of ill-paid toil, confined rooms, and ignorance—looked upon by power? How is the little fag, feeble and defenceless, oppressed and spurned! How should woman expect to fare better than these, since the principle of wrong and injury is the same in all cases?

Resistance alone makes man respect the rights of his fellow-creatures. He who will consent to dig the pit of his own degradation may rest secure of being thrust into it. I will ask the men of every people what has been their political experience? What have they ever got by entreaty from the tender mercy of tyrants? Let me not be supposed to advocate violence—*that* is only weakness in another form. Antagonists may contend personally till they realize the fate of Curran's two Kilkenny cats, (who fought so desperately that nothing was left of either of them but the tips of their tails,) and after all what shall be effected? Immolation, mutilation, prostration, not reformation. It is a good rule in morals, as in mechanics, to apply no more force than is necessary.

True power lies in the brain, not in the body; that power is coming more and more into action—and its manifestations are conduct and discourse. Logical eloquence and practical purpose are the battering engines of the present period, and nothing, however high, which is hollow, can stand against them.

What was the theory which man has hitherto adopted as regarded woman? That her passions were stronger, and her reason weaker than his own. Having assumed these facts, how did he proceed upon them? Why, to create by education and social arrangements that which he presumed or pretended existed by nature. Having thus doubly doomed his victim, he perfected the arts of seduction and enacted penalties against the seduced—his (as he imagined) strong, and certainly cultivated, reason, he brought to bear upon her (as he said) weak, and assuredly, uncultivated reason, and highly-nurtured passions, (for ignorance and idleness are first-rate stimulants,) and when his triumph was thus accomplished, he doomed her to condign punishment—left her no refuge but revolting infamy, or unceasing tears and repentance in obscurity.

'When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash *her* guilt away?

'The only art *her* guilt to cover
And hide *her* shame from every eye;
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom—is to die.'

And how many *have* thus died! Worse—how many have lived a living-death in scorn and infamy, spoiled, perforce, of all that is beautiful in woman; compelled to be all that is base in human nature! Let any one stand apart from this question and look at the case here presented dispassionately, as at a problem, and, leaving *feeling* quite out of the consideration, ask his common sense what he thinks of it! And to see what slavery will do for the slave—to *this* system women have not only submitted, *this* system they have assisted to uphold, and even now there are many think it moral and religious to uphold it. (The dog which has long worn a collar will show the mark even though the collar be removed.) For what was this nefarious system established? That men might secure having legitimate offspring and a wanton licence. But the two things are incompatible as a universal rule: many a proud pedigree is, as regards purity of descent, a rope of sand. While men are corrupt women cannot be wholly otherwise; as easy were it to suppose that one-half of the atmospheric air could be tainted and the other half pure.

As national happiness depends on purity of morals, happiness and morality are *impossible* to that people whose education does not aim at *equal morals* and *equal intelligence* for the sexes. In religion we especially want the junction of charity, and in morals of justice.

The negative character, incapable of energy, and void of depth and discrimination, which a short-sighted selfish policy has sought to impress upon women, may wear the *aspect* of amability, but it wants its *soul*.

'A smile on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below;
So the cheek may be tinged with a soft sunny smile,
While the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.'

From my intense detestation of morbid sensibility, maudlin sentimentality, and slavish submission, I am sometimes led to adopt a strong idiom, so that I should little wonder if I were to hear it said, that I was one who walked out with a pistol instead of a parasol, and a blunderbuss in place of a boa; that I had eschewed the bodkin for the battle-axe; that I had forsworn the social smile for the aspect of the grim stone heads which, on prison doors, petrify the passers by; and that, instead of loving 'jest and song,' I never spoke but to breathe

'Curses, not loud, but deep.'

But let me say, (without reference to self, but to general human

nature,) that they who are the first to resist a degrading wrong, are the last who would betray an honourable trust; the same spirit which spurns the false, prizes the true; and the mind most accessible to disgust from the mean, is the most susceptible to delight from the magnificent. My zeal may be warm, because it is vital; but it is worthy, because it embraces the best interests of all; for the subject *I* advocate is the spring head of happiness. I know my inspiration, and am therefore above imputation; I have the fond fearlessness of the surgeon who cuts to cure. If I stood upon a precipice and a plunge could save my cause, I believe I have so much of the spirit of Decius, that I would make that plunge.

Some proof of this I may be allowed to say I have given. Reputation and reward rarely lie in the path of opposition. I have preferred trusting to the labour of the oar, rather than to taking advantage of the wind. My sheet-anchor is a spirit of independence which makes the hermit's fare sweeter to me than the parasite's feast. If I have little, I want even less, and thus am richer than those who have much, and want yet more.

Far be it from me, (and, oh! let this burst of egotism into which I have been betrayed, be forgiven me,) far be it from me to violate any of the altars at which *true* devotion worships—to undervalue the beauty of fidelity, the grandeur of fortitude, the grace of patient endurance. But the character of passive, vapid, uninquiring, I may say *unfeeling*, amability impressed upon women, and from motives of policy praised into pre-eminence, comprehends none of these fine qualities—these primary colours of the moral prism. And, save in one case perhaps in a million, I deny the real existence of such a character. The faith, fondness, and forgiveness, which at last rewards the questionable reformation of the heart-harrowing rake—the marriage or reunion which is deemed reward for all the suffering and sacrifices of woman—teaches that the moral ruffian does enough, if at any time, and after any manner, he comes back to the path of decency; and that he, with his fraction of affection and integrity, stands as high as she who has not one item of the whole sum of either blotted. This is the fatal and infectious code of fiction! I believe in my heart that Captain Macheath and Tom Jones, and such like heroes, have created more disciples to vice and dissipation than, if calculable, would be credible; and whenever real life realizes these instances of uncomplaining, all loving, female martyrs, the refuge and reward of the unworthy, the state of female slavery and dependence deserves the meed, not the natural and sincere feeling of the sex. Nature makes us shriek when we suffer agony, and smile when we experience joy; they who can smile alike in both cases, must be more indebted to the discipline of art than the dictates of truth

Let woman's love do all it can, and more than anything else in this world it *can* do; but let it not be done slavishly, mechanically, alike for the worthy and the unworthy. That which man demands of woman, she has a right to ask of him; in the measure she metes, to be repaid; and if she gives gold she should take no other coinage. In cases of moral bankruptcy—yes, even then, be they ever so desperate, *let her* be the abiding prop, and certificate the insolvent, if it be from a principle of attachment existing in herself, or from a prospect of redemption existing in the defaulter—while there be hope or holiness in the exertion of female fondness, be it made. But let her not cling from a principle of mercenary dependence, growing out of man's monopoly of the means of existence; nor from a faith in the presumptuous axiom, that woman was made for man—*not more than he was made for her;* there can be no contract without two parties; the first who violates the conditions of the contract renders it void; and each party is then justly free; whatever they may be politically: but how beautiful is the freedom of the unoffending, though the world may know little of the feeling which makes it beautiful; with *that* at her heart, let her look to nothing but God and herself. It is certain that institutions affect those living under them, but it is also certain that people react upon institutions; and if a people, or any *portion* of a people, are *determined* to enjoy and deserve freedom and equity, they need never despair of obtaining them.

Executive power must in a great measure be lodged in the hands of men, as legislators, social and political; but inasmuch as human nature is fallible, a safeguard must be sought against the contingencies of incapacity, injustice, and error, in the capability of the people in the one case, and of women in the other. The holder of power will be less likely to abuse it in proportion as he feels that those *for* whom he acts can appreciate and uphold him when he does well; and will contemn and call him to order if he does otherwise.

I do not contend for public offices for women, but I do not therefore admit, when properly educated, their incapacity for them, or the inexpediency, in many cases, of their being admitted to them. While human society is compounded *of* the two sexes, so also should be human legislation. Suppose woman suddenly endowed with all which man presumes to be solely his own—how would he like to be the unvoiced, unregarded, unquestioned being which woman is—receiving from her laws and regulations without any inquiry being made how far they are consistent with his peculiar talents, feelings, and wishes?

To those still disposed to smile at the idea of female legislators, I will ask what kind of state counsellors would those men who serve in drapers and mercers' shops make? Of course most inefficient ones—and why? Not because they carry less

brains to the counter than other men do to the Commons, but because those brains have no information, no exercise; these men are so employed as not merely to make them superficial thinkers, but so as in a great degree to preclude their thinking at all. (In this age of intellectual light, ought not some effort to be made for these doomed dispensers of tapes and bobbins?) A similar parallel may, and has been, drawn between the character and capacities of military men and of women with the same justice, upon the same principle.

Why do grey hairs bring no honour to woman? I may say, why do they bring *dishonour?* for *an old woman* is the *ne plus ultra* of a term of contempt! Because women are taught to think the carriage of the head of more consequence than its contents, and they emulate the almost empty ears in a corn field, which the less wheat they hold the higher they wave.

And now, while I think of it, to inquire into that notion, (which makes men so vain, that if vanity was gaugeable and exciseable, we should have fewer male absentees, since few of fortune could pay the export duty,) the notion that women's whole lives and thoughts are devoted to the purpose of pleasing the men. Granted, in very, very many cases; and for what? For *them?* Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls, for their admiration, for the aliment on which vanity feeds. It is the gift, not the giver; the offering, not the offerer: a vain woman often despises the slave, while she *seeks* his homage. The phrenologist will never find an animal with the organ of destructiveness so large as the coquette; to awaken fruitless love and excite groundless jealousy is her sole aim and object. The more people she keeps awake, the sounder she sleeps; their tortures are her triumphs. This is the creature which female education makes, and not this alone; many other less *piquante,* perhaps, but quite as paltry. Retribution is one of the universal laws.

The moral institutions of custom, like the legal institutions of courts, are streams which have had their source in the darkness of past times; the sun of reform must be permitted to purify them, as it does other waters, or their fetor will spread infection. Better to arrest the cause of disease than fee the physician. Heaven knows, the sins of the fathers have been visited on the sons, in all that relates to social mal-administration. In the abstract, man's policy is hateful; in the detail, deplorable: and I know not which deserves most compassion, the wrongs he has done to us or to himself. The wise and worthy among the men of present times are the sufferers for the unwise and unworthy of past times. The want of a true standard of morals has tended to universal debasement; has made an ostensible morality the only rule, and an uncomprehended creed the only refuge.

Let men and women see themselves as they really are; look

into the farce (alas, often tragedy) which they are enacting, and when conviction of its contemptible character and melancholy consequences reaches them, may we not hope they will awaken to a sense of the real purpose and capabilities of the large, joyous, glorious powers of humanity?

And now to the patient reader of *my* portion of 'The Repository' I say farewell as regards this subject, though I fear it is probable that, in essaying any other, I shall be much like the monographic artist, who, when at length persuaded to attempt painting *an angel*, told his employer he might depend upon it that it would be very like *a red lion*.

I once touched all subjects like one performing ordeal over burning ploughshares; that is, I took a quick bound from one to another, feeling my inability to rest on any: now I fear I am apt to dwell too long upon one subject, and so risk the imputation of monomania; but when once the mind fixes to a particular point, every subsequent operation of the reflective faculty is only a radius from that one centre; the individual gradually makes out a system for himself, of which he is sometimes a sun and sometimes a spider, spreading beneficial rays, or ramifying useless subtilties. If the first, they will continue and coruscate, no matter what the clouds amid which they rise; if the latter, they will be swept away by the busy broom of thrifty Time.

M. L. G.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

No. IV.

The Apology of Socrates.

We have given several specimens of the philosophy of Socrates, as exhibited, and doubtless improved, by Plato, in those of his works which there is no reason to consider as having any foundation in real incidents, or conversations actually held between the supposed interlocutors. It will now be interesting to the reader to be introduced to Socrates as described by himself, in the work which stands among Plato's writings under the title of 'the Apology of Socrates,' and in the form of a speech delivered before his judges, on the celebrated trial for blasphemy, which terminated in his capital condemnation. It has been a question among the critics, whether this speech is the work of Socrates himself, or of Plato under his master's name. But the discerning Schleiermacher, and a scholar and critic not unworthy to be named even with Schleiermacher, the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, have adduced reasons which, in our judgment, leave little doubt that a speech,

substantially identical with that which is now about to engage our attention, was actually delivered by Socrates at his trial; and that Plato, in this case, aimed only at being a faithful reporter of what his master had thought fit to say in his own vindication, when prosecuted for his life on the accusation of corrupting the youth, and of being an unbeliever in the gods of his country.*

An abstract, such as those we gave of the three dialogues which have successively occupied our attention, would entirely fail to give any conception of this singular performance: and after some consideration, we have resolved upon attempting an exact translation. It would, however, require a Plato, so to translate Plato as to render the ideas intelligible to an English reader, in the exact shape in which they were presented by an Athenian speaker to an Athenian audience, preserving, at the same time, all the energy and beauty of the style. We have been obliged to confine ourselves to one or the other object: either to put something like the matter of this discourse into the best English we could command, sacrificing all that is characteristic of the manner of Socrates, and of the notions and feelings of the Athenian public; or else, to retain the very thoughts of Socrates, and his very mode of stating and illustrating those thoughts, but to exchange Plato's eloquent Greek for an English style at once bald and verbose. We have preferred the latter course, as more conducive to the objects we have in view in these papers. A.

Speech of Socrates before his Judges.

In what manner, O Athenians, you have been affected by my accusers, I know not; I myself, in listening to them, almost forgot that I was myself, so plausibly did they speak. Although, of what they said, not one word, I may say, was true. Among the many falsehoods which they told you, one in particular excited my astonishment; when they said that you should beware lest you be deceived by me, who am a powerful speaker. For, their not being ashamed to be immediately contradicted by the fact, when I am seen to be not at all a powerful speaker, appeared to me most shameless. Unless, indeed, they call him a powerful speaker who speaks the truth. If so, I admit myself to be an orator of a different kind from them. They, as I affirm, have spoken no truth; from me you will hear all the truth. Not, indeed, O Athenians, a speech like theirs, all tricked out with fine words and phrases: what I say, will be said unstudiedly, in such words as offer themselves. For I am convinced that all which I say is just; none of you need expect any thing else of me. Nor would it become these years, O Athenians, to appear before you spinning phrases like a stripling. And this, O Athenians, I especially solicit of you; that if you hear me make my defence in the very same style of language in which I am accustomed to speak in the streets and public places, where most of you have heard me, and elsewhere, you will neither be surprised nor clamorous. For the fact is this: At the age of seventy and more, I now for the first time appear in a court of justice; I am, therefore, a complete stranger to the ways

* The sentiments both of Schleiermacher and of Mr. Thirlwall may be found at full length in the sixth number of the 'Philological Museum.'

of speaking in this place. As then, if I were really a stranger, you would have pardoned me for speaking in the language and style in which I was brought up, so I now ask of you this justice, as it appears to me, that you will disregard the manner of my speech—which perhaps may be better, perhaps worse—but consider and attend to this, whether what I say is just or not. For that is the excellence of a judge; an orator's is to speak the truth.

I have to defend myself first, O Athenians, from the first false accusations against me, and from my first accusers; and afterwards from the more recent ones. For I have had many accusers; who have spoken falsely of me now for many years: whom I fear more than Anytus and his associates, although these also are formidable; but those are still more so, O Athenians, who have begun with most of you from your childhood upwards, and poured into your ears false accusations of me, saying that there is one Socrates, a wise man, who has explored the things which are in the sky and under the earth, and who makes the worse appear the better reason. They, O Athenians, who have spread such a character of me, are my really dangerous accusers; for their hearers believe that those who are addicted to such inquiries do not even believe in gods.* These accusers, too, are numerous; they have now spoken ill of me for a long time, and to many of you in the most credulous time of your lives, when you were children, or mere lads, and with all the advantage of an undefended cause, no one replying to them. And, what is hardest of all, one cannot so much as know the names of any of these people, except, perhaps, a play-writer or so.† Neither they who, by calumnies and invidious speaking, have wrought upon you, nor they who, being themselves persuaded, have persuaded others, can be cited to appear in this place. I cannot confute them, but must fight, as it were, with shadows, and refute when there is no one here to answer my questions. Consider, then, that I have to do with two sets of accusers, my present ones, and those ancient ones whom I have mentioned; and observe, that I must reply to the old accusers first, for you heard them first, and during a much longer time than these later ones.

Be it so, then; I must defend myself, and endeavour to expel from your minds, in so short a time, the calumny which has had so long a time to fix itself there. I should be glad (if it be for your good and my own) that this were possible; but I think it is difficult; I do not conceal from myself the weightiness of the task. The event, however, must be as the god pleases. I must obey the law, and make my defence.

Let us go back, then, to the beginning, and see upon what accusation has been founded that prejudice against me, in reliance on which Melitus has brought the present impeachment. What, then, did my assailants allege? for we must consider them as accusers, and read the words of their indictment. 'Socrates is guilty of occupying himself with frivolous and criminal pursuits; exploring the things which are under the earth and in the sky; and making the worse appear the better reason; and teaching others to do the same.' Something of this sort is

* This passage, and much other evidence, shows that physical speculation of a recondite kind was regarded by the Greeks as a sort of black art, like witchcraft and sorcery among the moderns: 'an attempt to know more than is permitted.' There is remarkable sameness in superstition, all over the world.

† πλὴν εἴ τις κωμῳδοποιὸς τυγχάνει ὤν. An allusion to Aristophanes, and his comedy of 'The Clouds,' a gross and ignorant libel on Socrates.

what they impute to me; and you have yourselves seen, in the comedy of Aristophanes, a certain Socrates, who professes to walk the air, with much other trifling, about which I do not understand one jot. And I do not speak in disparagement of such knowledge, if there be any one who is wise in these matters; but I have no concern with them. And I call most of yourselves to witness, and beg you to inform and to ask each other, (those of you who have ever heard me converse,) and there are many of them among you: tell to one another, if any of you has ever heard in my conversation anything, great or small, on such subjects; and by this you will know, that all the other things which are vulgarly said about me are of the same value. Again, if you have heard any one say that I undertake to instruct people, and receive money for it, neither is this true. I think it a fine thing, no doubt, if any one is capable of instructing people, as Gorgias of Leontium does, and Prodicus of Ceos, and Hippias of Elis. Each of these, going to one city after another, is able to draw round him the young men, who, though they are at liberty to converse gratis with whomsoever they please of their own citizens, are persuaded to quit the society of these, and, resorting to the new-comers, converse with them, not only paying them money, but rendering gratitude to them besides. There is now in this very town a wise man from Paros, whose arrival I happened to hear of; for I was accidentally in company with a man who has paid more money to sophists than all other men put together, Callias, the son of Hipponicus. I said to him, (for he has two sons,) 'O Callias, if your sons had been colts or steers, we could have found and hired a proper superintendent of their education, who could have formed them to all the good qualities befitting their nature; but now, since they are men, what superintendent have you in view for them? Who is there that is knowing in the good qualities of a man and a citizen? for I suppose that you must have considered the matter, having sons to bring up. Is there such a person,' said I, 'or not?' 'There is,' he answered. 'Who,' asked I, 'and of what country, and for what price does he teach?' 'Euenus of Paros,' replied he; 'and his price is five minæ.' And I felicitated Euenus, if he in reality possesses this art, and is so zealous in the practice of it. I, too, therefore, should be proud, and make much of myself, if I knew these matters; but I do not know them, O Athenians.

Some of you may, perhaps, answer, 'But, O Socrates, what, then, is your affair? and whence did these accusations arise? for you would not have been so much heard of or talked about, if you had done nothing strange, or different from other people: tell us, therefore, what it is, that we may not be left to conjecture.' This appears to me a very fair question; and I will try to explain to you what it is which has made me so talked about, and so calumniated. Listen, then: and perhaps some of you may think I am in jest; be well persuaded, however, that I am telling you the whole truth. I, O Athenians, have acquired this reputation, from no other cause than a certain wisdom. What kind of wisdom? That which, perhaps, is the true *human* wisdom; and the fact seems to be that I possess this wisdom: they whom I have just spoken of have, perhaps, a wisdom greater than that of man; but I certainly do not possess it, and whoever says so speaks falsely, and wishes to slander me. And do not clamour, O Athenians, even if I

seem to speak boastfully; for what I am about to say does not come from myself, but from a source worthy of your attention. I shall produce the Delphic god as a witness to you respecting my wisdom, whether I have any, and of what sort. You knew Chærephon, doubtless. He was my associate from youth, and was also an associate of the Athenian many; he quitted his country with you, and returned with you.* And you know what kind of a man was Chærephon, how energetic in whatsoever he engaged in. He once, going to Delphos, had the boldness to put this question to the oracle; (do not clamour, O Athenians;) he asked whether there existed any person wiser than I? And the oracle answered that there was no person wiser. And to this, since Chærephon himself is dead, his brother will bear witness before you.

Observe now why I mention this; for I am now going to show you how the prejudice against me arose. Hearing the response of the oracle, I considered with myself, What can it mean? what is its hidden significance? for I am not conscious to myself of being wise in any thing, great or small; what, then, can the god mean by calling me the wisest of men? for his words cannot be falsehoods. And for a long time I was puzzled, but at last, with much difficulty, I hit upon a way of examining the matter. I went to one of those who are esteemed wise, thinking that here, if anywhere, I should prove the oracle to be wrong, and be able to say to it, 'Here is a man wiser than I.' After examining this man, (I need not mention his name, but he was one of the politicians,) and conversing with him, it was my opinion that this man *seemed* to many others, and especially to himself, to be wise, but *was* not so. Thereupon I tried to convince him that he thought himself wise, and was not. By this means I offended him, and many of the bystanders. When I went away I said to myself, 'I am wiser than this man: for neither of us, it would seem, knows any thing valuable; but he, not knowing, fancies he does know: I, as I really do not know, so I do not think I know. I seem, therefore, to be, in one small matter, wiser than he, viz. in not thinking that I know what in truth I know not. After this I went to another, who was esteemed still wiser than he, and came to the same result; and by this I affronted him too, and many others. I went on in the same manner, perceiving, with sorrow and fear, that I was making enemies; but it seemed necessary to postpone all other considerations to the service of the god; and, therefore, to seek for the meaning of the oracle, by going to all who appeared to know any thing. And, O Athenians, (for I must speak the truth,) the impression made on me was this: The persons of most reputation seemed to me to be nearly the most deficient of all; other persons, of much smaller account, seemed much more rational people.

I must relate to you my wanderings, and the labours I underwent, that the truth of the oracle might be fairly tested. When I had done with the politicians, I went to the poets, tragic, dithyrambic, and others, thinking that I should surely find myself less knowing than they. Taking up those of their poems which appeared to me the most laboured, I asked them (that I might at the same time learn something from

* An allusion to the secession of the Athenian *plebs* from the dominion of the Thirty Tyrants, and their return under Thrasybulus.

them) what these poems meant? I am ashamed, O Athenians, to say the truth, but I must say it; there was scarcely a person present who could not have spoken better than they, concerning their own poems. I soon found, that what the poets do, they accomplish, not by wisdom, but by a kind of natural turn, and an enthusiasm like that of prophets and those who utter oracles; for these, too, speak many fine things, but do not know one particle of what they speak. The poets seemed to me to be in a similar case. And I perceived, at the same time, that, on account of their poetry, they fancied themselves the wisest of mankind in other things, in which they were not so. I left them, therefore, thinking myself to have the same superiority over them which I had over the politicians. Lastly, I resorted to the artificers; for I was conscious that I myself knew, in a manner, nothing at all, but I was aware that I should find them knowing many valuable things. And in this I was not mistaken; they knew things which I knew not, and were so far wiser than I. But they appeared to me to fall into the same error as the poets; each, because he was skilled in his own art, insisted upon being the wisest man in other and the greatest things; and this mistake of theirs overshadowed what they possessed of wisdom. So that when I asked myself, by way of verifying the oracle, whether I would rather be as I now am, equally without their wisdom and their ignorance, or take the one with the other, I answered that it was better for me to be as I am.

From this search, O Athenians, the consequences to me have been, on the one hand, many enmities, and of the most formidable kind, which have brought upon me many false imputations; but, on the other hand, the name and general repute of a wise man. For the bystanders, on each occasion, imagine that I myself am wise in those things in which I refute the false pretensions of others. The truth, however, O Athenians, is (I suspect) that the god alone is wise, and that his meaning in the oracle, was, that human wisdom is worth little or nothing: the name of Socrates seems to have been introduced, not for commendation, but for a mere example, as if it had been said, He, O men, is the wisest among you, who, like Socrates, knows that all his attainments in wisdom amount in reality to nothing. Meanwhile, I still, for the honour of the god, continue my search, and examine every one, whether a citizen or a stranger, whom I think likely to be a wise man: and when I find that he is not so, I prove that he is not, and so justify the oracle: and by reason of this occupation, I have no leisure to transact any business of moment, either for the state or for my own private benefit, but am in the depth of poverty from having devoted myself to the service of the god.

Besides this, the young men, those who have most leisure, the sons of the rich, take pleasure in following me, liking to hear the men probed and sifted; and they themselves often imitate me, and attempt to examine others; and they find, I imagine, great abundance of persons who fancy themselves knowing, but who really know either very little, or nothing. Those who are thus examined, are angry with me, not with themselves, and say that there is one Socrates, a wicked man, who corrupts the youth. And when any one asks them, by what practices, or by what instructions? they have nothing to say; for they do not know: but, not to seem at a loss, they are ready with the imputations

which are always at hand to be cast upon all who philosophize, of studying the sky, and the parts under ground, and not believing in gods, and making the worse appear the better reason. They do not, I fancy, like to say the truth, that they have been convicted of pretending to knowledge without having any. Being, however, jealous of their reputation, and being much in earnest, and many in number, and speaking with premeditation and in a plausible manner about me, they have filled your ears with false notions of me, from an early period. Of these people, Melitus, Anytus, and Lycon, are those who have now set upon me: Melitus to avenge the cause of the poets, Anytus that of the artificers and the politicians, Lycon that of the orators.* So that, as I said at first, I shall wonder if I am able, in so short a time, to expel from your minds a prejudice of such long standing.

This, O Athenians, is the truth; and I have said it, neither dissembling nor disguising any thing, great or small, although I know that to this very freespokenness I owe my enemies; which is a sign that I speak truth, and that the causes of the prejudice against me are those I have mentioned. And if, either now or hereafter, you examine into the matter, so you will find it.

To the accusations, then, which were brought against me by my first accusers, let this be a sufficient reply. I will now attempt to reply to Melitus, the good and patriotic, as he professes himself; and the rest.

These being a new set of accusers, let us look at their charges, as we did at those of the others. 'Socrates,' they say, 'is guilty of corrupting the youth, and not acknowledging the gods whom the state acknowledges, but other new δαιμόνια,† (divinities, dæmons, or things relating to dæmons,) such is the charge: and of this charge let us examine each separate part. He says, then, that I am guilty of corrupting the youth. But I, O Athenians, say that Melitus is guilty of solemn trifling; bringing men with so much levity before a criminal tribunal, and pretending to be earnestly concerned about things which he never paid the slightest attention to. That this is so, I will endeavour to prove to you

Come hither, O Melitus, and answer me: You are very anxious that the young may be as good as possible?

Melitus. I am.

Socrates. Come then, tell the tribunal, who is it that makes them good? for it is plain that you know, since you are so concerned about them. You have found who it is that corrupts them, you say, and have pointed him out and brought him hither: now point out who makes them better. Do you see, O Melitus, that you are silent and cannot tell? Is not this shameful, and a sufficient proof that, as I say, you have never concerned yourself about the matter? But say, my good friend, who it is that makes them better?

M. The laws.

S. That was not what I meant, O most excellent person. I asked what *man?* a man who in the first place, knows the very thing you mention, the laws.

* These were the three accusers of Socrates. The first was a tragic poet, the second a currier, of great wealth, and influence in public affairs, the third an orator. Melitus, the first of the three, was the ostensible prosecutor.

† We give this word in the original language, because, as will presently be seen, the argument turns in part upon the vagueness of its signification. There is no word of exactly similar vagueness in the English language.

M. These, O Socrates, whom you now see; the judges.

S. How, O Melitus? Are these people able to educate the young and make them better?

M. Most certainly.

S. All of them? or only some?

M. All.

S. You say well, by Juno, and there is an ample supply of benefactors.* And the bystanders? Are they also instructors of youth?

M. They also.

S. And the senators?†

M. The senators likewise.

S. And the members of the assembly of the people? they do not corrupt the youth? or do they too, one and all, make them better?

M. They do.

S. Then it seems, all the Athenians make the youth good and virtuous except me; I alone corrupt them. Do you assert this?

M. Most certainly I do.

S. I am a very unlucky person, according to you. And tell me: do you think this is also the case with horses? Are those who make them better, all mankind; and is there one single person who spoils them? Or is the case quite the reverse; one, or a very few (those who have attended to the subject) capable of making them better; the many, if they try their hand upon horses, spoiling them? Is it not so, O Melitus, both with regard to horses and all other animals? Certainly, whether you and Anytus say so or not. It would be a very happy thing for the youth if there were but one person who spoils them, and all others benefited them. But you have sufficiently shown, O Melitus, that you never bestowed a thought upon the instruction of youth; but have yourself been utterly indifferent to the matters about which you accuse me.

Tell us again, O Melitus; is it better to have good, or wicked people for our fellow-citizens? Answer, friend; the question I ask is not difficult. Are not the wicked always doing some evil to those who are nearest to them, the good always doing some good?

M. Undoubtedly.

S. Is there any one who would rather be hurt than benefited by those he associates with? Answer, most excellent person: for the law, too, bids you answer. Does any one wish to be hurt?

M. No, certainly.

S. Well, then: do you bring me here on the charge of corrupting the youth, and making them wicked, intentionally, or unintentionally?

M. Intentionally.

S. What! are you, O Melitus, at your age, so much wiser than I at mine, that *you* know the wicked to be always doing some hurt, the good always some good, to those who are nearest to them; but *I* am so ignorant as not to know that if I make any of those with whom I associate wicked, I am in danger of suffering some evil from them, and, therefore, as you affirm, intentionally do this great evil? I do not believe this, O Melitus, nor, I think, will any other human being. Either I do not corrupt the youth, or if I do, it is

* The principal Athenian court of criminal justice, the Heliæa, was a multitudinous assembly, consisting of more than 1000 citizens.

† *Βουλευταί*, the members of the council of five hundred.

unintentionally, and either way you are a calumniator. But if I corrupt them unintentionally, it is not the law to bring men here for such offences when unintentional, but to instruct them and admonish them in private; for it is evident that what I do unintentionally, I shall cease doing if I am taught better. But you avoided conversing with me and instructing me, and have now brought me here, whither the law ordains to bring those who require punishment, not teaching.

What I affirmed, O Athenians, is already evident, that Melitus never gave himself a moment's concern about these matters. But yet tell us, O Melitus, *how* you say that I corrupt the youth? In the manner which you mention in the indictment, viz., by teaching them not to acknowledge the gods whom the state acknowledges, but other new δαιμόνια?

M. Most certainly, I affirm it.

S. By those gods, O Melitus, who are now in question, I pray you explain yourself more clearly. I cannot make out which of two things you say. Is it that I teach the youth to believe that there are gods, and am myself not altogether an atheist, but believe in gods, though not the same whom the state acknowledges, but others; and is this your charge against me, that I believe in *other* gods? or do you assert that I do not believe in any gods at all, and that I teach others the same?

M. That is what I assert; you believe in no gods at all.

S. Most wonderful Melitus, what is this you say! I do not, then, like the rest of mankind, believe the sun and moon to be gods?

M. No, by Jupiter, O Athenians: for he says that the sun is of stone, and the moon of earth.

S. You fancy you are accusing Anaxagoras, most worthy Melitus: and you have such a contempt for these judges, and think them so ignorant of letters, as not to know that the writings of Anaxagoras, of Clazomene, are full of this sort of doctrines. So, then, the youth learn from me, what they may buy sometimes at the theatre* for one drachma, and may then laugh at Socrates if he pretend that they are his, especially being so paradoxical. So you really think that I do not believe in any gods?

M. In none at all.

S. You are incredulous, O Melitus; you do not even give credence to your own word. This man, O Athenians, seems to me to be exceedingly self-willed and insolent, and to have brought this prosecution against me from self-will and insolence, and youthful levity. It looks like a trial of ingenuity; as if he had said to himself: Will the wise Socrates find out the inconsistency in what I say, or shall I succeed in cheating him, and the rest of them? For he contradicts himself in the very words of the accusation; saying, in fact, this 'Socrates is guilty of not believing in gods, but believing in gods.' This looks like a jest. Attend then, O Athenians, that you may know what I mean: and do you answer, O Melitus. You, O Athenians, as I begged you at first, remember not to be clamorous if I speak in my own usual manner.

* The commentators explain this passage as an allusion to the practice, not unfrequent with the dramatic poets, (especially Euripides,) of introducing on the scene sentiments borrowed from the writings of the philosophers.

Is there any one, O Melitus, who believes that there are human *things*, but does not believe that there are men? Answer, O Athenians, and do not clamour. Does any one believe that there are *things* relating to horses, but not believe that there are horses? or that there are things relating to music, but not musicians? Nobody, O best of men; for if you will not answer, I will answer to you and to the judges. But answer the next question. Does any one believe that there are (δαιμόνια) things relating to dæmons, but not believe in dæmons?

M. No.

S. How much good you have done, by answering with so much reluctance, and not until the judges obliged you. You say then, that I believe, and teach, that there are things relating to dæmons, no matter whether new or old. I therefore, according to you, believe in things relating to dæmons, and this you have sworn to in the indictment. But if I believe in the existence of things relating to dæmons, I must needs believe in the existence of dæmons: is it not so? It is: for as you will not answer, I consider you as assenting. But do we not regard dæmons as either gods or the offspring of gods? Do we, or not?

M. Yes.

S. Then if I believe in dæmons, as you say; and if dæmons are a kind of gods, this is the riddle I said you were playing off upon us, saying that I, not believing in gods, do nevertheless believe in gods, since I believe in dæmons. But if dæmons are the offspring of the gods, by the nymphs, as they say, or in any other way, what human creature can believe that there exists offspring of gods, but no gods? It would be as absurd as to believe that there exists offspring of horses and asses, namely mules, but that there are no horses or asses. It is impossible, O Melitus, that you can have brought such an accusation for any purpose but to try us, or because you could find nothing true to accuse me of. That you should be able to persuade any person in his senses that the same person can think that there are things belonging to dæmons and gods, and yet no dæmons, nor gods, nor demigods, is impossible.

That I am not guilty, O Athenians, according to the accusation of Melitus, does not seem to need much proof: what I have said is sufficient. But what I have already told you, that I am in much odium, and with many persons, you well know to be true. And this is what will cause my condemnation, if I be condemned: not Melitus nor Anytus, but the prejudice and calumny in the minds of the many: which has been the cause of condemnation to many other and good men, and will continue to be so, and there is no fear that I shall be the last.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

CHARADE DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

OLD ASHFORD.	POET.	MIGNIONETTE.
THE MASTER.	MARY ANNE ASHFORD.	MRS. CROKER.
YOUNG ASHFORD.	L——.	JEMIMA CROKER.

SCENE I. A MILL ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER AVON.

A boating party about to embark.

The Master. Are we all ready?

Omnes. All, all, all.

Old Ashford. Steady now, steady. One at a time. Put the boat nearer, boy, or we shall be sure to get into mischief.

Mary Anne. Into the water you mean, my dear sir.

Old Ashford. Gently, gently. Are you comfortably seated, girls?

Master. One more on this side, if you please, to balance the boat.

Young Ashford. It must not be you, Mary Anne; you carry so much sail we shall be capsized at once.

Master. That will do. Now, lad, push off.

L. What a delicious day!

Young Ashford. There never was a finer for such an expedition.

Mary Anne. I would not change with the *Dey* of Algiers, whatever his expedition might be.

Poet. On such a day did Phaeton, young and proud,
Urge on the fiery coursers of the sun,
Till goaded into madness, they no more
Obeyed the curb, but chased the flying wind
Till heaven and earth grew hot at their mad speed.

L. On such a day 'the melancholy Jacques'
Did quit the 'garish sun' to lie along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeped out
Upon the brook that brawled along the wood.

Mignionette. On such a day, the story goes, d'ye see,
The fishes cried, 'My fins! how hot we be!'

Mary Anne. I shall be for calling upon
'Shadows of beauty,
Shadows of power,
Up! to your duty;'
for I am sure 'this is the hour' when we want them.

Mignionette. Why do you not go on?
'Beautiful shadow'—
And if Willie asks the cause of the invocation, say,
'The—heat—it—is, boy!'

Omnes. Oh, oh!

Poet. Why, Mignionette, I thought you had determined to reform.

Mignionette. And I had begun to do so, only Mary Anne is corrupting me again.

Master. There are shadows above, I see—I hope they have no design upon us.

L. They make beautiful designs *for* us. Look at that floating train

over the hills yonder: one could fancy the earth were tired of the hot Day, and said, 'Evening, I want you;' and so Evening cast the shadow of her shadow down to tell Day she was coming.

Poet. Evening, to thy sister Day,
Hasten, hasten!
She pants for thee, she faints for thee,
Hasten, hasten!
Freshest dews prepare for her,
Coolest airs that rose-leaves stir,
Bind her brow with thy moist hair,
Hasten, hasten!

Mary Anne. I wish I could extemporize so! I might try for an hour ere I could make a rhyme for time.

Mignionette. Come, try; begin—

Mary Anne. How smoothly we glide o'er the soft-flowing Avon! (*Pause.*)

Mignionette. Far better than jolting o'er roads that are paven.

Mary Anne. Shame, shame—it is not fair to interrupt.

Old Ashford. Allow me to suggest that *paved* is the proper word.

Mary Anne. What a find that bank would be for a day-dreamer!

Poet. Cannot you fancy the boy, Shakspeare, lying on that very bank watching the even current, till the external sense became, by the continued and gentle motion, lulled into rest—like a hushed child on the bosom of its mother—then, from the recesses of his mind, would steal forth, like shadows, the half-created forms of beauty, that were one day to become multitudes of creatures, true to the workings of human thought and human passion.

L. So true, that they are to us as beings who have lived and moved and had their being in this busy world of ours, rather than the unsubstantial creations of a poet's brain.

Old Ashford. I don't like the look of those clouds at all.

Young Ashford. You have been talking of Shakspeare, what say you to a little farce, 'Where shall I dine?'

Mary Anne. At Marl Cliff. There's a green carpet close to the water's edge; trees for shelter, a cliff for our back-ground.

Master. We must not go too far—those are queer-looking clouds yonder, I confess.

Old Ashford. Did you bring cloaks and umbrellas? I should say, better land here.

Mignionette. Oh, no! 'tis not much further, is it? the coward clouds will scarcely venture to do battle with such a sun as this, until it is going down in the world.

Master. Boy, pull away as fast as you can.

Mary Anne. We are just there.

L. and *Mignionette.* Beautiful!

Old Ashford. (*Looking up.*) I'm sure I felt a drop.

Young Ashford. Now then—

Old Ashford. Steady, steady, pray do not rise—where are your cloaks, girls? One at a time—very imprudent!—What, no more than these! and such thin dresses! Very imprudent, indeed!

Master. Here, boy, take the baskets, and be quick: here—under this ash-tree.

L. The graceful canopy!

Mignionette. And what a smooth piece of golden green velvet for our carpet!

Mary Anne. 'Tis like to be wel vett, a cockney would say—

Mignionette. O Mary Anne! but come, let us sit down and take the goods the gods provide us.

Old Ashford. (*Looking up.*) That *was* a drop.

Mary Anne. At the worst, my dear sir, 'twill only be an additional cold duck for our dinner; and if the clouds were to pelt, 'twould only be an additional whet to our appetites.

L. Mary Anne, you are incorrigible.

Old Ashford. (*Rising.*) This is no joking matter, girls, we had better think of returning at once; look at those black clouds, I say.

Young Ashford. Well; one song, we must have one song, and then away home.

Old Ashford. Singing is out of the question—what umbrellas have we?

Poet. Just one—

Old Ashford. Only one?

Poet. Song I meant.

Old Ashford. They must lose no time, then; meanwhile I'll see after the boat.

L. What shall it be?

Mignionette. 'Gather, gather, gather,' to harmonize with the clouds?

Mary Anne. That 'Invocation to the sunshine.'

L. And look, what a gleam! It has travelled half way to meet our invocation. Now—while it lasts—

DUETT.

Mignionette. Sister, speak! why watchest thou
With eager eye and lifted brow—
Clouds are hurrying hither, thither,
Dost thou ask them whither?

L. Ask the flower, with chill dew bowed,
If it love the heavy cloud?
Ask the lark, its sweet song bringing,
Why such tones are ringing?

Together. 'Tis the sun—the glorious sun—
That maketh the world a gladsome one.

Mignionette. Why tarriest thou? The gamesome child
Hath stopped its mirth, no more beguil'd
By the mimic aspen quiver
On the listless river.

L. Where are thy magic gleams of light?
We watch in vain for dark and bright,
The double world, by brook and meadow,
Of sunshine and of shadow.

Together. Come, thou sun, thou glorious sun,
That maketh the world a gladsome one!

Mary Anne. Look up, what says his sunship? A decided 'not at home' from a black servant.

L. The gleam is quite gone!

Mignionette. And 'tis going to pelt—and heavily too.

Mary Anne. Run, run, under the trees. Why, L. has floated there already, as fast as her favorite sun-gleam. But she always seems to me to have dealings with the fairies.

Mignionette. 'Tis only a shower.

Mary Anne. Just a sprinkle from a beatified Brobdignagian's bouquet, that's all.

Old Ashford. Now, what *had* we better do?

Mignionette. Mary Anne, just hold your parasol a little more on one side or the other.

Master. The trees give but little shelter, I fear.

Poet. This is indeed a *weeping* ash.

Old Ashford. What's to be done?

Mignionette. 'We must be patient,' as Ophelia says.

Master. But meanwhile you will all take cold. Ashford, there seems little chance of its clearing up; had we not better send the boy home with the boat, and make the best of our way to Bidford?

Old Ashford. Only, shall we get house-room and dry clothes when we get there? You know there's an archery meeting to-morrow.

Mary Anne. Delightful!

Mignionette. Is it Shakspeare's Bidford?

Master. The same; and only a short walk from hence. And I can answer for house-room, and a welcome, too.

Old Ashford. If it can be arranged—

Mary Anne. Quite well, and we had better get on as fast as we can, as we are only taking cold while we stand here: what shall we do with L.? she will be 'carried away in the flood.'

Poet. Fear not for her. She is a spirit of air so gentle, that the sister elements must love, and could not work her harm.

Mary Anne. Come, then—how the wet grass creaks!

L. What a beautiful veil for the landscape!

Mignionette. (*Singing.*) 'Hurry, hurry, hurry on.'

Master. I will hurry on before you to prepare our hostess for your reception.

Old Ashford. And a change of dress for all of them. Mind, girls, that you do change your wet clothes directly you get in doors.

Mary Anne. Wet close indeed to such a day.

SCENE II. INN, BIDFORD.

Morning—Breakfast.

Mignionette. 'Full many a glorious morning have I seen,' but this outshines them all.

Old Ashford. Remember yesterday, young lady. I should not at all wonder if to-day prove the same. (*Pulling out his watch.*) Why, 'tis nearly eleven; we ought to be at the ground.

Mignionette. I am sorry 'the master' cannot go with us.

Young Ashford. So am I; but though we have lost 'the master,' we must not lose the muster.

Mary Anne. Oh, no; for that is one of the best parts of the pageant. The ground is a high grassy level, backed by a lofty, protecting, green wall of noble trees. You look out upon a lovely valley, and from far and near you see the people hastening in all directions, on foot, on

horseback, in carriages of all sorts ; holiday gear on their forms, holiday smiles on their faces.

Mignionette. Why, Mary Anne, as they say of the golden age, what a pretty *period!*

L. (*Singing.*) 'Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me.'

Mignionette. (*Singing.*) 'Whither shall I follow, whither shall I follow, whither shall I follow, follow thee?'

L. 'To the greenwood, to the greenwood, to the greenwood, greenwood tree.'

Old Ashford. Very good advice, and the faster we walk the better.

Mignionette. How I do love to see sunshine upon a cottage wall!

L. And flowers in a cottage garden.

Poet. Peasants, ye are peers,
Care not, fear not!
Peasants, ye are peers,
Shut your ears and hear not
When they spurn your lowly lot.

The blessed sunshine comes to you,
The flowers in many varied hue,
And often love, both kind and true,
Smiles within your cot.

Peasants, ye are peers,
Care not, fear not!
Peasants, ye are peers,
Shut your ears and hear not
When they spurn your lowly lot.

Old Ashford. Very good, very good ; but I wish they had higher wages, and were better clothed and fed.

Young Ashford. Poets speak of time future, rather than time present.

L. They should be called hope-feeders ; they gather the honey of hope from every flower, and hive it up for others to use.

Mary Anne. Which way should we go?—through the wood, and come out upon the ground?

Old Ashford. The path will be very dirty after so much wet.

Young Ashford. The high wind in the night has settled that matter.

Mignionette. Well, my little fellow, do you expect this gate to be the high road to fortune? There! What will you do with it, buy a cap ribbon for granny?

Young Ashford. Where's Mignionette?

Mary Anne. Talking to the boy at the gate.

Young Ashford. Come, you will be too late.

Mary Anne. Here she comes! How the people are flocking! Look, there is the Avon, like a huge silver serpent, with its scales flashing in the sunlight. (*Aside.*) What is the matter with L.?

Mignionette. The tears always rush to her eyes at the sight of a beautiful landscape.

Young Ashford. Look, there is one of the club!

Mignionette. 'Club,' indeed! You should call them votaresses of Diana!

Mary Anne. There is some one else, too, whom I dread more than any club in the world, even though it were that of Hercules.

Young Ashford. What's the matter?

Mary Anne. Oh, there's Mrs. Croker, and that awful Jemima!

Young Ashford. What shall we do? We shall have no peace if she quarters herself upon us.

Mary Anne. Why yes, if she can, like a polypus, *quarter* herself, there will be nearly one Mrs. Croker a-*piece!*

Mignionette. Take care, Mary Anne; if you are guilty of a pun, you will have such a black look. 'It is so shockingly vulgar!' Oh, she is a regular kill-joy!

Mary Anne. Here she comes. Cannot we escape? No, she has seen us.

Mrs. Croker. Good morning, Miss Ashford.

Mary Anne. Good morning, Mrs. Croker. How d'ye do, Jemima?

Jemima. (*A silent bow.*)

Mary Anne. What a charming day!

Mrs. Croker. Yes, but we are certain to have rain.

Mary Anne. What time does the sport begin?

Mrs. Croker. Oh, soon, I hope. I am quite tired already; and I see it is not at all what I and Jemima expected.

Mignionette. A pretty scene, is it not, Mrs. Croker?

Mrs. Croker. Why I must say I am disappointed. There is no one here, and altogether the thing is quite—quite—rather *outré*, I think.

Mignionette. Let us come into the circle. What a pretty rustic table! and what is that lying upon it?

Mrs. Croker. The prize; I believe, of silver; the arrows are of silver too; rather absurd, as they must be very useless.

Mignionette. That beautiful curve? Apollo's lip.

L. See, they have placed it on a cushion of rich green moss, ornamented with flowers. How pretty?

Mary Anne. And by its side is the oak-leaf garland for the brows of the fair victor.

L. It looks like the regalia of the greenwood queen.

Mrs. Croker. All very well for children. Jemima, do you see Lady N. or the duchess?

Jemima. I have been looking, mamma, but I cannot see either. It really was not worth while coming. So very little company.

Mrs. Croker. Not half the display I expected. (*Aside to Jemima.*) Ah, is not that Sir Edward ——?

Jemima. No; but did you ever see such a likeness, mamma? certainly the most *distingué* person on the ground, and very like Sir Edward.

Young Ashford. Well, Miss Croker, are you going to try for the pretty prize?

Jemima. (*Coldly.*) Oh, no.

Young Ashford. How is that?

Jemima. Mamma objects to the display.

Young Ashford. They are coming. What a lovely group! Where shall we take our stand?

Mary Anne. Near the singers. We are to have some music after the shooting is over.

Old Ashford. There will be no time for that, I'm sure.

Mignionette. How graceful both the attitudes are! The stringing, and then the drawing!

Mrs Croker. Jemima, do you see Miss Beckford? Well, I can't say I think a dress that displays the figure so much very becoming. I am sure 'tis not at all proper or correct; and I am surprised Mrs. Beckford should allow her daughter to wear such a one.

Mary Anne. There she is! the light of all eyes, the joy of all hearts, Marian Beckford!

Mignionette. And *how* beautiful! I must go and tell L. to look at her. Is she not lovely?

Mrs Croker. I confess she is a little too wild to please me.

Poet. 'You never can teach
Either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.'

Mary Anne. Come, come, that is not fair. You have no right to quote.

Mignionette. We must fine him. He must speak the next ten lines in verse, and we will give him Marian Beckford for the subject.

Poet. 'Queen of the silver'—

Mary Anne. Hush! you are going to commit a second offence; we shall double the penalty.

Mignionette. Wait—look—she is going to shoot. There's an attitude—there's a subject for you.

Young Ashford. The best shot yet.

Mignionette. How she loves the sport! Her heart seems to leap through her eyes after the arrow!

Mary Anne. Come; you have had plenty of time, and can pay your debt before Marian's turn comes.

Poet. A wonder! lo, behold, a mortal stands
Far more than goddess graced! A miracle!
Hebe and Dian moulded into one.
With dazzling brow and wind-enamour'd hair,
With glowing cheek, and brightly-beaming eye,
That might be one of triumph, save that love
Hath chosen it from out the world to be
A little kingdom where to reign alone.
How beautiful! A spectacle whereon
The whole assembled earth might come and gaze!
They ne'er will see thee; for the sister arts
Do hold a warm and never-ending strife—
The right to give such graces to the world!

Young Ashford. Here she is again! Not so good a shot as the last; but she has another chance.

Mrs. Croker. How the recoil of the string must hurt the arm. It seems to me a dangerous amusement.

L. She looks at it, as they say Paganini looks at his violin, as if it were a living creature who could understand and love her.

Mignionette. She cannot be said to be looking at the *violin* now!

L. She is giving it an affectionate injunction before she draws it for the last time; as if to say, 'Now, darling, fail me not.' A blessing upon the arrow that flies from it.

Young Ashford. Now, then. There—

Crowd. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Young Ashford. She has won.

Mrs. Croker. I would not have Jemima so conspicuous for the world.

Mary Anne. Set your heart at rest, my dear Mrs. Croker; there is no danger.

Mignionette. (*Aside.*) How can you call such a creature 'dear?'

L. See—they have placed the prize in her hand—and now they crown her with the oaken garland:—beautiful!

Mignionette. And listen! they are going to sing.

GLEE.

Of all the trees that catch the breeze
The trusty yew for me!
All hail! our queen of the garland green,
Who has bent it gloriously.

It ne'er was a coward, who can say;
For it stands alone, be it night or day,
In the drear churchyard—but tho' gloomy there,
It lives a frolicksome life elsewhere.

CHORUS.

The lusty yew, the trusty yew,
The springing yew for me,
All hail! our queen of the garland green,
Who has bent it gloriously.

In the merry greenwood, when days are long,
We'll string it, and draw it tight and strong;
And thro' the valleys and depths so green
We'll follow our lovely forest queen.

CHORUS.

The lusty yew, the trusty yew,
The springing yew for me!
All hail! our queen of the garland green,
Who has bent it gloriously!

Mrs. Croker. It is very disrespectful to *royalty*, to bestow the title of queen' upon a mere child!

Young Ashford. We are going, Mrs. Croker; good morning!

Mrs. Croker. Going, are you? I think I and Jemima will go too, for I am heartily tired of it all.

L. One more look at the trees and the green, and the gay group, and, above all, their lovely queen.

Mignionette. There she stands: how like her! she has laid down her silver prize, and is leaning on her old 'trusty yew' favourite.

SCENE III.

Afternoon. Marl Cliff.

Old Ashford. Do you see the boat?

Mary Anne. Yes! there it is, tied to that alder-tree.

Old Ashford. And the boy with it?

Young Ashford. No; there is no boy.

Mary Anne. I thought they always tied boats to *buoys!*

Old Ashford. You had better give a halloo.

Young Ashford. The banks give answer, as some other banks do, 'No effects.'

Mary Anne. Try again.

Poet. Call up the earthquake and arouse the thunder!
Shake the huge forests, rend the rocks asunder!
Awaken Echo with her myriad tongues!

Mary Anne. But pray take care you do not hurt your lungs.

Mignionette. You have awaked the boy instead. There he comes, rubbing his eyes; he has been, like 'little boy blue,' fast asleep, only under a honeysuckle hedge instead of a 'haycock.'

Mary Anne. What makes you so fond of children's stories?

Mignionette. They make 'my heart leap up,' as Wordsworth says—
'So was it when I was a child,'
So will it ever be.

Mary Anne. If your heart leaps up my body sinks down—Oh, pleasant grassy bank, how I thank thee!—And now, however unsentimental it may be, I am hungry.

Mignionette. How pleasant it would be if one could live on love and flowers, like the butterfly; to have a butterfly's form and yet a human's intelligence.

Mary Anne. Especially with a boy like that to hunt you! Think of settling comfortably to your dinner, with a rose-leaf for a table-cloth, and another crimped up into a tureen to hold nectar; and just as you were taking the first sip, to have a great black shadow come between you and the sunshine, and the next moment to feel a pinch at the heart which—

L. Hush! hush!

Mary Anne. Ay, but so it is—and your butterfly collectors do *that*, time after time, for the pleasure of seeing a glass-case full of pretty colours in a corner of their cabinet.

L. Every little life is a life of bliss—how *can* they destroy it! I should like to hear an appeal from one against such selfish tyranny.

THE BUTTERFLY'S APPEAL.

Poet. Oh, harm me not! Oh, set me free!
Oh, listen while I pray!
What is it that you want with me?
Oh, bear me not away!
What is it you would do—sure not
To stop this beating heart?
Oh, think—it is a life of love
That you would bid depart.

My wings they tremble so! do see
What fragile things they are!
And yet they bear me light and free
Up thro' the fragrant air.

Oh, pleasant are the sights they bring
In the sweet summer hours:
Do you not joy to look at them—
So oft like flying flowers?

You do not know, you do not hear,
And yet I have a voice,
That says and sings all sorts of things,
To make the world rejoice;—
My little world—which, tho' so small,
Is yet a world to me—
Oh, spare me—and I'll tell you why
I beg so earnestly.

There is another who will grieve
If harm should come to me;
We fly together, sport together,
Over the sunny lea.
And when the shade comes o'er the flowers,
Or when the chill wind heaves
The roses to and fro', we make
A couch beneath the leaves.

He's flown to find the sunniest bank
For us to rest upon;
What will he do when he comes back
And finds that I am gone?
You'll have a love some day, perhaps—
Ne'er be *they* treated so!—
E'en now he longs for me to come—
Oh, let me, let me, go!

Mignionette. *Did* they let her go?

Mary Anne. Mignionette, what a child you are!

Old Ashford. Well, girls, are we all ready to start?

Mary Anne. Yes, and you will give us credit for having made good expedition.

Young Ashford. We shall be home before sunset.

Mignionette. Good bye! dear Marl Cliff; and good bye! happy Bidford. There is the church, and see there are the trees at the back of the archery ground!

L. We cannot see that lovely Marian Beckford. She is already a part of the past.

Mignionette. We have never once thought of the far-famed 'Bidford crab-tree,' under which Shakspeare slept!

Old Ashford. I grievously suspect the cause, from the epithet he applies to it.

L. What were his dreams, I wonder!

Mignionette. Of Lance's dog *Crab*, I should think!

Poet. No, it was on a warm 'Midsummer Night;'
And if the poet's shelterer yet remained,
We there, perchance, might track the grassy ring,
Where circled round him, in bewildering dance,
Titania and her fairy revellers.

L. His immortality has exchanged the grassy ring beneath for a halo of golden light above.

Mignionette. It should be prismatic, to suit his varied genius.

Mary Anne. Talking of prismatic colours, what a beautiful combination there was on the ground to-day!

Mignionette. At a little distance it seemed as if the flowers had arisen from the earth, and were undergoing a transformation.

Young Ashford. And talking of prismatic colours, what a dove that Marian Beckford is! and she will bring the olive-branch, too, wherever she comes, with her sweet smile and sweeter voice.

Mary Anne. What have *prismatic colours* to do with *a dove?*

Young Ashford. Cannot you guess?

Mary Anne. What a creature that Mrs. Croker is! It is well they did not have her in the ark; she would have 'shisshed' the dove away from the window.

Young Ashford. Her selfishness would have saved it.

L. There is nothing of hope or promise about her.

Mary Anne. I heard her ask Mignionette if she sang. I longed to say, Yes, one song, and that very much at her service.

Mignionette. What was that?

Mary Anne. '*Allez* Croker!'

L. What a beautiful witness that was to the first promise made to the new world!

Mignionette. It should teach us to bear well both prosperity and adversity—one the sunshine, the other the cloud—for we find there is beauty created by the help of both.

Young Ashford. We shall have a little more of adversity, *alias* cloud, before we reach home.

Old Ashford. The sunshine looks very watery.

L. And there is that very deep blue which they say always comes before rain.

Young Ashford. That is a fallacy; it is the contrast to the clouds that makes it appear as it does.

Mignionette. What a beautiful pageant the heavens are getting up!

Mary Anne. I see all sorts of shapes; there is an old witch riding upon a broomstick.

L. There's a figure like Milton's Peace. Look, there are the 'turtle wings,' and there is the arm 'waving the myrtle wand.'

Mignionette. And further on to the right are two more figures of the same kind. I declare it is 'the Morning Star' leading forth the 'flowery May.' Look at those tiny clouds beneath; they are the flowers she has thrown from her lap.

Young Ashford. Look there, what a capital horse's head!

Old Ashford. You may be seeing all sorts of wonderful sights; I see nothing but the chance of rain.

Young Ashford. It will only be a slight shower.

Mignionette. It will give us a prettier sight than any cloud.

Old Ashford. Well, you will not tempt me out a holiday-making again in a hurry.

Mary Anne. Oh, papa, do not say that; you know we are going to another archery meeting at Malvern to-morrow.

Old Ashford. No, no, nothing shall persuade me. Here it comes!

Mary Anne. What nothing, not even a sign from heaven?
Old Ashford. Why this is a sign from heaven against it.
Mary Anne. Well, but if there *were* to be such a thing?
Old Ashford. Why then it would be a sort of duty to attend to it.
Mignionette. How beautiful! how the drops glisten in the sun! What a shower of brilliants!
Mary Anne. Now, then, be our friend; one more invocation.
Poet. Beautiful herald of the early world,
What time the ark on Ararat did rest,
When, the hush'd waters curl'd
With gentle airs, the tired dove sought its nest,
And the whole earth forgot its mighty fear—
Appear! appear!

Thou art a universal hope in heaven!
Thou art the light from out the darkness born,
The fate to mortals given;
The human heart, with deepest anguish torn,
Looks upon *thee*, and charms from out its sorrow
A happier morrow.

The gentle child gazes at thee, and deems
Thou art the path to that far fairy land
Which it doth see in dreams;
And shades its deep blue eyes with tiny hand,
To watch for the gay creatures who do glide
Adown thy side!

And when the spring-time brings the gentle rain,
The husbandman over the fragrant earth
Scatters the plenteous grain,
He thinks upon the promise at thy birth,
And, blessing thee, works on till evening pale—
His harvest 'shall not fail!'

Come to us, lovely one! We look for thee
As looketh for the morning ray the flower!
Thou comest not for me!
I do invoke thee by a mightier power;
Child of the sun, thy parent bids thee here—
Appear! appear!

All. It comes! it comes!
Mary Anne. If all the children in the world were but as dutiful!
Mignionette. And so the greater part of them would be, if they were, like it, warmed to come by kindness.
Mary Anne. Now, my dear sir, what say you to to-morrow?
Old Ashford. Why, having heaven in your favour, I must not be against.

(*Poet first, and then*)

CHORUS.

We never again will fear the *rain*,
However the wind may blow;
And we'll see the *bow* drawn on the morrow's morn,
And trust in our own RAIN-BOW.

S. Y.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE LATE CHARLES LAMB TO WILLIAM HAZLITT, ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON.

DEAR HAZLITT,

I CANNOT help accompanying my sister's congratulations to Sarah with some of my own to you, on this happy occasion of a man child's being born.

Delighted fancy already sees him some future rich alderman or opulent merchant; painting, perhaps, a little in his leisure hours for amusement, like the late H. Bunbury, Esquire.

Pray, are the Winterslow estates entailed? I am afraid lest the young dog, when he grows up, should cut down the woods, and leave no groves for widows to take their lonesome solace in. The Wem estate, of course, can only devolve on him in case of your brother leaving no male issue.

Well, my blessing and heaven's be upon him, and make him like his father, with something a better temper, and a smoother head of hair; and then all the men and women must love him.

Martin and the bard-boys join in congratulations. Love to Sarah. Sorry we are not within caudle-shot.

C. LAMB.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Lord John Russell's Objection to the Ballot.—'My objection is, that secret voting gives the electors irresponsible power.' We should have broadly affirmed that only a Whig lord could have made this fact an objection, had we not heard it before from the mouth of Thomas Murphy, of Marylebone, at the Political Union. But then there was this difference in the argument, that Mr. Murphy maintained that the people were not yet enfranchised, while Lord John contends that they are, at least so far as is expedient. He has adopted the objection, therefore, stripped of the only assumption that prevented its being the strongest of all recommendations. Mr. Murphy would have the electors responsible to the non-electors, because he thinks the latter have an equal right to the suffrage. Wanting that, he would preserve some influence over its exercise as the next best thing. But Lord John is not for the extension of the suffrage. He thinks the non-electors have not the right nor the qualification. Mr. Murphy pleads for responsibility to what he regards as a competent tribunal; Lord John, for responsibility to a tribunal which he regards as incompetent. Both overlook the fact, that the responsibility is in proportion to the power of annoyance or of reward, and that this power resides chiefly, not in the non-electors, but in the rich electors, in their various capacities of landlords, masters, customers, &c. &c., besides the direct influence of their money. To this class alone does the responsibility really refer. And if, as to this class, the poorer voters are not to be 'irresponsible,' there is an end of all that freedom and purity of election which his lordship so loudly praises. This notion of responsibility is transferred from trusts which have no

analogy with the franchise. To whom can a nation be responsible? To say that electors should be responsible in the choice of representatives is equivalent to saying that the nation is not represented. If there were first an election of electors by universal suffrage, the objection would have some sense in it; but even then only against the secondary, and not the primary exercise of the suffrage.

The whole of Lord John's speech is admirably dissected in the 'Examiner' of the 25th of January. Having mentioned that paper, we take the opportunity of disclaiming a very forced construction of our praise, and well-merited praise we deem it, of the 'Cheltenham Free Press,' last month, as if it implied any sympathy with, or approval of, an attack therein made upon the 'doubtful integrity' of the 'Examiner.' We believe the terms were used unwarily, as they certainly were unjustifiably; for where shall we find the purest integrity as well as the highest ability of journalism if not in the 'Examiner?' In fact, we should have thought the expression of our opinion superfluous, if not impertinent, had it not been called for by this misconstruction.

The Birmingham Town Hall, and the Nomination Meeting therein. —The Birmingham Town Hall is a noble edifice—look at it from any of the five lines of approach, when you will. Seen under a very clear sky, it is silent glory and beauty; under the bright light of the moon—but more so when the clear moon is now *dark'd*, now flashed out again suddenly, by the rapidly-scudding black storm-clouds,—it is, of all the buildings I remember in this kingdom, the most thought-suggestive. And, probably, much of this power is ascribable to those very matters of objection, which tastes, that I must consider superior to mine, have taken to its site and neighbourhood. I like it for standing near those humble brick dwelling-houses. Knowing and feeling, as I do, the purpose and spirit which urged its erection, it looks to me like their magnificent, not insolently condescending, friend—not their haughty lord. Had its site been more elevated ground, and its whole more isolated, I think it would not have possessed that look of the kindly grand, that countenance of the benevolently beautiful, which, to my sense at least, it now possesses. The projection beyond the street line in the south front, which a skilful and scientific architect pointed out to me as a great defect, I like; this must be my bad taste. It steps out with a generous and complacent bravery, as if it would say, 'I belong to you all, and will protect and befriend you all. I am here with you; come to me all as fellows and friends:' not as an insolent blusterer, with one leg thrust out, like a bully, because he happens to be a strong and big fellow, as who should say, 'Keep off, you rabble, you vagabonds! or come on if you dare, and I'll smash you!' I believe there is not any building in England that can exhibit such a glorious range of columns. Afar off they attract, near they fascinate the gaze. Get into an angle with the eastern line of them, and they become countless, calling up a fancy of 'there are thousands more,' only your vision is too weak to trace and follow the line. Stand at a distance, and look to the roof; the sky and it are associated; they are mighty and graceful dwellers together. The fabric is a splendid poem.

It has, besides, recommendations to the 'practical man,' *par excellence.* Had Government done the town the honour of patronizing the

building, contrivance would have been successful in making the same thing a subject of taxation to the amount of about a hundred thousand pounds. The men of Birmingham know how these matters are managed well enough; and so, by escaping from the aid of royal, ministerial, and aristocratic patronage, they saved their fellow-townsmen some seventy thousand pounds.

But the imposing grandeur and gratifying beauty vanishes when you have entered the building. The poetry is gone. Imposing effect is utterly sacrificed to the sheerest utility, *i. e.* the anti-utilitarian's utility. Yet do I opine that even more utility might have been maintained if attention to poetical effect had not been so entirely superseded. Those galleries appear like hasty excrescences—a defect which, certainly, is diminished when they are occupied by some eight hundred or a thousand persons: but *then* they have a look of unsafeness, capable and strong as a close inspection convinces us they are. There is about them a character of heavy fragility; it is ponderousness resting on filagree. The *coup-d'œil*, perhaps, would have been much more satisfactory and grand, if, instead of the ugly excrescences and projections, which now constitute the galleries, gradations of seats had risen directly *from the floor*, exactly at the lines from which the front seats of the galleries are perpendicular with the base. Such a construction would not only have given a reality, but, what is almost equally necessary, also an appearance of satisfactory strength and stability, besides an increase of accommodation, as to number, of sitters, for all seek to avoid the spaces under the galleries. Ingress and egress, too, would have been no less, perhaps more, easy than at present; though, in respect of egress from the ground-floor, I know no public building for popular assemblages that surpasses it; the alarm on the nomination day tried the case thoroughly.

Good people of Birmingham, let all strangers see the inside of your noble building, (that building of which you justly may be proud,) when it is crammed full of your fellow-townsmen on some great and stirring occasion. Get up a Wellington farce; and while he scoffs at you, you may despise him and a squadron of dragoons at his back. Let the spaces which allow of two thousand people to arrange unruffled their gala-dresses, to stretch out legs and take good elbow-room, be quintuply packed, showing a sea of faces and heads as closely piled and wedged as if they have been rammed together by paviers' rods, just as they were crowded, and crammed, and rammed, and wedged on Wednesday, January 7, 1835, and the eye will sweep over a spectacle which is equalled by nothing but old Niagara—a spectacle at once awful, sublime, and heart-throbbing. *Then* all excrescence, all incongruity, littleness, and disappointed expectation are swept away.

On that day there were ten or perhaps twelve thousand people packed together. The seats being removed, left the great floor clear; and every avenue, aisle, and accessible window-place was filled with bodies crushed up into the smallest dimensions; thousands of arms were literally wedged to the sides by the pressure. The organ-loft, from which my view is taken, was occupied by the committees and friends, who were admitted by ticket. From this station the eye ran over the whole plain and mountains of hats and faces; up from which rose, on every occasion of circumstantial or verbal appeal to their approving senses, cheers that would have made silent the loudest thunder; rattling, and ringing,

and reverberating with such passionate sublimity, that one actually, for a moment, felt a dread that the roof and walls would split under that mighty burst of voices; while hats and arms shook and shivered like the crossed and splintering billows of the sea in a black night, when opposite and furiously sharp blasts are battling o'er its surface. And, look there—I am supposing the reader has eyes—imagination would scarcely have helped me to the conception of such a scene and effect, if I had not witnessed them *de facto*. There were many dashings, rushings of those who were outside the building, in bodies of some hundreds at once, attempting to force themselves into that solid mass; they seemed to drive into the compact body a huge inky billow—it swept on as if an ocean from without had made a tremendous SEND of its waters into the land-locked haven, which it caused to heave, and sway, and swell as though it would burst every barrier, and overwhelm all in its course. Another *send*—and another—and then I had the similitude of a dark pine forest, swinging its clinging and intertwisted branches, at one instant with one motion, as the rattling tempest rolled over them, unfeared and unscathing. I have seen many strange and stirring things in my time, but that is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary.

There was one thing which absolutely appalled for a moment, till repetition in some degree accustomed me to it. I have frequently heard 'groans,' as they are called, from offended popular assemblies—but the 'hooting,' as it is termed, (though there is no *t* in the sound,) on this day, is altogether different—it is a fierce howling wind. Perhaps the immense number of throats, belonging all to one mind—and the sounds being confined within walls—contributed much to its peculiar and truly formidable character. Of all the sounds I ever heard, except the sighing in chorus of a swarm of alligators, at midnight, in a vast swamp, (which I once had the felicity to hear, quite innocent of all suspicion that such charming neighbours were within a few yards of me,) this *hooing* is the most strange and thrilling. My remembering ears are familiar with the hissing of the oriental Typhon, and the dense growl, flattening into a piercing scream, of the West India hurricane: this *hooing*, from ten or twelve thousand mouths at once, combines the fearful quality of either—it is as indescribably strange, as it is indescribably effective—it splits into millions of minute vibrations. My hat, as I held it in my hand, had a tremulous motion from the concussive sweep, and the fur shivered like breeze-blown grass in a meadow.

Let not the reader conclude that there was any bad feeling, any spite or malevolence in all this. I know the enemies of popular rights will gladly, if they can, by all that twisting, imputation, and *gullery* is able to effect, fix a stain on the character of that assemblage, and quote its conduct as an argument to prove the mischief of extending elective privilege to the mass: but I take the liberty of hinting, that had the same strength been in *their* hands, it would not have been used with such noble—ay—such DIGNIFIED moderation: broken heads and fractured limbs, by the hundred; riot, destruction, and drunkenness, from one end of Birmingham to the other, would have signalized *their* triumph. In this instance the utmost fierceness was the mirth of strength (not its insolence) enjoying the defeat of arrogant weakness. And it was amusing enough to read the *palpable* affectation of indifference—and of deafness to all these assailing sounds—the glaring pretence—the trying

to look as if that ten thousand men was a mere blank. They lost much right good fun by their obliquity of vision. There was an old grey-headed man, perhaps one of the very few who figured in opposition to the ruffianism of 1792, who sat in the front seat of the great gallery, and *directly face* to the Tory's man, Mr. Spooner; and when the latter stood up, he also got upon his legs, took off his coat, turned it inside out, and put it on again; and then bent forward, with outstretched arm, pointing to Spooner, while a supporter on each side of him also beckoned to Spooner, to look at this most apt and well-understood illustration of himself. The effect was electric. A laugh from ten thousand throats chorussed against the walls and rolled along the roof. It was a capital picture! But the Tories neither saw nor heard anything of this, not they: they were too 'respectable' to gaze on the amusement of the 'rabble:' too *dignified* to be interested in anything which emanated from the 'mob'—though, indeed, if a Church and King 'mob' could have been got up, they would have hailed its members, though all from the treadmills and hulks, as 'their noble, brave, Christian fellow-townsmen.'

All was proceeding safely though uproariously, merrily though magnificently, till just as Muntz was hanging Spooner on the tenter-hooks of question, a crash in the corner of the gallery, near my elbow, excited alarm, some apprehension of disaster. It was soon shown, however, that only some benches had broken their legs and backs: and business proceeded for a quarter of an hour longer, when something truly appalling did occur. There was a strange and fearful commotion in the great gallery, but no sound could be distinguished as indicating the cause. The commotion of voices smothered the noise of crashing timber, and the rumbling, crushing, and struggling of human bodies. The eye rested, as it were, on a huge and ominous moving cloud that was spreading destruction noiselessly, and was the more fearful because it smote without sound in its action. Something painful and terrific was in progress there; what, none, for some moments, could ascertain, till the panelling of the front gallery swung out over the floor of the hall—like a ship's sail which had torn away the belaying cleats; and body after body was seen pitching over and dropping down on the wedged heads beneath. Perhaps no one who looked afterwards at the course and character of the accident is without astonishment (there *are some* who are not *thankful*) that so little injury to human life was done. The back seat of the gallery was pressed on by ten times the ordinary weight which it is calculated to carry: it was completely crushed, and the whole throng fell forwards and down the declivity—each successive row giving way before it, and adding its own weight to the next, till the front of the gallery burst away. Yet it is amazing that only four people were hurt! and those would have escaped, perhaps, had not fear impelled them to leap from the gallery. No one who thought could withhold his admiration of the cool presence of mind which was evinced by that dense mass of people. Never, perhaps, was there exhibited so much of the effect of habits of thinking as was displayed on this occasion. Terrific as the alarm was, there was not in the eastern gallery, which was entirely under my range of vision, and crowded so closely as to be one solid body, the least movement: each man seemed confident that his quiescence was the safety and security of all: this is the result of

thought—thought taken closely and sternly in the midst of danger. My firm belief is that such an accident, in such a crowd, could not have occurred in two other towns in the empire, without the crushing mutilation, and serious injury of many hundred men. And though, from the admirable facility of egress, the ground-floor, which was occupied by eight thousand bodies, was, in one minute, almost cleared; yet there was no confusion—none of the wild, half-delirious, and screaming efforts to escape, which *have* so fatally characterised popular assemblies. Each seemed to calculate for himself and his fellow-men, that, *following the stream steadily, in his direction, was the safest and shortest way to the street.* There was no conflection and crossing of currents. The furthest from the door calmly held his turn. That day—that accident, and consequent alarm—may be held as a lesson to the world, and a taste of the quality of the Birmingham men. All that I saw and heard, told me, in language too clear to be mistaken, these are not the men to be humbugged. In *less than six minutes* from the instant the alarm rose, the floor was cleared, and again solidly wedged with eager and resolved men; and when the names of Attwood and Scholefield were successively put to the vote, over the black hats a sea of flesh, of arms and hands, was thrown; hundreds of arms being stripped bare of coat and shirt-sleeve and all covering, in the forcible thrust of them upwards through the compressed and solid throng of bodies—yes, hundreds and hundreds of arms were thus laid bare to the elbow; and all were as suddenly drawn down again to give opportunity for the friends of the Tory candidate to display their strength. Some fifty hands—not more—on the Tory committee side, went gallantly up; and throughout the whole mass of the assembled beyond, I counted (after looking sharply) three solitary —yet, be justice done—courageous hands: and, with this unequivocal sense of the popular opinion, they went to the poll. They calculated on certain weapons, which they used unsparingly with those who had votes—*wherever* they had hardihood to venture them; and if by such means they could have gained a majority of the three thousand electors, they would have trumpeted to the Duke the pleasing intelligence that there was a reaction of popular opinion, in favour of *him*, in Birmingham!!! Why, if they had quadrupled the numbers who voted for the Reformers, it would have proved nothing of the popular opinion in *their favour.* I do not mean that they miscalculated their aid from a certain party, their error was in imagining this party had weight with honest men, and men who think. They had bullied, and insinuated, and swaggered, and sneered a confident positive change of public opinion; that the weathercock now pointed to them. They had, for months previous, been snugly and secretly cooking up the church-rate affair; employing every art and delusion they could invent and combine, for a grand blow, whenever a fit moment should arrive for unmasking their batteries and sweeping down all before them. And such was their stupidity that they selected as the most opportune hour, the one in which the news of Wellington's appointment to the Dictatorship arrived in Birmingham! Did they fancy that name carried irresistible lightning with its sound? No; their error was more astonishing still—more miserable, yet more laughable—more contemptible—more pitiably blundering. They attached a charm—a fascination—a delighting electricity to the name of that hater of popular sense; that would-be crusher of thoughts and soul—that

scorner of public reason and justice—that wholesale scoffer at unchained honesty—that merciless mocker at humanity's cry—that ruthless slaughterer of thousands for hire, or for a fanfaronade—that laughing drowner of men—that stagnant blooded self-idolizer. They, the Tories of Birmingham, were so besotted, bigotted, and blinded, as to suppose Wellington's backing would recommend to and carry their measures with the people of Birmingham!

Well; but of the meeting at the Town Hall. Eager and tremendous as was the assembly, it dispersed as quietly as if the components of it had walked away from church or chapel; and, to the mortification, in the very antipodes of all the forebodings and prophecies of the Tories—to the bitter chagrin of the Dictator Duke's parasites and martinets—went through the foolishly-contested election and its excitements, as if they had walked to and from market, to learn and carry away the quality of the butter that was exposed. Sternness and steadiness were the only changes from their good-humoured merriment.

PEL VERJUICE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Mayor of Wind-Gap; and Canvassing. By the O'Hara Family.

MR. BANIM'S pen has lost none of its power, nor has the facility with which it depicts the stormiest passions and the broadest humour been ever more strikingly displayed than in these volumes. The first tale is most dramatically constructed; its contrasts are as strong as the lights and darknesses of Rembrandt; and the unexpected and rapid changes at the conclusion produce an excitement which rather resembles the effect of a well-acted tragedy than that of the mere perusal of a narrative. 'Canvassing' is of a lighter cast; and the humours of an Irish election, as Irish elections were managed some thirty years ago, are graphically sketched. As the story proceeds, it assumes a pathetic character, and indicates the correct conviction of the author, that heartlessness and folly are too full of mischief in their consequences to be merely laughed at. We wonder that such an artist should occasionally detract from the effect of a description by alluding to it *as a description.* Such pictures as his need not the master's name; and we should else have imagined him to have been generally unconscious that he was penning a description. In the best of them he must, at the time, have been unconscious of himself and his art, and absorbed in the object. So should it ever be.

The Sacred Offering.

WE welcome the fifth annual appearance of this work, which comes into the world like a pilgrim from the Holy Land, or a vestal on some mission of mercy from her sacred retreat, herself as pure and graceful as her errand is benign. There is not a poetical flower in it but is moist with the dews and redolent of the perfumes of Paradise. It is not of the earth, nor earthy. The spirit of piety by which it is pervaded is alike

untainted by the asperities of party, or the debasements of superstition. The present volume has more of the scriptural sonnets, the felicitous execution of which we adverted to on a former occasion; it is introduced by the translation of a Drama of Klopstock's 'On the Death of Adam;' and enriched by fragments from the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, written shortly before her death. It is certainly not inferior, in the general merit of the compositions, to any of its predecessors, and it can scarcely fail to deepen the impressions and cherish the sentiments which they were calculated and designed to produce.

The Saxon's Daughter. By N. Michell.

A ROMANCE of the days of chivalry, told in spirited and not unmusical verse. In its construction, this poem belongs to the same species with the metrical tales of Scott and Byron. But although Scott and Byron might be inspired, they are not the best fountains of inspiration for the young poet to drink at. In the present case, the author seems to be an imitator, perhaps more frequently than he is so, at least in sentiment and description. The story itself is well managed.

The Comic Annual. By T. Hood.

MR. HOOD is late this year; a circumstance to which we owe a very pleasant rebuke of the other Annuals for being so early. They cannot resist his reasons; and next year we hope to see him first in the field with a lecture on their laziness. First or last, it matters not; Mr. Hood's book is never *ex tempore*, whatever his wit may be. It suits alike summer-time and winter-time, breakfast-time and supper-time, or any time, with a-turn-at-tea into the bargain. The prominent topic in the present volume is the Great Conflagration, in which the author luxuriates like a salamander. It is fuel for his fire, and he warms at it, and makes light of it, and plays upon it, until the reader is forced to 'laugh consumedly.' The next best thing is the Ode to Mr. Buckingham, occasioned by his 'staggering' Report on Drunkenness; or the 'Sketches on the Road;' we are not sure which. And our comparison only relates to the letter-press; for as to judging between that and the pictorial wit, it altogether passes our critical collectedness. And what's the use of it? 'Better 'tis to bless the sun than reason why he shines;' and, by parity of reason, to enjoy than to criticise the 'Comic Annual.' Let the reader judge for himself, or do without, and laugh for himself, which may be wiser. Suffice it to say, if we must be critical, that this volume is not behind those which went before it; and that it resembles all the author's productions, in having always some philosophy in its fun, often some pathos in its pleasantry, with plenty of intellectual power at play amongst the most preposterous of its puns.

Scottish Songs. By Alexander Hume.

THE author of this volume has in him the genuine spirit of song. It behoves him to improve a gift which is no common possession. Not

song-making, though for that it often passes, is the yoking of verses to music like that of horses to an omnibus, and then going off with a crack and a squeak, and a long rattling and rumbling. A song is a single emotion, breathed forth in the consentaneous melody of words and notes. The music of the verses and of the air should be not so much harmonized as identified. A real songster is both poet and musician. Failing either quality, in a sufficient degree for original production, there should be, and this is essential, a strong appreciation of whichever exists first, the poetry or the music, by those who supply the musical or the poetical complement, to produce the perfect song. The author, who is known to our readers by two or three of the songs which reappear in this volume, and especially by a beautiful ballad which was set as our 'Song of the Month,' for May, 'My Bessie, O but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,' has shown his susceptibility for music by the airs for which he has written his words, and by which they were probably, in most cases, generated. They are Scottish *a'thegither;* and verses are interspersed not unworthy of Burns himself. Such is the following image in 'the Braes o' Tweeddale:'—

'The heart may for a time forget
The land where it an' life first met,
But mem'ry, like a sun that set,
Has ris'n again on Tweeddale.'

Or this, in the description of a sturdy peasant:—

'Auld Nature, just to show the warl'
Ae truly honest callan,
She strippit till't, and made a carle,
An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.'

Our May song has here an additional verse interposed between the third and the last, the simple truth of which is touching:—

'We'd raise our lisping voices in auld Coila's melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie banks an' braes;
But thocht na we o' banks an braes, except those at our feet—
Like yon wee bird, we sang our sang, yet kent na that 'twas sweet.'

In quoting an entire song, as a specimen for those of our readers who may have become so recently, we cannot do better than take the last in the volume, which expresses a sentiment that the writer evidently feels strongly. It is written for the air of 'Galla Water.'

'MY MOUNTAIN HAME.

'My mountain hame! my mountain hame!
My kind, my independent mother;
While thought an' feeling rule my frame,
Can I forget the mountain heather,
Scotland dear?

Though foes should e'er in chains me bind,
An' dungeon wa's around me gather,
Can they blot mem'ry from my mind,
Or wile my heart frae the mountain heather,
Scotland dear?

'I loe to hear your daughters dear,
Their rustic tale in sang revealing;
Whene'er your music greets my ear,
My bosom swells wi' a joyous feeling,
Scotland dear.

'Tho' I to other lands may gae,
As the robin comes in wintry weather,
I'll hameward flee whene'er I may,
An' nestle amang the mountain heather,
Scotland dear.

'When I maun die, O I wad lie
Where I an' life first met thegither;
That my cold clay, thro' its decay,
Might live and bloom in the mountain heather,
Scotland dear.'

This volume is dedicated to the best living Scottish songster, Allan Cunningham, by whom its contents have been warmly praised; and whose judgment might have superseded ours, were it not that we always choose to judge for ourselves, even in the presence of such masters of the art; albeit, with a *quantum valeat* when we differ.

Plain Advice to Landlords and Tenants. Washbourne.

We understand that upwards of six thousand copies have been sold of this useful compendium. Eighteenpence is a cheap premium for insurance against the manifold expenses and vexations which may arise out of the relations of landlord and tenant, lodging-house keepers and lodging-hirers. The public are indebted to Mr. Washbourne for the industry with which this and many other little books of a similarly useful description are got up.

A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By a Curate.

Certain questions have been forwarded by the Bishops to their Clergy, tending to elicit information, or its semblance, preparatory (as is supposed) to some plan of Church Reform. In that aristocratical spirit which pervades our institutions,—even though they be, as whatever is Christian must be, professedly founded on the broadest principle of human equality and fraternity,—these queries have been addressed to Incumbents and not to Curates; to the gentlemen, and not to the operatives, of the Establishment. Hereupon the Curate ventures to question the Archbishop, and puts the very reasonable inquiry, why the Curates were not invited to answer for themselves on points which they were most competent to elucidate, and in which their interests, and those of the incumbents, their employers, are directly at variance? To this pertinent question, several others succeed, equally deserving the attention of the Dignitary to whom they are addressed, and of the public generally. Amongst other demands, the Curate asks, 'What is the reason that the Clergy, as a body, are at present degraded before mankind?' And he justly adds, 'The answer is immediate; they have commuted the means which the Deity gave them for the dissemination of Divine truth and

virtue, into the elevation and aggrandizement of SELF. Thus serving the creature more than the Creator, they have cut off the streams of Divine illumination from themselves, and have left the whole world in darkness.' (p. 15) That such a body is 'the power that is appointed to regenerate the kingdoms of men' is a position of which we cannot feel quite so confident as the Author. We must wait to witness their own regeneration first. Still we love the simple fervour of his pious enthusiasm. Whatever become of his prophecy, we believe his history to be correct; and as affecting as it is true. Witness the following description:

'Another subject, against which the national appeal is made, and concerning which tears run down the people's cheeks, is the treatment which is awarded by the Establishment to a body that has won itself the honourable appellation of "the working clergy." Of all denominations of men, not excepting the Irish peasantry, there is not a more unbefriended and ill-used race of beings upon earth than the curates. Reared in the pleasures and luxuries of an university, raised during their academical residence above their future conditions, they are prepared by the refinements of feeling acquired there—for what? to bury in their heart's core a degree of poverty at which the heart sickens and the senses swim! Oh! my Lord, how deeply, and how fatally, the wretched curate learns the lesson of concealment, can only be known by those who have felt it. Home to him has no charms—there is poverty in every corner; excursions abroad no enjoyments—there is exposure at every step; friendship no balm—it pours oil into wounds he would rather should destroy life than be perceived. The curate stands in his parish like a desolate tree, withering and deserted; save by a few wretched sucklings at his root, to whom he has given unfortunate existence. To pierce the concealment of a curate, you must go, my Lord, to his kitchen. His parlour will not do; there he effectually deceives you. Studied neatness distinguishes his parlour, his children, and the partner of his trials. For this the mournful minister of peace has debarred himself the gratification of the senses, and reduced his wants and health to mere attenuation—exhaustion—nothing. To his kitchen must you go to peruse the tale of a curate's misfortunes. See, my Lord, as I open the door, in silence; you behold the lonely couple preparing, with their offspring, to partake of their accustomed meal. A little bacon, a few potatoes, a morsel of bread, and a cup of cold water, comprise the sum of all they shall taste this day. Heartbroken father! careworn mother! dear hungry innocents! a rich man's servant would reject your humble fare. But hark, my Lord, he reads the rich man's self a lesson; he does infinite honour to those poor elements; he asks a blessing, where, alas! one is too plainly wanted. But it is enough, my Lord, let us close the door of your fellow-labourer and brother in Christ!

'Continual drippings will wear away a block of granite. Such events destroy a curate's usefulness—his energy, with his health, give way—he is grey-headed at thirty-five—few and evil having been the number of his days, he sinks into the grave, to receive in the bosom of his God, those comforts which the Church denied him on earth.'

And such are some of the workings of a plan which professes to be the best in the world for teaching the people religion! There must be a gross fallacy somewhere; but the public have little chance of its detection while the attention to this subject, both of Churchmen and Statesmen, is chiefly directed to the pecuniary interests which it involves.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. I.

THE IMBECILE.

CYRIL CONWAY was one of those unfledged barristers whose appeal, in their outset in life, lies more to the courts of criticism than to the courts of law: that is, he eked out a scanty income by large outgoings from his brain, for the supply of various quarterly and other periodical publications. His position, in the abstract, calculated to move the contemplative to compassion, was, in the detail, anything but painful. Cyril was, fortunately, not one of those who

> 'Beat at their brains and fancy wit will come,'

but who,

> 'Knock as they will, find nobody at home.'

He suffered none of those pains of parturition which necessarily make some writers think so much of their literary offspring, though nobody else does. The fountains of Cyril's thoughts were ever flowing: when once fairly engrossed by a theme, what cared he for the dull or coarse realities of life? He was as far from *them* as his antipodes from him—as much above them as the cerulean sky is above the ocean abyss! It mattered not that his chambers were meanly and scantily furnished—that the negligence of the laundress had left a very small supply of coals, and that he had not economized them with sufficient care and skill. Far, far from such perceptions had his spirit gone to riot amid scenes of rich revelry, where 'wit set the table in a roar,' or music 'lapped the soul in elysium.'

When the spell was dissolved by the closing of the article he was writing, he would fold it up, put it into his pocket, button his coat, put out his candles, and go forth. The intensity of light lately burning within him suddenly subsided, but was not extinct: enough was left to form a halo, which lighted him through the dull streets, and kept him warm and buoyant till he reached the printing-office, where another inspiration touched him.

There was a charm about Cyril's manner and character which none could resist; it made him welcome everywhere; no creature, who had even but by chance spoken to him, ever forgot him, or would not have been glad to meet him again. The very link boy, who conducted him over a dirty crossing, felt a glow of good will towards him, for he was sure to say something which made the poor lad think the better of himself and the world for the rest of the night; and, as the few coppers were dropped into his hat, the 'God bless your honour!' came from the boy's heart as well as his lips.

At the editor's or printer's office, therefore, where Cyril was

known, there were always two or three hands held out to clasp his the moment he appeared; while many, who could not claim such a privilege, looked towards him, from time to time, with a gleam breaking upon their swart features, as if *his* coming was the advent of cheer to their spirits. They were never disappointed, for he spoke as well as he wrote, with the same unconscious flow of fire, feeling, force, and sweetness.

Cyril rarely made his escape from this scene, (which, however, in reality a dark dingy den, was, by the power of social intellect, converted into a region of light, and warmth, and gladness,) otherwise than linked arm in arm with some one, not fitted by conventional rules or the claims of equal powers to be his companion; but who grappled him by an appeal few can resist,—admiration for his talent, and regard for himself. Yet Cyril was not given to intemperance; though many, with whom 'misery made him acquainted,' were. His dreams borrowed nothing of their beauty or eccentricity from the effects of inebriety; so that if the morning brought him a one guinead brief, or a half guinea motion, it always found him clear-headed, and often (poor fellow!) glad-hearted. Alas! how little do the rich know how much sweetness a single guinea will often drop into the poor man's cup! There, Cyril, there is a tear for thee, and for thy fortunes; let it be added to the million which thy pathos and thy humour have provoked!

Cyril was returning home one night, through a heavy rain, when his ear was suddenly caught, as he passed a doorway, by the sound of some one weeping. His buoyant step was instantly stayed, and, turning his head, he saw two women, evidently standing up from the rain. He had an umbrella, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, he made them an offer of it. After a slight hesitation it was accepted, at the same time a very gentle voice observed, 'We have been unable to procure a coach, and my daughter and myself have found much difficulty in getting so far as this, for she is very delicate; at length her exhaustion became so great we were compelled to pause here, in the hope that the wind and rain might abate.'

'Well, madam,' replied Cyril, 'as the umbrella can shelter but one, will you walk on with it as guide, and permit me to support this young lady, and shelter her with my cloak, which is sufficiently ample for the purpose?'

A quarter of an hour's walk led them to a street leading off from the Strand, and the light which was brought to the door at which they knocked, gave Cyril a perfect view of his new acquaintances. The elder was a somewhat elegant woman, between forty and fifty years of age; the younger, a girl about eighteen, who, as she escaped from his cloak, revealed a small but beautiful figure, and a very lovely face, though pale as the pearl yet sleeping in its shell. The momentary glance of a timid

blue eye, was all of thanks of which Cyril was conscious, though much verbal gratitude was poured upon him by the mother. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to ask permission to call the next morning to learn how they had borne the effects of so pitiless a night, and was then flying off without his umbrella, only that he was recalled by the shrill tones of the servant girl.

How did Cyril dream that night! What storm and tempest did he not brave with that fair girl, like a beam upon his bosom, breaking the surrounding darkness; the murmur of her voice made music amid the din of battling winds; her clasp kept him buoyant above billows which yawned and rolled beneath his feet; and her smile, timid and transient as the one which had visited his waking sight, warmed his heart with hope, and animated it for endurance.

Cyril awoke the next morning, and found himself in a new world—in short, he was in love. His age, five-and-twenty, and his organization, full of fire and feeling, must plead for him with the safety sons of society, who travel like snails, slow but sure, and with a telegraphic apparatus of forethought, which is equivalent to the insect's antennæ, enabling them to feel their way with the precision of a pair of compasses.

Every clock in the Temple, as well as Cyril's own watch, appeared to him in a conspiracy against time; but at length he presented his person where he had left his heart the preceding night—saw only the mother—learned that her name was Pembroke, and that she was the widow of a naval officer, and departed with an invitation to tea the following evening, won for him by the fascination of his address and conversation, rather than by his original service. Cyril had an engagement for the next evening, but had it been to meet the assembled sovereigns of the earth it had been broken. The nectarine hour, fondly anticipated, came; and bohea and blushes blessed his senses. The only fault of Caroline Pembroke's appearance was being over dressed; but that Cyril did not discern, and, as a compliment paid to himself, would have deemed it anything but a fault if he had.

From the first dawn of preference to the acknowledgment of passion, there is an indefinable strengthening of the moral light, which may be compared to the progress of the light of day as it steals imperceptibly more and more upon the sky, till every reluctant shadow flies, and we *feel* the full orb, yet cannot tell the moment at which its lustre was first complete.

Cyril was in a state of enchantment when he had won the sweet assurance that he was loved; there is none so flattering to every feeling and vanity of the human breast; and so strongly does it appeal to the passions, that it leaves the reason little ability to act.

Youth, in contending with its feelings, in submitting them to the influence of circumstances, has a difficult part to perform. The passions are subtle casuists, more ready to elude reflection than to conform to its dictates. Many who have taken upon themselves to legislate for human nature, and have appeared to think prudence so easy of production, have not entered on their moral office till they have become passionless; some of them were probably never otherwise. Infinite would be the advantage to the world if the plan of keeping moral diaries or journals was adopted; then the sexagenarian might turn back to the record of his feelings, when he, like a son or a dependent, was but eighteen or twenty years of age: by such a review and comparison, he might be led to judge more justly, more kindly, of the young race around him. But legislators of all sorts are ever without sympathy for those they govern; the old make laws for the young; the rich for the poor; the men for the women: thus laws are not adapted to the necessities, or congenial to the nature of those obliged to obey them, but of those who dispense them; hence law is continually only another name for tyranny; it is the legalized will of the powerful brought into operation on the powerless, who, by resistance, (which as naturally arises from oppression as heat from friction,) create an under current running against control; from this conflict have sprung all the moral diseases which doctors, divines, and lawyers, with their poisons, prisons, and mad-houses have been called to remedy. All these professions have now been in active practice for some thousands of years, with little other result than that of maintaining their own orders at the expense of all the other orders of society.

Rapid and bright as had been the progress of Cyril's love, the sunshine was destined to be broken by a cloud as dense as any that can visit human fate. Mrs. Pembroke died suddenly, leaving her child to utter orphanage, and absolute destitution. The unresisting Caroline sank beneath the blow; but she was lifted, like a blighted lily, from her mother's bier to a husband's bosom. Passion and pity prevailed over every suggestion of prudence; and though Cyril had little to give beyond his tenderness and tears, those were consecrated to Caroline.

The strong necessity which impelled Cyril to act, gave him a power of management which he had never before evinced. Hitherto the common and current wants of life had touched him as little as most men; but now he showed that a mind of high powers can act to advantage in any case, provided the motive for action be sufficiently strong.

Caroline was made the mistress of a home, simple enough it is true, but such as a small exertion of skill might have invested with comfort and even grace, and of which *mind* might have made a temple! St. Pierre says that a fire is the brightest jewel in the poor man's cottage; there is a brighter than that—the

smile-lighted face of a loving heart, sustained by moral and mental energy.

Little has hitherto been said of Caroline, because she is of a class of women who say little for themselves, and for whom little can be said. That she had won the love of such a man as Cyril, was partly owing to his imagination, which (as the imagination of the passionate too often does) had endowed his idol with suppositious gifts, and partly from the conventional and poetical notions which he entertained of women. Experience was destined to awaken him to the truth, that it is art, not nature, which has made men and women so widely different, and that the simplest self-acting work of nature is worth more than the finest piece of clockwork which human skill ever constructed. He looked on women as women themselves look on babies—as things to be cared for and controlled—whose faults were to be forgiven for the sake of their weakness,—whose errors were pardonable on account of their ignorance—who if

> 'Some few follies to their lot might fall,
> Look in their faces you'd forget them all.'

All this does very well in theory, it may animate the spirit of gay gallantry in a drawing-room, where 'the ladies' slave trade' is a matter of passing amusement; where hearts kindle and catch cold in the brief space of ten minutes, and the sweets brought abroad for the evening, by some strange moral chemistry, turn to sours at home the next morning. She who desires to have a slave, deserves to have a tyrant; and she generally has her desert, for slavery is only an apprenticeship to tyranny. I think with Madame de Staël, that 'it is only in childhood that levity has a charm; it seems as if the Creator still held the child by the hand, and assisted him to tread gently over the clouds of life: but when time abandons man to himself, it is only in the seriousness of his soul that he can find reflection, sentiment, and virtue.'

Let us not confound the elasticity of an excursive and excitable mind, the flashes of a buoyant imagination, with levity. *They* often have their source in the deepest springs of the soul, to which the spirit can retire, as the eagle to his eyry, and say unto the world, as that does to the winds, I can defy you. Let us define levity to be an utter absence of reflection on the past, and of any thing like calculation on the consequence of the present. It is *this* levity which may lead to everything bad and cruel in life.

Caroline Conway was a lovely woman, as far as symmetry of form and feature, fair skin, sweet eyes, and fine hair may constitute loveliness; she had, in addition, a soft voice and a graceful gentleness of carriage, which as much as anything about her won upon affection. Her small, yet beautiful forehead, too, indicated just that degree of intellect which men like to meet in women, that is, enough to appreciate male talent, not to rival it. But to even this extent Caroline's intellect had not been culti-

vated. She had been from her birth very pretty, and her parents, who were as ignorant of human nature as an Esquimaux of mathematics, made her their idol, cherishing her with a pernicious tenderness, the consequence of which was utter enervation. At the time that she became a bride, and long previous, one sole ambition possessed her mind, (which the trash of a circulating library fed,)—that ambition was to be a remarkable instance of youthful delicate beauty. With this view she denied herself the nourishment necessary to sustain her strength, and lived almost literally on bread and butter.* Ignorant of the intimate sympathy which exists between all parts of the human economy†—ignorant that there is beauty, great and various, beyond this blank beauty of form, she but imperfectly attained that at which she aimed; and she sank into a debility which rendered any mental action, beyond a feeble irritableness, impossible. To this was superadded habits of dress,‡ at utter variance with health or the liberty of action to many of the functions of her frame; and thus, while aiming at perfect beauty, she was purchasing premature decay, and perpetual imbecility.

Unhappy Cyril! was this a being to brave with thee thy stormy fortune, and top the mountain billows in triumphant success? Was this the being to turn aside with thee at intervals from the toiling tasks of life, and recreate thee and herself at the unexpensive, yet rich, banquet of intellectual love? Was this a being to be the mother of thy children? What organic energy or mental culture could they derive from *her?*

* A fact.

† Haller, Soemmering, and Cuvier, in speaking of the proportion of the brain to the body, regard it difficult to determine that proportion, because, they say, the body alters, that is, increases or diminishes, and the brain does not. On this Dr. Spurzheim observes, that the latter part of this proposition is refuted by experience; that though no adipose substance be deposited in the brain more than in the lungs, it still participates in the *nutrition of the body* as well as every other organic part; its convolutions are more plump and more closely packed together, and the whole brain is heavier, in well-nourished men and animals in the flower of youth and vigour, than in the old, lean, or emaciated, or in those who have died of hunger or of lingering diseases.

‡ Dr. Southwood Smith (for whose observations on the enlargement of female knowledge, contained in his 'Philosophy of Health,' the wiser part of the world will honour him, and the other part yet learn to thank him) says that the pulsation of the heart goes on at the rate of *a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome.* How extreme the folly, or how lamentable the ignorance, which permits women to suffer the pressure of whalebone, steel, or ligature, to impede the operation of this important function! The same intelligent mind has likewise observed upon the wonderful provision which makes the functions of the heart, on the uninterrupted action of which life depends, independent of the will; were it not so, existence must be devoted to anxious attention to keep the heart in motion, since the cessation of that motion would be death. An effect very analogous to what this would create, may be perceived in the anxieties of dress and deportment; the mind intent on these,—the mind which cannot for a moment forget them, lest they should make a dereliction from the right line of attraction, must inevitably be incapable of receiving impression from anything else; or if at intervals it does receive such, it must be incapable of developing them. Thus it is that soldiers and ladies on parade day are so parsimonious of words. How could they present arms, &c. &c., if they were suffering any distraction from feeling or fancy?

Behold, ye scribes and pharisees, or, rather, ye accursed of the earth—ye who first planted and have since fostered the principle of making woman a mere instrument of passion—behold what ye have done for the human race! and will yet do, until a purifying whirlwind of general execration sweep ye utterly from the earth!

When we consider how serious a matter marriage is, and has proved itself, it is wonderful to observe the carelessness with which it is contracted. Want of reflection, and the various influences of a state of dependence, operate with women; and a mental reservation, grounded on their moral, or rather immoral, impunity, operates on men. But both sexes are eminently open to the charge of superficial aims. Dean Swift says that young ladies employ themselves in making *nets*, not *cages;* with the good Dean's permission, I shall say the same of young gentlemen. The aim of all youth is to *catch;* but the great art is, *keep*, if any thing worth keeping be caught. When a law is enacted, people appear to fancy that a something is supplied which may be allowed to supersede nature, and thus with some the *ceremony* of marriage is enough; in the *form* they forget the *spirit* of union. Who can *will* to love at the command of law? Who can resist to love at the command of nature? That a woman continue to love her husband, does not depend upon herself, but upon him: that a husband continue to love his wife, does not depend upon himself, but upon her. The party desiring to be loved, must continue instinct with the attraction and worth which first magnetised admiration and love,—must continue to draw a spontaneous flow of feeling towards himself, almost independently of the slower action of reason: the latter may produce cold correctness, but it is only *feeling* that can give a glowing principle of action.

It is the absence of all conception of this which so often makes *full dress* courtships end in *suits* for separation, or *habits* of discord.

The softness, the silence, the bended head and blushing cheek, all which had been so eloquent to Cyril during his brief courtship, were at the marriage festival but scentless flowers. His ardent imagination had supplied to the averted eyes of Caroline language for which he now looked into them in vain. His heart thirsted to hear her sentiments and opinions, her hopes and expectations, to discover her tastes and to minister to them,—to draw from her new inspiration. He had not the fortune of Pygmalion—the fair statue was not to be warmed or animated.

In the course of a little time, Cyril, who had been accustomed to the intercourse of those whose thoughts, if rough, were yet racy, felt the necessity of mental exhilaration, and again he sought his old companions. But he was not what he had been; his increased claims on fortune had not made her more propitious, and his

mind was haunted by impressions which preyed upon his spirits. Often would the image of the little lonely automaton, sitting sadly at his frugal, too frugal, fireside, come across his thoughts, and then the light in his fine eye would become troubled, and the flow of his language suddenly or partially fail. On the first access of these feelings, he would yield to their force and go home; but no effort of this kind was ever sustained without it met sympathy and reward. Human nature least of any part of nature stands still; deterioration is certain to take place where improvement does not proceed. Neither is association ever without its effects; the weight which we cannot raise will drag us down. Caroline, in the self-weariness of utter ignorance, in the selfishness of physical weakness, with the purposeless repining of exertionless discontent, surrendered even such negative qualities as in *her* passed for virtues, and in little more than a year after her marriage, herself and a consumptive child were objects of hopeless compassion. And Cyril—*he* whom the noblest of the sex might have taken into her heart of hearts, and, great and gracious as he was, made him even a better and a brighter being—what did *he* become? (Oh, let every sinner against society beware of the recoiling shaft, and, if he have *one* generous emotion, mourn in ashes over the innocent breast that shaft may unmeritedly strike in its way!) Cyril, the bright, buoyant Cyril—he of the flowing heart and holy hand—for it 'was open as the day to melting charity,'—*he* yielded gradually to a mental paralysis, to arouse himself from which, and aided by the injudicious but well-intentioned efforts of his friends, he snatched the cup he had hitherto shunned, and without aid from which he had once been 'the sun of the table' wherever he sat.

There is no wreck over which thoughtful pity can forbear to mourn—the patriarch of the forest, when he lies, with those branches, which once seemed as though they kissed the skies, bowed to the dust—the noble bark which has braved a thousand storms and many wild voyages, when it lies a dismasted hull upon the waters waiting for wormy decay—the gallant steed, which almost outstripped the wind, when forfeited to the hounds he once outflew; but what are these, could all the feelings they command be condensed into one convulsive emotion, compared to the pang with which we contemplate the wreck of Genius? When we behold him, who was fitted to 'move among men like a descended god,' sold to the demon of debasement!

Let me draw a veil over the domestic wretchedness which, year by year, increased; during which Cyril grew more mad, and Caroline more weak; during which he sunk to a lower and a lower grade of convivial companions, and she formed a friendship (if such a term may be used) with her nurse, a rude, illiterate, superstitious old woman, yet eminently endowed with one redeeming quality—good-nature—which gave her a sort of maternal feeling for

the helpless young creature whom she attended through the successive times of agony, which gave three consumptive, and at last two idiot, children to the world.

One of the latter is all that is left of the brilliant Cyril and his beautiful wife, whose scene of degradation closed in death when their last surviving victim child was four years old. The poor old nurse, who preserves her benevolence amid even the dotage of second childhood, cherishes the idiot orphan with an exclusive and yearning love, and seeks for him and for herself a bitter crust in the walks of beggary!

M. L. G.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEALTH.*

All who are addicted to the pursuit, or earnest for the promotion of useful science, must feel a strong interest both in the subject and the object of the work, the first volume of which is now before us.

The first title will be far from conveying to many readers a full conception of the author's meaning. The term *Health* must be understood in its widest and highest acceptation, the *mens sana in corpore sano;* the condition of well-being. Such is the interpretation fixed upon it by the second and explanatory title, which, if less taking, is less liable to be mistaken, and is really the description of the work, provided the remaining portions correspond with the commencement, which may confidently be anticipated.

Many thousand times has it been affirmed that 'the proper study of mankind is man;' but from the time of Pythagoras downwards, the repetition of the admonition to self-knowledge has been found an easier operation than that of accumulating the materials and guiding the student to their successful employment. The real promoters of this much lauded study are not those who vehemently enforce it, but those who apply to it the aids and rules of philosophizing. They are a much less numerous class. But as the mere iteration of precept is not more efficacious in science than in morals, they are the class which deserves our gratitude. Unhappily they have made but slow progress in rendering human nature the object of science. While in other regions 'the reign of Chaos and Old Night' has yielded to successful invasion, it seems to have retreated to this as a citadel where a last and long stand might be made; and it has been made. Theories of man have been, wholly or partially, nothing more than *theories;* the writers who best succeeded in one department of the great subject

* The Philosophy of Health; or an Exposition of the Physical and Mental Constitution of Man, with a view to the Promotion of Human Longevity and Happiness. By Southwood Smith, M.D. vol. i.

have usually failed in another; and the power of lucidly combining and arranging ascertained truths has not hitherto been put forth. Dr. Smith justly observes, that,

'Excepting as a qualification for the practice of surgery and medicine, in the curriculum of no school or college in the kingdom is an explanation of the structure and functions of the human body included. As a qualification for no profession or pursuit, in the curriculum of no school or college in England is an explanation of the phenomena of the human mind, and of the laws that govern the formation and direction of its intellectual powers, included.'

This is the want which it is the author's object to supply. He has a distinct perception of the task which he undertakes, and of its universal importance.

'The object of the present work is to give a brief and plain account of the structure and functions of the body, chiefly with reference to health and disease. This is intended to be introductory to an account of the constitution of the mind, chiefly with reference to the developement and direction of its powers. There is a natural connexion between these subjects, and an advantage in studying them in their natural order. Structure must be known before function can be understood: hence the science of physiology is based on that of anatomy. The mind is dependent on the body: hence an acquaintance with the physiology of the body should precede the study of the physiology of the mind. The constitution of the mind must be understood before its powers and affections can be properly developed and directed: hence a knowledge of the physiology of the mind is essential to a sound view of education and morals.' p. 1.

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'Physical science has become the subject of popular attention, and men of the highest endowments, who have devoted their lives to the cultivation of this department of knowledge, conceive that they can make no better use of the treasures they have accumulated, than that of diffusing them. Of this part of the great field of knowledge, to make "the rough places plain, and the crooked places straight," is deemed a labour second in importance only to that of extending the boundaries of the field itself. But no attempt has hitherto been made to exhibit a clear and comprehensive view of the phenomena of life; the organization upon which those phenomena depend; the physical agents essential to their production, and the laws, as far as they have yet been discovered, according to which those agents act. The consequence is, that people in general, not excepting the educated class, are wholly ignorant of the structure and action of the organs of their own bodies, the circumstances which are conducive to their own health, the agents which ordinarily produce disease, and the means by which the operation of such agents may be avoided or counteracted; and they can hardly be said to possess more information relative to the connexion between the organization of the body and the qualities of the mind, the physical condition and the mental state; the laws which regulate the production, combination, and succession of the trains of pleasurable and painful thought, and the rules deducible from those laws, having for their object

such a determination of voluntary human conduct, as may secure the pleasurable and avoid the painful.

'Yet nothing would seem a fitter study for man than the nature of man in this sense of the term. A knowledge of the structure and functions of the body is admitted to be indispensable to whoever undertakes, as the business of his profession, to protect those organs from injury, and to restore their action to a sound state when it has become disordered; but surely some knowledge of this kind may be useful to those who have no intention to practise physic, or to perform operations in surgery; may be useful to every human being, to enable him to take a rational care of his health, to make him observant of his own altered sensations, as indications of approaching sickness; to give him the power of communicating intelligibly with his medical adviser respecting the seat and the succession of those signs of disordered function, and to dispose and qualify him to co-operate with his physician in the use of the means employed to avert impending danger, or to remove actual disease.' p. 2—4.

Of the author's qualifications for so comprehensive a work there is some evidence in his appreciation of its extent and importance. This inference is well corroborated by his former publications, distinguished as they are by that unusual combination of faculties which the case requires. One of his earliest works, that on 'Divine Government,' showed that he had already sounded the depths of the great questions in morals. His 'Funeral Oration' over the body of Bentham indicated the progress of his speculations to a matured and systematized form. His work on 'Fever' has taken its place among the standard books on physical disease. And in all these publications he has shown the true attributes of a popular philosopher, the power of ascending from the particular to the general, from facts to principles, from phenomena to laws; and also that of presenting, not only the results, but the mode of ascertaining and applying them, in an interesting and impressive manner. We could, if necessary, refer, in exemplification, to many felicitous instances of scientific generalization and of eloquent description or appeal. Such passages are of frequent occurrence in the works we have named; they are not wanting in the present volume; and from the nature of the undertaking we may expect it to be amply enriched by them in its progress.

The 'Introduction,' from which we have already quoted, has a passage which might be cited as a specimen of popular argumentation, but which we transfer to our pages for a more important purpose; to promote, if we can, to any extent, the wise and beneficent purpose of the writer. The fervid eloquence of Rousseau aroused women to a sense of the physical obligations of the maternal character; well were it that the persuasion of the author of this work should incite them to become the mothers, mentally and morally, of their offspring.

'The second epoch of infancy (from the seventh month to the end

of the second year) is remarkable for the developement of the perceptive powers. The physical organization of the brain, which still advances with rapidity, is now capable of a greater energy, and a wider range of function. Sensation becomes more exact and varied; the intellectual faculties are in almost constant operation; speech commences, the sign, and, to a certain extent, the cause of the growing strength of the mental powers; the capacity of voluntary locomotion is acquired, while passion, emotion, affection, come into play with such constancy and energy, as to exert over the whole economy of the now irritable and plastic creature a prodigious influence for good or evil. If it be, indeed, possible to make correct moral perception, feeling, and conduct, a part of human nature, as much a part of it as any sensation or propensity—if this be possible for every individual of the human race, without exception, to an extent which would render *all* more eminently and consistently virtuous than *any* are at present, (and of the possibility of this, the conviction is the strongest in the acutest minds which have studied this subject the most profoundly,) preparation for the accomplishment of this object must be commenced at this epoch. But if preparation for this object be really commenced, it implies, on the part of those who engage in the undertaking, some degree of knowledge; knowledge of the physical and mental constitution of the individual to be influenced; knowledge of the mode, in which circumstances must be so modified in adaptation to the nature of the individual being, as to produce upon it, with uniformity and certainty, a given result. The theory of human society, according to its present institutions, supposes that this knowledge is possessed by the mother; and it supposes, further, that this adaptation will actually take place in the domestic circle through her agency. Hence the presumed advantage of having the eye of the mother always upon the child; hence the apprehension of evil so general, I had almost said instinctive, whenever it is proposed to take the infant, for the purpose of systematic physical and mental discipline, from beyond the sphere of maternal influence. But society, which thus presumes that the mother will possess the power and the disposition to do this, what expedients has it devised to endow her with the former, and to secure the formation of the latter? I appeal to every woman whose eye may rest on these pages. I ask of you, what has ever been done for you to enable you to understand the physical and mental constitution of that human nature, the care of which is imposed upon you? In what part of the course of your education was instruction of this kind introduced? Over how large a portion of your education did it extend? Who were your teachers? What have you profited by their lessons? What progress have you made in the acquisition of the requisite information? Were you at this moment to undertake the guidance of a new-born infant to health, knowledge, goodness, and happiness, how would you set about the task? How would you regulate the influence of external agents upon its delicate, tender, and highly-irritable organs, in such a manner as to obtain from them healthful stimulation, and avoid destructive excitement? What natural and moral objects would you select as the best adapted to exercise and develope its opening faculties? What feelings would you check, and what cherish? How would you excite aims; how would you apply motives? How would you avail yourself of pleasure as a final end, or as the means to some further

end? And how would you deal with the no less formidable instrument of pain? What is your own physical, intellectual, and moral state, as specially fitting you for this office? What is the measure of your own self-control, without a large portion of which no human being ever yet exerted over the infant mind any considerable influence for good? There is no philosopher, however profound his knowledge, no instructor, however varied and extended his experience, who would not enter upon this task with an apprehension proportioned to his knowledge and experience; but knowledge which men acquire only after years of study, habits which are generated in men only as the result of long-continued discipline, are expected to come to you spontaneously, to be born with you, to require on your part no culture, and to need no sustaining influence.

'But, indeed, it is a most inadequate expression of the fact, to say that the communication of the knowledge, and the formation of the habits which are necessary to the due performance of the duties of women, constitute no essential part of their education: the direct tendency of a great part of their education is to produce and foster opinions, feelings, and tastes, which positively disqualify them for the performance of their duties. All would be well if the marriage ceremony, which transforms the girl into the wife, conferred upon the wife the qualities which should be possessed by the mother. But it is rare to find a person capable of the least difficult part of education, namely, that of communicating instruction, even after diligent study, with a direct view to teaching; yet an ordinary girl, brought up in the ordinary mode, in the ordinary domestic circle, is intrusted with the direction and control of the first impressions that are made upon the human being, and the momentous, physical, intellectual, and moral results that arise out of those impressions!

'I am sensible of the total inadequacy of any remedy for this evil, short of a modification of our domestic institutions. Mere information, however complete the communication of it, can do little beyond affording a clearer conception of the end in view, and of the means fitted to secure it. Even this little, however, would be something gained; and the hope of contributing, in some degree, to the furtherance of this object, has supplied one of the main motives for undertaking the present work. Meantime, women are the earliest teachers; they must be nurses; they can be neither, without the risk of doing incalculable mischief, unless they have some understanding of the subjects about to be treated of. On these grounds I rest their *obligation* to study them; and I look upon that notion of delicacy, which would exclude them from knowledge calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to open, exalt, and purify their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, as alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it.' p. 5—11.

We will not comment on the silly affectation denounced in the last sentence. The author has rightly glanced at its origin. The false delicacies of the one sex have their source in the grossnesses of the other. This, and not mental inaptitude, is the great difficulty in the way of that amelioration which shall give

the man an intelligent friend in his wife, and the boy an efficient instructor in his mother.

The first chapter is on the characters by which living beings are distinguished from inorganic bodies, and animals from plants. It describes the phenomena of life.

The second discriminates between the apparatus and characteristics of the organic and the animal life, as combined in man; and traces their progress and decline. The natural history of death, with which this chapter concludes, has, as a composition, much of that singular and melancholy beauty wherewith a painter of genius would invest the personification of mortality.

The third chapter treats of the ultimate object of organization and life; shows pleasure to be the direct, the ordinary, and the gratuitous result of the action of the organs; and in turn, conducive to their developement and the continuance of their action. The whole of this chapter is an eloquent lecture on the morality of nature, which is alike remote from that of the ascetic and of the sensualist. It impressively portrays the superiority of intellectual over animal enjoyment, and of the sympathetic over the selfish propensities. We take a fragment of the former of these contrasts:

'But if the pleasures that arise from the ordinary operations of sense form, in the aggregate, an incalculable sum, how great is the accession brought to this stock by the endowments next in order in the ascending scale, namely, the intellectual faculties!

'There is one effect resulting from the operation of the intellectual faculties on the senses that deserves particular attention. The higher faculties elevate the subordinate in such a manner as to make them altogether new endowments. In illustration of this, it will suffice to notice the change wrought, as if in the very nature of sensation, the moment it becomes combined with an intellectual operation, as exemplified in the difference between the intellectual conception of beauty, and the mere perception of sense. The grouping of the hills that bound that magnificent valley which I behold at this moment spread out before my view; the shadow of the trees at the base of some of them, stretching its deep and varied outline up the sides of others; the glancing light now brightening a hundred different hues of green on the broad meadows, and now dancing on the upland fallows; the ever-moving, ever-changing clouds; the scented air; the song of birds; the still more touching music which the breeze awakens in the scarcely trembling branches of those pine trees,—the elements of which this scene is composed, the mere objects of sense, the sun, the sky, the air, the hills, the woods, and the sounds poured out from them, impress the senses of the animals that graze in the midst of them; but on their senses they fall dull and without effect, exciting no perception of their loveliness, and giving no taste of the pleasures they are capable of affording. Nor even in the human being, whose intellectual faculties have been uncultivated, do they awaken either emotions or ideas; the clown sees them, hears them, feels them no more than the herds he tends: yet in

him whose mind has been cultivated and unfolded, how numerous and varied the impressions, how manifold the combinations, how exquisite the pleasures produced by objects such as these!

'And from the more purely intellectual operations, from memory, comparison, analysis, combination, classification, induction, how still nobler the pleasure! Not to speak of the happiness of him who, by his study of natural phenomena, at length arrived at the stupendous discovery that the earth and all the stars of the firmament move, and that the feather falls to the ground, by the operation of one and the same physical law; nor of the happiness of him who sent his kite into the cloud, and brought down from its quiet bed the lightning which he suspected was slumbering there; nor of the happiness of him who concentrated, directed, and controlled that mighty power which has enabled the feeble hand of man to accomplish works greater than have been feigned of fabled giant; which has annihilated distance; created, by economizing, time; changed in the short space in which it has been in operation the surface of the habitable globe; and is destined to work upon it more and greater changes than have been affected by all other causes combined; nor of the happiness of him who devoted a longer life with equal success to a nobler labour, that of REARING THE FABRIC OF FELICITY BY THE HAND OF REASON AND OF LAW. The intellectual pleasures of such men as Newton, Franklin, Watt, and Bentham, can be *equalled* only by those who possess equal intellectual power, and who put forth equal intellectual energy: to be greatly happy as they were, it were necessary to be as highly endowed; but to be happy, it is not necessary to be so endowed. In the ordinary intellectual operations of ordinary men, in their ordinary occupations, there is happiness. Every human being whose moments have passed with winged speed, whose day has been short, whose year is gone almost as soon as it seemed commenced, has derived from the exercise of his intellectual faculties pleasures countless in number and inestimable in value.' p. 87—89.

Chapter IV. illustrates the relation between the physical condition and happiness, and between happiness and longevity. The author has here availed himself largely of the evidence from statistics in support of his position; and many very curious results are given from the calculations of Mr. Finlaison, the actuary of the National Debt, a gentleman who has turned his extraordinary command of numbers, tables, and statistical documents, to account, for a variety of interesting purposes; and thus elicited many unexpected illustrations of that connexion of all sciences, which mere men of science have been so slow to discern, but which is unspeakably important in the application of science to the affairs of life, so as to derive from it the largest quantum of utility.

We must refer our readers to the work itself for the many remarkable statements of this chapter. The general conclusion to which they point is the increased duration of life; its rapidly progressive value in this country especially, and the important and satisfactory truth, that whatever is added to human life is added to its best period—is the prolongation of its maturity.

Decrepit age, like infancy and juvenility, is a fixed term, and incapable, generally speaking, of extension.

In the fifth chapter commences the exposition of 'the processes of life and the influence of physical and moral agents upon them,' and continues to the end of the volume. The difficulty of making this exposition sufficiently clear without the actual demonstration of the objects, has been successfully grappled with, by means of numerous and well-executed drawings, which, although some of them are necessarily on a very reduced scale, are yet so distinct and well arranged as to accomplish all that was practicable.

The nature of the subject, and the scanty space we can assign to it, prevent our doing more than earnestly directing the attention of our readers to a work which, when completed, will give its author no mean place among the beneficent instructors of mankind. The subject of it is necessarily a *study;* but the combination of the manner in which it is here treated, with its universal importance, will, we hope, render it increasingly a *popular study*.

POETRY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN LAW RHYMES.

1. A THUNDER STORM IN WINTER.

He spake to eye and ear! and, like a tree
Rooted in heaven, shot down the branchy flame,
While the blue moonlight vanished suddenly.
Brighter than light on snow the brightness came,
Filling the vales with forests of strange fire,
The streams with blood; and flinging o'er the cloud
Banners of crimson, laced with silver wire.
Down to mute earth the giant darkness bowed,
Giving the hill immeasurable height,
That propped the sky; then changed the troubled form,
While from his bosom fell the headlong weight
Of vollied hail; and whispering through the storm,
The thunder spake again: 'What fear'st thou? live, poor worm!'

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2. PROLOGUE TO THE CORN LAW RHYMES.

For thee, my country, thee, do I perform
Sternly, the duty of a man born free;
Heedless, though ass and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears, and fangs, with brandished bray at me;
Alone, as Crusoe, on th' all hostile sea,
For thee, for us, for ours, do I upraise
The standard of my song! for thine and mine,
I toll the knell of England's better days;
And lift my hated voice, that mine and thine
May undegrade the human form divine.

Perchance that voice, if heard, is heard too late;
The buried dust of Tyre may wake, and sway
Reconquer'd seas; but what shall renovate
The dead alive, who dread no judgment-day?
Souls, whom the lust of gold hath turn'd to clay?
And what but scorn and slander will reward
The rabble's poet, and his honest song?
Gambler for blanks! thou play'st an idiot's card;
For, sure to fall, the weak attack the strong.
Aye, but what strength is theirs, whose might is based on wrong?

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3. FROM GOETHE.

How like a stithy is this land!
And we lie on it, like good metal
Long hammer'd by a senseless hand!
But will such thumping make a kettle?

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4. ON AN ORIGINAL SKETCH DRAWN WITH A PENCIL ON A WALL BY MY SON FRANCIS.

I saw a head,—a young but lifeless face,
On its dark hair and two white wings, reposed,
As on a pillow. Tears had left their trace
Down each sad cheek; beneath dim eyes, half-closed,
The calm lips smiled; and like a sky arose,
Amid thick curls, the forehead, armed for thought.
It lay, as if the soul—though worn with woes,
And bathed in parting tears—serenely sought
For strength in sleep, before it wing'd its flight
From darkness, doubt, and dust, to dwell with God in light.

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5. LEGION, A PORTRAIT.

Wallowing in wealth, and yet an almoner,
Shark goes not to the workhouse for his pay,
But wrings his bread-tax from the labourer;
Then to the treadmill takes his righteous way,
To see his victim-vagabonds display
Their British virtues—but *he* never treads!
In vain the merchant pleads for leave to sell;
In vain for leave to toil the labourer pleads;
In vain to Shark of ruined trade we tell!
Oh, for a law to purge this demon's hell,
And cast out fiends! or teach the nuisance vile
He must not make the general loss his gain!
Or whip him naked through the bankrupt isle!
That he may reap some portion of the pain
With which he sows our hearths, and so restrain
His devilish appetite for famine's tears!

6. SONG.

Oh! why is gladness turned to woe?
And wealth to beggary, too?
John Payall, if thou dost not know,
Ask Blucher's Waterloo!

And why doth hope take wing and fly?
And why is conscience gone?
Ask Pitt, in hell—or, by and by,
Ask Famine's Wellington!

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7. ANDREW JACKSON.

From sordid thraldom, and a shameful ban,
Who hath redeemed aspersed democracy?
King-loathed Columbia's brave and wise old man.
Rejoice, oh world! God said, 'Let Jackson be!'
And at his feet died swollen Monopoly!
Rejoice! his triumph saves no single state,
But every state; it saith, 'Let trade be free!'
Lone Washington! another good and great
Hath earned a deathless name—and every villain's hate.

AN EVENING WITH CHARLES LAMB AND COLERIDGE.

It is a good thing early to teach children a veneration for those above them; above them not by the possession of derived honours, whether of rank or wealth, but of some inherent quality, developed in corresponding action, either of a moral or intellectual nature. It gives a beyond to the life of a child; it assists in promoting that onward and upward tending which is the soul of progression. And although, too often, in the warmth of the heart's religion, it may offer up incense at an unworthy shrine,—although the idol may fail upon nearer communion, and the deified man or woman be found but mortal,—yet it still retains its faith, not to be wasted in fruitless disappointment, but to be cherished, enriched, and preserved,—a precious offering, awaiting the advent of a worthier object to whom it may be dedicated. This feeling of veneration, early cultivated, has a rich value in elevating the mind, and redeeming it from the bondage of that conceit of self, which is a great stumbling block to improvement; and beyond that, may be made a means of procuring some of the best and happiest sensations that mere recipiency can bring. It adds a charm to reality beyond itself; it prepares the way for that reality till it becomes reality better worth having through its influence. How often has this been proved! How often, when a name has been mentioned that has signalized itself either as poet, patriot, actor, artist, or

philanthropist, it has seemed to create a purer atmosphere around, and redeemed many a moment from the common-place routine of mere matter-of-fact existence. To catch a glimpse of any one of these deified portions of humanity in the streets, has been sufficient to make the heart beat with doubled motion, and many a time has served to refresh the tired feet and send them on their way rejoicing. And when Fortune has been so dear a friend as to bring the chance of seeing them face to face,—of hearing them speak, perchance,—of having a word or look that one might appropriate, (selfish this, but so it has been,)—the head has 'grown dizzy at the thought,' and has revelled in anticipation as blessed as must have been that of an ancient mythologist at the thought of a banquet with the gods. It was during a worshipful time like this, upon a bright sunshiny spring morning, worthy such an announcement, that a friend said, 'Come to me next Tuesday, I am going to Charles Lamb's—Coleridge is to be there—and you shall go with me.' My heart was on its knees the next minute, and for the two or three intervening days I trod on air; I lived in a dream of some coming good, at times mingled with the fear lest it should never arrive. It was not to see these objects of worship in a crowd, where I might, perchance, hear a word, or catch a glimpse, as one does at the prime picture of an exhibition, between the chinks of people's bodies, but to see them for hours uninterruptedly; to see them in the character of friends to each other, when there would be no influence of the world upon them; to watch them, listen to them, without losing look or word; to see Coleridge with the 'Charles' of his sonnets, and the 'Mary' of his songs; to fill one's ears with the heart's talk of two poets, so much the purer for its being uncontaminated by the desire for fame. The time came nearer and nearer, and at last the very day, and I called for my kind pleasure purveyor, and we walked together to the well-remembered quaint-looking house by the canal, which had seen so many worthy of note pass along its banks, and, alas for the *absent*, one walk into itself instead,—one of the generation who, in their moods of abstraction, 'know not their right hand from their left,' nor unstable water from *terrâ firmâ*. Rap at the door, with the heart beating quite as strongly; open—in—speaking in a whisper as if we had entered a cathedral. How difficult is it to give a faithful record of past impressions! Since those days, 'old things have passed away, and all things are become new.' I am not the same I that I was then, and the two I's encounter on the way and stare at one another in strange bewilderment. It is not with the facts themselves, but with the inferences drawn from those facts, that change has been so busy. How he came, or when he came, or whether they were there when we entered, is all forgotten; but I have them distinctly before me as if it were yesterday. Coleridge, with his clear, calm, blue eyes and expansive forehead,—his sweet, child-like, unruffled

expression of face,—his painful voice, which, in spite of all the beauties and treasures it was the means of bringing to you, had yet such an expression in its tone of long suffering and patient endurance, as at first to prevent the sensation excited by his extraordinary power of conversation being one of perfect enjoyment. I had heard much of this power, but no description, however vivid, could give an idea of the uninterrupted outpouring of poetry in the spoken prose that streamed from his lips. It was a realization of the fairy tale of the enchanted child; he never opened his mouth but out came a precious gem, a pearl beyond all price, which all around gathered up to hoard in the cabinet of their memories. His figure was tall and somewhat inclined to corpulency; its expression was, like that of his voice, one of suffering borne long and patiently. There was a certain air of dissatisfaction—no, unsatisfiedness,—(how different are the two!) which set the mind busily to work to discover why, with all the choice gifts with which genius had blessed him, he should not be entirely happy. The mystery has been since unriddled; he had never known the reality of love; he had dreamt of it in his poems, but while seeking to make his dependence upon it in his own existence, it had failed him. He was a slave to the laws which doom a creature, who has mated mistakenly, either to live for ever in joyless companionship, or to live a solitary in the depths of his heart's affections, without hope of possessing that one sympathy which is essential to the developement of man's noblest, best, and most happiness-giving attributes. There was the secret of the painful voice and of the suffering form; and there, too, was the secret of his recourse to the dram of opium, that hypocritical thing which pretends to relieve the suffering which it eventually aggravates.

The character of Charles Lamb's person was in total contrast to that of Coleridge. His strongly-marked, deeply-lined face, furrowed more by feeling than age, like an engraving by Blake, where every line told its separate story, or like a finely chiselled head done by some master in marble, where every touch of the chisel marked some new attribute. Yet withal there was so much sweetness and playfulness lurking about the corners of the mouth, that it gave to the face the extraordinary character of flexible granite. His figure was small even to spareness. It was as if the soul within, in its constant restless activity, had worn the body to its smallest possibility of existence. There was an equal amount of difference in his conversation from that of Coleridge, as there was in his person. It was not one uninterrupted flow, but a periodical production of sentences, short, telling, full of wit, philosophy, at times slightly caustic, though that is too strong a word for satire which was of the most good-natured kind. There was another essential point of difference. In Coleridge might be detected a certain consciousness of being listened to, and at times

an evident getting up of phrases, a habit almost impossible to be avoided in a practised conversationalist. In Charles Lamb there was a perfect absence of this; all that he said was choice in its humour, true in its philosophy; but the racy freshness, that was like an atmosphere of country air about it, was better than all; the perfect simplicity, absence of all conceit, child-like enjoyment of his own wit, and the sweetness and benevolence that played about the rugged face, gave to it a charm in no way inferior to the poetical enjoyment derived from the more popular conversation of his friend. Another difference might be observed; that Coleridge's metaphysics seemed based in the study of his own individual nature more than the nature of others, while Charles Lamb seemed not for a moment to rest on self, but to throw his whole soul into the nature of circumstances and things around him. These differences served only to heighten the enjoyment of witnessing the long-enduring genuine friendship existing between the two,—the three, (for why should 'Mary' be excluded?) —wrought out of mingling sympathies and felicitous varieties. In Charles Lamb, as in Coleridge, at times there was a melancholy in the face which partook of the nature of his individual character. It was not dissatisfaction; it was not gloom: but it seemed to say that he had had more affection, more gushing tenderness of feeling, than he had met with objects on whom to expend it. His 'Dream Children'* is sufficient proof of this. Had he married his 'Alice,' had they been realities of little (the pun is irresistible) Lambs playing about him, this might not have been. How he would have joked with them, laughed with them, delighted to watch them for the sake of the thousand beauties he would have discovered in daily developement; though much more that they were the children of her whom he loved, transmitters of her loveliness and worth, so many receptacles of her soul, which they would bear down as a blessing to posterity, to give to others who should come after him the like joy which she had bestowed upon him. But then what would the world have done for want of his 'Elia,' for would he not have been engrossed with the 'cares of a family,' or with the sense of his own enjoyment? Assuredly not; they would have stimulated him to greater literary exertions, and we should have had such stories of happy love, such descriptions of summer gambols in the green wood and winter frolickings by the fire-side, Midsummer merry-makings and Christmas carollings, as would have made a gladsome echo through the world, and have taught it a lesson of which it is yet so ignorant, the nature and ministry of true and pure and devoted love. But what would have become of the following letter, with which we have been favoured, and which goes to prove that he was not all alone in the world—in his world, that is to say? It was written to a

* One of the papers of 'Elia.'

friend who had sent him a copy of the old romance Astræa:—'Dear C—. Your books are as the gushing streams in a desert. * * * "Rank and Talent" you shall have, when Mrs. M— has done with 'em. Mary likes Mrs. Bedinfield much. For me I read nothing but ASTRÆA; it has turned my brain. I go about with a switch turned up at the end for a crook; and, Lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green riband. Becky* and her cousin are getting pastoral dresses, and then we shall all four go about Arcadizing. "O cruel shepherdess! inconstant yet fair, and more inconstant for being fair!" Her gold ringlets fell in a disorder superior to order! Come and join us. I am called the black shepherd. You shall be C— with a tuft.'—And what would have become of Mary and her pseudonyme budget, and where would have been the indivisible brother and sisterhood, the heart and home sharing they had together their whole lives through, the strong affection which defied all change of time or circumstance,—all, save the power of the great enemy who has now separated them? Was he not cruel in so doing? Would it not have been mercy to have made them sharers in death as they had been in life? to have made them go hand in hand to their last quiet home together?

Coleridge, on the evening in question, spoke of death with fear; not from the dread of punishment, not from the shrinking from physical pain, but he said he had a horror lest, after the attempt to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' he should yet 'be thrown back upon himself.' Charles Lamb kept silence, and looked sceptical; and, after a pause, said suddenly, 'One of the things that made me question the particular inspiration they ascribed to Jesus Christ, was his ignorance of the character of Judas Iscariot. Why did not he and his disciples kick him out for a rascal, instead of receiving him as a disciple?' Coleridge smiled very quietly, and then spoke of some person (name forgotten) who had been making a comparison between himself and Wordsworth as to their religious faith. 'They said, although I was an atheist, we were upon a par, for that Wordsworth's Christianity was very like Coleridge's atheism; and Coleridge's atheism was very like Wordsworth's Christianity.' After some time he moved round the room to read the different engravings that hung upon the walls. One, over the mantel-piece, especially interested his fancy. There were only two figures in the picture, both women. One was of a lofty, commanding stature, with a high intellectual brow, and of an abbess-like deportment. She was standing in grave majesty, with the finger uplifted, in the act of monition to a young girl beside her. The face was in profile, and somewhat severe in its expression; but this was relieved by the richness and grace of the draperies in which she was profusely enveloped.

* The servant.

The girl was in the earliest and freshest spring of youth, lovely and bright, with a somewhat careless and inconsiderate air, and she seemed but half inclined to heed the sage advice of her elder companion. She held in her hand a rose, with which she was toying, and had she been alive you would have expected momentarily to see it taken between the taper fingers, and scattered in wilful profusion. Coleridge uttered an expression of admiration, and then, as if talking to himself, apostrophized in some such words as these: 'There she stands, with the world all before her: to her it is as a fairy dream, a vision of unmingled joy. To her it is as is that lovely flower, which woos her by its bright hue and fragrant perfume. Poor child! must thou too be reminded of the thorns that lurk beneath? Turn thee to thy monitress! she bids thee clasp not too closely pleasures that lure but to wound thee. Look into her eloquent eyes; listen to her pleading voice; her words are words of wisdom; garner them up in thy heart; and when the evil days come, the days in which thou shalt say "I find no pleasure in them," remember her as thus she stood, and, with uppointing finger, bade thee think of the delights of heaven—that heaven which is ever ready to receive the returning wanderer to its rest.'

He spoke of the effect of different sounds upon his sensations; said, of all the pains the sense of hearing ever brought to him, that of the effect made by a dog belonging to some German conjurer was the greatest. The man pretended that the dog would answer, 'Ich bedanke mein herr,' when anything was given to it; and the effort and contortion made by the dog to produce the required sound, proved that the scourge, or some similar punishment, had been applied to effect it. In contrast to this was the homage he rendered to the speaking voice of Mrs. Jordan, on which he expatiated in such rapturous terms, as if he had been indebted to it for a sixth sense. He said that it was the exquisite witchery of her tone that suggested an idea in his 'Remorse,' that if Lucifer had had permission to retain his angel voice, hell would have been hell no longer. In the course of the evening the talented editor of the 'Comic Annual' made his appearance. He was then known only by his Hogarthian caricature of 'the Progress of Cant,' upon which Coleridge complimented him. After some time he introduced many of his etchings, which were then unknown to the world, and they were the means of exciting in Coleridge the first genuine hearty laugh I had seen. If one had not admired entirely, it would have been enough to have made him envied. Laugh after laugh followed as the square tablets (trump cards in the pack of the genius of caricature) were laid upon the table, and a merry game it was for all. The effect was not a little increased by the extreme quietude of their master, who stood by without uttering a word, except with the corners of his mouth, where the rich fund of humour which

had furnished the treat we were enjoying, was speaking more intelligibly than any words. He went, and the time went, and the supper went; and at last it was time for Coleridge to go too, for he had the walk to Highgate all before him. His friend begged earnestly that he might walk with him, but without avail. There was an affectionate parting, as if they had been boys rather than men, and it seemed to concentrate their lives into that minute. It recalled the meetings and partings of other days; the wanderings by the lakes; the many minglings in social union; a whole host of recollections seemed to crowd around and enclose them in a magic circle. Coleridge lingered on the threshold, as if he were leaving what had been a part of his heart's home for many years; and again he who had been his companion in many a mountain ramble, many a stroll 'in dale, forest, and mead, by paved fountain and by rushy brook, and on the beached margent of the sea,' would fain have kept up the old companionship even though it was night, and the way had no such temptations. Another grasp of the hand, and a kiss of affection on Mary's cheek, and he was gone. I never saw him again; and Charles Lamb and his sister but once since; and that was a few months ago in the street. He had aged considerably, but it scarcely excited melancholy, for Mary was with him like a good guardian angel. They had that same country air freshness about them; they looked unlike everything around; there was an elderly respectability about them; not the modern upstart prig of a word, but the genuine old china, old plate, bright, black, mahogany air, which is now almost departed. I watched them earnestly; a vague feeling that it was something I should never see again; and so it has happened. He has followed his friend, and in time his sister will follow him; and thus goes the world. The wise and the good, those we have looked up to from our childhood as something too high for our reach, like the stars above us, whose bright history we seek in vain to know, vanish from our sight, and leave us in darkness—no, not in darkness—their works have *not* followed them; they live and breathe, and infuse new life and breath into those who come after them; and many more are rising to fill their places, and the world is daily becoming purer and holier through their influence. Peace and a benediction upon their memories!

S. Y.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE MORE POPULAR DIALOGUES OF PLATO.

No. IV.

The Apology of Socrates.

(*Continued from page* 121.)

Perhaps, now, some one may say, 'Art thou not then ashamed, O Socrates, of practising a pursuit from which thou art now in danger of death?' To such a person I may justly make answer, 'Thou speakest not well, O friend, if thou thinkest that a man should calculate the chances of living or dying (altogether an unimportant matter); instead of considering this only, when he does anything, whether what he does be just or unjust, the act of a good or of a bad man. For by thy way of thinking, the demigods who perished at Troy are worthy of no admiration; even the son of Thetis, who so despised danger in comparison with any dishonour, that when his mother, a goddess, said to him when eager to slay Hector, "My son, if thou avenge thy friend Patroclus, and destroy Hector, thou thyself wilt die," he, fearing much more to live unworthy and not avenge his friends, than to die, answered, "May I die immediately, after punishing the man who has injured me, that I may not remain the scoff of my countrymen, a burthen to the earth."'

Thus it is, O Athenians: wheresoever our post is,—whether we choose it, thinking it the best, or are placed in it by a superior,—there, as I hold, we ought to remain, and suffer all chances, neither reckoning death nor any other consequence as worse than dishonour. I, therefore, should be greatly in the wrong, O Athenians, if when I was commanded by the superiors whom you set over me, at Potidæa and Amphipolis and Delium,* I remained (like other people) where those superiors posted me, and perilled my life; but when, as I believed, the god commanded me, and bade me pass my life in philosophizing, and examining myself and others, then, fearing either death or anything else, I should abandon my post. Then, indeed, might I with justice be brought before the tribunal, and accused of not believing in gods; if I disobeyed their oracles, and feared death, and thought myself wise, not being so. To be afraid of death, O Athenians, is to fancy ourselves wise, not being so; for it is to fancy that we know what we do not know. No one knows whether death is not the greatest possible good to man. But people fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils. What is this but the most discreditable ignorance, to think we know what we know not? I, O Athenians, differ perhaps in this from persons in general, (and if I am wiser than any other person it is probably in this,) that not knowing sufficiently about a future state, I do not fancy I know. This, however, I do know; that to do injustice, and to resist the injunctions of one who is better than myself, be he god or man, is evil and disgraceful. I shall not, therefore, fly to the evils which I know to be evils, from fear of that which, for aught I know, may be a good.

If, therefore, you were to acquit me, (in spite of the predictions of Anytus, who said that either I ought not to have been tried, or if tried, it is impossible not to put me to death, since if I escape, all your sons

* Allusion to battles and sieges, well known to all readers of Grecian history, and at which Socrates had eminently distinguished himself.

will practise the instructions of Socrates, and be ruined); if, to prevent these consequences, you should say to me, 'O Socrates, we will now, in spite of what Anytus said, let you off, but upon condition that you shall no longer persevere in your search, in your philosophizing; if you are again convicted of doing so, you shall be put to death'—If, I say, you should let me off on these conditions, I should say to you,—O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I will obey the god rather than you; and as long as I breathe, and it is not out of my power, I will not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you to philosophy, and point out the way to whomsoever among you I fall in with; saying, as I am wont, 'O most worthy person, art thou, an Athenian, of the greatest city and the most celebrated for wisdom and power, not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honour, but concernest not thyself even to the smallest degree about Intellect, and Truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature?' And if any of you shall dispute the fact, and say that he does concern himself about these things, I will not let him off, or depart, but will question him, and examine, and confute him; and if he seem to me not to possess virtue, but to assert that he does, I will reproach him for valuing least what is highest worth, and highest what is most worthless. This will I do both to young and old, whomsoever I meet with; to citizen and stranger, but most to my fellow-citizens, as connected with me by a nearer tie. For these, as you well know, are the commands of the god. And to me it appears, that no good can happen to the state greater than my service of the god: for I pass my whole time doing nothing whatever but inciting you, both the young and the old, to care neither for body nor estate in preference to, nor in comparison with, the excellence of the soul; telling you that wealth does not produce virtue, but virtue wealth, and all other good things, to mankind, both collectively and individually. If, then, saying these things, I corrupt the youth, these things must be noxious: for if any one asserts that I say any other things than these, he speaks falsely. I say, therefore, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, let it be with the knowledge that I shall do no other things than these—not though I should die many deaths.

Do not clamour, O Athenians, but abide by what I requested of you, not to bawl out against what I say, but to listen to it; and I think you will be the better for hearing it. I have still some other things to say, at which you will, perhaps, cry out; but I exhort you not to do so. Know well, O Athenians, that if you put me to death, being such as I describe myself, you will not hurt me more than you will hurt yourselves. Me Anytus and Melitus will not hurt; they cannot. It is not permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse. Kill me, or exile me, or deprive me of civic rights, they may. And these, to Melitus, perhaps, and to others as well as him, may appear great evils; but not to me. To do what he is now doing, to attempt to kill another man unjustly, seems to me a far greater evil. Nor am I now, O Athenians, as you may perhaps suppose, pleading for myself,—far from it,—but for you; that you may not, by condemning me, commit a crime against the gift which the god has given to you. For if you kill me, you will not easily find another person like me, who in sober truth (though it may sound ridiculous) am sent by the god to this city, as to a strong and generous horse, who is somewhat sluggish from his size, and requires to be stimulated

by a stinging insect. The god, as it seems to me, has given me to you as such an insect, to goad you by persuasions and reproaches, settling upon one of you after another. You will not, O Athenians, easily find another such man: and therefore, if you take my advice, you will spare me. But you, perhaps, being angry, like sleepers awakened, will strike at me, and being persuaded by Anytus, will inconsiderately put me to death; and then pass the remainder of your lives in slumber, unless the god in his care for you should send to you some one else.

That I am such a person as one bestowed on you by the god might be expected to be, you may judge from this: it is not like the ways of mere humanity, to neglect all my own concerns, and let my private affairs be so many years uncared for, devoting myself to *your* interests; seeking each of you, as if I were his father or his elder brother, and inciting him to the pursuit of virtue. If I gained anything by it, and gave these exhortations for pay or reward, there would be something intelligible in it. But now you yourselves see, that my accusers, shameless as they have shown themselves in all their other accusations, could not carry their shamelessness so far as to affirm, producing testimony, that I ever took or asked reward from any one: for I have truly a good and sufficient witness to my assertion, my poverty.

Perhaps it may appear strange that I go about and busy myself with giving these exhortations in private, but do not venture to come forward in public and advise the people in the public assembly. The cause of this is, what you have often heard me speak of; that I have a divine (or dæmonic) monitor; which Melitus alluded to in the indictment, and ludicrously perverted. This is, a voice, which from my childhood upwards has occasionally visited me, always to dissuade me from something which I was about to do, but never instigating me to any thing. It is this voice which opposes my meddling in public affairs. And rightly, in my opinion, has it done so: for know, Athenians, that if I had long ago attempted to interfere in politics, I should long ago have perished, and done no good either to you or myself. And be not angry with me for saying the truth. It is impossible that any human being should escape destruction, who sincerely opposes himself to you, or to any other multitude, and strives to prevent many injustices and illegalities from being transacted in the state. He who means really to contend for the right, if he would be unharmed for even a short time, must keep to private, and avoid public life.

I will produce to you signal proofs of this; not words, but, what you most honour, deeds. Hear, then, the things which have happened to me; that you may know that I would never, from the fear of death, have succumbed to any one contrary to justice, and not succumbing, would inevitably have been destroyed. What I will tell you, may sound arrogant and presuming; but it is true.

The only office I ever held in the state, O Athenians, was that of a member of the Senate of Five Hundred; and it fell to my tribe (the tribe Antiochis) to preside, when you decided that the ten generals, accused of not taking up the bodies of the slain in the seafight,* should be tried collectively; an illegal decision, as since that time has become the

* The celebrated trial of the ten generals who gained the battle of Arginusæ: one of the most disgraceful blots in the Athenian annals.

opinion of you all. On that occasion, I alone of the Prytanes* resisted your doing any thing contrary to law. The orators cried out to indict me instantly and drag me to prison, and you assented by acclamation; but I preferred to run all risks on the side of justice and the law, rather than to join with you in an unjust resolve from fear of chains or death. This happened while the state was under a democracy. When an oligarchy succeeded, the Thirty sent for me and four others to the Tholus,† and commanded us to proceed to Salamis and bring from thence Leon, the Salaminian, that he might be put to death. They at that time gave such commands to many persons, wishing to compromise the greatest number of persons possible as accomplices in their proceedings. I then, not by word but by deed, proved that I do not care one jot for death, but every thing for avoiding any unjust or impious action. That government, powerful as it was, did not intimidate me into any act of injustice; but when we quitted the Tholus, the other four went to Salamis and brought Leon from thence, but I returned home. Perhaps this would have cost me my life, had not that government soon after been overthrown. To these facts I can produce many witnesses.

Do you think, then, that I could have lived so many years, if I had mingled in public affairs, and, as befits a good man, had always given my aid to the just cause, and made that, as I ought, my grand object? Far from it, O Athenians; neither I nor any other man. But I, throughout my whole life, and in whatever public transaction I may have been engaged in, shall always be found such as I am in private, never tolerating the slightest violation of justice, either in any one else, or in those whom my calumniators assert to be my disciples. But I have never been any one's teacher; though if any one, whether young or old, desired to stand by and listen to me, speaking and following my own path, I never grudged to allow him. Neither is it my practice to converse with people when they pay me money, and not otherwise; but I permit rich and poor alike to question me, or if they please, to answer my questions, and to hear what I have to say. And whether any of these turn out a good or a bad man, I cannot justly be held accountable,‡ since I never taught nor undertook to teach them anything. If any one affirms that he ever learnt or heard from me in private, any thing but what all other persons have heard, be assured that he speaks falsely.

But why, then, do some persons take pleasure in frequenting my society? You have already heard, O Athenians; I have told you the whole truth; they like to hear those persons exposed, who fancy themselves wise and are not; for it is not unpleasant. But to me, as I affirm, it has been enjoined by the god to do this,—enjoined in oracles, and in dreams, and in every other way in which Divine ordinance commands anything to a human being.

* Among the functions of the senate of Five Hundred, was that of furnishing a committee of fifty (styled the Prytanes) to preside and take the suffrages of the people in the general assembly. The senate consisted of fifty members from each of the ten tribes; each tribe (*i. e.* its fifty representatives) performed the office of Prytanes in its turn.

† A public building at Athens, where the Thirty Tyrants, as we may infer from this passage, transacted business.

‡ We are told in Xenophon's 'Memorials of Socrates,' that nothing contributed more to his condemnation, than the fact that Critias (the chief of the abhorred Thirty) and Alcibiades, had, in their youth, been reckoned among his disciples.

These things, O Athenians, are true; and could easily be disproved, if they were not. For if I corrupt some of the young men, and have already corrupted others, they, if any of them growing older have perceived that I had given them evil counsels when young, ought to appear now, and charge me with it, and punish me; or if they were unwilling, some of their relations, their fathers or brothers, if these people have suffered any evil from me, should remember it now. There are many such persons present, whom I now see; Criton, my contemporary and member of the same ward,* the father of Critobulus, here present; Lysanias, the father of Æschines, who is present; Antiphon, the father of Epigenes; others, again, whose brothers have kept company with me; Nicostratus, the son of Theodotides, brother of Theodotus; (Theodotus himself is dead, and therefore cannot have dissuaded his brother from appearing against me;) Paralus, the son of Demodocus, whose brother Theages was; Adeimantus, the son of Ariston, and brother of Plato here; Æantodorus, brother of this Apollodorus; and many others I could mention. Some one of these, Melitus should have produced as a witness; and if he then forgot, let him produce them now, and I will give place. But you will find the very contrary of this, O judges; they are all eager to assist me—the corrupter and injurer of their relatives, as Melitus and Anytus affirm. Those indeed, who have themselves been corrupted by me, might naturally enough be supposed to take my side: but the uncorrupted, some of them elderly men, the relatives of the others—what reason can they have for aiding me, but the right and just one, their knowledge that Melitus is a calumniator, and that I speak the truth?

These things, O Athenians, and such as these, are what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some one among you may be displeased with me, when he bethinks himself that in the trial which preceded mine, the accused, though he had less at stake, entreated the judges, with many tears; and brought hither, to excite their pity, his children, and others of his relations and friends; while I shall do nothing of the kind, although the penalty which, as it may seem, I am in danger of, is the severest of all. Some of you, perhaps, thinking of these things, may feel harshly towards me, and may give an angry vote. If any one among you feels thus, which I hope is not the case, I think I may very properly hold the following discourse to him. I too, most worthy person, have relatives: I am not (as Homer says) sprung from an oak tree, or from a rock, but from human beings; and I have not only relations, but three sons, O Athenians; one of them a youth, the two others still children. Nevertheless, I shall not, bringing any of them here, implore you to acquit me. And why? Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from disdain of you; but for this reason: whether I look upon death with courage or with fear is another matter: but with a view to our reputation, both mine and yours, and that of the city itself, it does not seem to me honourable that I should do such things at my age, and with such a name as I have, whether merited or not. Men certainly believe that Socrates is in some way superior to the multitude of mankind. It would be shameful if those among you who are esteemed superior to the rest, whether in wisdom or in courage, or in any other virtue, should conduct themselves like so many others whom I have seen on their trial,

† δημότης.

and who might have been taken for people of some account, but who moved heaven and earth to be acquitted, as if it were something dreadful to die; as though they expected to be immortal unless you should put them to death. Such persons appear to me to bring discredit on the city; a foreigner might conclude that the most virtuous among the Athenians, they whom the Athenians select from themselves as the worthiest, for public offices and other honours, are in nothing superior to women. Such things, O Athenians, we, who are thought to be of some account, ought neither to do, nor if we did, ought you to suffer us, but, on the contrary, to show that you will much rather condemn those who enact these pathetic dramas, and make the city ridiculous, than those who refrain from them. And besides the discredit, it does not seem to me even just, to supplicate the judge, and escape by supplication, but to instruct and convince him. For the judge does not sit here to make a favour of justice, but impartially to inquire into it; and he has sworn not to gratify whomsoever he pleases, but to judge according to the laws. We, therefore, should not accustom you, nor should you let yourselves be accustomed, to violate your oaths: it would be impiety in both of us. Do not then, O Athenians, demand of me to do such things towards you as I deem to be neither beautiful, nor just, nor holy; especially as I am actually on trial for impiety. If I should work upon you and influence your decision by supplications, when you have sworn to do justice, I should indeed teach that you do not believe in gods, and my defence of myself would be an accusation against myself that I believe not in them. But far is this from the truth. I believe in them, O Athenians, as not one of my accusers does. And I commit to you and to the god to decide concerning me, in whatever way shall be best for you and for me.

After the Verdict of Condemnation.

Among many things, O Athenians, which prevent me from feeling indignant at your having condemned me, one is, that what has happened was not unexpected by me. Much rather do I wonder at the number of votes in my favour. I did not expect to be condemned by so small a majority, but by a large one: it now, however, appears, that if but three of the votes had been given differently, I should have escaped. As far as Melitus is concerned, I have escaped as it is: and it is even clear to every one, that if Anytus and Lycon had not appeared as my accusers, he would have been liable to the penalty of one thousand drachmæ, not having obtained a fifth part of the votes.*

The penalty proposed by my accuser is death. What penalty shall I, on my part, propose?† surely that which I deserve. Well, then, what do I deserve to suffer or to pay, because I never relaxed in instructing myself, but neglecting what the many care for, money-getting and household management, and military commands, and civil offices, and speech-making, and all the political clubs and societies in the city;

* To restrain frivolous and vexatious prosecutions, a law existed at Athens, by which a penalty of one thousand drachmæ was imposed on the accuser if he did not obtain a fifth part of the votes.

† After condemnation, the accused was at liberty to speak on the question of punishment; and the question was put to him, at what penalty he himself estimated his offence.

Τιμᾶται δ' οὖν μου ὁ ἀνὴρ θανάτου. Εἶεν. ἐγὼ δὲ δὴ τίνος ὑμῖν ἀντιτιμήσομαι, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι;

thinking myself, in fact, too honest to follow these pursuits and be safe; I did not go where I could be of no use either to you or to myself, but went to each man individually, to confer on him the greatest of all benefits; attempting to persuade every one of you, to think of none of his own concerns till he had looked to making himself as good and as wise as possible; nor of the city's concerns till he had looked to making the city so; and to pursue all other things in a similar spirit. What, then, ought to be done to me for such conduct? Some good, O Athenians, if I am really to be treated according to my deserts; and a good of such a kind as beseems me. What, then, beseems a man in poor circumstances, your benefactor, and requiring leisure to prosecute his exhortations? There is nothing, O Athenians, which would be so suitable for such a man to receive, as a maintenance at the public expense.* It would befit *him* much better than any of you who may have carried away the prize of horse or chariot-racing at the Olympic contests. For, such a man makes you only *seem* happy, but I make you *be* so: and he does not require a maintenance, but I do. If, therefore, I must estimate myself justly according to my deserts, I rate myself at a maintenance in the Prytaneum.

Perhaps I seem to you, in saying this, as in what I said about supplication and entreaty, to be influenced by pride. The fact, however, is not so: but rather, as I am now about to tell you. I know that I do not intentionally injure any one; but I am not able to convince you of it; for we have conversed together but a short time: if, indeed, it were the law with you, as in other countries, not to terminate capital trials in one day, but continue them through several, you could then have been convinced; but now, it is not easy, in a short time, to conquer strong prejudices. I, then, being convinced that I wrong no one, cannot consent to wrong myself, by affirming that I am worthy of any evil, and proposing that any evil should be inflicted upon me as a penalty. From what fear should I do so? From the fear lest I should suffer what Melitus proposes? when I affirm that I know not whether it be an evil or a good? Shall I, then, choose something which I well know to be an evil, and propose that as the penalty? Imprisonment, for example? And why should I seek to live in a prison, at the mercy of every successive police officer?† A fine? and imprisonment until I pay it? That would be the same thing; for I have no means of paying it. Shall I propose banishment? for perhaps you might sentence me to that. But I must be very fond of life, O Athenians, if I am so bad a calculator as not to compute that if you, who are my countrymen, have not been able to bear my ways and my sayings, but have found them burthensome and invidious, and now seek to get rid of them, it is not likely that other people will bear them easily. Far from it, O Athenians. It would be an unworthy life for me, exiled at my age, to live in perpetual wanderings and banishments from one city to another. For, I well know, that whithersoever I go, the young men will listen to my discourses as they do here.

* Ἐν πρυτανείῳ σιτεῖσθαι: to be boarded in the Prytaneum (a public building in the Acropolis.) This privilege was occasionally conferred upon public benefactors; and among others, upon such citizens as, by gaining the Olympic prizes, were conceived to have conferred honour upon their country.

† οἱ ἕνδεκα, the officers in charge of gaols, and prisoners; annually chosen by lot from among the people. They correspond to the *triumviri rerum capitalium* of the Romans.

And if I repel them, they, by their influence with the older people, will drive me from the place: but if I admit them, their fathers and relations will do it for their sake. Perhaps somebody may say, But canst thou not, O Socrates, going into exile, live there in peace and silence? Here it is that I have the hardest task to persuade you; for, if I say that this would be to disobey the god, and that I, therefore, cannot remain silent, you will think it ironical, and disbelieve it. And if, again, I say that the greatest good possible for man is, to discuss daily concerning virtue, and the other matters on which you hear me converse and examine myself and others, and that to live an unexamined life is not endurable, you will still less believe me. The fact, however, is as I say, but it is not easy to make it apparent.

I am not used to pronounce myself deserving of any evil. If I had money, I would estimate my penalty at as much money as I was able to pay, for it would have been no damage to me; but now—I have none; unless you are willing to fix the penalty at what I am able to pay. Perhaps I could pay as much as a silver mina: at this, therefore, I rate the penalty. Plato here, and Criton, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, O Athenians, bid me rate it at thirty minæ, and they undertake to be my sureties. I do so, therefore, and their security is adequate.

After the Declaration of the Sentence.

It is for the sake of but a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation, from those who wish to speak evil against the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man, (for those who are inclined to reproach you, will say that I am wise even if I am not.) Had you waited a short time, the thing would have happened without your agency; for you see my years; I am far advanced in life, and near to death. I address this not to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence. And this too I say to the same persons: Perhaps you think that I have been condemned from want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds, as I might have employed with success if I had thought it right to employ all means in order to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness; because I did not choose to say to you the things which would have been pleasantest to you to hear, weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me; as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit, because of my danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself; I would far rather have made the one defence and die, than have made the other and live. Neither in a court of justice, nor in war, ought we to make it our object, that, whatever happen, we may escape death. In battle, it is often evident that a man may save his life by throwing away his arms, and imploring mercy of his pursuers; and in all other dangers there are many contrivances by which a person may get off with life, if he dare do or say everything. The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old, and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, by wickedness, the swifter. We quit this

place, I having been sentenced by you to death, but they, having sentence passed upon them by Truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs. These things, perhaps, are as they should be, and for the best.

But I wish, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what is next to come; for I am in the position in which men are most wont to prophesy, being at the point of death. I say, then, O you who have slain me—that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you have done this, thinking by it to escape from being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account, whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not: and being younger they will give you more annoyance, and you will be still more provoked. For if you think, by putting men to death, to deter others from reproaching you with living amiss, you think ill. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible, nor very noble: the noblest and the easiest too, is not to cut off other people, but so to order yourselves, as to obtain the greatest excellence. Having prophesied thus to those who have condemned me, I leave them.

With those who voted for my acquittal, I would gladly, while the officers are busy, and I am not yet going to the place where I am to be put to death, converse a little about this which has happened. Stay with me, my friends, until then; for I would explain to you, as my well wishers, the meaning of what has now happened to me. There has occurred to me, O judges, (for you I may rightly call by that name,) something surprising. My accustomed dæmonic warning has, in all former times, been very frequent, and given on small occasions, if I was about to do any thing not for my good. But now, as you see, those things have happened to me, which are generally esteemed the worst of evils; yet the divine monitor did not warn me, neither when I left my home in the morning, nor when I came up hither to the judgment-seat, nor at any time when I was speaking; though on other occasions I have often, while speaking, experienced the warning, and been checked in what I was about to say. But in neither word nor deed connected with this business, have I been checked by the sign. What do I suppose to be the cause? I will tell you. This which has happened is most likely a good; and those of us who think death an evil are probably in the wrong. For the accustomed warning would certainly have been given to me, if what I was about to do had not been for my good.

We may also, from the following considerations, conclude that there is much hope of its being a good. For death must be one of two things: either the dead are incapable of feeling or perceiving anything; or death is, as we are told, a change of abode, a passage of the soul from this to some other place. Now, if after death there be no sensation, but it be like a sleep in which there are no dreams, death is a mighty gain. For if any one were to choose from his life, a night in which he had slept without dreaming, and comparing with this all the other nights and days of his life, were required to say in how many of them he had lived better and more pleasantly than in that night, I imagine that not a private man merely, but the Great King, would find that such days and nights were soon counted. If then this be death, it is a gain: since

all eternity would not thus appear longer than one night. But if death be to quit this place for another, and if it be true as is affirmed, that in that other place is the abode of all the dead; what greater good can there be, O judges, than this? If, arriving in the other world, and leaving these people who call themselves judges, we shall see the real judges, who are said to judge there, Minos and Rhadamanthus and Æacus and Triptolemus, and all other demigods who lived justly while they were alive, would it not be a noble journey? What would not any of you give to converse with Orpheus, and Musæus, and Hesiod, and Homer? I would gladly die many times if this be true; since to me it would be a delightful residence when I had met with Palamedes, and the Telamonian Ajax, and any other of the ancients who perished in consequence of an unjust judgment. To compare my own fate with theirs, would not, I think, be disagreeable: and best of all, to live examining and interrogating the people there, as I have done here, to discover who among them are wise, and who think themselves so, but are not. How much would not one give, O judges, for an opportunity of examining him who led the great expedition to Troy; or Ulysses, or Sysyphus, or ten thousand others whom one could mention, both men and women; with whom to converse and associate there, and to examine them, would be the height of happiness. They do not, there, put one to death for such things; for the people there are happier than the people here, both in other things, and in this, that when once there they are immortal; if what we are told is true.

It behoves you, O judges, to be of good cheer concerning death; and to fix this truth in your minds, that to a good man, whether he die or live, nothing is evil, nor are his affairs neglected by the gods; neither did what has happened to me occur spontaneously, but it is evident to me that to die, and come to an end now, was most for my good. For this reason was it that the sign did not interpose to check me; and I do not much complain of my accusers, nor of those who condemned me. Though they, indeed, accused and condemned me not with any such intention, but purposing to do me harm: and for this it is fit to blame them.

Thus much, however, I beg of them: When my sons grow up, punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I tormented you, if they shall seem to study riches, or any other ends, in preference to virtue. And if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you, for not attending to what they ought, and fancying themselves something when they are good for nothing. And if you do this, both I and my sons shall have received what is just at your hands.

It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all, except the god.

THE CHOICE.

FOURTH FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

Chapter I.

On the night of the summer equinox, in the year 18—, Mr. Tusmann, private secretary of the chancery, was returning home from a coffee-house where he was accustomed to pass an hour or two every evening, towards his dwelling situated in Spandau-street, Berlin.

Mr. Tusmann was the most precise, the most strictly exact man, perhaps, in the world, in all his actions. It was his almost invariable custom to commence preparing for bed, by pulling off his boots, exactly at the moment when the clock of Saint Nicholas' church warned for eleven; and so to time his further proceedings, that as the last stroke of the clock sounded he drew his nightcap over his ears. On the night in question he was, however, rather later than usual, for the clock warned as he walked along; in order, therefore, not to deviate from his praiseworthy punctuality, as regarded putting on his nightcap, he accelerated his pace, and was just turning from Royal-street into Spandau-street, when a most singular noise attracted his attention and brought him to a stand-still.

Under the tower of the old town-house he perceived, by the dim light of a lamp, a tall man, enveloped in a dark cloak, who knocked violently at the shop-door of a dealer in iron trinkets, stepping back every now and then to look up at the ruined casements of the old tower.

'My dear sir,' said Mr. Tusmann, very goodnaturedly, 'you are quite under a mistake; there is not a living creature in the tower, excepting a few rats and mice, and a pair of owls. If you wish to purchase any iron-wire chains of the merchant Warnatz, I would recommend you to come here to-morrow morning about seven.'

'Honourable Mr. Tusmann——'

'Private secretary of the chancery during many years,' said Mr. Tusmann, involuntarily interrupting the stranger, though rather astonished to hear himself addressed by name; but the stranger paid no attention, and continued,—

'Honourable Mr. Tusmann, you are quite under a mistake respecting what brings me here. I have no wish to purchase iron-wire chains of the merchant Warnatz; this is the night of the summer equinox, and I have come to see the bride. She has already heard the beating of my heart, my sighs of love, and will not long delay her appearance at the casement.'

The stranger spoke in a manner so solemn and lugubrious, that the private secretary of the chancery felt his flesh begin to crawl on his bones. Hardly had the stranger ceased speaking, when

the clock of St. Nicholas' church commenced striking eleven; as the first stroke sounded from the steeple, a very great noise was heard at the ruined window of the old town-house, and a female figure appeared, looking from it. When the light of the lamp fell upon her features, Mr. Tusmann murmured, in a lamentable tone of voice, 'Oh, just powers! what does this frightful mystery signify?'

As the last stroke of the clock sounded, at the very moment when Mr. Tusmann was accustomed to draw his nightcap over his ears, the female figure vanished.

This marvellous apparition appeared quite to disconcert the private secretary. He sighed and groaned, and, looking up at the casement, muttered betwixt his teeth, 'Tusmann, Tusmann, wretched private secretary, take care of yourself; mind the devil does not make a fool of you!'

'You appear very much moved by what you have seen, Mr. Tusmann,' said the stranger.

*'May I beg of you not to refuse me my poor title of "honourable,"' replied Mr. Tusmann; 'and you must excuse me, my dear Sir, if I do not give you that title which is your due; as I am ignorant of your real rank, I will, if you please, entitle you privy counsellor; and, as there are so many of them in this good town of Berlin, it is very probable that I shall not be far wrong. Will you, then, have the goodness to inform me, honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor, what kind of bride you sought to see at this very mysterious hour?'

'You are,' said the stranger, 'a singular man, with your talk about titles. If a person is a privy counsellor when he has some knowledge of a secret affair, and is capable of giving good counsel concerning it, why, then, perhaps, I have some claim to the title which you bestow upon me so gratuitously. But I must say, that I really am astonished to find a man so versed in old books and rare manuscripts as you are, most honourable private secretary of the chancery, does not know that if one initiated—you understand me—I repeat, if one initiated, strikes at eleven o'clock, on the night of the summer equinox, at the wall of this tower, the lady who will be the happiest bride in Berlin before the next equinox, appears at the casement which you see above us.'

'Honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor,' cried Mr. Tusmann, suddenly transported with joy, 'is that really true?'

'Certainly, it is true,' replied the stranger; 'but we must not stop here in the street—let us go to the new tavern in Alexander-place, and then you can hear more about the bride, and recover yourself from the strange indisposition which you fell into so suddenly; I am sure I don't know for what reason.'

* For an exposition of this caricature of German manners, consult Madame de Staël's 'Germany,' vol. i. p. 104; and Russell's 'Germany,' vol. ii. p. 289.

Mr. Tusmann was a man singularly moderate. His only relaxation was to go every evening to the coffee-house, to hear the news and drink a glass of beer. He never drank wine, except on a Sunday evening, when he took a glass of malaga with a biscuit. As for staying out late at night, it was a scandal he utterly avoided; therefore, it was most unaccountable that he allowed himself to be drawn, at a rapid pace, towards the splendid new tavern in Alexander-place.

When they entered the room they only found one man in it, who sat at a table upon which stood a large glass filled with Rhine wine. The wrinkles on his face showed that time had been hard at work digging. His sly and penetrating looks and his long beard certified him to be a Jew who remained faithful to the customs of his ancestors. He was clothed in an antique style, in the fashion of 1720 or 1730.

But the stranger whom Mr. Tusmann had met was still more singular to look at.

He was a tall man, very thin, but muscular, and, apparently, about fifty years of age. His face had been handsome, and his large eyes still sparkled with the fire of youth under two thick black eyebrows. His forehead was wide and high, his nose aquiline, his mouth thin-lipped and well closed, his chin square and dimpled. But it was his clothes, cut in the fashion of the sixteenth century, his sepulchral voice, and his strange manners, which, doubtless, inspired those in his presence with awe.

The stranger nodded to the old man at the table, as to an old acquaintance, and said,

'I have not seen you for a long time, how have you been?'

'Pretty well, pretty well,' answered the old man in a grumbling tone; 'always active, always ready for business.'

'I rather doubt that,' said the stranger, laughing slowly; and then he ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of old French wine.

'Honourable Mr. Privy Counsellor,' said Mr. Tusmann, 'I never drink——'

'Mr. Tusmann,' interrupted the stranger, 'I am neither privy counsellor nor private secretary; I am no more nor less than an artist who works in the noble metals and precious stones, and my name is Leonard.'

'A goldsmith and jeweller,' muttered Mr. Tusmann to himself; and then he reflected that he might have known that the stranger was not a privy counsellor, for his strange costume very little suited a grave and titled personage.

Leonard and Mr. Tusmann both sat down to the table with the old man, who received them with a contortion of mouth, which had some very faint resemblance to a smile.

After that Mr. Tusmann, yielding to the pressing invitations of Leonard, had drunk a few glasses of wine, a little colour appeared on his usually pale cheeks, his manner became more

composed, an air of satisfaction animated his features, and he looked about him with a degree of self-complaisance.

'Now,' said Leonard, 'tell me Mr. Tusmann, why you acted so strangely when the bride made her appearance at the window of the old tower? We are older acquaintances than you may suppose, and you need not scruple to speak before this honest old gentleman.'

'Honourable professor,' replied the private secretary of the chancery, 'for you must allow me to give you that title, as you are, I am convinced, a skilful artist, and ought to be by rights a professor of the academy of sciences, you must know, then, that I intend to marry before next spring, and I could not remain unmoved when it pleased you, honourable professor, to show me a happy bride.'

'What!' cried the old man, in a shrill voice, 'what! you intend to marry; you are too old, and you are as ugly as a ——.'

Mr. Tusmann was quite stupified at the inconceivable levity of the ancient; he was unable to answer a word.

'Never mind,' said Leonard, 'what the old man says, it is his manner, he does not mean to offend you. For myself, I will avow, that it appears to me you think about marriage rather late in life; why you must be near fifty?'

'On the ninth of October, St. Denis' day, I shall be forty-eight,' answered Mr. Tusmann, with some slight degree of vexation.

'But,' continued Leonard, 'that is not the only obstacle. You have lived until now a retired and innocent life; you know nothing of the fair sex, and are not likely to manage your proposed new state of affairs with discretion.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Tusmann, 'I not know how to manage my affairs with discretion! my dear professor, you must consider me a very foolish man. I assure you, on the contrary, that I weigh carefully the result of all my actions; and when I was stricken by the arrow of that little traitor, called Cupid by the ancients, it caused me much trouble and anxiety. When a person wishes to pass an examination, is he not obliged to study diligently the sciences on which he will be interrogated? Well, honourable professor, my marriage is an examination for which I assiduously prepare myself, and which I hope to pass with honour. Observe, worthy professor, observe the little book which I always carry about me, and unceasingly read, since I resolved to fall in love and marry; and then be convinced that I am not entirely without experience, although I will allow, until quite lately, a perfect stranger to the fair sex.'

So saying, the private secretary drew from his pocket a little book, bound in parchment, and opened it at the title-page, which was thus conceived:

'Short Treatise on Wisdom; from which may be learned the Art of Conducting your own Affairs, or the Affairs of Others, with

Profit and Discretion. Translated from the Latin of Thomasius, with a copious Index. Sold at Leipsic, by the heirs of John Gross. 1710.'

'Observe,' said Mr. Tusmann, 'what the worthy author says, in chapter the seventh, concerning marriage:

'"A person ought not to marry too precipitately. Marriage at a steady time of life is the wisest. Precocious marriages ruin at once the soul and body."

'And then,' continued Mr. Tusmann, 'concerning the sort of person with whom one ought to fall in love and marry, hear what the admirable Thomasius says:

'"The middle road is the safest. Take neither a woman very handsome nor very ugly; nor very rich nor very poor; nor very high in rank nor very low, but of a state equal with your own; and for her other qualities be content with them moderate."'

'I see,' said the jeweller, 'that you are not to be taken in easily. But, tell me, have you quite gained the heart of this lady you court?'

'I have not been wanting,' answered Mr. Tusmann, 'in all proper attentions, as Thomasius advises; but I have not been too submissive, too prodigal of respect; for, as my worthy author teaches, woman is an imperfect being, very apt to take advantage of our weaknesses.'

'May a black year be your luck, for coming here chattering nonsense, and disturbing me when I hoped to have a quiet hour to myself after having accomplished my great work!'

So spoke the old man; but the jeweller said loudly,

'Silence, old boy, and don't let us have any of your nonsense, except you wish to be kicked out. Pray, worthy Mr. Tusmann, pay no attention to the old fellow. I see that you have a love for the old times, since you admire Thomasius, and you may imagine that I am also sincere in my esteem for them by my style of apparel. Yes, honourable and worthy private secretary, those times were better than the present; it is from that epoch we date the enchantments which you witnessed this night at the tower of the old town-house.'

'Pray explain, worthy professor,' said Mr. Tusmann.

'In times of yore,' said the jeweller, 'there used to be merry weddings at the old town-house, very different from those now-a-days. Indeed, I must say that Berlin is very different from what it used to be. Never can I forget the grand fête when the elector Augustus of Saxony came here from Cologne, in 1581, with his wife and his son Christian.'

The private secretary listened to the jeweller with the most lively attention. He rubbed his hands together, edged his chair towards him, filled and emptied his glass frequently, and at last said:

'My honourable professor, you speak of these things admirably; one might think you had seen them.'

'Well, and why should I not have seen them?' answered the jeweller.

Mr. Tusmann understood not the meaning of those marvellous words, and would have recommenced his questioning, but the old man said in a grumbling voice to the jeweller:

'You forget the finest sights Berlin saw in those times you admire so much. You don't speak of those days when the fagots blazing in the market-place were quenched with the blood of victims to superstition.'

'Ah,' said the private secretary, 'doubtless, you refer to those executions of sorcerers which took place in old times. Yes, yes, it was certainly lamentable, but our new lights have put an end to all that.'

The jeweller regarded Mr. Tusmann and the old man with a singular look, and asked them, smiling mysteriously, 'Do you know the history of Leopold, the Jew silversmith, as it happened in the year one thousand five hundred and seventy-two?'

Before Mr. Tusmann could answer, the jeweller continued:—'Leopold, the Jewish silversmith, who possessed the confidence of the elector, and managed the finances of the country, was accused of some great rogueries. A guard of the citizens was sent to his house in Stralau-street. Now, it happened that the Jew Leopold had fallen out with his wife, and she said, in her anger, "If our gracious prince, the elector, knew what a wretch thou art, and what tricks thou playest with thy book of enchantments, thy body would soon be cold." But his body was soon hot, for they tortured him first, to make him confess his guilt, and then burned him in the market-place. A great black rat came out from under the fagots, when they were lighted, and many good folks thought the rat was the demon who had bought Leopold.'

Whilst the jeweller spoke, the old man leaned his arms upon the table, and, hiding his face in his hands, groaned deeply.

But the private secretary did not give very great attention to the history; and when the narrator ceased speaking, he said to him,

'Tell me, worthy professor, was it the real Miss Albertine Vosswinkel who looked out of the ruined window of the old town-house?'

'Sir,' said the jeweller, regarding him savagely, 'what have you to do with Miss Albertine Vosswinkel?'

'Bless my heart and soul,' replied Mr. Tusmann, quite intimidated, 'she is the young lady I have undertaken to love and marry.'

'Sir,' exclaimed the jeweller, with inflamed brow and sparkling eyes, 'Sir, you are either completely a jackass, or else possessed by the devil! you mean to marry the young and charming Miss Albertine Vosswinkel! you, a half-blind, miserable pedant! you, who, with all your bookish learning, with all your politic wisdom

of Thomasius, can't see an inch before your nose. Do not allow yourself to dream of such a thing, unless you wish to have your neck broken this equinoctial night!'

Mr. Tusmann was naturally a quiet man, a friend of peace, perhaps a timid man, who never gave a bad word even when attacked; but the conduct of the jeweller was rather too bad, and, as Mr. Tusmann had drunk more wine than usual, he got up and said in a firm voice,

'I know not, unknown sir, by what authority you speak to me in this manner. I believe that you wish to intimidate me by pretending that you yourself are in love with Miss Albertine Vosswinkel. I don't doubt but that you used a magic lantern to dupe me, but I am not to be deceived by such gross tricks.'

'Take care,' said the jeweller with *nonchalance,* 'take care, Mr. Tusmann; you have some curious people to deal with.'

At the same moment, the face of the jeweller changed into a fox's head, and his sly eyes threw devouring looks upon Mr. Tusmann, who plumped back on to his chair, petrified.

The old man did not seem surprised at the transformation of the jeweller, and said:

'A very pretty joke, but I can do something better than that, Master Leonard.'

'Let us see,' said the jeweller, who had recovered his human face.

The old man drew from his pocket a large radish, and began to cut it in little bits; as each bit fell upon the table it changed into a glittering piece of gold, which rolled towards the jeweller, who no sooner touched it than it burst into thousands of sparks.

The private secretary was quite horrified at what he saw; at last, surmounting the weakness which chained him down to his seat, he rose and said, in a trembling voice,

'Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you a very good night.'

Then, with one leap, he escaped from the tavern. When in the street, he thought he heard two persons roaring with laughter, and he fled along rapidly, his blood freezing in his veins.

Chapter II.

The young painter, Edmund Lepsien, became acquainted with the wonderful goldsmith, Leonard, in a manner rather less disagreeable.

Edmund was sketching a beautiful clump of trees, in a solitary spot of the botanical garden, when Leonard approached him, and without ceremony tapping him on the shoulder, said, 'You are making a singular sketch, young man.'

'Do you remark anything then, sir?' said Edmund, with sparkling eyes.

'Doubtless,' replied the goldsmith; 'from the midst of that beautifully thick foliage I fancy I see advancing all sorts of strange

figures; sometimes young nymphs, sometimes curiously-shaped animals, sometimes flowers, and then again it resolves itself back to the group of trees, through which shine, so joyously, the rays of the setting sun.'

'Ah! sir,' said Edmund, 'you have a penetrating eye and a profound judgment. Have you not, when giving yourself up to the contemplation of nature, fancied that millions of creatures dart burning glances upon you from the midst of the sweet leafy thickets? I wished to realize those feelings in this composition, and I have succeeded.'

'I understand you,' said Leonard, in a dry tone; 'you wish to be untrammelled in your study; to give full play to your fancy.'

'By no means, sir,' replied Edmund; 'but I do consider this working after nature as the best of studies. I find true poetry in it; which is as requisite for landscape as for historical painting.'

'May heaven assist you, my dear Edmund,' said Leonard.

'What!' exclaimed Edmund, 'do you know me, sir?'

'Yes, I do know you,' replied Leonard; 'I made your acquaintance at the moment of your birth. I left Berlin, however, when you were very young.'

'Sir,' said Edmund, 'are you not master Leonard?'

'Yes, I am,' replied the goldsmith, 'though I am rather astonished that you have any recollection of me.'

'My father,' said the young man, 'often talked about you. He told me that you had drawn my horoscope, and that I was either to be a great artist or a great fool. Do you think, sir, that the horoscope will be accomplished?'

'Yes, certainly,' said the goldsmith, dryly; 'I think that you are at this time in an excellent track to become a great fool.'

'What, sir,' exclaimed Edmund, 'do you ——'

'It depends entirely upon yourself,' continued the goldsmith, 'to escape this sad alternative, and to become a great artist. Thy designs and sketches proclaim an imagination bold and rich; upon such foundations you may erect a solid edifice. Renounce the fashionable exaggerations, and give yourself to serious study.'

The goldsmith continued to speak upon the theory of painting, and Edmund felt himself irresistibly drawn towards him. In return for the friendship of the young painter, Leonard established himself the rigorous critic of his works. In this manner was formed an acquaintance betwixt the young scholar full of hope, and the old master full of science.

Not long after it happened, on a fine summer's evening, that not one of the cigars of the counsellor Melchior Vosswinkel, who was sitting near the lodge of the botanical garden, would burn. The counsellor threw them upon the grass one after the other, exclaiming, 'Good heavens, have I imported my own cigars in large quantities from Hamburgh, to be thus annoyed in my favourite recreation? It is too bad, really.'

He addressed these words in some measure to Edmund, who was sitting near him, and whose cigar smoked gayly.

Edmund, although he did not know the counsellor, drew from his pocket his cigar-case, and tendered it, amicably, to the unfortunate man.

The counsellor joyfully took one, and no sooner put it to the flame, than light-grey silvery clouds arose, and mounted to the skies in whirling columns.'

'My dear sir,' said he, 'you have relieved me from much annoyance. I thank you a thousand times. When this is finished I shall be rude enough to beg another from you.'

Edmund answered that all of them were at his service, and so they separated. When it began to get dusk, Edmund was sitting alone, in a brown study, when the counsellor appeared again, and asked leave to take a seat beside him. Edmund suddenly experienced a desire to walk, and was going to leave the seat when he perceived a very handsome young lady near them.

'My daughter Albertine,' said the counsellor to Edmund, who was so confused that he forgot to make his bow. In Albertine he recognised a charming young person, whom he had once found standing before one of his pictures, at the exhibition. She explained, with clearness, to an old lady and two young ones who were with her, the meaning of the painter, and praised very much the artist who had produced such a work. Edmund, standing behind her, devoured with ardour the praises which flowed from such pretty lips; but he did not dare to present himself to her as the artist. At that moment Albertine let fall her reticule, and Edmund quickly stooped for it, so did Albertine, and their heads meeting together, Albertine cried out with pain. Edmund, affrighted, stepped back upon the corns of the old lady, whose roarings increased the confusion. The company flocked in from the other rooms, and Edmund became the object of all eyes and eye-glasses. They rubbed Albertine's forehead, they assisted the old lady to a seat, and all that the unfortunate Edmund had to do was to retire, amidst dreadful whisperings and titterings.

Love, however, at that critical moment, struck the heart of Edmund, and it was only the sad recollection of his awkwardness that prevented him from seeking for the young lady in every corner of the town. He could only, in fancy, paint Albertine with a bruised forehead and eyes full of tears and anger, ready to load him with reproaches. But, on this evening in question, the forehead of Albertine was as ivory-white as ever; and as for her eyes, as she cast them down and blushed excessively when Edmund approached her, we cannot pretend to say what they expressed.

It happened, just after Edmund had been introduced to Albertine, that the counsellor went from them to speak to an acquaintance, leaving the young people to entertain each other.

Now all who have the happiness to be acquainted with Miss

Albertine Vosswinkel know that she is young, handsome, and graceful; that she dresses after the last fashion; that she sings cherubimically; that she has taken lessons on the piano-forte from Lauskar; that she excels in the dance; that she paints flowers divinely; that she is very good tempered; that she has got an album, beautifully bound, filled with selections from Goëthe, John Paul, and other superior men; that she writes a very ladylike hand; that she spells very tolerably.

During a long *tête-à-tête* Miss Albertine displayed great sentiment and poetical taste; she quoted verses and spoke of the influence of the fine arts on refined souls. Edmund, encouraged by their sweet discourse, and the increasing obscurity, took Albertine's hand and pressed it to his heart; Albertine withdrew her hand from a little tiny glove, and Edmund covered it with kisses.

'Come, let us go, the evening gets very cold,' said the counsellor, returning to them; 'I wish very much I had brought my cloak. Wrap yourself up well in your shawl, Albertine; do you know, my dear sir, it is a Cachemire, and cost me fifty good ducats. Wrap up well, Albertine. Adieu, sir.'

Edmund, with admirable tact, seized the moment to pull out his case, and offer another cigar to the counsellor.

'Sir,' said the counsellor, 'I thank you a thousand times; you are certainly a young gentleman of infinite politeness.' The counsellor went to illuminate his cigar, and Edmund timidly offered his arm to Albertine; she accepted it without any affectations, and, when the counsellor returned, it appeared quite an understood thing that Edmund was to accompany them to town.

Now whoever has been young and in love, or who is so still, (and some good folks are, and ever have, and ever will be innocent of juvenility and loveability,) can easily imagine that Edmund, walking with Albertine, felt as if promenading in Elysium with an angel.

Though the outward man of Edmund did not afterwards exactly correspond with the ideas of Rosalind respecting true lover-like appearance; though he did not, as did the amorous Orlando, spoil young trees by carving the name of his mistress upon the bark, yet did he contrive to spoil an incredible quantity of drawing materials with sketches of his heart's idol. He also emitted sighs innumerable, and the state of his circulating muscle was soon guessed by the old goldsmith. Edmund, when interrogated, did not hesitate to confess his passion.

'Forget it all,' said Leonard; 'it is very unfortunate to fall in love with a girl betrothed; for Albertine is partly promised to the private secretary, Tusmann.'

On hearing this, Edmund experienced an uncommon despair. Leonard waited patiently the termination of the first paroxysm,

and then asked if he seriously thought of marriage with Albertine. Edmund swore that it was the first desire of his soul. Then Leonard promised to help him to cut out his rival.

We have seen, in the first chapter, how the goldsmith commenced operations against the private secretary, Tusmann.

Chapter III.

After what the courteous reader has already been told respecting the private secretary, Tusmann, it will only be necessary to add that he was rather short, bald-pated, a little atwist, and very passably ugly. His coat was cut after the antique, his waistcoat was frightfully long, his trowsers bulged out at the knees, and his boots creaked; yet, notwithstanding all those abominations, there was an expression of goodness in his face which disposed people in his favour. Reading was his chief delight. He read everywhere; walking, running, riding. Above all, Mr. Tusmann had a shocking good memory, he was a second Magliabechi.

The counsellor Melchior Vosswinkel had been at the school of the Grey Monks with the private secretary, and that event established a firm friendship betwixt them. Now it came to pass, that on Miss Albertine's last birthday, Mr. Tusmann kissed her hand, wishing her happy returns, with such astonishing and unsuspected gallantry, that, at the very moment, the worthy counsellor conceived the idea of marrying his daughter to his old schoolfellow. When the project was communicated to Mr. Tusmann, he was, at first, very much alarmed. Afterwards, however, he became reconciled to it, and considered it quite as a settled thing, though Albertine had no idea of the good fortune which awaited her.

Early in the morning which followed the night of Mr. Tusmann's strange adventure at the tavern in Alexander-place, he precipitated himself pale and wan into the chamber of Mr. Vosswinkel. The counsellor was not a little frightened, for Mr. Tusmann never visited him at that hour, and everything about him announced something shocking.

'My dear private secretary,' said he, 'what's the matter?—what has happened?'

Mr. Tusmann threw himself, exhausted, into an arm-chair; and, after taking breath a minute or two, said, in a trembling voice,

'My dear counsellor, as you see me now, in these clothes, and with the politic wisdom of Thomasius in my pocket, do I come from Spandau-street, where I have been walking since midnight.'

Then Mr. Tusmann related further to the counsellor all that had passed the preceding night, from his meeting with the won-

derful goldsmith, to the moment of his escape from the new tavern in Alexander-place.

'My dear secretary,' said the counsellor, 'you drank, contrary to your usual custom, a little late in the evening, and the wine has been the cause of this strange dream.'

'What!' exclaimed the private secretary, 'I drank! I slept! Do you imagine I am deficient in knowledge respecting sleep and dreams? I can quote to you the theory of Nudow respecting dreams; namely, that we may sleep with dreaming. What says Hamlet, "To sleep! perchance to dream." *Perchance* to dream! you see. Then again, concerning dreams, if you had read the Somnium Scipionis, and the celebrated work of Artemidorus upon dreams, printed by Aldus in Greek, in 1518, in 8vo., you would know as much as I do; but you never read, and therefore you form false judgments upon everything; I am sorry to say it.'

'Well, well, don't get into a pet,' said the counsellor; 'I am ready and willing to believe that you fell into the hands of some rogues, who played upon you; but do tell me, my dear secretary, why did you not afterwards go home, instead of walking about the streets all night?'

'O my dear counsellor!' cried the secretary, with tears in his eyes, 'O my faithful schoolfellow of the Grey Monks! why do you insult my misfortunes with outrageous doubts? Know that the diabolical conjurations continued after I got into the street. When I reached the old town-house, I saw a brilliant light beaming from all the windows, and I heard the lively sounds of a band, accompanied by a janissary kettle-drum, or to speak more correctly a jenjit-scheriff kettle-drum. Well, I don't know how it was, as I am not very tall, yet was I enabled, when standing on tip-toe, to look in at the window, but O, just powers! what a sight did I see! Why, nothing less than Miss Albertine, in a beautiful wedding dress, waltzing immoderately with a young man. I knocked at the window, and called out, "Miss Albertine, what are you dreaming of? What are you doing here at this hour?" At the same instant a horrible phantom ran out of Royal-street, and, knocking me off my legs into the gutter, vanished with shouts of laughter. I cried out, "Watchmen! Policemen! Stop him! Stop him!" Suddenly all was silent in the town-house, and I heard only the echo of my own voice. I was abandoning myself to despair, lying in the gutter, when the phantom again returned and set me up upon my feet. I precipitated myself into Spandau-street, and was just standing before my own door, with the key in my hand, going to open it, when I saw myself—yes, myself—before me, looking at me, in a bewildered manner, with the same round, black eyes I have in my own head. I recoiled, horrified, and found myself in the grasp of a man. I thought, when I turned round, that it was the watchman, and I

said, "My dear Charley, I am here in a predicament; have the goodness to order off that swindling secretary Tusmann, who stands before the door, so that I, the genuine secretary Tusmann, can't get into the house." "I think, Mr. Tusmann, that you are a confounded jackass," said the man, in a hoarse voice; and instantly I recognised the terrible goldsmith. The fright nearly overcame me; I felt as I suppose a person would feel if tipsy; I staggered, and a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. "Honourable professor," said I, "I beg a million pardons that, in the darkness, I took you for a Charley. O, worthy sir, treat me as you will,—call me plain Mr. Tusmann unceremoniously,—apostrophize me in any barbarous fashion you may think fit; but, in the name of goodness, deliver me from the charm you have cast upon me this night!"

'"Tusmann," answered the enchanter, "you can escape my charms, by swearing this very instant never to think of marrying Miss Albertine Vosswinkel."

'You may imagine, my dear counsellor, the impression this horrible proposition made upon me. "Most honourable professor," said I, "I am free to confess that it was very wrong of Miss Albertine Vosswinkel, my betrothed, to be waltzing at this time of night with a young man, name unknown; but I cannot give her up; I have the highest sentiments of respect and esteem for you, most honourable professor, but I must be allowed respectfully to state, that I will see you first ——." I had hardly finished speaking, when that cursed goldsmith hit me such a punch in the abdomen that it sent me whirling round, and, as I turned, thousands of secretary Tusmanns waltzed about me. At last I fell senseless, and when I opened my eyes again—O dear counsellor, pity thy old schoolfellow!—I found myself sitting upon the bronze statue of the great Elector, holding fast by the cold tail of the horse. Luckily the sentinel was dozing, and I got down unseen, at the risk of breaking my neck or being shot. Then I fled here.'

'I hope, my dear friend,' said the counsellor, 'you do not expect me to believe all this. Was ever such a thing heard of, particularly in a town so well lighted and watched as Berlin!'

'My dear counsellor, into what errors do you fall, owing to your limited reading. If you had read the Microchromion Marchicum of Haftitius, rector of the two universities, Berlin and Cologne, you would know that many such strange things have happened here.'

'I beg of you,' replied the counsellor, 'to forget such superstitious follies. It were better to avow that you were rather tipsy, and that you climbed up, like a young student, on the statue of the Elector. The more I think of the two persons with whom you passed the night drinking, the more it appears to me that they were the old Jew, Manasseh, and the goldsmith, Leonard,

who now and then appear in Berlin. I only hope, old schoolfellow, that you do not wish to break off our arrangement respecting my daughter; it would be, my dear secretary, a source of very great affliction to me to find you capable of deceit.'

This new suspicion quite put Mr. Tusmann beside himself. He vowed that he loved Albertine with an unequalled love; that he would submit to anything rather than lose her.

Whilst Mr. Tusmann was protesting, a knock was heard at the door, and old Manasseh entered the room. When Mr. Tusmann perceived him, he exclaimed,

'O heavens! here is that old Jew who knocked gold pieces out of a radish! I fear the other necromancer is not far off.'

So saying, he would have departed; but the counsellor prevented him, and, turning to Manasseh, related what Mr. Tusmann had reported concerning what took place at the new tavern in Alexander-place.

The old Jew smiled oddly, and said, 'The gentleman entered the tavern with the goldsmith, Leonard, and drank until he could hardly sit upright, and then ran out very suddenly.'

'You see,' said the counsellor, 'I guessed quite right. This comes of wine bibbing, which vice you must entirely renounce if you wish to marry my daughter.'

Notwithstanding all his protestations the unfortunate Mr. Tusmann was well wrapped up in a cloak, and sent home in a droschki to his dwelling in Spandau-street.

'Well, Manasseh, anything new?' said the counsellor, when they were alone.

Manasseh, after much grimace and entreaty from the counsellor, informed him that his nephew, Benjamin Manasseh, worth several millions, who had been made a baron at Vienna, on account of his great merit, had fallen in love suddenly with Miss Albertine, and wished to marry her.

The young Baron Manasseh was a well-known frequenter of the opera; a tall, thin man, with umbrageous black whiskers, and a nose curved like a Damascene sabre; a young man of great talent, who spoke several languages with the delightful accent of his co-religionists; who sawed the violin, thumped the piano, scratched the harp, twangled the guitar, jumbled rhymes together, spoke boldly without knowledge or taste, dressed as only an ill-bred Jew dresses, and who was, in short, unbearable.

The counsellor could not help thinking of young Manasseh's millions, but, at the same time, he saw almost insurmountable obstacles.

'My dear Manasseh,' said he, 'you forget that your nephew is of the old faith, and that——'

'My dear counsellor,' said the Israelite, 'what does it matter? a few drops of water shall not hinder the affair; I will return in a day or two with the baron, to learn your decision.'

Manasseh went away.

The counsellor reflected long; but, in spite of his avarice, he could not make up his mind to sacrifice his daughter. In a fit of good faith, he almost vowed to keep his word with his old school-fellow at the college of the Grey Monks.

(To be concluded next month.)

THAT DAY.

THE sun, dear! the sun, dear!
Had a voice in his every ray,
To tell thee, dear! tell thee, dear!
Who was waiting for thee that day.

The birds were singing sweetly, dear!
Upon every sun-gilt spray;
And this said all their songs, dear!
'Why comes she not here this day?'

The water was rippling brightly, dear!
In its old restless way;
And every ripple laughed, dear!
To see me alone that day.

The daisy from the grass, dear!
Peeped up, in its own sweet way,
With a sister flower by its side, dear!
More blest than was I that day!

The winds were breathing sweetly, dear!
And kissing, in their warm play,
Kissing my brow and my lips, dear!
More fond than thou that day!

The bud on the naked bough, dear!
Seemed to start from the old decay;
Called forth by the sudden shine, dear!
More inspired than thou that day.

The new-fallen lamb, from the sod, dear!
Arose, with but brief delay;
And blithely follow'd its dam, dear!
More alive than thou that day.

The clouds, dear! the clouds, dear!
Were each touched by a roving ray;
And I the only cloud, dear!
That sullenly looked that day.

All things enjoyed the sun, dear!
And smiled, in their spring-time way;
But I could not enjoy the sun, dear!
For the want of thy smile that day.

* W. *

THE PLEASURES OF WALKING.

THE increasing magnitude of our towns has its advantages, no doubt; but those advantages are purchased at a costly rate. The good in one scale is often overbalanced by evil in the other,—by evil so subtle that it frequently escapes our notice.

Exhilarating exercise in the open air is now almost unknown to the middle and working classes of our largest towns, whose local position and occupations most particularly require it. More educated they may be than their ancestors, and possibly more temperate; but will knowledge convert the foul air of the city into a healthy atmosphere? or will temperance change the unhealthy handicraft into agreeable and healthful exercise? The manly sports and games of our ancestors are gone, and, on the spot where they flourished, stands the public-house. By the townsman the beauties of nature are rarely seen, and when seen are rarely enjoyed or understood; for how should he take delight in this beautiful world, whose existence has vibrated between brick walls and the factory or forge?

The pleasures derivable from muscular exertion, under favourable circumstances, will endure even to extreme old age. With us they barely last out our childhood. The greatest delight of the child is in vigorous bodily exertion. His other pleasures sink into nothing in comparison with this. And, in the country, when the labourers are well fed and not overworked, the delights of athletic exercise endure at least till middle life. If this be the case with the hard working agriculturist, ought we not still more to expect it from him who plies the sickly trade, and whose employments should demand the counterbalance of athletic exertion? Surely we ought not to look for his entire abandonment of these exercises, even from his boyish days. The desire, the craving is extinguished, because the opportunity is unceasingly denied; nor do his brethren of the shop and counting-house fare much better. Bodily disease soon comes on, for the body brooks not the absence of its congenial exertion; mental disease appears also, for the mind droops in the absence of varied and pleasurable excitement; mind and body react painfully, and thence the hypochondriac, the fanatic, the felon, or the madman. The philosophers of Greece knew better; for the calls made by this corporeal frame, and they were not satisfied with having knowledge and talking of it, they habitually carried their knowledge into effect in their own persons, and verily they had their reward. They lived long and happily, and did such feats of mental power as the world longs again to see.

The physical perfection and length of life which our aristocracy now generally attain, must, in part, be attributed to their fondness for the sports of the field. Objectionable as these sports are in

many respects, it is impossible to deny their salutary effects on those who practise them in moderation. We see frequent accounts of aged nobles undergoing a degree of corporeal exertion, under the name of sport, and with marked advantage to their health, which would be considered the height of barbarity if inflicted as labour or punishment on any persons of their age. Rationalize athletic diversions, extend them through all ages and ranks of the community, and a fine and happy race will soon spring up: or exclude such exercises, throw every obstacle in their way, stop footpaths, enclose village greens, leave no accessible open spaces in and around towns and cities, and the consequence will be a marked change in the health, and happiness, and morality of a people.

Our pleasures are not so numerous that we ought to cast off any one, far less those which, as conducing also to health, are in some sense the basis of all other pleasures. It especially behoves townsmen of the more educated classes to contend against the evil, which afflicts them above all others; and young townsmen should exert themselves to the utmost to retain those of their boyish pleasures on which their health and happiness so much depend.

It is the crying sin of modern society, that young men, when their education is (as it is called) finished, find it necessary to recommence it upon some rational plan. A great proportion of the educated persons in this country are townsmen, and very many of these have been brought up in complete ignorance of external nature, and in utter incapacity to taste her pleasures. Is this large and most important class of our countrymen always to remain ignorant of the delights of nature? Are they to be completely cut off from so large a portion of the purest and most lasting pleasures of humanity? Are they to be debarred from relishing or even understanding the greater portion of the field of poetry and most of the fine arts? Are they to be kept perpetual prisoners within the bars of that great jail, an English city, and only now and then suffered to take a peep at the outskirts, where the best has been done to destroy nature, or to deform her, or render her ridiculous? Prisoners indeed they are, and not the less so because they have been rendered prisoners by education and habit, no less than by physical necessity.

Few townsmen appreciate thoroughly the pleasures of walking in a fine country; for these, like most of our simplest, least exciting, and most durable pleasures, do not come upon us all at once. They are composed of a great number of small parts, and require time and habit to produce their effect.

The changes of scenery in a fine country, as they constantly vary with the season, hour, and weather, as well as with the position of the beholder, must be dwelt upon somewhat, or they will not produce their full effect in raising pleasurable emotions. It

will not do to scamper over the ground as if we were travelling express, keeping exclusively in well-worn localities. Still less will a hoodwinked vehicle suffice, dashing along the high road (usually the ugliest line in the locality) under perpetual anxiety lest ten miles an hour should not be accomplished. To be fully enjoyed, or even tolerably seen, a fine country must be walked through. The independence of the pedestrian will carry him into scenery attainable to no other traveller, and will allow him to dwell without limitation upon anything that strikes his fancy and gives him delight. He is not the slave of his horse or carriage, or the fettered slave of the rapid stage-coach. He is not mocked by pleasures which he sees, but cannot wait for or get at to enjoy. Nature must be lived in for a time, and walked through, or she cannot be thoroughly known and fully enjoyed; she must not be glanced at, and then fled from as if she were the cholera morbus or plague.

An occasional visit to the country, and especially a pedestrian visit, is a valuable medicine for the mind; whatever it presents is fresh, and healthy, and beautiful, and a relief from the daily routine of labour and care. It conveys us for the time into a newer and a better world. A thousand associations that otherwise might grow so strong as greatly to circumscribe our happiness, may thus be prevented from becoming indissoluble; among which not the least formidable are the petty domestic habits, whose bonds are at once the strongest and the least observed.

To the body, a complete change of food, of air, and of exercise, often produces remarkable results; and no less extraordinary is the effect of a change of scene, of society, pleasures, and thoughts upon the mind. Judicious travelling affords both; and its striking effects are proverbial.

A perpetual residence on the same spot, especially in the interior of a great town, must greatly enfeeble, if it do not completely destroy, habits of external observation, and tend materially to decrease many valuable powers. In the country nature checks this by varieties of productions, of seasons, and of weather; but, in large towns, the changes of nature, except from heat to cold, are few and little observed; and her most beautiful varieties are never seen. In towns we become quick enough in observing and criticising each other; but the pleasurable excitement arising from external observation of beautiful images, is, in most instances, comparatively small.

Rich materials are gathered by the observing and reflecting mind from the variety (however trivial in appearance) which well-conducted travelling ensures, both in men and nature. To the pleasure of constantly acquiring new information may be added subsidiary occupations, such as drawing or botany, mineralogy and zoology. A very superficial knowledge of these subjects may be a source of great pleasure and instruction. Attain-

ments far short of those of the professed artist will be sufficient for purposes of pleasure, and much satisfaction may be derived from small outline sketches, which any one, after a few trials, may readily take. It is not to be imagined, without actual experience, how many objects, events, and emotions will be renewed long afterwards, by a glance at a few scratches of the pencil made on the spot, which are hardly to be deciphered by any but ourselves. A written journal will do much; and, in conjunction with a graphic journal, will all but restore the past to the present.

Acquaintance with botany and mineralogy will cause us to observe many gratifying objects which otherwise we should have passed unheeded. It is astonishing how heedless we are of a thousand noticeable physical objects which present themselves before us. We are like the blind amid beautiful colours and elegant and ever-varying forms; we are in fact next to blind; for though we may see nature as a beauteous whole, and rejoice thereat exceedingly, our eyes are closed to most of the minor beauties of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, which are, nevertheless, formed to give delight, and come in with their gentle and varying aid when we have had our fill of larger prospects. The fact of having previously observed a few of the more common minerals will open our eyes wonderfully as regards the mineral kingdom wherever we go; and an equally superficial examination of the parts and structure of a few plants, and a slight knowledge of the Linnæan system, will bring many an interesting plant under our notice at times when we are not in a humour for anything more extensive.

The townsman, whose youth was passed in the country, finds that an occasional return to it is of real importance. A thousand joyous reminiscences are excited, and pleasurable trains of thought kept up which form the basis of a cheerful character, but which continued absence is sure to weaken or efface at the time when advancing age most needs their aid.

> 'These beauteous forms,
> Through a long absence, have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
> But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
> And passing even into my purer mind
> With tranquil restoration; feelings, too,
> Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
> As have no slight or trivial influence
> On that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love.'
>
> WORDSWORTH.

One of the most unprofitable modes of visiting the country is to go to a watering-place; in other words, to go from one large town to another. Yet this kind of travelling, if so it may be called, is not altogether without its use. The change, even, from one town to another, is of some effect; many persons move thus who would not otherwise move at all; their bodies and minds are refreshed by change of scene and occupation; some knowledge is gained, and some prejudices are loosened or effaced.

The art of travelling, as practised by the English gentleman in former times, whether at home or abroad, was to get over the greatest quantity of space in the least quantity of time. And even now those among us, who have more money than time or wit, are addicted to the same habit. A more certain method of engendering confusion of head, and of seeing enough of the outside of everything to be sure of forming the wrong opinion, could not be prescribed. The son who travels in this manner is, however, less likely to be injured than his father. The old gentleman's taste for novelty is gone, and a continuance of bodily motion and noise gives him annoyance. What he sees, or rather what passes before his eyes, is new and strange, and therefore foolish or bad; and he is wedded to many little habits and comforts which travelling impedes. He consequently returns a worse man than when he went forth, excepting that he rates a little higher the pleasures of home. The young man enjoys noise and bustle, his spirits rise as he is shaken about; variety and novelty are as yet his delight; he sees much, mistakes half that he sees, and laughs at every thing; his rest is not to be broken by a poor bed; his appetite is proof against indifferent or strange food; he rather enjoys than suffers from a change of habits. And if he, too, returns at last not much wiser than when he started, he has passed his few weeks or months in pleasurable excitement, which is something; and he can afterwards look back to the past without pain or uncharitableness.

Pedestrian tours or excursions may be prescribed to young men on the score of health, pleasure, and knowledge. In this country great facility of procuring conveyances to agreeable centres for commencing any tour is seldom wanting. It is by no means uncommon now for young men to go to the boundaries of Wales, or to the commencement of the fine country about the Cumberland Lakes, and then to travel on foot through the most beautiful parts, sending on their luggage from place to place, as opportunity offers. The pedestrian will find it most to his advantage to reside for a few days in a good centrical spot, and then remove to another, by which means every place is well examined and thoroughly enjoyed. Over a monotonous tract, a lift may be occasionally obtained by a stage or car; but the rule should be to trust to one's legs.

The quantity of walking that a man of average strength can

perform with pleasure, is much greater than is usually supposed. Amid fine scenery, there are few men under fifty who will not walk twelve or fifteen miles in a summer's day with pleasure; and by increasing the daily distance gradually, twenty or thirty miles may soon be attained by any young man in ordinary health, with great satisfaction and with scarce any feeling of fatigue. If, indeed, the pedestrian will walk as if he were blindfolded, he may feel tired at the end of a mile, as he certainly would at the end of an hour if he were to sit still doing nothing; but a moderate appreciation of the beauties of fine scenery will necessarily dispel this fatigue of indolence. A love of nature, though wanting, (which is sometimes the case with the indweller of cities,) is fortunately soon acquired by the pedestrian. Two or three persons of accordant tastes walking together, will greatly enhance each other's pleasures; but even when alone much pleasure may be enjoyed by an active pedestrian. Occasionally one ought to be alone; one should dare to be alone; though, as a general rule, it is better for the social animal that his pleasures should be taken in company with his kind. One advantage of being alone is, that the wayfarer is thrown exclusively upon external nature and chance society, and has a strong inducement to examine them thoroughly; though, on the other hand, occasional tedium is prevented by social travelling, and each one profits by the mental resources of the rest.

Wild and visionary as the scheme may appear, and impracticable theorists as those may seem who advocate the habit of using the legs, it is notorious to all who have been in Wales or Cumberland, that the impracticable theory is there reduced to practice by many persons every year, with much satisfaction; and nothing is more common in Germany and Switzerland than for young men to take long tours of this description as a part of their education. Some of the German schoolmasters make a point of taking a number of their pupils on walking tours in the holidays, and of stopping to examine minutely whatever is worthy of notice in their progress. And some who have proceeded on these school-walking-tours describe this as the most interesting and instructive portion of their education.

The proper requisites for a journey of this description are seldom known to the young pedestrian until he has made at least one tour, and suffered inconvenience from the want of them. The just medium is rarely preserved; he often encumbers himself with things he does not want, and omits things which are very desirable. The mountainous parts of this country are very subject to heavy showers even in the middle of summer, which renders a change of clothes essentially requisite. A frock-coat or shooting-jacket, with large pockets, cannot be too strongly recommended as the general attire, and the former in preference to the latter, as possessing many of the advantages of a great coat. Two pairs of

very strong shoes are quite indispensable. Very strong cloth boots are perhaps better still; but leather boots are not to be endured, they tire the ancles very soon. Many and many a suckling pedestrian has suffered much, and been put to great shifts in regions where cobblers are 'few and far between,' by acting on the belief that one pair of light shoes would protect his feet and hold together several weeks among the sharp rocks and wet hill-sides of Wales and Cumberland. For tender feet lamb's wool stockings are strongly recommended; and worsted socks are to be preferred to cotton stockings, as the latter often blister the feet. A strong umbrella, with a comfortable handle, and an unusually long and strong stick with an iron ferule, is a great treasure in climbing and descending mountains, and in warding off the short sharp showers that are so frequent in mountainous regions. A very moderate supply of shirts and stockings will suffice; with these the young traveller usually overstocks himself, not reflecting or not knowing that his clothes may always be washed in a night.

The best map of the district that can be found should be the pedestrian's constant companion; it will prove his guide and comforter on many occasions; long before he has done with it he will deem it well worth its weight in gold. In addition to the above requisites, a pocket compass and an amusing book for reading in an evening or in wet weather, will almost complete the stock of our pedestrian. The sketcher must, however, be allowed his book and pencils, the geologist his hammer, and the botanist his paper and determining book.

A small travelling bag or coat-bag will hold every thing that the pedestrian can need; and it may be sent on from centre to centre by coach, cart, or boy, or will be carried by a guide. The large pockets of the frock-coat or shooting-jacket will stow away conveniently all that is wanted between the centres, although several days should intervene.

Having chosen the country he means to visit, and consulted his acquaintance who have already travelled there, and moreover looked through a few guide-books, our pedestrian should lay down a general plan of operations and fix on his centres. The guide-books, however, must be consulted cautiously, as they are almost always incorrect and incomplete. Hence the necessity of being in the centre and examining for oneself, for a district may contain many sights worth seeing, though it is not frequented by ordinary sight-seers. The grandest scenes are frequently the property of none but the active pedestrian. They are inaccessible to carriage, gig, or horse company, and are therefore unnoticed by guide-books and guides. In proportioning the country to be gone over with the time we can command, allowing two, three, or four days to each of the centres, according to their apparent merits, we must not forget to allow several days in every month as a reserve for unforeseen contingencies and rain. The great error

of travellers is to attempt too much. A quarter of the district well seen will do more good to the traveller than the whole district merely glanced at. Many a traveller has set out with the determination to see the whole of North Wales in a fortnight. If he persists in his attempt, walking is altogether out of the question; a few roads are passed over rapidly and uneasily, a few towns are glanced at, and the memory of the journey soon passes away. North Wales would well repay a two months' excursion, or three or four tours of a fortnight. But, says the young tourist, if I do not see North Wales now, I may never have another opportunity. An opportunity of doing what? Not of seeing all North Wales, because, in the limited time, that is impossible, but an opportunity of saying that you have been in half a dozen roads, towns, and villages, extra, and have seen, or rather have whirled by without seeing, a dozen crack views; and have missed seeing well, or understanding or enjoying any one thing or any one district in the progress of the journey. Travelling in the usual superficial mode is always fatiguing, and becomes tiresome and unbearable after the first novelty is worn off. You glide by mountains, and valleys, and lakes, and are delighted; you pass more, and are pleased; but in a little while the novelty is off, and you care no longer for the almost identical and everlasting mountains, lakes, and valleys. The pedestrian does not dash through a country; he dwells in it and on it; and, contemplating at leisure every scene, he not only seizes its beauties, characteristics, and resemblances to kindred spots, but its differences from these, and its remarkable differences at times from itself. He sees something more than a line of filmy forms flitting by, each one a repetition of the rest; and thus his appetite, instead of palling, grows by what it feeds on. He sinks the mere sight-seer into the student of nature, her admirer and friend; his faculties are excited, his soul is raised, and he is storing up rich and lasting adornments and treasures in his mind.

Great importance is attached by some rational travellers to a journal of the scenes they have visited, and of the impression which these scenes have produced, which journal should be written at the earliest possible moment after the scenes have been respectively visited. Not merely regarding the journal as an amusement for friends and as a memento afterwards to themselves of what they have seen, they hold this translation of visual impressions and the coexistent thoughts and feelings into clear language, to be an important incitement to future exertion and excellence. We thus become, as it were, two; for we pass under the review of one calm state of mind, our transactions in a very different condition; we resolve and ruminate over the past; we view objects external and intellectual in new though less vivid colours; and we strengthen and sharpen our faculties so as to improve still more our future opportunities. At first, however,

our journal is scanty and feeble; we are discontented that we can fix so little of what we have observed and experienced. But we persevere; and floods soon pour from the pen to renew the past and fix it more vividly and permanently in the mind. That which was first a trouble, soon ceases to annoy, and afterwards becomes a delight. The drawing-book becomes another journal for those who can sketch, recalling place and time more vividly than any other.

There can seldom be difficulty in finding the way when the neighbourhood is populous; but this is not the case in thinly-peopled districts; there the traveller has to rely entirely on himself. He must therefore learn that important branch of pedestrianism, the art of always knowing where he is, by carefully studying his map, examining and learning the bearings of the country, keeping in remembrance the forms of the mountains and eminences with due allowance for change of position; and though he must expect to be sadly wrong at first, he will eventually acquire great facility in finding his way through the most trackless wastes with bold and joyous self-reliance, and will thereafter dispense with that great and expensive nuisance, a guide. But if he will not take pains, either from indolence, or from ignorance of the proper mode of setting about it, he will frequently lose himself every half-hour. Some men, though in a new country, never lose themselves; they seem to find their way, as it were, by instinct; yet they are masters of an art that any one, with a little trouble, may attain.

We may take North Wales for the exemplication of some of the above remarks. If the pedestrian enters North Wales by the Holyhead road, and is restricted in time, he may proceed by stage to Llangollen, which will form an admirable centre for three or four days, from its very striking situation. Capel Cerrig, (or Bettws Bridge,) which is in the neighbourhood of the most magnificent of the Welsh mountains, should be the next centre for at least three days. From thence the pedestrian will be well repaid by walking through the vale of Llanrwst to Conway, which will occupy a day or two pleasantly. Bangor and the Menai Bridge form the next good centre. The bridge should be crossed; and the pedestrian will be repaid by continuing his path through Lord Anglesey's park, and then crossing the ferry into the Carnarvon road. Carnarvon will occupy a day at least. Our traveller will then march to Bethgelert by Bettws and Llyn Cwellyn, and, if possible, will go half down the Drws y Coed. Bethgelert is a good centre for several days. The next point, for a day or so, is Tremadoc. After this the embankment should be crossed; and either the Tan y Bwlch or Ffestiniog will form another centre for a few days. Barmouth is worth one day; and Dolgelly well merits three or four. Machynlleth, Aberystwith, Devil's Bridge, and Rhyader are also worthy of being made centres, according to the time which the pedestrian can bestow. An active pedestrian

would require six weeks for such a tour as we have indicated; and if he divides it into two, Tremadoc or Ffestiniog will be as far as he can reach in one tour of three weeks. In North Wales, one day out of four must be allowed for unfavourable weather, except in the very middle of summer.

The scenery of South Wales is inferior to that of the North, and should be visited first, if the pedestrian can devote several tours to this portion of the country. The following have been found good centres: Chepstow, Crickhowel, Brecon, Merthyr, Swansea, Llandilo, Carmarthen, Tenby, Pembroke.

The best centres for the Lakes of Cumberland are Bowness, Ambleside, Coniston Head, Keswick, Buttermere or Crummock, Ulleswater Head, Wastwater, and Ennerdale. In the two latter places there are no inns.

A pretty little tour may be made in Derbyshire, taking as centres Derby, Cromford or Matlock, Bath, Bakewell, Buxton, Castleton, and, proceeding south by Hartington, to Dove Dale.

If we were writing a guide-book for short tours we might select many beautiful clusters of centres, such as the country about Southampton and the Isle of Wight; the region of Box Hill, Dorking, Leith Hill, Guildford, and Godalming; the Thames region from near Reading to Streatley, and also about Maidenhead, Cookham, Marlow and Henley; the circle of the Chiltern hills, including Tring, Wendover, Prince's Risborough, and Hampden; the country about Arundel, thence along the top of the South Downs to Shoreham, Lewes, and by Beachy Head to East Bourne; North Devon, and South Devon; Cornwall, &c. &c.; not to mention Scotland and Ireland.

Those whose circumstances require economy will find that the expenditure of a walking tour is not above half that of the ordinary mode of travelling, and may, when necessary, be reduced to a third.

When families leave their abodes in towns for a temporary residence in the country or at watering-places, they usually restrict themselves to one or two short, dull, monotonous walks. These soon grow tiresome, and it then becomes a matter of duty, often of painful duty, to persevere in taking exercise in the open air. Now we have personally known several families of females, some of them very delicate, and some very young, who have been in the frequent habit of walking five or six miles, or even more, in the summer, with very great pleasure and advantage; taking a slight rest on the approach of fatigue.

Much pleasure, intellectual improvement, and even formal instruction may be secured to boys by occasional excursions of half or a whole day; and very young urchins will go many miles with pleasure, and without much fatigue, if they are allowed proper food and rests, and are taken to examine interesting objects. Even little children will derive much gratification from watching

the progress of some distant road-making, canal-cutting, and house or bridge building, respecting which also much amusing and instructive conversation may be afterwards held.

RUTH.

Not to the fool, or he who looks
On women but as gaudy books,
Where gilding takes the place of reason,
Or fashion makes their life—a season:
Not to the worshipper of rules
Made by the world to govern fools,
Or him who makes himself a minion
Beneath that despot's sway,—Opinion:
But unto all who worship truth,
I do commend thee, artless Ruth!

Thy lips are sweet! shall I tell why?
Those lips ne'er opened to a lie;
And round them dwells that simple grace,
The charm that consecrates thy face.
Thy mild yet fearless eye would brook
On Danger's hideous self to look;
And though the serpent tongue might lurk
With double venom for its work,
Thou hast one friend to guard thee—Truth:
She maketh thee strong-hearted,—Ruth!

And where thou lovest, thou dost love
With firmness nought on earth can move;
Like unto her whose name thou bearest,
Alike their joy or grief thou sharest;
Though Poverty might cloud their day,
Though wanderers through a thorny way
Their eyes thy light, their heart thy clime,
All evils thou wouldst dare—and Time
Would find thee, in thy warm heart's truth,
(Like her) their own devoted Ruth.

S. Y.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Commencement of the Session.—The first fight has been well fought; the second is raging while we are writing.* Our readers are probably satiated with discussions on the speakership; and the people have pretty strongly evinced their gratified feeling in the reply which Mr. Abercromby's election gave to the ill advised authority that dissolved the late Parliament. The country is now in the hands of the Reformers. The robber faction is at their mercy; and if they pare not the tiger's claws, the responsibility

* It is just decided; let the Tories turn out, or cease to cant about the Constitution. According to the old forms of their idolatry, they are defunct, as a Government.

is on their own heads. It is essential that the contest for supremacy between the people and the party should as soon as possible be brought to a final decision.

The King's speech is very Tamworthian. It is constructed with ingenious facility for the accommodation of those who are very desirous indeed of being gulled, or of having some excuse for appearing to be so. It throws no additional light on the plans of Ministers, or on anything else.

'The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue,' is a curious comment on the alleged occasion for dismissing the late Government and dissolving the Parliament. We thought that 'let well alone,' had been a maxim in some credit with the Tories, whom it has often served as a plea for any abuse not altogether intolerable, or the removal of which had not been rendered inevitable by popular indignation. The excuse set up for the confusion occasioned by their seizure of the government was, that the country could no longer bear a state of ceaseless agitation. They now confess that it was thriving under that agitation,—that they interposed under false pretences. One exception, indeed, is made. The 'agricultural interest' (save the mark !) is in 'great depression,' and the burdens 'on the *owners* and occupiers of land' are to be distributed 'over other descriptions of property.'—And this while the corn monopoly endures!

Those who read our last month's article on the elections will not need to be told our views of the amendment on the address. It may, perhaps, best embody the numerical strength of opposition; we should have preferred a better embodiment of its moral power.

Election Promises.—Before it was apparent that the choice of a speaker would become a question of great national importance, Mr. R. Ferguson, the member for East Lothian, had promised not to vote against Sir C. M. Sutton. Called on by his constituents to 'perform his duty,' he applied for a release from his promise, which was refused; and he therefore felt bound, as a man of honour, to abstain from voting. This conduct is generally lauded as very moral; and had Mr. Ferguson done 'his duty' to his constituents and his country, he would infallibly have been vituperated for a promise-breaker. There is some sophistry here, nor need we go to the abstract doctrine of promises for its detection. The acceptance of a trust is an implied promise of the most sacred description. A candidate's profession of principles renders the compact express. In his engagement to Sir C. M. Sutton, Mr. Ferguson violated (unintentionally) his previous promise to his constituents; the promise which would have been quite sufficiently made by the fact of his becoming their representative. That fact bound him to do whatever his judgment deemed best for the community. No personal engagement

could absolve him from this prior and paramount obligation. A trustee cannot, morally, bind himself to violate his trust. The first, great, and all-absorbing responsibility of a Member of Parliament is to the people. That must be a false notion of personal honour which exacts the performance of a promise to commit a public wrong. Yet such is the morality of the day. A gentleman must keep his word to a gentleman. He need not keep it to a rabble of electors,—nor to a friendless female,—all is fair in love and at elections. 'At lovers' perjuries Jove laughs,' and at the professions of the hustings aristocracy sneers. Many a man may defy the imputation of a proven lie whose whole public life is the foulest of falsehoods. The first of all political promises, the only one which binds under all circumstances whatever, is to serve our country to the best of our judgment and ability.

In the present state of the suffrage, the electors are trustees as well as the elected. The ballot would, it is said, enable them to break faith with the candidate. Open voting continually compels them to break faith with their country. The last lie is the worst. A false promise does much mischief; a ***false vote*** does infinitely more. If the fulfilment of our duty to our country was not promised for us by our godfathers and godmothers in baptism, it was promised for us by God and nature in the gift of our moral being.

Cross Voting.—In conformity, we believe, with the custom on such occasions, the candidates for the speakership of the House of Commons voted each for his opponent. The custom would have been 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' It is courtesy run mad: or rather, courtesy turned traitor. We should have been well pleased had Mr. Abercromby done the uncourteous on the occasion, and either voted for himself or left the house. Not that any difference would have been made in the result, as of course the opponents understood each other, and neutralized their own votes by compact, express or implied. But there would have been an important difference of moral effect. The vote of a legislator, on a vital question, ought not to be made, even in mere appearance, an affair of personal compliment. Mr. Abercromby's vote should have been the expression of Mr. Abercromby's opinion, and so should that of Sir C. M. Sutton have expressed his opinion; although the remark applies more strongly to Abercromby, as a Reformer, who had consented to identify himself with a public principle by coming forward in this important contest. His standing, and his vote, are in direct opposition. The one gives the lie to the other. We impute no blame to him but what would probably have been incurred by every other person who could have been selected for the same purpose; but the courtesy itself is so misplaced that we cannot omit noticing it for reprobation, and expressing our hope that the language of actions,

on such occasions, may be before long brought into conformity with the standard of truth.

Constitutional Servility.—The language and forms of British legislation, and of the administration of justice and other departments of Government, are in many instances founded on so slavish a theory of our political condition, that we should be astonished at their continuance, were it not that there is so much in our legal and ecclesiastical institutions to sustain the faith of hypocrisy in the creed of servility. An instance is before us, in the ceremony submitted to by the Speaker of the House of Commons, on his election. We take the record from the 'Morning Chronicle' of Saturday, Feb. 21:

HOUSE OF LORDS—FRIDAY.

'The hour of three having arrived, the Lords Commissioners took their seats at the foot of the throne. The Commissioners were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Jersey, Lord Wharncliffe, and the Earl of Rosslyn.

'The Usher of the Black Rod was then desired to summon the Commons.

'In a short time the Speaker, accompanied by a considerable number of the Members of the House of Commons, appeared at the Bar. The Speaker was not in his full robes of office, but wore a short wig, and appeared without his gown. The following form was then gone through:—

'The Speaker, on presenting himself at the Bar, said: In obedience to his Majesty's commands, the Members of the House of Commons have proceeded, in the exercise of their undoubted right and privilege, to the election of a Speaker.

[What a jumble of the language of slaves and freemen! What a mixture of submission and assumption! Either the one is mere grovelling, or the other mere braggadocio. The 'undoubted right' of obedience is a rare 'privilege' to boast.]

'I have now to acquaint your Lordships that their choice has unworthily fallen on me, and I now submit myself to his Majesty's pleasure.

[Formerly the Speaker petitioned his Majesty to direct the Commons to choose a better man. This species of insincerity is now left to the *nolo episcopari* professors. Its shadow remains 'unworthily' upon such a man, on such an occasion.]

'The Lord Chancellor: We have it in charge to assure you that his Majesty is satisfied with your zeal for the service of the Commons, and your ample sufficiency for the duties of the office that they have selected you to discharge, and he most fully approves of their choice.

[It is pleasant to find the King so well pleased with what he hates. If he speaks truth by the Chancellor's mouth, there must be bouncing lies uttered on his behalf by other authorities.]

'The Speaker: With all humility I submit myself to his Majesty's pleasure; and it is now my duty to ask and claim on behalf of his Ma-

jesty's faithful Commons the free exercise of their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, and more especially that of freedom of debate. I claim also for them freedom from arrest in their persons and servants, free access to his Majesty when occasion shall require, and that his Majesty will be graciously pleased to put the most favourable construction on all their proceedings; and for myself I anxiously entreat, that when they fall into error, the blame will be put upon me, and not upon his Majesty's faithful Commons.

[Far too much of oriental prostration for the first Commoner of a free people, the president of their representatives. Really if the King were to kick the Commons in the mode advised by the Tory papers, they would almost deserve it for their great humility.]

'The Lord Chancellor: Mr. Speaker, we have it further in command to declare, that his Majesty most readily concurs

[How if his Majesty had not *concurred?* What would have happened then?]

in all the rights and privileges granted to the Commons by him, or any of his royal predecessors;

[So all these rights and privileges are a Crown grant, it seems. We are the King's, and all that belongs to us.]

and with respect to yourself, his Majesty directs us to say, though you stand in need of no such assurance, that he will ever put the most favourable construction on your words and actions.'

[This insolence of diction well sorts with the other portion of the dialogue. We know very well that the whole thing is an egregious farce, but why should any man of character and ability be degraded by playing a part in it? It is time for these worse than follies to be amended. Posterity will scarcely believe that the freely and wisely chosen Speaker of this Reformed Parliament could report to its members, with unblistered tongue, that he had '*obtained for them* the exercise of their undoubted rights.'] F.

THE OMNIBUS AND CAB NUISANCE TO CERTAIN PEOPLE.

Mr. Deputy Brook, a personage who once figured as the colossal apprehender of an orange seller, whose 'sere and yellow' *boutique* he remorselessly bestrode, denouncing him as a vender of immoral eatables, which were never meant or made to be enjoyed on a Sunday morning, has now deputed himself to the questionable duty of overthrowing omnibuses and cabs. That they may be occasionally a nuisance to some of those who are fortunate enough to possess the means of keeping their own carriage (*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*) or their cab and tiger, may be true; just in the same way as a clean and fashionably dressed gentleman feels annoyed by dirty or miscellaneous dressed individuals, who walk on the same pavement, and are in quite as great a hurry as himself.

That they may create so much noise and bustle as to injure 'the retail trade' of many of those who dwell in some abominably narrow 'leading thoroughfares,' is equally so; for thoroughfares are expressly meant as conduits, and a street that is not at all good for business, is in that respect a very bad street, and ought to be left by the parties most concerned: but that the omnibuses and cabs are a very great accommodation to the majority of those dwelling in London and its suburbs, is a fact too self-evident to be argued.

It seems that Mr. Deputy Brook has thought it patriotic as well as civic, to run brawling to 'Sir Peel' with a petition, meandering to the following effect:—That omnibuses and cabs were 'an intolerable nuisance;' that they would '*ultimately* ruin the retail trade in the city;' that their number was quite unnecessary, and the issue of them ought to be limited by a jurisdiction 'intrusted to certain commissioners to license only as many carriages as may from *time to time* be found necessary for the public accommodation;' that they should be driven by respectable individuals, the proprietors being also 'persons of character and respectability,' &c.

Now that they are, to those who keep shops in thoroughfares, a nuisance, 'very intolerable and not to be endured,' is likely enough. But the bad building of the metropolitan leading streets is being reformed continually; and where it seems probable that this reform will be protracted for a very long period, or until some fire or whirlwind step in to aid the cause, the aggrieved occupants should e'en move to a better situation. As to their ruining the retail trade in the city, it is a farce which nobody of thirty years of age who has once been to London ought to listen to without ridicule. What! have we not seen long before an omnibus or cab was introduced to the public,—ay, seen and enjoyed, with the eyes of a schoolboy just come home at Christmas, the rare fun of a stoppage, a lock of carts, carriages, gigs, hackney-coaches, &c. which at 'high mass' held fast for an hour; never less than a quarter? How seldom does this occur now! It happened continually some ten or fifteen years ago; but the retail trade of London was not ruined. It takes very much more to ruin so vast a machine. The petition speaks of loss of lives. How many have been lost by an accident from an omnibus or cab? Perhaps the misfortune may have occurred twice or even thrice; for since the world was made, and since *factories* as well as coaches have had wheels, frightful accidents, we know, have happened; but compare the number of these with the deaths and mutilations that have occurred from private carriages of all kinds, and what a mere aristocratic and exclusive tirade of balderdash does this furious outcry become! Again, the number is to be limited at the discretion of '*certain* commissioners.' Yes, a job among those who live in thoroughfares; and to 'as many

as may from time to time be found necessary.' To be sure: from the time of paying dividends till there has been time to spend the usual portion that the *cognoscenti* know to be usual in the city; or at the pleasure of the 'certain commissioners.' As to the proprietors and drivers being persons 'of character and respectability,' we suppose that means individuals who have the benefit of a good education and two hundred per annum.

Now that some of the drivers of omnibuses and cabs are most barefaced abusers, besides being peremptory insisters upon an extra sum as the reward of impudence, is a vexatious fact. But only think of the noble and ancient line of Jarvis!—think of the hackney-coachmen of present as well as past days, and how many more choice specimens can be adduced! For one insult or extortion perpetrated by the former, we can all recollect enjoying more than we wish to count from the old treble-coated, slang-witted, hay-hatbanded, rascal-faced curmudgeons who are quite overlooked in this very patriotic petition of Mr. Deputy Brook.

As to diminishing the number, there are not more than the public need. They are generally crammed during the mornings and evenings; and at other times they are commonly as full as convenient to any man not altogether reduced to a thread-paper. At all events, if they did not fill enough to pay the proprietors, there would not be so many. That part of the evil would correct itself; if not, we should see them tumbling one over the other into the 'Gazette.' But where, we ask, are these lots of bankrupts? And the gallant, well-regulated, well-horsed, and well-appointed Mr. Shilibeer, pulling up his proud coursers with a dignified elbow, echoes—*Where?*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Pantika; or Traditions of the most Ancient Times.
By William Howitt. 2 vols.

So far as we are acquainted with the annals of Quaker authorship, they afford no precedent for the variety and freedom of the incursions made by 'the Howitts' into the fields of literature. History and fiction, education and controversy, poetry and prose, drama and romance; they have gone forth into all, as knight and Amazon of old, alike adventurous in their chivalry. And that similitude of courage and excursiveness reminds us only more strongly of the contrast, between the good, and gentle, and benignant spirit of the one, with all qualities now called Amazonian; and of the nobler enterprise of the other to any that knighthood ever boasted in the days of castles and battle-axes. The volumes before us are a fresh specimen of daring; we cannot say of *manly* daring, for the dramas of the 'Seven Temptations,' by Mary Howitt, were at least as bold as these romances of Jewish history and tradition,

by William Howitt. We trust that both will have an ample measure of that purest kind of success which their authors evidently most desire. In diverging from the usual routine of Quaker exertion, they never lose sight of (nay, they regard all the more steadily) the good old Quaker principle of doing service to mankind.

With the single exception of restraint from any wandering that might appear to him to be morally injurious, the Author of these volumes has fairly thrown the reins on the neck of his imagination, and spurred it to its speed. He has overleaped the barriers of the world before the flood, and seen the patriarchs, and the angels, and the fiends, and the giants, and the old Lamia, and the dark Demiurgus, and Lilith the rival of Eve, and the huge monsters of demi-chaotic planets. In the person of the ancient Pantika of Tarshish, he has preserved their strange legends. And some there are of later date, rabbinical versions, like the former, but of the times of the judges of Israel, and down to the reign of Solomon. They seem as remote to our minds as the former; for these also are fresh ground for romance, and under the cultivation of our author, it is luxuriant even to rankness.

The chief defect of the author's delineations is, that they sometimes want distinctness and condensation. We particularly refer to his descriptions of person and character. In the scenery of nature he is quite at home. His incident occasionally strikes us as too theatrical. The rosin and trap-doors of the Adelphi have abated the public relish for thunderbolts and earthquakes.

The charm of these stories is in the freshness of their subject; from which the 'World before the Flood' and the 'Loves of the Angels' detract but little; in their poetical construction and adornment; in their derivation from Hebrew legend, and their illustrative or other connexion with genuine sacred history; in the wildness, diversity, and interest of the narrative; and in the moral sentiment by which they are pervaded.

The following is a list of the titles of these tales: 'The Pilgrimage of Pantika,' 'Nichar, the Exile of Heaven,' 'Ithran the Demoniac,' 'Beeltuthma, the Desolate and the Faithful,' 'The Avenger of Blood,' 'The Soothsayer of No,' 'The Valley of Angels.' We had marked several extracts, amongst which was a curious scene of grotesque horror, in the punishment of Noph, the mercenary 'Soothsayer of No;' but find with regret that we have not room for their insertion.

Christianity and Church-of-Irelandism. A. Sermon. By George Harris. Glasgow.

This discourse was first delivered on the 24th January last, and the edition before us is the seventh. The author has touched a string that vibrates strongly in the popular heart. The tithe-slaughter at Rathcormac has passed off, as yet, far too quietly. The public attention has been exclusively fixed, in England at least, on the elections and their results; but there will come a time for it. Meanwhile, we thank Mr. Harris for giving Justice this refresher. It was a proper subject for the indignant animadversion of the Christian and the moralist, as well as the politician; and his thoughts and feelings on the occasion are appropriately and forcibly expressed. We subjoin a portion of the preface, describing the effect produced:

'The following Sermon was composed in the usual course of the Author's pastoral labours. He was so much struck by the heart-rending details of the Massacre at Rathcormac, he felt that the whole proceedings were so utterly alien to the genuine spirit of the Gospel, they affixed so foul a stigma on the hallowed name of Christian, and so closely associated Protestantism with blood-shedding, that he deemed himself imperatively called on to vindicate the pure and undefiled religion of the Saviour, from any participation in such enormities; to show, that benevolence is not more opposite to malignity, than is the spirit of the New Testament to an anti-national Established Church; to point the abhorrence of his hearers, not so much at the instruments of the evil deed, as against the system which induced and authorized the outrage; and to utter his earnest and most solemn protest against its being for a moment imagined, that Christianity lends the slightest sanction to principles and conduct, as much at war with the doctrines and commandments of the Sacred Volume, as they are with every sentiment of natural reason and every feeling of common humanity.

'The Sermon was delivered to the Unitarian Christian Congregation with which the Author esteems it his privilege and happiness to be connected, on Sunday morning, January 18. His hearers so warmly sympathized in its views and objects, that they requested him to re-deliver it in the evening. He did so to a large and deeply-attentive audience. In the course of the week, the Author was repeatedly asked again to preach it, both by members of his own congregation, and others unconnected with his religious communion. He consented, provided a collection was made for the families of those who were shot on the melancholy occasion which called forth the discourse. The committee of his Society unanimously appointed a collection for that purpose; and in the afternoon of Sunday, January 25, the Sermon was again preached to as large an audience as could possibly be contained within the walls of the building. Many hundreds could not get in, and even before the worship began, a notice had to be affixed to the chapel, that the Sermon would be repeated, for the fourth time, the same evening. The audiences manifested their detestation of injustice and outrage, and their benevolent wishes for the sufferers in Ireland, by a handsome contribution.

'The Massacre at Rathcormac is but a single chapter in the history of misgoverned and injured Ireland. The mis-named National Church of that unhappy country, has been baptized in the blood of its unfortunate inhabitants. Instead of enlightening, it has made more dark; instead of civilizing, it has brutalized; the Bible has been associated with the sword, Protestantism with the tithe proctor, education with exclusiveness and bigotry, and the name of England with oppression. High time is it that such enormities should cease. There must be no patchwork attempts at amendment; the root of the evil must be removed: the abomination must be entirely swept away; universal education must take its place; well-directed and unceasing efforts must be made for the enlightenment, the moral and social elevation of the whole people; and the civil and religious liberties of every individual of every denomination, must be founded on a basis, which no intrigue, no human force will be able to overturn, impugn, or pervert.'

The Late Houses of Parliament, and Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By J. Britton, and E. W Brayley. No. I.

The antiquarian zeal, diligence, and attainments of the authors of this work are well known to the public. The late fire gives additional interest to their subject, at all times one of the most interesting to which their researches could have been directed. The plan is both historical and architectural, and when completed, will form an octavo volume of 400 pages, with 40 engravings. So far as we can judge from the first

number, which consists of 32 pages of letterpress, and four engravings, the publication will be a most welcome one to all who delight in the cathedral antiquities, and who would gaze with no ignorant gratification on the wonders of that world of art which is commonly designated by the not very appropriate title of Gothic Architecture. The historical portion promises to be rich in curious anecdotes. We cannot sympathize in the piety of Edward the Confessor, who prayed the Deity to silence the nightingales because they disturbed his devotions; but, perhaps Sir Andrew Agnew may, at least on Sundays, when he happens to be in our southern country, and the miracle may give him a hint, derived from the wisdom of our ancestors, for his future attempts at Puritanical legislation. There is another miracle in the number, proving the right of English kings to nominate bishops, which may be of use to the Tories in the coming discussions on Church Reform. We hope to be thanked for pointing it out. While even these absurdities are illustrative, and therefore properly introduced, there is a rich variety of matter of a different kind, tending to throw light upon the condition and manners of society through a long succession of centuries, and extracting the materials of knowledge and common good from the vestiges of royal and sacerdotal pomp.

The Pocket Guide to Domestic Cookery. Simpkin and Marshall, 1835.

It is full of *meet* directions; its advice is never out of *season;* it has means for marketers; cautions for carvers; ending in solids for substantials, *entremets* for epicures, and sops for the sick; and all in so small a compass, and in so pretty a dress, that a lady need not be ashamed to carry the knowledge of the whole *cuisine* and all its accompaniments in her reticule. It would have been better had it acknowledged its obligation to Mrs. Child's 'Frugal Housewife,' (a more economical but less portable work on the same subject,) from which it has copied many directions verbatim.

Byrom's Short Hand, abridged. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A neat abridgement of Byrom's popular system of Stenography; a system which is inferior in rapidity to Gurney's, and some others, perhaps, but which can scarcely be excelled for beauty and intelligibility. The editor has been rather careless in the short-hand specimen and transcript; and, by avoiding a little repetition, might have made more use of the small space which he occupies. But he has done enough for any one easily to acquire the art, without the expense of larger publications.

The Historical Keepsake.

This is a 'Series of Original Historical Romances founded on important and interesting Events in British History.' The facts themselves are so well chosen for attracting the attention of juvenile readers, that we could wish there had been no admixture of fiction. The purpose might, we think, have been accomplished without, and the evil obviously attending such admixture have been avoided. Although demurring to the plan,

we cannot but praise the execution. The volume is embellished with fifteen wood-engravings, from celebrated paintings. It is a good present for those who are yet too young to grapple with continuous history or biography.

The History of Greece. By Thomas Keightley.

In this volume, closely yet clearly printed, and in every respect neatly got up, we have just such a History of Greece as our schools needed; and one which we think the author has quite succeeded in rendering as worthy of the man's attention as of that of the boy. It is a summary, but without becoming dry, meagre, or unpicturesque in the narrative, from the attempt at comprehensiveness. The author avows his predilection for a form of society, the Aristocratical, which, in our opinion, can only have fitting and useful place in a comparatively early stage of its progress; but his predilection has not blinded him to the glories of those old Democracies. The division of the history into the three periods, Aristocratical, Democratical, and Monarchical, is too artificial; and the accompaniment of a map would have been a benefit. We hope the author will persevere in his project of a succession of School Histories, which, if executed like the present, will probably supersede, as they will deserve, the trashy compilations and abridgements now so often put into youthful hands for want of better.

The 'Spectator's' Complete Lists of the New House of Commons, &c. Clayton.

The Parliamentary Test Book for 1835. Wilson.

The first of these publications contains: 1. Complete lists of the Members, the places for which they sit, and their political character, Tory, Reformer, or Doubtful: 2. The numbers polled at every election: 3. The changes which have occurred: 4. Distribution of the gains and losses of both parties. It is reprinted from a newspaper most trustworthy for its accuracy, and distinguished for its diligence and enterprise in the collection and arrangement of useful information.

The 'Test Book' will afford the means of bringing to book any who may trifle with their constituents, and their own characters. Besides the poll returns, the residences of the Members, &c., it gives extracts from their speeches or addresses, and the votes on the most important questions, of those who sat in the last Parliament. Mr. Wilson has rendered essential aid by this publication, to all who hold the responsibility of the representative to his constituents.

A History of British Fishes. By W. Yarrell. Part I.

This work is to be completed in fourteen monthly parts, uniform with 'Bewick's British Birds.' The arrangement followed is that of Cuvier. It promises to be far more complete than any former publication on the same subject; and the clearness of the letter-press descriptions, together with the beauty of the wood-cut figures in this number, are a good pledge of the fulfilment of that promise. Its appearance must gratify all lovers of natural history.

The Faculties of Birds. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge.)

We have here a supplement to the volumes previously published by the Diffusion Society, on the Architecture and the Domestic Habits of Birds, which forms, with them, a popular and most interesting ornithology. The peculiarities of the sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell of birds, with their locomotive powers and migratory tendencies, are illustrated by a most entertaining and curious collection of authenticated anecdotes, interspersed with observations of the most celebrated natural philosophers. The series on this subject is appropriately concluded, after a chapter on Instinct, by the Natural Theology of this department of the works of the benevolent Creator.

The Three Pictures; or a Few Words on Church Rates.
By B. H. Draper.

The first Picture is a scene from the present state of things ecclesiastical; the other two belong to an imaginary condition. We extract the second as a specimen of the writer's humour. It must not be inferred from it that he is not a warm friend of the 'Voluntary Principle.' The object of his tract is to show the injustice and absurdity of the present system:

'*First Application at the Parsonage for a Rate to support Dissenting Worship. The Collector enters.*

'*C.* Is the Rev. Mr. T. at home?
'*Servant.* Yes; what do you want of him?
'*C.* I wish to speak with him.
'*He enters the Hall.*
'*T.* Well, sir, what is your pleasure?
'*C.* I called to demand a rate for the support of the dissenting worship.
'*T.* Rate! Who sent you?
'*C.* The claim is authorized by the magistrate.
'*T.* Indeed! This is something new. We have been accustomed to claim rates of them for the support of our worship, and to seize their goods, if they would not pay them. Truly, the tables are turned.
'*C.* They are, sir. The Whig ministry, before they left office, made an Act, to gratify their old friends, that Churchmen should pay rates to the Dissenters, for the support of their worship, even as the Dissenters had paid rates to the Church.
'*T.* I am astounded; can it be so? Where am I? It is ours to receive, and not to pay, rates.
'*C.* That is what the magistrate said, sir; that since the Dissenters had supported the Church for so many years, it was now come to the turn of the Church to support the worship of the Dissenters.
'*T.* I shall not pay the rate.
'*C.* Then I must get a warrant, and make you, that's all!
'*T.* But I don't approve of their worship.
'*C.* Nor did they of yours, and yet you made them pay the rate.
'*T.* I never go near their conventicles.
'*C.* But you may if you choose, sir.
'*T.* I tell you again, that I shan't pay.
'*C.* You know, sir, you have granted many a warrant against the Quaker and Dissenters to make them pay rates.

'*T.* The case is a different one. Hold your peace, sir.

'*C.* It is the law, sir, that you shall pay.

'*T.* I hate all unjust, tyrannical laws. It is amazing that they should dare even to think of enforcing such a law as this. That a great and affluent Church like ours should support the worship of the Sectarians! Why, it is unbearable!

'*C.* It is said, sir, that one good turn deserves another. And, as they have supported the Church for ages, the Whigs thought it would be equitable, at least for a few years, to give them a helping hand.

'*T.* Equitable indeed! If you are not more careful, I shall chastise you for your insolence. I will not give them a farthing. Let them support their own worship. *I am for all sects supporting their own worship.*

'*C.* This, sir, was not your mind, when, by your authority, I used to seize on the goods of the Quakers.

'*T.* Things are altered. Know your place, sir! I shall not be taught by you!

'*C.* I beg pardon, sir. I did not mean to offend you. I only observed, that by your full good-will, I have seized on the Quakers for many years. You know it has been quite a regular thing.

'*T.* How often must I tell you that things are altered? I will never submit to the rate for the support of the Dissenting worship.

'*C.* They have submitted for ages to support yours.

'*T.* We compelled them, or they would not.

'*C.* Now they will compel you.

'*T.* But they preach errors.

'*C.* That is what they say of you. You say you preach the true Gospel; but it is a very different Gospel from that Mr. S. preaches in the next parish. Now, one of you must be wrong, and which is it; you, or your evangelical brother?

'*T.* I cannot pay it conscientiously.

'*C.* So they said, sir; and, therefore, you gave me warrants to seize on their goods. You know I took two bags of wheat, a few weeks since, from Beaulieu Mill, by your warrant, for church-rates.*

'*T.* That is true; it was according to law.

'*C* Well, the law is now altered. The liberal Whigs have given the church-rate to the Quakers and Dissenters. You are not to receive it any longer.

'*T.* I will never pay it. Why, our churches will be ruined without the rates.

'*C.* Why, Sir, their churches are not ruined; and they have paid, instead of receiving them, a great many years. Indeed, I think they have got stronger and stronger, so far from being ruined.

'*T.* I shall not pay them; so go about your business.

'*C.* I am about that; you should submit to the laws. You used to say, non-submission was rebellion.

'*T.* But then the Church had the rate, which makes all the difference. Rates on the Church to support the worship of the Dissenters, are most unreasonable and tyrannical. We won't submit to them.

'*C.* You used to say that these things were right from the Jewish laws.

'*T.* Yes, *if we had the proceeds.* The Old Testament dispensation is superseded; and, if it were not, I would not pay. Begone;—John, show this fellow the door!

On a subsequent application, the collector seizes; but, according to our author, the Dissenters decline the proceeds.

* 'This is matter of fact.'

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Prospects of Reform.—By the divisions which followed the debates in the House of Commons, on the election of a speaker and on the address, it became evident that the two coalitions, occupying the opposite sides of the House; viz., of Tories and Conservative Whigs, on the one hand, and of Reforming Whigs and Radical Reformers on the other, were so nearly balanced, as to ensure the new Administration the chance of struggling on for a while, and, perhaps, by the introduction of a few popular measures, and a clever system of parliamentary tactics, of prolonging its harassed existence, until some new and more enduring combination of political elements can be formed. For this respite the Tories are indebted to Lord Stanley and his followers. They held the balance; and by their own trimming trimmed the Ministerial boat, which must else inevitably have capsized in the first breeze. The apprehension of a final split with this party, and the hope that it might yet assist in the substitution of a ministry, somewhat resembling the last, for that which now exists, seems to have neutralized the energy of the Whig leaders, and through their influence to have restrained the entire opposition from those decisive proceedings which the country had confidently anticipated; neither coalition has yet become consolidated, nor is either likely to be immediately broken up. The Stanleyites labour hard to retain the factitious importance of their present position. The Radicals are loath to lose that Whig co-operation, by which alone there is the chance of unseating the Tories. The Whigs are continually embarrassed by their former acts while in office, and by a regard to the prospect of a return to office. And the Tories, with their usual unscrupulosity, are ready for any expedient by which they may retain, from day to day, the possession of power and place. The result has been that, although the present House of Commons probably contains a larger admixture of intelligence, honesty, and patriotism than has ever before been admitted into that assembly, its proceedings have hitherto shown a deplorable want of principle. The plain and straightforward course would have been a prompt declaration that the powers of government should not be directed by the party to which they had been intrusted. 'But this could not have been carried.' Very well, then, it would have been a good point on which to have been defeated. It would have marked the strife, and dignified it, from that moment as one of principle. The Opposition would have become one of defined views and purposes: it would have been *the people* against *the party*. The pretensions of the members would have been brought to an intelligible test; their constituents could not have been mystified; and had the desperate experiment of another dissolution been ventured upon, the results would probably have been such as Toryism and trimming would never have forgotten. That the cause of reform has not been placed in this intelligible and honourable position is not so much the fault of the people as of their leaders. They have not understood, or not felt themselves equal to, the situation in which they are placed. The first notification of the Duke of Wellington's investiture with a temporary dictatorship produced a sensation in the country which, had it been properly directed, would have at once stopped the mongrel species of counter-revolution which we are now undergoing. Had the Whigs taken advantage, a fair and manly advantage, of that excitement; had they renounced their vain attempt, their then detected and exposed blunder, of governing by Tory permission and Court compromise, they might have been borne back at once to office upon the shoulders of the people, as they were in 1832, with a full amnesty for all past disappointments and full confidence for the future. The course which O'Connell tooki n Ireland was that which should have been everywhere adopted. There was but one thing to be done,—to put down the attempt at

reviving Tory domination under the name of Reform. The people were told to wait for the elections; and they did wait. They were told not to exact pledges, but to trust their friends; and they did trust. Parliament meets; and the Minister, backed by a section of *soi-disant* Reformers, after being left in a minority on the first two questions, is allowed, without a direct struggle, to go on and try his hand at dividing the Opposition, cajoling the public, and re-edifying that sinister interest which had been battered down at the expense of so much time, toil, and peril. O this is not the way in which honest and high minded men should have battled for the welfare of a great community They should have taken a loftier stand. They should have disdained all petty tactics. They should have unfurled the banner of principle; have declared 'he that is not with us is against us;' and without regard to vote-counting or place-expectancy have manifested that not to the slavish on principle, the hypocritical in profession, or the infirm of purpose, should be committed the destinies of a reformed nation, if it were possible for them to ward off so fearful a calamity and so loathsome a degradation. Had this cut down the majority of three hundred to a minority of half that number, or less, it would yet have invested the minority with a moral power that would have achieved, and at no protracted period, far greater advantages for the nation than those hitherto effected by the combined force of opposition.

The withdrawment of Mr. Hume's notice of motion, and afterwards of Mr. Ward's, for postponing or limiting the supplies, was a deplorable circumstance. It showed a want of concert in the camp, which was alone a sufficient occasion of insolent triumph to the common enemy. Those notices, once given, ought to have been acted upon, and we should have thought that every honest reformer would have felt bound to support them. No nonsense about not allowing this or that individual to lead; no waiting for a better opportunity, (that is, one on which more votes might have been caught,) should have occasioned their abandonment. If carried, the resignation of Ministers might not have followed. They would probably have taken their three months' allowance, and trusted to the chapter of accidents, or have amended and multiplied the promised measures of Reform which are the price they are content to pay for place. But they would have been in a condition which better becomes them; treated as undeserving of confidence, and the rod held over their heads to enforce their decent behaviour.

The consequence of the failure of the Opposition to occupy the high ground which was open to them, is that the country is taught to tolerate conduct which surpasses, for its unprincipledness and profligacy, that of any political party upon record. False to their innate and hitherto avowed anti-reform principles, by the measures of Reform which they are proposing and promising; false to the Reformers, whom those measures are designed to conciliate or neutralize, by the spirit in which they are propounded and will be acted upon; false to the people, the agriculturists especially, whose needful aid they won, with promises like 'dicers' oaths,' to oust some portion of their opponents; they are true to nothing but their own personal and party interests; and yet they are allowed to govern the country. Nevertheless,—as the national disgrace of recognising their authority at all, has been incurred, it is, perhaps, as well that they should remain where they are until those who would succeed them in office have not yet shown themselves prepared for grappling with the great difficulty in the way of good government, and beginning their career by a reformation of the House of Lords. They will do, or promise, far more themselves than ever they, and their hereditary backers, would have allowed any other Administration to do for the country. Let them pay the price of their temporary elevation, to the uttermost farthing: let them relieve the Dissenters; let them prepare for the commutation of tithes in England, and accomplish it in Ireland: or if they do not realize, let them show all the extent of Reform, real or sham, which they are willing, if necessary, to grant. Their maximum will be the minimum

of their successors. They will have played away their last stake. The completion of Reform, in political and municipal institutions, will then be inevitable. Meanwhile those dilemmas, of which the alternatives are the getting good out of the Tories, or the getting rid of them, cannot be too often repeated by the Opposition. After the vote on the malt tax there can scarcely be another dissolution at present. The force of that threat is neutralized. The constituencies should everywhere make such arrangements as that it may never again be formidable to an honest representative whatever his lack of property. The present House will probably last as long as the present Ministry. And ill indeed must the Reformers manage if we do not receive from it sundry particular measures of improvement, while the means are maturing for the ulterior realization of the one comprehensive blessing of good government, in theory and in practice, in the organization of institutions and the administration of affairs.

The Dissenters' Marriage Bill.—This bill is a good bid for the Dissenters. It will not purchase them now, whatever it might have done three years ago. Their price is up in the market, and the Tories must advance yet more and more, and lose them at last. They have overstood their time. Nevertheless the bill is a good bill—a very excellent bill; and goes on the true principle of recognising marriage as merely, in the eye of the law, a civil contract. This is the right ground to take, and which should and might have been taken from the first, but for these very Tories. One of the Unitarian marriage bills nibbled at the principle, whereupon there was awful talk of desecration, and licentiousness, and infidelity, and the horrors of the French Revolution. The clergy and the country gentlemen stand these things better now. The bill, no doubt, is to pass the Lords, unless the Tories be kicked out meantime. The subject will no longer present the insuperable difficulties which so often made the Bishops bewail that they could not help the Unitarians. There is one good thing about Tory reforms, they always do the thing out and out. It is as nauseous as physic to them, but when it must be taken, they swallow it whole. The Premier sings the 'Tragala' to his party, 'Gulp it down, dog,' and, with one wry face, the business is done.

'Taking the medicine is enough, without helping to mix it,' said Tom Moore to Jeffrey, when the seconds were loading the pistols, with which, thank heaven, the police, and blank cartridge, they did *not* shoot one another. We do not accuse the Tories of the original invention or concoction of this liberal measure, any more than of sundry other reforms, which now they say are 'to be,' but which were 'not to be,' before that their holding office thereby was 'the question.' The bill is no doubt an immeasurably better bill than that unhappy, rickety, deformed, and unformed offspring of Lord John Russell, commonly called, *par excellence*, 'The Abortion,' which was buried last session, bewept with tears of derision by all parties: but nevertheless, let the Whigs have their due, for good intentions and all. The bill is, in principle, substantially the same with one which Mr. William Brougham had prepared to introduce as an appendage to his registration measure; save and except, indeed, the five shilling fee to the clergyman; that bill having provided a recording angel of a civil character, who would blot the book at less than half the charge. The proportion of fees by the way, the division of the seven-shilling piece, which will in future betoken Non. Con. Nuptials, as a crooked sixpence used to typify true love, is not without its meaning. Two shillings to the magistrate for the marriage, and five shillings to the clergyman for the registration, are no bad emblems of Church and State. The usual proportions of duty and pay are pretty faithfully preserved in this distribution, except that the clergyman does something; which is not always the case.

The great objection to the bill is the clause which requires an oath that

the parties are Dissenters. This is objectionable on several accounts; but chiefly as it keeps up, and renders prominent, sectarian distinctions. The aim of a wise and liberal government would assuredly be utterly to obliterate those distinctions in all the transactions of civil and political life. They are an evil which makes itself felt quite enough; which is indeed one of the worst evils in the present state of society; and he renders an ill service to humanity, who carries them into a single transaction or relation of life where they were not before apparent. We do not know that the Dissenters have in this instance any particular reason to complain; the distinction is, in fact, greatly to their advantage. Their religious profession is the purchase of a privilege. On making it, they become forthwith invested with an option, which the Churchman does not possess, of celebrating marriage according to whatever forms they may prefer, or of keeping it as free from any ghostly interference as were the espousals of Adam and Eve in paradise. But the obtrusion of theological distinctions, even when it is the occasion of a privilege to the Dissenter, is not the less a mischief to the community. It is on that account that we deprecate it. We want legislators who will look to the well-being of the nation, instead of everlastingly only consulting the claims, conciliating the support, and balancing the strength of classes and parties.

Although in this matter a substantial advantage accrues to the Dissenter over the Churchman, so perverse is opinion, such a fondness is there for fetters which have fashion in their form, that it would not at all surprise us, if the Churchman's vassalage were made a boast, and some Dissenters should deem themselves degraded by their marriages being only known to the law and to society, as civil contracts. There are already plenty of lying, swearing, drinking, deistical, or no-istical conformists, who say, as Sheridan made Rolla say to the Peruvians when Buonaparte was at Boulogne,

> 'We seek no change, but least of all such change
> As they would bring us.'

'We are content to continue to consecrate our marriages by the holy rites of our venerable and apostolic Church, and reverently bow to its pious benediction. It is for those who have no such sense of religion, who have abandoned their country's altars, to go with their affidavits to the justice, and obtain from the authority which allows the gin temple and the beer shop, a licence for their unhallowed cohabitancy.' We trust that not many Dissenters will be dolts enough to be annoyed with this nonsense; there are symptoms that some will be; and many probably would have preferred the legal recognition of marriages by their own ministers. It will be rather absurd, if after all, the magisterial marriage should be held not so respectable as going to church.

The Manchester United Dissenters' Committee has, we are sorry to see, protested against the bill, and requested the Premier to withdraw it: what better can they expect to obtain, or would they obtain, were the Whigs to be reinstated in office to morrow? Their objections are, in our judgment, somewhat futile. The clergyman's fee is bad enough, but it is paid him in no spiritual capacity, but simply in his civil office of registrar, and may encourage him to earn an honest penny. The 'invidious line' is really a line of privilege. It is the Churchman who is degraded. He is tied to the wheels of his priest's buggy. Does the Dissenter desire to be bound in a similar way? Does he want his minister to be recognised by the State? Is a law required which shall make the interposition of either 'Holy Orders,' or 'Pretended Holy Orders' essential to the matrimonial contract? If so, let it be plainly stated. Those who understand what they say, when they affirm marriage to be a civil contract, and who regard the option of religious ceremony as the right, advantage, and dignity, which it really is, can feel no degradation in personally appearing before the magistrate to verify their claim. Their only reasonable objection is, that others are not allowed the same

option, and the occasion for making a claim superseded by the universality of the advantage.

The introduction of another oath at the very time that a bill is passing through the Legislature for diminishing the number of those useless and often profane appeals to the Deity, might surely have been avoided; and will, we hope, be averted. Were this done, and the privilege extended to Churchman and Dissenter indiscriminately, on its being claimed, the measure would be as perfect as it can be, until some general plan of registration shall release the clergyman from an inappropriate occupation, and the parties from a disproportionate charge. F.

Personal honour and political profligacy.—Amidst the manifold crudities and absurdities which compose the chief part of the nightly conversations in the House of Commons, the germs of hope occasionally show themselves, giving promise of a better future. The dispute between Joseph Hume and Robert Peel touching that very small matter, the 'honour' of the latter personage, has set many men thinking and striving to analyze the dubious commodity called public principle. The Tory Ministry found themselves in a dilemma with regard to Ireland; the means of coercion being rather doubtful, they were under the necessity of ameliorating the mode of administering tithe law. A bill was consequently brought in, which was so very like one prepared by the Whigs ere they left office, that it gave rise to a suspicion that the Tories had availed themselves of the identical papers, making just so much alteration as to be enabled to swear that it was not a fac-simile. Joseph Hume challenged Robert Peel with having done this, and denounced the transaction as dishonourable. Upon this Robert Peel grew indignant, and talked about his 'honour' in much the same kind of taste and spirit in which a common street-walker defends her reputation. Leaving the 'Honourable' House, Robert Peel grew still more wroth, and tendered a cartel of defiance to mortal combat, with choice Mantons, to the aforesaid Joseph Hume, unless he instantly declared that he, Robert Peel, was a '*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*,' and that the jewel of his 'honour' was without flaw and speckless. And then the common result took place, by Joseph Hume acknowledging that though Robert Peel's political character was as bad as it well could be, nevertheless as a private gentleman he was all that could be desired. By so doing, Joseph Hume gave evidence, either that his standard of morality is a false one, or that he had not duly considered that which was asked of him. Consequent on this, Mr. Roebuck made a sarcastic speech charging Robert Peel with a 'breach of privilege' for endeavouring to intimidate Joseph Hume by threats of a duel, and thus prevent him from freely expressing his opinions in the House. On this Mr. Barron took the opportunity of repeating the charge, adding that no motive but a 'base desire of office' could induce the Tory Government to keep their places. Whereupon up started, as usual, one of the 'bullies of Blackwood,' Henry Hardinge, and accused Mr. Barron of 'vulgar insolence,' in a tone aptly illustrative of the thing he complained of. This, of course, drew forth defiance from Irish blood; and then the Speaker interfered; and, after that, Colonel Evans made a good speech, in which he claimed, on the part of the patriots, the right on all occasions to designate political vice by its right name, concluding by reminding 'Blackwood's bully,' that his constant intemperate sallies by no means tended to prove his valour.

The fact seems to be, that the miserable Tories, despised and hated on all sides, and conscious of their inability to make any manly defence, are resorting to the usual practices of detected thieves, by trying to bully their assailants. Threats of duelling have become their resort, and it would almost seem as if they had held a cabinet council on the subject, for even the mild and smoothfaced Joseph Surface Peel wields

> 'A pistol in that hand
> Which late a distaff held.'

The Tories, unable to arrive at a conclusion by fair travel, have jumped at one, and a most unlucky one too. When they dreamed of duelling down the House into submission to their yoke, they forgot that there were some forty joints in Daniel O'Connell's tail, each joint as prone to fighting as the tails of the Kilkenny cats. Only think of 'Ould Ruthven' ready to blaze away till the repale of the Union. And Maurish, and the rest of the bold boys, sprung from the loins of Dan himself. And the redoubtable fearnought Feargus. Fire away honey! leaden arguments for ever! Sure and they are striking arguments any how, and save a man a dale of breath. Patriotism made asy to the meanest capacity. Sure and the report of a pistol is shorter than a report of the Honourable House, and stops a Tory mouth better than a spache. And this also seems to be partly the opinion of Spring Rice the crapulous debater, if we may judge from his answer to Mr. Roebuck on the subject of political duelling. Let the Tories make the most of the hornet's nest they have plunged themselves into.

On the subject of honour, or honesty, or principle, or morality, or by whatever name public conduct may be called, there requires a new standard to be set up. It is sheer hypocrisy to attempt to divide a man's morality into two parts—public and private. Rules of morality, founded on the pure doctrines of utility, and apart from all conventionality, either exist or they do not. If they do not exist independent of conventionality, then morality is whatever any set of men may choose to establish as a rule of conduct, at any time or in any place, and it is subject to alteration at the caprice of the rule makers. The public morality of Robert Peel and his Tory associates is a very simple matter to understand. They are a party of men clubbed together, whose joint sinister interest it is, to prey upon the community at large, for which purpose they have so operated on the mind of the Chief Magistrate by sinister methods, that he has placed the office of Government in their hands. The rule of conduct they have adopted in treating with the public and their political opponents is, that all things are fair which they can get their opponents or the public to believe or submit to, whether by fawning or bullying. Thus, it is sound conventional morality with them in their public capacity, to say one thing when they mean another; to profess themselves Reformers when they mean to crush all Reform; to profess economy when they mean to extract all they can from the pockets of the public; to profess an intention of reforming the Church when they only mean the alteration of a simple ceremonial, or something equally frivolous; to profess a regard for the freedom of election, when they endeavour to counteract it by all the means in their power. They also consider bloodshed for small matters perfectly warrantable, and think the lives of several human beings of less importance than the collection of a few shillings in the shape of tithes. In short, lying, cheating, perjury, bribery, and murder, are no impeachment of the morality of any member of this clique, provided always, that the aforesaid acts be not enacted towards one of his own allies. The Tory conventionalists would in such case call them by their right names, and expel the perpetrator from their association. They understand that a house divided against itself must fall, and that they could not hold together as a body if they could not trust one another. This is merely a refinement of selfishness, for each one would deceive his neighbour if he could be insured against being deceived in turn. They would have no objection against plundering the public in a private capacity, as their armoured ancestors did in days of yore, but they know this would not be a safe matter, and their exploits of this kind are confined to the petty larceny of cheating their tradesmen by running in debt, a matter which is by the clique considered neither immoral nor dishonourable. But for one of the clique to cheat another at gambling is considered the height of dishonour. Robert Peel thinks it no immorality to gull the public, but he is horror-stricken at the idea of any one imagining him capable of doing the same in a private capacity. It is, per-

haps, fortunate for him that *he is not exposed to the temptation.* He has in public broken down the barrier of honesty, the defences are overthrown, and the strength of virtue being gone, it is open to all attacks. Truth and honesty are no longer *principles* with him, but mere conventionalities; and if by any chance he should lose his large property and be reduced to distress, his conventionality might enlarge its bounds, and he might find it as convenient a thing to swindle a tradesman out of his money, as he now does to swindle the public out of their rights. He might then consider it as fitting a thing to level his pistol at a traveller on the highway for the purpose of possessing himself of his purse, as he now does to level his pistol at Joseph Hume to stop him from asserting the rights of the public, which are obstacles to Tory dominion, or as he does to set soldiers to shoot Irishmen because they refuse to pay tithes.

But if rules or principles of morality exist independent of conventionality, then these rules must be independent of time, place, or individual. They must be the unalterable principles which determine the well-being of man, and on which all sound laws must be based. Tried by these principles, that which is morally wrong in private life, must be equally wrong in public life; and, *vice versâ*, that which is good in public life, must be equally good in private life. Thus the habit of lying, or violating truth, is not a vice by any conventional rule laid down by lawgivers or society at large, but because the habitual violation of truth, if universally practised, would utterly destroy social habits, and subject all human beings to individual isolation. The intercourse of families would be broken up; all the sweet ties of confidence which render life desirable would cease to exist. Commerce, business, science, art, all would come to an end; and the world, for want of the united exertions of man, would be again reduced to a 'howling wilderness.' Truth may be called the universal bond between mind and mind, for even those who choose to form societies apart, to profit by the damage of the rest of their species, are yet obliged to be true to one another. Lying is an universal vice, more mischievous in its consequences than even great crimes, for it overspreads society to an enormous extent, from the fluttering capital to the groaning base. The King's Speech is a lie; the speeches of his Ministers are lies; the speeches of their opponents are but rarely truths, they contain for the most part a grain of truth set round with conventional trimming. The Bishops lie, both as churchmen and legislators. The merchant lies in his counting-house, and the small tradesman and dealer lies in his shop. But these people, from the highest to the lowest, use lying principally as a tool of business, and they all profess to hate lies in the abstract. But their *principle* of virtue has vanished; and so that the temptation be but large enough, or the necessity urgent enough, the lying no-principle will by them be carried through every variety of private life.

We have yet one consolation; a large portion of the community, the producers, have, by the nature of their occupations, been kept from the necessity of considering lying a part of the business of life. They can well appreciate truth, and from their ranks will the apostles of freedom and virtue come forth to wield that power which is at present turned to evil purposes. The apostles of Christ were men of occupation, and many other great and good men have also been so. Philosophy is not in all cases the result of leisure or gentle training.

There are amongst our mechanics men of high powers and noble purposes; men amongst whom are found profound judgment and deep, feeling united with a power and flow of language, constituting oratory in its best sense. Oh! for the time which shall witness the progress of sound sense amongst electors, prompting them to choose as their legislators, men of the highest minds, without regard to adventitious circumstances, which shall prompt them to choose a Samuel Downing, though his hands be hard, and turn away in scorn from the silken slaves of luxury, and the dull-witted

men of large havings, the utmost stretch of whose ideas is, the construction of inefficient laws for the protection of their slave-god 'property.' Oh! for the time when some such man shall rise in simple dignity from his legislatorial seat, to rebuke the falsehoods which leave the lips of authority; who will say to the tool of a court or faction, 'Such as the act is, so is the actor; alike in public and in private, he is a degraded slave.' And if the arbitrement of the pistol be proposed, he will reply, 'My life belongs to my country, and I place it not in the balance with one whose services are hired by a faction; but if the day shall come when the cannon peals, and hireling swords wave, and muskets rattle, and bayonets glance, in the last crusade against freedom, then will we try whether the arm of the slave, or of the freeman be the firmest nerved for the death grapple.'

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

March 25, 1835.

'*Appropriation.*'—This word has acquired, in the House of Commons, a sort of technical signification, viz.: the application of the surplus ecclesiastical revenues of the Irish Church to such moral and religious purposes as will benefit the whole community. In this sense it has become the watchword of the Opposition, and experiment is on the eve of being made to ascertain whether it be the signal of victory over Toryism. Defeated as Ministers have already been on several points, it will, should Lord John Russell's motion be successful, as is expected, be seen whether they will stick to office under discomfiture upon this also. The Whigs were beaten into this principle, by the last Parliament; they are now helping to beat the Tories into it; and not only is their success devoutly to be wished, but moreover the extension of the principle to England, and its application to the funds which support the hierarchy as well as to the surplus which remains after they are provided for. The promotion, throughout the nation, of religion and morality is, we apprehend, the legitimate direction, not merely of the surplus, but of the entire ecclesiastical fund, both Irish and English. It is for such a purpose, professedly at least, that the Church exists. It holds the amount in trust, or receives it as wages, for the accomplishment of that end. If it be not realized, the monies are forfeited. The clergy are in the condition of their Catholic predecessors, the original trustees, who were dismissed by the State as inefficient or unfaithful. They should be reduced to the alternative of reforming or being cashiered. All Church property (not bequeathed absolutely to a sect) is the property of the nation, for the purposes of national religion and morality. Such new arrangements as will render the ample means which exist efficient for this great public object, the noblest that a government, or rather a community, can contemplate, are the only real Church Reform. Nothing less than this will go to the root of the evil. Nothing less than this will rid us of the sinecurism and corruption under which the country groans. Begin with Ireland; but do not let 'appropriation' (it were better called, restitution) stop with the crumbs that fall from the episcopal table. 'Give us our heritage again;' our best heritage of the means of universal instruction, of national morality. Nothing less will satisfy the claims of justice.

F.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. II.

THE NOTABLE.

It is not often that the present day exhibits the spectacle of a mere scholar; that is, a being to whom books are almost the only realities in life, and all things else little other than visions.

Joshua Drennan was one of these 'dry-as dust' doctors. He had some such conception of the men and women moving in the world, as they have of evil spirits or angels; that is, notions which they can neither understand themselves nor make any one else understand; the second dilemma a necessary consequence of the first.

To Dr. Drennan, as he was called, with what claim to the title I know not,

> 'Not rude nor barren were the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'

And there many a garland had he gathered, beneath the shade of which he sat, a fit emblem of the studies he pursued.

Nevertheless he was a loveable creature, for he was one of the kindest, gentlest, as well as the simplest of nature's children. A bereavement in early youth had, it was said, unsettled his mind; which severe study first restored, and then engrossed.

Yet social sympathy, that inextinguishable power, at times prevailed. If in his lonely wanderings the voice or laughter of children reached his ear, he would pause and drink in the sound, as he did breathings from a bed of flowers; while a smile brightened his deep-seated eyes and played upon his pale quiet lip, as if some of the sunshine of his own mother-time came back upon his heart.

But if, instead of sounds of gladness, he chanced to hear the wail of sorrow from any living thing,—the bleat of a stray lamb, the cry of a distressed dog, let alone the tone of suffering from any *human* tongue,—the instinctive spirit of pity spake within him, and no matter what the obstacles which might lie between him and the appealing creature, to *that* creature he would make his way.

In this manner he had gained one of the most faithful of his household friends, Sancho, a fine Newfoundland dog, who had survived the snow wreath which had buried his first master. A stranger had perished near the village church-yard, and after some fruitless attempts to discover who he was, had been buried there. Sancho, whose name was inscribed on a brass collar about his neck, was the only mourner at that chance funeral; when it was over, he remained at the grave to watch and wail over it as if he thought thereby to awaken his buried friend.

Dr. Drennan discovered the dog; drew him home, but came back with him the next day to the grave, and then took him home again; he did this for many days, saying, as he patted the dog's head, 'I will give him a tear, too, Sancho, since he was so kind to

thee; and I will try and win thy love; for it is worth some trouble to win the love of a creature so full of gratitude and attachment as thou art.'

Sancho was not insensible to the kindness of his sympathetic protector, and soon learned to lie at his feet with an expression of devotion in his watery eyes, as if to love some one being exclusively was a necessity of his nature—the first condition of his existence.

About twelve months after this event, two circumstances occurred which made a great change in the feelings and views of Dr. Drennan. A work, which with much labour he had given to the public, was most favourably received, and a somewhat considerable independence was bequeathed to him.

How often do points of character lie unperceived till some peculiar circumstances, calculated to excite, call them forth! Fame and fortune coming together to Dr. Drennan, as they did, mutually heightened and strengthened each other. Vanity, and the desire of social consideration, awakened in the hitherto apparently humble and retiring mind of the doctor. The obscure lodging in which he had dwelt undisturbed and undisturbing so long that the spiders considered themselves not *tenants at will,* but *tenants in common,* was speedily vacated for a large house; and instead of the chance attendance of a slatternly girl, the daughter of the little shopkeeper whose garret he had occupied, he engaged two or three servants, resolving to draw round him a circle of admiring friends.

All this, which in speculation and preparation had appeared so pleasant, proved far otherwise in the realization. Old habits are not easily changed, nor new ones readily acquired. Absence of mind, the consequence of abstract studies and social isolation, was as constant a characteristic of the doctor, when a householder, as it had been when he was a garreteer. Many, as soon as he was disposed to *lionize,* came to see him, and all the more readily, as report made him more of a *golden lion* than he really was. But he soon discovered that servants and visiters disturbed his quiet and his studies more than they ministered to his comfort or his vanity.

By a singular effort of social sagacity, or rather observation, the doctor after a time saw what appeared a remedy for all his annoyances; he resolved, as most others of his neighbours had done, to take unto himself a wife; that is, (acting with the views and from the feelings which the doctor did,) an upper servant, who, unlike every other servant, should have no power of obtaining, retaining, or possessing any independent property, nor any power of quitting her service, however unsuited to her it might be, unless for the coffin and the grave.

Dr. Drennan had all the same amability, and some of the genius, of the immortal Goldsmith; but he partook, also, of the same want of perception of the improvements possible and essential to the social state. He looked on women with the kindly eye with which he looked on all creatures; but never dreamed that a capacity

above making puddings and pies, and gooseberry wine, existed in the sex, or that they could be better employed than

'To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.'

As long as women are treated as fools, such they will, more or less, suckle; nature perpetuates injuries as well as benefits.

Now it was that Dr. Drennan, who for the last twenty years had felt more interest about fossil bones than about the fairest belles, turned to that *terra incognita*, the female world, and the notable widow of a farmer soon fixed his attention.

She was well-looking, in what, in a drawing-room, would be called *rude* health, and, according to the report of a friend who was abetting the doctor in the rash act he was about to commit, she was neither a gossip nor a gad-about, but just such a delegate as a man of letters might desire; one who would attend to her *own* province, not infringe upon *his*. Her utter want of intellectual culture the doctor and his friend deemed a matter of no moment, since she might always avail herself of the rich funds of her husband's mind.

These worthies did not reflect that funds exist in vain for those unfitted to use them.

Dr. Drennan expected to find a domestic delegate, who would superintend the economy of the kitchen and the comfort of the parlour, without interfering with the library.

He was unconscious that in all things a general harmony is essential to happiness—that the *essence*, if not the substance, of the library, contributes most materially to brighten and warm the atmosphere of the parlour.

During the *embroidered* days of courtship, (for though the widow was a sort of *dowlas*, and the doctor a sort of *foolscap*, the common course was pursued,) how fondly did Dr. Drennan anticipate the time when of all the *locks* in his house he should only turn *Locke on the Human Understanding*; when, without reference to roast or stew, he might enjoy Bacon and Boyle; recreate with *Cook's Voyages*, without any care about *cook's* accounts; when a train of precious thoughts should run no risk of being disturbed by an appeal about *preserves*; when he might sit knee-deep in litter, cutting up newspapers, pasting and compiling, without hearing anything about *pickles*; enjoy saying a smart thing, or indulge in uttering an angry one, without interruption about *vinegar* and *spices*; when he might crack jokes in happy unconsciousness of the contingencies of *cracked crockery*; when he might give a connecting thread to a treatise, and not find such wanting to the buttons of his shirt or the strings of his waistcoat; in short, when he might cater for the mind, relieved of all cares about the body.

Nor were his friends less interested upon the present occasion, since in the event of his marriage they *did* hope, that when he

invited guests to dine with him, a dinner *would* be provided,—a part of the arrangements which the doctor frequently forgot.

Alas! it is one thing to sketch a scheme of happiness, another to realize it. Not the Goths and Vandals, when they ravaged Rome, ever made such relentless work as did the farmer's widow, when she became the doctor's wife. From that moment nothing was heard *in* the house or about it, from sunrise to sunset, but the sounds of brooms, brushes, mops, and all the multiplied *et ceteras* necessary to household purification; while nearly all the remainder of the four and twenty hours (for she was no sleeper, and detested so idle a propensity as sleep in others) was devoted to florid lectures and ejaculations, more emphatic than polite, on the slovenliness of bachelors and the laziness of their servants.

The doctor discovered that the lady, who had said so little *before* marriage, could say a great deal too much *after* it; that though he had gained so much admiration from her as a suitor, he won none whatever as a *husband*. However, he goodnaturedly persuaded himself that there were sufficient grounds for the change; that his house was really a nest of enormities; and he resolved, heroically, to endure the purgatory of the process of reformation for the sake of the paradise which was to be the result.

Mrs. Drennan led her forces into the field; carpets were taken up, and hangings taken down; fires were banished because they made dirt; books because they made litter. Sancho was voted a brute unworthy of the least encouragement; the quiet domestic cat, notwithstanding her innate love of her home, under almost *any* circumstances, fled outright of her own accord, and never was heard of more; the swallow ceased to build beneath the eaves of the house; the robin red-breast to visit the cill of the windows; an alarum clock, which, like the statue of Memnon, sounded at sunrise, was introduced into the hall; and everything flew or stood affrighted before the bride, but Dolly the cook.

'When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.'

Dolly was disposed to view her mistress more in the light of a usurper than a legitimate sovereign: Mrs. Drennan, however, had superior might as well as superior right, and Dolly was ejected; not, it is said, without making an impression on her exterminating mistress, which was not *aimed* at her heart, but which went to it; and if the process of *instantaneous* retaliation had not been preferred, an appeal might have been made to the *milder* hand of the law. Dolly's sufferings in this conflict were not very much commiserated, as it was generally thought that her back was broad enough to bear anything.

Under an attack of nervous irritability, consequent on the ceaseless commotion existing around him, Dr. Drennan retreated once again to strict seclusion in his library. Its exemption from the persecuting "red right hand" of his wife, armed as it ever was

with a duster, was obtained by unceasing locking and watching; but the discordant sounds of her scolding voice penetrated to the *sanctum;* while daily hints and evening lectures convicted the doctor of unsociality, for his indulgence in bookish seclusion. His goodnature suffered under the reproach; he made efforts to cultivate fireside cordiality; but the mole and the eagle would make as meet companions as did the doctor and his wife.

She was perfect mistress of the faults and affairs of all her neighbours; and while she sat mending holes in stockings and table-cloths, liked nothing so well as making holes in those poor people's characters. Dr. Drennan was, on the contrary, utterly devoid of that perpetual and practical observation which may be called Paul Pryism; and he was full of philanthropic feeling. Thus a mutual and an undisguised interchange of thought produced nothing but disgust; *he* recoiled from the narrowness of her aims, the enviousness and unkindness of her feelings; *she* despised what she deemed his affectation, and hated what she thought his folly.

When the doctor found converse impracticable, it occurred to him that he might still preserve some appearance, at least, of the social character, and, perhaps, induce some reform by reading aloud: but he gave meat where he ought to have given milk; he could form no conception of the mental indifference, unsusceptibility, and ignorance, which he addressed. Though individuals are incessantly judging each other, how few are qualified or capable of so doing.

It has been said that the lesser cannot comprehend the greater; equally true is the converse. If I may be allowed, I will liken one individual to a vessel which contains a pint; is it to be supposed that individual can understand another which contains a quart? No: it is either utterly unconscious of the other's superiority, or regards the surplus, above its own measure, as superfluous. In the same manner the larger vessel has no, or a very imperfect, idea of the stinted capacity of the smaller, and thence judges it wrongly, or makes fruitless efforts regarding it.

Mrs. Drennan's natural capacity was not deficient; it had suffered from distortion and disuse. Her case, and her husband's, probably, appears an extreme one, it is only because they are morally as incongruous, as they were mentally unsuited. Had her disposition been more quiet, and his less kindly, they would have presented the dull, unvarying, unsympathizing routine, which passes, unknown or unnoticed, behind many of the bright windows, and nicely kept street doors of this metropolis, to go no further.

Let it not be imagined that I contemn, or would cast ridicule upon household duties, or domestic management; so far from that, I regard skill upon those points as among the first essentials of female education. Truly says one of the most enlightened men of the present day, 'Whatever is of any importance, either to the

present or the future comfort of any being, is worthy of care in the degree in which it may be the means of enjoyment, or the cause of suffering. Its *minuteness* cannot render it unworthy of notice, if it be of any consequence; and what would detract from dignity and greatness would be, not taking care of these minute concerns, but neglecting them.'

I purpose to show, if a patient hearing be accorded me, that philosophy and poetry may beneficially find place in even the kitchen, that household drudgery may be divested of the contemptible character which, unjustly, sinks those devoted to such toils so low in the scale of social existence.

'A great number of little things,' says the author I have just quoted, 'particularly if they often occur, become of greater importance than any single event, however vast and momentous; *they* produce, taken together, a larger sum of enjoyment, and there seems no possible way of taking care of this collective sum, but by taking care of particular events. And, indeed, the superintendence of minute events implies as much dignity as the superintendence of great events; and our admiration is never more excited than when we contemplate an intelligence which, while it directs the most grand and mighty movements, overlooks not the most insignificant concern capable of effecting the ultimate result.'

The want of a general perception of these truths have produced evils which are passing rapidly away before the increasing intelligence of the people. Our Mechanics' Institutions are giving daily evidence that the trades, which have been looked down upon with so much aristocratic contempt, are consistent with poetic feeling and philosophic thought. All hail to the Operatives of England! They are destined to shed more distinction upon her than any naval or military destructives, with stars and garters, flags, and finery to boot, have ever yet done. The decree has gone forth, 'Down with brute force and blind obedience, and up with the beaming ensign of intelligence, justice, and union.'

But the animating principle which has awakened the spirit of the working man, must be brought to bear upon the women of all classes. If a tailor now not only finds, but proves that he has 'a soul above buttons,' in like manner must women find and prove that they were not created to feel and think at secondhand, and hardly that; that the tie which unites them to men does not merge them in their husbands, but that it is for women, as equally essential and indispensable co-agents in the work of human progression, to originate high thoughts and views, to advance useful and independent objects, and that the feelings of wife, mother, daughter, and sister, may co-exist with those of the philosopher, philanthropist, and patriot.

One day Dr. Drennan received a message from a neighbouring friend, a poor curate. The messenger's clay-covered shoes were not permitted to sully beyond the threshold of the door, and he

departed, leaving no particulars as to the cause of the sudden summons. Dr. Drennan, however, obeyed it promptly, for he knew that his friend was in bad health. On reaching the curate's dwelling, he found his worst fears realized; the old man had been struck by paralysis, and was not expected long to survive. Motionless, almost speechless, he lay extended upon his bed; but his mind, retained by the strong power of affection, was still present. Life and light yet lingered in his eyes, and they took a glow of more intense lustre as they were lifted to the face of Dr. Drennan, and then turned to a young boy who stood in tears at the bed-side. He was the orphan grandson of the dying man, and scarcely seven years old. For *him* the spark of life tarried in that aged breast; for *him* appealing light lingered in those closing eyes. Dr. Drennan understood the mute eloquence of his expiring friend, and answered him more expressively than by words; he took the little fellow upon his knee, and passing an arm around him, and laying a hand upon his fair-haired head, pressed him gently to his bosom, while he bent eyes, swimming with tears and illumined by kindness, on the dying grandsire. One look, effulgent as the feelings from which it sprung—a look in which gratitude, affection, hope, and faith were mingled, gleamed with seraphic beauty upon the boy and his protector, then the eyes, taking a yet more devotional character, were raised, glowed again intensely as before—then fixed for ever.

In a few hours Dr. Drennan said to the boy, 'Harold, you must come home with me, and be unto me as a son, and I will be unto you as a father.' There was a sweetness in that kindly voice, now touched with an unusual tremor, that unconsciously soothed and cheered the child, who put his hand confidingly into the hand so opportunely held out to his aid, and they went forth together.

Harold had little conception of the bereavement he had sustained—he was no stranger to the benevolent man he companioned, and he soon began to prattle as he was wont to do whenever a visit from Dr. Drennan had made a holiday for him: the prospect of an abode at the doctor's house awakened curiosity, expectation, and that prospect of change so pleasant to the young; and Sancho, too, left his master's side, and came round to Harold's, as if willing to chase away any remaining heaviness from his spirit. The boy and dog soon began to sport together, and, after a time, the doctor seated himself on a honeysuckle bank to watch their gambols.

'Harold,' he said, when he rose again, 'yonder, just below the hill, is my house, the one with the bow-windows: play in the meadows as long as you like, and then let you and Sancho come home together.' Again he paused to look at the play-fellows; what power, yet what gentleness in the generous dog! what confidence in that generous nature about the genial child! 'Why are

not all creatures linked thus?' sighed the doctor, as he walked down the hill.

As he approached his house he looked up at it; the library windows were open, and he fancied he saw the figure of some one in the room. He felt his pocket for the key—it was not there, and he now recollected that he had left it in the door! It instantly flashed across his mind that an incursion had been made into that room of refuge. The idea was soon strengthened, for, at the street door, he picked up a sheet of manuscript which had been blown out of one of the windows. With this mute witness of the violation which he foresaw was going forward, he thundered at the door, hurried up stairs, and entered the library.

Mrs. Drennan, like an adjutant, stood in the midst of it, giving orders to two remorseless housemaids, who were down on their knees scrubbing the floor, which had so lately been strewn with books, papers, maps, and prints.

Who may paint the doctor as he stood

'Struck with severe amazement—hating life,'

in a voiceless convulsion of indignation and despair? The anger of an habitually patient person is the most awful thing on earth; once thoroughly aroused, the doctor was terrific. The domestics fled before the terror of his looks; his spouse, however, stood her ground manfully, I had almost said, but doggedly were the better word, and before the undone scholar could relieve *his* feelings by a single word, *she* launched forth a cataract of invective, which, by depriving him of all hope of a hearing, effectually secured his silence. But the desperate state of his feelings demanded some relief, so turning from the living foe of his peace, he fell upon the inanimate agents of her mischief; pails, brooms, brushes, flew out at the windows with the force and celerity of a bomb from a mortar; so that any one chancing to pass the house at the time, and escaping the effects of such windfalls, might have imagined it on fire, and the inmates adopting the readiest mode of saving its contents from conflagration.

Whether Mrs. Drennan imagined that she ran some risk of taking, like a witch, a journey with a broomstick; or that she thought it best to make her exit at the door, seeing that her husband had a prejudice for departures at the window, certainly she made a precipitate retreat down stairs.

At length Dr. Drennan seated himself to draw breath; but with an aspect stern as Marius when he appalled the assassin. It had certainly not been well for the reputation of the doctor's charity or philosophy, to have asked him at that moment his opinion of our eighth Harry's matrimonial system. The doctor was doubtless well read in the book of Job, but none of its consolations occurred to him; and had the absolute power of punishing Mrs. Drennan been suddenly vested in his hands, I *will* believe

that he would have stopped short of *death*, but certainly not of *divorce;* and assuredly never would the file of Doctors' Commons have exhibited a more eloquent bill of grievances.

He had sat some time with more of phrenzy than philosophy in his thoughts, when little Harold entered the room. The appearance of the child called up the calm image of his dying grandfather, and changed the current of the doctor's thoughts and feelings; anger and animosity sank rebuked before the impressions of the morning, and, taking the boy's hand, he left the library.

In the midst of this domestic storm Harold received a kinder reception from Mrs. Drennan, and made a quieter settlement in her abode, than he would otherwise have done; for she feared to attempt any further exasperation of her husband's temper.

But real reformation of conduct only grows from conviction produced upon the mind, not from fears. The disposition and habits of Mrs. Drennan speedily took their accustomed course, and a new and lamentable consequence of their prejudicial influence gradually ensued. Harold was an acute, sensitive child, he was directly dependent upon her for his domestic comforts, and she had the power of inflicting punishment upon him by means of privation; thus she operated upon all his lower feelings, and they were brought into action, and overgrew his higher feelings. He discovered, with almost intuitive penetration, that he could at any time conciliate Mrs. Drennan, or put her in a good humour, by telling her a ridiculous story of any of her neighbours, or joining her in a malicious review of their character. The precepts of Dr. Drennan were feeble of effect when opposed to a practical course of this kind; and his well meant, but ineffective teaching, served no other purpose than to add hypocrisy to Harold's other faults.

The youth gradually fell under the stigma of the whole neighbourhood, being convicted of a hundred instances of wilful falsehood and wanton mischief. Dr. Drennan, for an offence of an unusually flagrant nature, was induced to inflict on him a severe punishment. Harold felt the deepest resentment, and resolved upon revenge. He poisoned Sancho, now an aged creature, and apparently the creature on earth which Dr. Drennan loved best. The consequences of this act were dreadful: through some carelessness the poison used on this occasion was communicated to some liquid, of which Mrs. Drennan drank—her death was the result.

Suspicion instantly attached to Dr. Drennan; for the circumstances of his domestic inquietude were well known. With the calmness of conscious innocence he went to prison—there was not the slightest evidence on which to ground a conviction, and he was acquitted by a jury; not so by his neighbours. Slander was busy among the idle and the ignorant, and the story soon grew that

Harold was the natural son of the doctor, who had poisoned his wife for some *supposed* unkindness to the bastard boy.

Alas! the only poisoners had been Mrs. Drennan, and the circumstances which made her what she was. How fatal is such moral poison, especially when administered in that plastic time when the character is forming, Harold sufficiently exhibited; for, though his faults became modified and veiled as he advanced to manhood, he never bore the character of which he was originally capable. His sorrowing and disappointed friend attributed, not to early corruption, but to inherent degeneracy, the dereliction of his conduct; because Dr. Drennan had no conception of the power of female influence, interwoven as it is into the very texture of every feeling and habit of youth. Thus fatal to an excellent man and a promising child, was one narrow ignorant woman, whose strong energies, properly enlarged and directed, might have made her as beneficial as she was baneful.

M. L. G.

MUSICAL COMMENTARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE CHARLES LAMB.

'WHAT!' exclaims the reader, 'musical notices from him who confessedly had no ear; who ever eschewed music, and all that thereunto appertained! Come, this is a hoax.' No, unbelieving Christian, it is no hoax: the lines are veritable Elian. The circumstances which gave rise to this extraordinary production were as follows:—Lamb, among his miscellaneous literature, had chanced upon Burney's History of Music, which, as was his wont in all cases, he read carefully through, and thus, though as *earless*, and as disinclined as ever to devote himself to the tuneful goddess, his memory became involuntarily stored with the names and qualities of all who, 'since Music, heavenly maid, was young,' have knelt at her shrine. This impersonal knowledge he a few days afterwards showered, with ludicrously astounding effect, upon his friend Ayrton, himself a learned professor of the divine art, and who, like thee, gentle reader, had no conception that Elia knew aught of the matter. Delighted, however, to find (as he supposed) in his and our dear friend so distinguished an amateur, he entreated from Lamb, for private edification and entertainment, his opinions as to the 'great masters' of music, which next day gave rise to the following:

> 'Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
> Just as the whim bites; for my part,
> I do not care a farthing candle
> For either of them, or for Handel.
> Cannot a man live free and easy,
> Without admiring Pergolesi?

Or through the world in comfort go,
Who never heard of Doctor Blow?
For my own part I never have;
And yet I eat, and drink, and shave,
Like other people. If you watch it,
I know no more of stave or crotchet
Than did the unspaniardized Peruvians,
Or those old, queer antediluvians,
Who lived in th' unwashed world with Tubal,
Before that dirty blacksmith, Jubal,
By stroke on anvil, or by summ'at,
Found out, t' his great surprise, the gamut.
I know no more of Cimarosa,
Than he did of Salvator Rosa,
Being no painter: and, bad luck
Be mine, if I can bear that Gluck!
Old Tycho Brahe, or modern Herschel,
Had something in them, but what's Purcell?
The devil, with his foot so cloven,
For aught I care, may take Beethoven;
And if the bargain doesn't suit,
I'll throw him Weber in to boot!
There's not the splitting of a splinter
To choose 'twixt him last-named, and Winter.
Of Dr. Pepusch, old Queen Dido
Knew just as much, God knows, as I do.
I would not go four miles to visit
Sebastian *Back*, or *Bof*; which is it?
No more I would for Bononini.
As for Novello and Rossini,
I will not say a word about 'em;
Except that we might do without 'em.

* * * * *

Lamb made the following report of the Westminster Abbey Festival, in a letter to a friend:

'We heard the music in the Abbey, at Winchmore Hill! and the notes were incomparably softened by the distance. Novello's chromatics were distinctly audible. Clara was faulty in B flat; otherwise she sang like an angel. The trombone and Beethoven's waltzes were the best. Who played the oboe?'

The following letter is of a long anterior date, and relates to very different topics; we subjoin it in the assurance of providing a gratification for our readers:

'Dear Hazlitt,

'I was very glad to hear from you, and that your journey was so *picturesque*. We miss you, as we foretold we should. One or two things have happened, which are beneath the dignity of epistolary communication, but which, seated about our fire at night, (the winter hands of pork have begun,) gesture and emphasis might have talked into some importance. Something about R——'s wife, for instance, how

tall she is, and that she visits pranked up like a queen of the May, with green streamers,—a good-natured woman though, which is as much as you can expect from a friend's wife, whom you got acquainted with a bachelor. Some things, too, about *Monkey*, which can't so well be written,—how it set up for a fine lady, and thought it had got lovers, and was obliged to be convinced of its age from the parish register, when it was proved to be only twelve, and an edict issued that it should not give itself airs yet these four years; and how it got leave to be called Miss, by grace: these and such like hows were in my head to tell you; but who can write? Also how Manning came to town in spectacles, and studies physic; is melancholy, and seems to have something in his head which he don't impart. Then, how I am going to leave off smoking. O la!—Your Leonardos of Oxford made my mouth water. I was hurried through the gallery, and they escaped me. What do I say? I was a Goth then, and should not have noticed them. I had not settled my notions of beauty. I have now for ever: the small head, the long eye, that sort of peering curve, the wicked Italian mischief, the stick-at-nothing-Herodias'-daughter kind of grace. You understand me. But you disappoint me in passing over in absolute silence the Blenheim Leonardo. Did you not see it? Excuse a lover's curiosity. I have seen no pictures of note since, except Mr. Dawe's gallery. It is curious to see how differently two great men treat the same subject, yet both excellent in their way: for instance, Milton and Mr. Dawe. Mr. Dawe has chosen to illustrate the story of Sampson exactly in the point of view in which Milton has been most happy, the interview between the Jewish hero, blind and captive, and Dalilah. Milton has imagined his locks grown again, strong as horse hair or porcupine's bristles, doubtless shaggy and black, as being hair "which of a nation armed contained the strength." I don't remember he *says* black; but could Milton imagine them to be yellow? do you? Mr. Dawe, with striking originality of conception, has crowned him with a thin yellow wig, in colour precisely like to Dyson's, in curl and quantity resembling Mrs. Professor's: his limbs rather stout, about such a man as my brother or Rickman; but no Atlas, nor Hercules, nor yet so bony as Dubois, the clown of Sadler's Wells. This was judicious, taking the spirit of the story rather than the fact; for doubtless God could communicate national salvation to the trust of flax and tow as well as hemp and cordage, and could draw down a temple with a golden tress as soon as with the cables of the British navy. Miss Dawe is about a portrait of sulky F——, but Miss Dawe is of opinion that her subject is neither reserved nor sullen, and doubtless she will persuade the picture to be of the same opinion. However, the features are tolerably like. Too much of Dawes! Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson? I have followed him in fancy ever since I saw him walking in Pall Mall, (I was prejudiced against him before,) looking just as a hero should look, and I have been very much cut about it indeed. He was the only pretence of a great man we had. Nobody is left of any name at all. His secretary died by his side. I imagined him, a Mr. Scott, to be the man you met at Hume's, but I learn from Mrs. Hume that it is not the same. I met Mrs. H—— one day and agreed to go on the Sunday to tea, but the rain prevented us and the distance. I have been to apologize, and we are to dine there the first fine Sunday! Strange perverseness. I never went while you staid here, and now I go to *find*

you. What other news is there, Mary? What puns have I made in the last fortnight? You never remember them. You have no relish for the comic. Oh! tell Hazlitt not to forget to send the American Farmer. I dare say it isn't so good as he fancies, but a book's a book.

'I have not heard from Wordsworth, or from Malta since. Charles Kemble, it seems, enters into possession to-morrow. We sup at 109, Russel-street, this evening. I wish your brother would'nt drink. It's a blemish in the greatest characters. You send me a modern quotation poetical. How do you like this in an old play? Vittoria Corombona, an Italian lady, a Leonardo one, nicknamed the White Devil, being on her trial for murder, &c., and questioned about seducing a duke from his wife and the states, makes answer:

"Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drowned himself in it."

Our ticket was a £20. Alas!! Are both yours blanks?

'N.B. I shall expect a line from you, if but a bare line, whenever you write to Russel-street, and a letter often when you do not. I pay no postage. But I will have consideration for you till parliament time, and franks. Luck to Ned Search, and the new art of colouring. Monkey sends her love, and Mary's 'specially.

'Yours truly,

'10th November, 1805. 'C. LAMB.

'P.S. Godwin has asked after you several times.'

HIGH CHURCH AND CONVENTICLE;

OR, FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY, A SECTARIAN DIALOGUE.

(By the Author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium, &c.')

'If,' said his reverence the apoplectic vicar of C——, and non-resident pastor of L——, S——, and D——, addressing his superior half as she sat preparing to make breakfast with her accustomed air of sour sanctity—'If, my dearest Mirabella, you really consider that the cook has taken to paying an occasional visit to that low-roofed, deal-boarded conventicle which is the abomination of the neighbourhood, I will have her summoned before me this moment, and question her seriously thereupon. But I doubt me'—here he placed his left foot beside the right, which was reposing upon a large puffy ottoman,—'I doubt me very much if she hath presumed so to do; more particularly as the distance is at least a mile and a half, and over a tract much exposed to the wind of an evening; I doubt me if she hath—a-hem!'

'I well know,' answered the reverend lady, speaking through her teeth, 'that she *hath*, love.'

'Can it be, can it be? Well, as soon as I have taken my breakfast—'

'This moment, love, as you said; this moment let the cook be

summoned to our presence!' And at these words the reverend lady rang the bell furiously, but without moving a muscle of her sallow, lace-cap-enshrined visage.

It chanced that the housemaid was passing the door of the breakfast-parlour just as the alarum sounded; and conjecturing that some constitutional accident of gout, indigestion, apoplexy, or what not, had occurred to his reverence, set her official thyrsus (called 'genista,' or 'brom,' in Saxon, though the pretty tree has degenerated into 'broom' with the lower orders) upright against the wall, and entered hastily with expectant looks.

'Tell Vespasian,' ejaculated his reverence, 'to bring up the hot rolls this instant.'

'Love,' said the lady, sternly, 'you forget. Semira! send the cook here—we do not want breakfast just yet.'

Semira curtsied low, and disappeared coweringly.

'Do you not think,' said his reverence, shifting his seat, after a long pause, 'that this matter might possibly be deferred till the afternoon?'

'By no means, Dr. Wizbeach; it is far too serious. Faith is too serious a thing to admit of the least delay where doubt hangs over the awful pit. I can neither sleep, drink, nor eat, for thinking of it.'

'Pity, love, pity; you should not suffer these things to take so powerful a hold upon your sensibility—a-hem!—I wonder what o'clock it is?'

After a silent interval of several minutes, during which the lady remained with her eyes fixed upon the fire, (her expression of countenance being uncommonly suggestive, had a physiognomical theologian beheld it,) while his reverence continued to dally with the handle of his tea-cup, and pry inspectively into its cold vacuity, the door slowly swung on its hinges, and Amelia entered, pulling down her sleeves, adjusting her 'kerchief, and setting herself to rights all over.

'Close the door,' said Mrs. Reverend Wizbeach; the doctor has something very important to question you upon.'

'Me, mum! yes, mum.'

'Dr. Wizbeach, the cook is waiting.'

'A-hem!—It is a shocking and most reprehensible thing, Amelia Stains, that a woman at your time of life, one, too, who hath evermore borne a respectable and upright character, at least to the present period, should now degenerate into evil ways and backsliding of spirit, forgetful of the lawful established faith wherein your infant years were nurtured, and whereupon all your hopes were taught and commanded most implicitly and imperatively to rest, both here and hereafter. Believing that you would continue in the same, I admitted you as an handmaid into my house. A-hem! You have ever conducted yourself, since here you have sojourned, with honesty, sobriety, industry, and, as I

believe, with due economy, according to the ordinances, that is, the directions and governances of your lady here present; also with ability in your calling, though not at all times quite equal to such ministrations of office as required continental culture, and general acquaintance with exotic art and practice.'

'She has never dressed even an English snipe to my liking!' interrupted her reverence.

'Amelia!' pursued Dr. Wizbeach, warming with his own discourse, 'Amelia Stains, I tremble for you! What availeth all your honesty, all your sobriety, all your industry, yea, or what availeth all such ability as you possess, being, as you are reported to be, a defaulter in ghostly piety! Answer me, then, as you value your own soul!—answer me, Amelia Stains, widow of that good churchman and faithful servant, Zachary Stains, late gamekeeper of the Rev. grandson of the Right Rev. Father in God, Bishop Horne, of psalmic memory;—answer me categorically, that is, unprevaricatively, have you, or have you not, recently attended the holdings forth, in some pantile outhouse of dissent and wickedness?'

'Please your reverence'—faltered the appalled cook—

'It does in no wise *please* his reverence!' interrupted Mrs. Dr. Wizbeach, sardonically.

'I humbly hope,' responded Mrs. Stains, 'that I have not been guilty of any wickedness in my searchings after religious saving grace, either towards my own God-fearing soul or towards his reverence. And, if I have, I'm sure I'm altogether sorry and spirit-afflicted, and I humbly craves pardon of his reverence for the same, and the time to come.'

'Crave, not craves,' said his reverence.

'Time to come!' ejaculated the lady. 'But first answer the question Dr. Wizbeach has put to you.'

'I have been a few times on a Lord's-day evening to hear the expoundings of Mr. Livermore Stiles, and I meant no offence to his reverence, who never preaches of an evening. Mr. Stiles is considered by most people (here the cook looked down and twisted her apron) as a very fine man in the pulpit.'

'Expoundings! spirit-afflicted! fine man!' exclaimed his reverence, uplifting both hands; 'why the woman is completely inoculated already.'

'It is no more than I told you, Dr. Wizbeach,' said the lady.

'Amelia! Amelia! wretched woman!' enunciated his reverence, 'what hast thou ever found dissatisfactory in my house, that should induce this sinful falling-off from heaven?'

At this moment the door opened, and Vespasian, the black footman, entered with the 'cloud-compelling' urn.

'Ha!' said his reverence, 'we must cut short this business.'

'By no means, Dr. Wizbeach,' answered his lady, sharply. 'Amelia is not to be dismissed so lightly. Do you not think,

Amelia, that you are a most ungrateful and sinful wretch, to have thus conducted yourself?'

'My name is Martha,' answered the cook, girding up her loins, 'an't please you, madam, I never could much abide to be called out of my proper name.'

'Low-minded woman!' pronounced the lady.

'Your predecessor,' said his reverence gravely, 'felt proud of the designation I gave her; she was a sensible woman, and of the true church.'

'She told me privately, howsomever,' retorted the cook, 'and told me with tears in her eyes, as she held the stew-pan in her hand for the last time, for she was a very respectable woman, that she had been called by a nick-name ever since she entered the house; and that was partly the reason she left.'

'Audacious hussey,' cried his reverence, 'I too much honoured her by calling her Sophonisba; t'was I who gave her the title; but mark the ingratitude of the vulgar world! Vespasian, remain where you are; this business is just over. Oh! what it is to confer favours upon the sinful—wretches of little faith!'

'Me likey call-e 'Spashian,' said the black man; 'call-e Mungo and Snow-ball in e streets!'

'Behold, and take a lesson there,' rejoined Dr. Wizbeach. 'Take a lesson of gratitude from that poor negro, so recently sent me from Cuba; see how *he* appreciates the favour!'

'Berry much, berry much, massa,' chirped Vespasian. 'Bringee up hot rolls, massa?'

'Why, yes—I think we may as well—eh, my dear?'

'In good time, Dr. Wizbeach; there is plenty of time. Amelia, inform the doctor as to your intentions for the future, should I permit you to remain in my service?'

'I means to follow the Lord in the spirit,' responded the cook, turning up her eyes, and lifting her hands, after the manner of the conventicle.

'Mean, not means,' said his reverence.

'With all humility towards Dr. Wizbeach,' pursued the lady, 'and with mortified repentance?'

'I shall follow him as in conscience-bound-and-fearing love and fear,' answered Mrs. Stains boldly; 'after the divine pointings out of sich preachers as I know of—that will I—so help me—if I live—as a true, lowly, contritious ——'

Here the cook burst into tears.

'Missy cook crying?' said Vespasian, looking interrogatively grave.

'Good woman'—began the doctor—

'Woman!' interrupted the lady, fierce of tone, but without losing an atom of her cold sedative air, 'what preachers—what preachers do you dare to allude to before us?'

'I *am* a woman!' exclaimed the cook, wiping her eyes, and

lifting up her head with energy, 'and I glorify in my stattoo quo!'

'So me glorify-um too,' exclaimed Vespasian. 'Me good as you, missy cooky.'

'Oh, heinous instance of aberration!' groaned Dr. Wizbeach, rising slowly from his chair, and extending one arm with a senatorial air, 'Oh wickedness irreclaimable, as I doubt me it will prove to be; what—what, I ask, will become of your soul? Tremble, Amelia Stains, widow of that excellent servant, Zachariah Stains, erewhile head gamekeeper in the extensive manor of the Rev. grandson of the learned and pious Bishop Horne; tremble, I say, for I *cannot* sit upon my seat with thinking of the abyss of damnation, which yawns in redness and blackness beneath your very feet! Not alone will the misery, and the heart-burning, and the torment of the sensorium, that is, the soul, be visited upon you, but upon your children, now in St. Saviour's charity school, and upon their children, should they have any, as I hope and trust they will, and upon your children's children's children, unto the third and fourth ——'

'And five and sixy, too,' interrupted Vespasian. 'Missy cooky berry cross to me; no call-e Espashion—call-e stupid ass!'

'Silence, black creature!' exclaimed the lady. But the Divine had not heard the interruption, and sat himself down, puffing and perspiring with such unusual exercise, and before breakfast.

'I'm sure,' whimpered Mrs. Stains, 'its very, very hard upon me to be thus catechised out of my proper calling. There's 'Squire Johnson's cook, Mrs. Simmons, she goes to follow whoever she pleases, and not a word does the Squire say to her so long as she does her duty as becomes her in his house—and I'm sure I'm quite as good a cook as her, any day, please your reverence.'

'Good as she—not her,' panted Dr. Wizbeach.

'Good she, you'm cooky,' echoed Vespasian reproachfully—'not her, massa say.'

'The fact is, Mrs. Stains,' said his reverence, 'you are in the high road to utter perdition.'

Mrs. Stains being now lost to all sense of prudence, place, and distinction of persons, felt called upon, even as a martyr to the name of Stiles—the Rev. Mr. Livermore—to take up her cause, and thus replied:

'Your reverence, an't please the pigs, are very oppressive.'

'*Is*, more properly, not are!' gasped the doctor, who had lost his breath in his recent eloquence.

'*Is* oppressive—*is* oppressive—is-is-is!' shouted the inflamed cook. 'Oh, your cruel reverence, to bait me in this way because I have not so much learning and Greek and things as yourself, nor anything like so much money;—why am I not permissionated to follow the Lord after my own conscience-stricken way, as taught me by that divine man, the Rev. Mr. Livermore Stiles,

Esquire? *He* it is who hath awoke me to a new birth!—he it is who hath made me a perfect convert!—he it is who hath taught me to walk in the godly walk of his own precious doctrine!—he it is—aye, and as sure as I have this poke—these five fingers on my hand—who hath aroused my sinful soul from its sleep of death under *your* preachment; torn me clean away from destruction and sluggish-mindedness unto the very briskest of life!—he it is, I say,—and madam may look as sour as she pleases—who hath shone upon my barren weedish field; and ploughed it with the plough of truth, and harrowed it with grace-giving fear and horror, and watered it, and manured it, and sown therein the seed of the righteous repentant sinner, so that a sunshiny tree is grown up with wide, wide branching arms, to exult, and glorify, and put forth fruit fit to be gathered and dressed as a meat-offering on the day of judgment and salvation for evermore.'

Dr. Wizbeach looked utterly confounded. He had gradually sunk back in his chair in amaze—such is the difference between sincere passion, in whatever cause, and mere conventional assumption—and as she proceeded he grew dumb-foundered and absolutely frightened. Meantime the large eyes of Vespasian presented black and white to each alternately. The lady was the first who found her speech.

'The wretched sinner will break a blood-vessel all over the carpet. Leave the room this instant—the doctor is perfectly shocked at you—and prepare to quit my house within an hour, or you shall be taken up, and confined in a mad-house.'

A pause of some length occurred, which was broken by Vespasian in an appealing commiserative tone.

'Me hope you no send Mrs. Cooky away—she no calle stupidy ass no more?'

'Peace, ideot!' said the lady, 'such wretches servants become by kind treatment; it would be well if we could do entirely without them. Leave the room, Mrs. Stains.'

The cook was just becoming alarmed at what she had said in her excitement, and was fast relapsing into a sense of their respective stations in society; but this fresh attack brought back her courage, especially as she saw her place was irrecoverably lost.

'Why am I a wretch, madam, so please you madam, I should like to know? Why is a poor servant more of a wretch than a rich lady? Do without us indeed! Or why more of a wretch than a rich man like his reverence? It was but two Lord's-day evenings ago that Mr. Livermore Stiles told us from the very pulpit, that his reverence could no more enter the kingdom of heaven than a camel. And I believe it.'

'I wish her to depart,' panted Dr. Wizbeach.

'Mrs. Stains,' said the lady, 'I order you to leave the house in half an hour, on pain of being sent to prison without judge or jury.'

'Me hope you no send missy cooky to prison on my 'count,'

pleaded the black, 'she no call-e names no more—call-e Espashion —ah, missy cooky!' And he accompanied this with such a half-comic, half-loving leer, that it would have been irresistible in any other company.

'Impudent dolt!' ejaculated Mrs. Dr. Wizbeach with sardonic bitterness; 'if you are not silent I shall hand you over to the game-keeper's whip, and order you to have no dinner for a week.'

'Mrs. Stiles—Stains, I mean'—said his reverence,' I desire you to go to your own apartment. Go—you are lost. You cannot be saved by any manner of means. It is utterly impossible that you should ever meet the elect in heaven.'

'I should be sorry, indeed, if there was a chance of such a thing,' echoed his superior half, with ghastly calmness.

'I wouldn't change chances, howsomedever;' retorted Mrs. S.; 'and the head gardener is of the same opinion—that's more.'

'The head gardener?' interrogated the lady.

'The head?' exclaimed his reverence, half rising from his recumbency.

'Yes, to be sure—he is a follower of Mr. Livermore Stiles, as well as myself, and has been so these three months, off and on.'

'So—so.'

'Why, he has lived seven years with me;—I took Mr. Romulus from the Dean of * * *ester's!'

'It's no more than the truth what I say by him.'

'Monstrous—*concerning* him, accusative case—not ablative, by—Oh, monstrous ingratitude!—such, my dearest love, is the world;' and he turned a deplorable orthodox look upon his saturnine lady.

'It's the truth what I say,' muttered Mrs. Stains, 'and no case of accusation.'

'It excites no surprise in *me*, Dr. Wizbeach;—it is no more than we may always expect from low vulgar creatures, who exist upon our bounty.'

'Bounty, Mrs. Wizbeach!' rekindled the smouldering cook:—'low vulgar creatures!—the dirt under your feet!—what was the doctor himself twenty years ago?—little better than a public school-master's usher, I've heer'd say.'

Dr. Wizbeach rose upon his legs. 'Foul-tongued maligner!—quit the breakfast-room this moment! No!—remain awhile, for I *would* address a few words to you according to my sacred calling. It is only in the blessed gospel, according to our divine Master, as taught and exhorted to mankind in his holy church as by law established, that any human soul can enjoy the most distant chance of salvation. Such is the pure doctrine of faith in the true believer.'

Dr Wizbeach here paused to arrange the form of his oration.

'Ebbery ting massa say,' murmured Vespasian reverently, 'so full o'face.'

'When we rise in the morning, Mrs. Stains, when we walk forth

into the groves; when we behold the delightful clouds above our heads; when we enter the established house of God, imbued and overflowing with lawful piety; every muscle of our mortal frames; every pulse of its fearful and wonderful construction; yea, and every thought, quickens and abounds within us at the ecstatic hope of an exquisite eternity of enjoyment, where no storms shall rage, no crosses annoy, no blasphemers and sinners dare to intrude.'

'Ebbery ting massa say,' murmured Vespasian in low response, '—e so brim full o'ope.'

'Beware,' pursued Dr. Wizbeach, deepening his tone, 'beware, oh Amelia Stains! of trenching upon the proud prerogative of the otherwise humble children of heaven. That heaven is not for heretics, but only for the pure of faith, the good, holy, and sanctified children of true worship.'

'Ebbery ting massa say, so good for children o'worsesheep,' sonorously responded the black.

'The fires of hell, Amelia Stains, are fiercely multitudinous—multitudinous in form and kind and fashion and degree—and eternal as fierce. Thither wilt thou, and such as follow in thy abandoned and dissentient course, be infallibly dismissed from the most minute and fragmentary shadow of hope of salvation; for mercy would lose all its characteristics were there no such thing (here the doctor raised his voice) as justice; charity would lose its name were it indiscriminate, thus degenerating into a mere weakness; and the name of the charitable (here his reverence raised his voice to the utmost) would become as a mockery and a by-word among men.'

'Ebbery ting,' exclaimed Vespasian, lifting one hand with sympathetic excitement, 'ebbery ting massa and missis say,' and he stamped upon the floor at the same moment that he brought his hand down upon the breakfast table, with a bang that made every cup leap from its saucer, '—e so *tam* charitable.'

A peculiar silence ensued.

'Vespasian,' said Dr. Wizbeach, with awkward authority, 'quit the apartment directly.'

The black moved towards the door.

'Stop, sirrah!—where did you learn that dreadful expression? who in my house have you ever heard utter a blasphemy?—where did you hear it, I say?'

'Me hear you say him four time in the pulpit, massa, last sabbas morning, massa.'

'Leave the room,' thundered his reverence.

Vespasian went with a most subdued air. Just as he was passing through the door the light glanced upon the right side of his bronze cheek bone, evidently denoting, though his back was turned, some extraordinary change of expression; but whether originating in a grimace preparatory to blubbering at the terrible dismissal, with its prospects, or a grin of the very broadest possible dimen-

sions,' for negroes often abound in humour, is left to be conjectured.

'And now Mrs. Stiles—Stains I should say—depart from our presence into utter darkness.'

'Before I pay her one farthing of her wages, I shall examine her box.'

'Madam!' cried the cook, reddening like a great coal, 'I'm as honest as you or his reverence either! I haven't a tithe in my box of anything that don't belong to me.'

'Apply to me for a character!' pursued the lady with a bitter look, 'I will give you one, *depend* upon it.'

'I'll *make* you give me a character; and a proper one; I hav'nt stolen one tithe, I say, from you or anybody else, that's what I haven't; I'm an honest woman, though some women are no better than they *should* be.'

'Beware of the tread-mill!' said Dr. Wizbeach threateningly.

'Your children shall both be turned out immediately from the charity school, where the doctor's friend, the bishop's reverend grandson, had placed them for you. Quit my sight.'

'What! cruel, cruel Mrs. Wizbeach! would you go for to do sich a shocking thing?'

'Such—not—ahem!'

'Certainly, you may depend upon it.'

'Then, if there *be* one place of more dreadfuller punishment in hell than another, may you go to that there place! Yes, both of you, I say, with your children's children's children for ever! not only for this act by me and mine, but also, mark *this*—for your frightful wickedness and heinous want of grace in the right way, according to that only way expounded in the way of Mr. Livermore Stileses doctrine! And let me tell you this, so that you may weep and wail and gnash your tushes before your hour, that the two housemaids, and both gamekeepers, are going to hear him next Lord's-day evening, for the seventh time!'

With these words the cook dashed like a brand across the room, and flared through the whirling door.

Dr. Wizbeach had sank down in his red morocco chair, leaning his head against the cushioned back with open mouth, and his eyes staring up at the ceiling.

Mrs. Wizbeach rose slowly, and approaching his prostrate reverence, bent over him, and imposed a dry husky something or other—I suppose she called it a kiss—upon his bloated cheek.

'My love,' murmured Dr. Wizbeach, 'I am dying for my breakfast.'

The lady rang the bell; not violently, but continuously.

'Do not, my blessed love,' said the doctor, pathetically lifting his powdered head, 'do not suffer your keen sensibility and tenderness to be so much excited by the wicked scum of mortality. We will get an entirely new set of servants.'

At this moment the door half opened, and a pale face looked fearfully round the corner.

'Send the cook this instant!' said the lady.

'The cook!' ejaculated Dr. Wizbeach, with alarm, 'ah, true, true.'

'She shall work to the last hour.'

'True, true, my dearest love.'

Mrs. Stains entered slowly and softly treading on the carpet with an altered mien.

'Cook,' mildly pronounced Dr. Wizbeach, 'no remarks; I have nothing further to say to you beyond this: you must do your duty in that state of life unto which—in short, as long as here you remain. Send me up the hot rolls, fried sausages and crout, this moment, and a cold woodcock for your mistress.'

Mrs. Stains, now thoroughly recalled to a deep sense of conventional practices and forms, curtseyed low and retired with a subdued demeanour. Just as the door was closing a patting noise was heard, as of a hand upon a fat back, while a half-whispering, quaint, guttural voice, articulated 'Well done, missy cooky! me go too, nex Sabbas, hear-e Massa Stile!'

A LAMENT FOR THE PAST.

Oh, early Days! and Youth! and Bloom!
Ye are exsanguent in the tomb
Of Time and Change;
The minutes and the airs have taken
Your glory from this form forsaken:
I cannot range
The proud earth wantonly and proudly,
Nor cry unto the ocean loudly,
With glee redundant, as of yore:
The ecstacy of life is gone;
Like a mossed tree, I blanch alone—
I am beloved no more.
Old Time! my youth restore;
Ye Elements! its liveries disgorge
From your eternal maw;
Kindle new fire, wherewith I may reforge
The iron of my strength: O, for a law
Of the dead Past revocative!
To my youth's grave, O, let my age withdraw!
For thus, for thus—it is not life to live.

* W. *

THE CHOICE.

FOURTH FANTASY PIECE AFTER HOFFMAN.

(Concluded from p. 193.)

Chapter IV.

Very soon after Edmund's meeting with Miss Vosswinkel in the botanic garden, Miss V. discovered that the portrait of her papa, which hung in her own room, was very unlike him, and very badly painted. She demonstrated to the councillor that he was infinitely better and younger-looking than the painter had made him; and she talked so often and so much upon the subject, that, at last, Mr. Vosswinkel began to think the portrait and the conduct of the portrait painter equally shocking. In short, he considered himself a very ill-used, misrepresented, good-looking gentleman, and ordered the picture into the lumber-room.

Miss Albertine, however, having been accustomed to see a sort of likeness of her dear papa, felt the vacant space on the wall of her chamber a great annoyance, and she begged him to have his portrait taken again by some very skilful artist, hinting the propriety of employing young Mr. Edmund Lehsien, who had already produced works of such great merit.

'Daughter, daughter!' said the councillor in reply to her, 'do you wish to ruin me? those young artists are ready to burst with conceit, and require handfuls of gold for the least thing they do.'

Albertine assured her papa, that, on the contrary, Mr. Edmund worked less for gold than for glory. At last Mr. Vosswinkel was persuaded to call upon the young painter.

Edmund received him joyfully, for he immediately guessed that Albertine had persuaded her papa to employ him. He hastened to remove all obstacles, by declaring that he should be too happy to paint such a fine man as the councillor, without any thought of a recompense.

'Good heavens! do I understand aright?' exclaimed Mr. Vosswinkel, quite transported; 'no recompense, my worthy Mr. Edmund—nothing even for the canvass and colours?'

Edmund smilingly answered, that such trifles were not worth mentioning.

'But,' said the councillor, 'you don't know, perhaps, that I wish to be taken at full length, as large as life?'

'It matters not,' replied Edmund.

On hearing those words, the councillor threw himself impetuously into the arms of the young artist, and, with the tears standing in his eyes, said:

Oh heavens! do some noble souls yet flourish upon this selfish,

barren globe! You are a sublime young man—I would give my existence to possess your greatness of mind.'

That same evening Edmund sent his easel and colours to the councillor's house, and the next morning the first sitting took place.

Edmund begged the councillor to transport himself, in fancy, back to the happiest moment of his life,—for instance, the day he heard (his wife was dead) the vows of his youthful love first reciprocated.

'My dear sir,' said the councillor, 'about three years since I received a letter from Hamburgh, informing me that I had gained a great prize in the lottery: I ran to my daughter, with the letter open in my hand, and never did I, before or since, feel such pleasure. Let us choose that moment, and I will go and fetch the letter, and hold it as I then did.'

So Edmund was obliged to take Mr. Vosswinkel with an open letter in his hand, which read thus:

'I have the honour to inform you that the ticket, No. 379, has been drawn a prize of £ &c.'

Upon a little table was the cover of the letter, addressed,

'To
'The Empire-free, Well-born,
'Particularly-much-to-be-venerated,
'Councillor MELCHIOR VON VOSSWINKEL,
'&c., &c., &c.,
'BERLIN.'

Edmund painted a good-looking, round, oily, gig-keeping-ability, respectable little man; so much like the councillor, that the instant you saw the address on the letter, you exclaimed, 'Wonderful!'

Mr. Vosswinkel, himself, was delighted beyond measure, and begged the clever young artist to undertake a portrait of his daughter.

Edmund soon went to work again; but, somehow or other, Albertine's portrait did not progress so rapidly and happily as did her papa's.

The painter sketched, rubbed out, sketched again, began to paint, destroyed his work, began again, and continually changed the attitude. Then sometimes the day was too bright, and sometimes it was too dark; until, at last, the worthy councillor, who had attended the sittings, lost all patience, and never troubled them again with his advice or presence. But Edmund was there, morning, noon, and night; the portrait and the courtship appeared to proceed in an inverse ratio.

It came to pass one morning that Edmund and Albertine were standing near the window, snugly ensconced, as they thought, behind the curtains. Now the courteous reader knows, doubtless,

very well by experience, that a lover often adds weight to his vows and tender speeches by——several approved methods. Edmund, fearing, most likely, that Albertine did not quite comprehend what he was whispering, passed his arm round her slender waist, drew her towards him, and —— at that very instant of time the private secretary of the chancery was skipping along to his official duties, with the politic wisdom of Thomasius in his pocket. According to his invariable custom, he glanced his eye to the window of his intended, and saw, indistinctly, what troubled him exceedingly. He crossed over into the councillor's house.

Just as Mr. Tusmann entered the room, he heard Albertine say,

'Yes, Edmund, I believe you love me, and I will ever, ever, love you!'

Immediately after the young lady spoke, Mr. Tusmann had a fine opportunity of observing that curious attraction betwixt homogeneous bodies which draws bosom to bosom and lip to lip, ending suddenly with a smack, like the discharge of a Leyden jar.

In the intoxication, the blindness of their egotistical passion, the lovers heard neither the opening of the door, nor the creaking of the private secretary's boots, nor did they perceive the secretary himself standing motionless and aghast in the middle of the room.

Suddenly a squeaking voice said,

'But, Miss Albertine——'

The two lovers separated in affright. Edmund flew to his easel, and Albertine to the sofa.

'But, Miss Albertine,' said the private secretary, taking breath, 'what are you doing? Not long since, in the middle of the night, you were waltzing with a young gentleman who I have not the honour to be acquainted with, and now, in the middle of the day, you are—— Oh, just heavens! is this, I ask, proper conduct for a young lady betrothed?'

'Who is betrothed?' said Albertine; 'of whom do you speak, sir?'

'Of you, celestial creature,' said Mr. Tusmann; 'of whom but you should I speak? Your papa has long promised me that hand, which, in spite of my anger, I long to cover with kisses.'

'Sir,' replied Albertine, 'I should imagine from your conduct that you have called this morning at the tavern you visit so often; or else you are mad. It is impossible that my papa should dream of such a thing.'

'Miss Albertine,' answered the private secretary, 'you have known me a long time; have I not always been a careful, reflecting man? why do you suspect me of drunkenness or madness? Dear young lady, I will forget and forgive all. Your appearance, at midnight, at the old town-house; your waltzing with the unknown young gentleman; your——'

'Oh, dear me!' said Albertine, 'he is certainly mad. Do go

away, sir, you frighten me so. Go away, if you please, sir: oh, dear me!'

Tears stood in the eyes of poor Mr. Tusmann. 'Oh, just heavens!' cried he, 'how I am treated! No, I will not go; according to Thomasius, I ought to stop and have justice done to me.'

He advanced towards Albertine, who retired towards Edmund. The young artist, boiling with rage, could contain himself no longer. He rushed upon the private secretary, passed a brush, impregnated with green paint, two or three times over his face, handed him to the open door, applied his foot to the western side of Mr. Tusmann, and projected him down the stairs. The councillor, who was just then mounting up, received his verdant old schoolfellow in his arms.

'My dear friend, in the name of goodness, what has happened to your face?' said the councillor.

The private secretary related, in sentences almost unintelligible, the treatment he had experienced from Edmund and Albertine.

The councillor, very angry, led him back into the room.

'What is this I hear?' said he, in a severe tone of voice. 'Is it thus that a young lady ought to treat her intended?'

'My intended!' exclaimed Albertine.

'Yes, doubtless,' answered the councillor, 'your intended. I don't know why you should appear so amazed at what I settled long ago. My old schoolfellow is your betrothed, and in a week or two we will have a merry wedding.'

'Never,' cried Albertine; 'I will never marry him. What! marry that old man! no, never!'

'I will allow,' said the councillor, 'that he is not now a giddy young man, but, like myself, arrived at years of discretion. He is an upright, modest, learned, amiable person, and, what is more, he was my schoolfellow at the college of the grey monks.'

'No,' said Albertine, beginning to cry, 'it never shall be; I hate him! I detest him! oh, my Edmund!'

So saying, the young lady fell, almost fainting, into the arms of Edmund, who pressed her to his heart.

The councillor rubbed his eyes, quite stupified, and then endeavoured to part the lovers; but Edmund vowed to relinquish Albertine only with his life.

'Thou serpent!' said the councillor, 'have you walked into my house to pounce down upon this dear little lamb? so you think I will deliver my cherished dove to your ferocious jaws, thou vile dauber, thou scoundrelly good-for-nothing, thou—'

The insults of Mr. Vosswinkel put Edmund quite beside himself; he seized his maul-stick, and whirling it round his head, would indubitably have broken the particularly-much-to-be-overrated councillor's pate, if, at the very instant, he had not heard the voice of Leonard, thundering out:

'Stop, Edmund, don't be too precipitate, Vosswinkel is an ass; but he'll know better soon.'

At the sight of the goldsmith, Mr. Tusmann flew to the sofa, and sheltering himself behind it, exclaimed in his fright:

'O, heavenly powers! here's that terrible professor again—that horrible master of the ceremonies at the ball in Spandau-street!'

'Fear nothing, Tusmann,' said the goldsmith, laughing, 'I shall do you no harm. You are now sufficiently punished for your ridiculous hymeneal fancies; your face will remain green all the rest of your days.'

'Just heavens,' exclaimed the private secretary,' a green face for ever! what will the world say, what will his excellency the minister say? I am a ruined man; I shall lose my place; the government can never go on with a private secretary of the chancery, whose face is the colour of a cabbage. O, wretched man that I am!'

'Then be reasonable,' said the goldsmith, 'and renounce the idea of marrying Miss Albertine.'

'I cannot,'—'He shall not,'—exclaimed together the councillor and the secretary.

The goldsmith darted at them fiery looks, and his anger was blazing up, when the room door suddenly opened, and old Manasseh entered with his nephew, the Baron Benjamin. The baron went straight to Albertine.

'Charming young lady,' said he, 'I have come in person to throw myself at your feet; that is a figure of speech you understand, for the Baron Benjamin Manasseh never throws himself at any person's feet; the true signification of my address is simply this, that I shall have extreme felicity in saluting you.'

So saying, the baron would have embraced Albertine, but his curved nose elongated and knocked against the wall; he recoiled several paces, and his nose shortened, he approached Albertine, and his nose again took flight; in short, wonderful to relate, the olfactory organ of the Israelite went out and in like a trombone.

'Cursed enchanter!' howled Manasseh, 'and thou infamous Vosswinkel, thou art in league with Leonard against me. But thou shalt be cursed; thou, and all thy race.'

Cursing and shaking the dust from off his feet, he dragged his nephew with him out of the room.

Chapter V.

That same evening, the private secretary was sitting under the trees, in a solitary part of the botanic garden.

'Tusmann—tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.'

'Just heavens!' soliloquized he, 'what have I done to merit this hard fate? I learned from Thomasius that marriage would

not prevent the pursuit of wisdom, but, ever since I thought about marriage, wisdom appears to have flown from me. I am at open war with all sorts of necromancers and caco-dæmons. I had some hope in the skill of my friend Streccius, the chymist; but all is vain. The more I rub my face with the liquid he gave me, the greener it becomes; indeed, all shades of greenness; the four seasons have been exemplified on my unfortunate physiognomy.'

As Mr. Tusmann sat deploring his misery, the horrible thought of ending his existence, by throwing himself into the neighbouring water, suddenly entered his head.

'Yes,' said he rising, 'it must be so. Thomasius cannot save me. Adieu, cruel Albertine! you will never again see the man you despised.'

He ran towards the basin and stopped at the brink. Then he threw into the water the Politic Wisdom of Thomasius, then the Art of Prolonging Life, by Hufeland, and then he was going to throw in himself, when the clutch of a nervous arm prevented his direful purpose.

A well-known voice, the voice of the goldsmith, said: 'Tusmann, what are you doing here? now let me beg of you not to be a fool.'

In vain the private secretary struggled to free himself from the grasp of the goldsmith.

'Honourable professor,' cried he, 'I am desperate, and I wish that the devil, your master, had you and your ——'

The goldsmith released him suddenly. Mr. Tusmann falling upon the damp grass, in the darkness of the evening, fancied himself in the basin, and exclaimed:

'O, cold death! O, icy death! Farewell Albertine, thy unfortunate intended is now at the bottom of the water, along with the frogs, who praise the saints in the hot days of summer.'

The goldsmith raised the poor secretary, who, shivering, said:

'I am in your power, Mr. Professor; do as you please with my body, but spare, spare my immortal ——'

'Don't talk such nonsense,' said the goldsmith, as he drew Mr. Tusmann along by the arm.

When they came in sight of the new tavern, Mr. Tusmann called out—

'In the name of heaven, worthy professor, where are you conducting me? I cannot go into any public place; I cannot be seen; I shall cause a scandal.'

'Why so, Tusmann? You must have a glass of punch with me, or else you will be laid up with a fever. But let me dry your face and hands, you are in a shocking condition.'

As he spoke, the goldsmith drew from his pocket a dazzling cambric handkerchief, and dry rubbed the secretary.

When they entered the coffee-room, Mr. Tusmann endeavoured to conceal his face.

'Why do you hide the light of your countenance from us?' asked the goldsmith.

'Bless my heart,' said the secretary, 'do you forget that that impertinent young man daubed my face all over with green paint?'

The goldsmith conducted Mr. Tusmann before one of the mirrors. Not only had the greenness disappeared, but his visage was blooming and looked quite juvenile. Mr. Tusmann made a most extraordinary leap, and cried out:

'What do I see! Do I owe this excess of felicity to you, most worthy professor? Speak, you are my benefactor.'

'I will not deny,' said the goldsmith, 'that this happy change is owing to me, and, therefore, you may judge that I am not so ill-disposed towards you as you have thought. I expect, as a return for my offices, that you will not go near Miss Albertine Vosswinkel until next Sunday. If you do, dread my vengeance. Adieu.'

A very short time afterwards, Leonard entered Mr. Vosswinkel's private room. The councillor did not appear very pleased to see him, and asked rudely, what he wanted at that late hour.

'You are,' said Leonard, 'an unfortunate and much to be pitied man, and I have hastened to you, late as it is, to warn you of your danger.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the councillor, 'is there any bad news from London or Hamburgh?'

'No, this is another kind of affair. Do you absolutely refuse your daughter to young Lehsien?'

'Why should you doubt it? I give my daughter to a vile dauber!'

'He painted you and your daughter very well.'

'I should make an excellent bargain, to dispose of my daughter for two portraits. I sent the pictures back to him.'

'He will avenge himself cruelly upon you.'

'I should like very much to know how such a stripling can annoy me,' said the councillor.

'I will tell you how,' answered Leonard; 'he is now retouching your portrait up in a very strange style. He has covered your before open and smiling countenance with wrinkles, and has not forgotten the white hairs which you conceal so carefully. In place of the agreeable announcement of the lottery prize, he has put into your hand the letter which you received from London yesterday, announcing the failure of the house of Eatbeef, Pudding, and Drinkale. The cover is addressed "To the (disappointed) Aulic Councillor, Melchior Vosswinkel," for he is not ignorant that you have solicited that title in vain. From your pockets the ducats will be painted tumbling out; and this charming portrait will be

exposed to public view to-morrow morning in Exchange-street, a few steps from the bank.'

'The devil!' exclaimed the councillor, 'but he dare not do it; I will call in the police.'

'Fifty people will have seen the picture before then, and the news will be all over the city in a thousand different shapes. You will be covered with ridicule; they will speak of your loss from the bankruptcy of the English firm, and your credit will suffer.'

'I will have the portrait back to-morrow morning—to night.'

'I should think he would not let you have it, as you never paid anything for it, and sent it back of your own accord. But, even if he does, he has had time to get it lithographed, and he can send it all over the world in no time.'

'O dear me,' said the councillor, 'will you have the goodness to seek this young man, and offer him fifty—offer him a hundred crowns, not to execute this horrible plan.'

The goldsmith began to laugh.—'You don't know, then,' said he, 'that Lehsien has no want of money. Why, his great aunt allows him a very handsome income, and he will certainly inherit all her fortune.'

'What's that you say? Now listen, Leonard, I do really believe that my Albertine is very much attached to this young chap; and I am very soft-hearted, and cannot see her miserable; indeed, I like the young man very much. He is an excellent painter, and has certainly many good qualities. Do you know, Leonard, I am very much inclined to let them come together.'

'Hem! you must allow me to tell you something rather pleasant,' said the goldsmith. 'Just before I came here I was in the botanical garden. Close by the great basin, I found your friend, your old schoolfellow, Mr. Tusmann, who, on account of the scorn of Miss Albertine, was just getting ready to throw himself into the water. I turned him from his dreadful design, by persuading him that you would certainly keep your word. Now, if you give Albertine to Edmund, the secretary will drown himself, that is quite certain. Well, the suicide will cause a great sensation, and everybody will accuse you of being the murderer of poor Mr. Tusmann. You will be universally cut. Again, the private secretary is much valued; he is very industrious and exact in all his official duties, and if the government judge that your want of good faith caused his death, be assured that you never will be Aulic councillor. They will, indeed, most likely, take from you your present title, then your credit will be shaken, your property will dwindle away, things will go from bad to worse, everybody will pass you in the streets with their hats immovable on their heads, and you will fall into utter poverty and misery.'

'Oh, stop!' cried the councillor, 'I am on the rack! who would imagine that Mr. Tusmann, at his age, could be guilty of such conduct? But you are right, whatever happens I must keep

my word with him, otherwise I am a ruined man. Yes, I am resolved my good old schoolfellow shall marry Albertine.'

'You quite forget,' continued the goldsmith, 'old Manasseh. If you neglect the advances of his nephew, he will be a terrible thorn in your side. He will thwart you in all your speculations, and spare no pains to annoy you, and hurt your credit. To whichever of the three aspirants you grant your daughter's hand, you will fall equally into trouble, and that is the reason why I addressed you as a very unfortunate and much to be pitied man.'

The councillor began to stride about the room, muttering—

'I am lost, I am ruined! who would ever have a daughter? I wish the painter, the Jew, and my old schoolfellow were all at the devil together.'

'There is one method by which you may disentangle yourself,' said the goldsmith.

'What is it?' asked the councillor, stopping short, 'I will consent to almost anything.'

'Have you been to the theatre to see "The Merchant of Venice?"'

'What! that play in which a cruel Jew, named Shylock, is dying to have a pound of the merchant's flesh. Yes, I did see it, but what of it?'

'Well, I dare say you recollect that there is also in that play a young lady named Portia, whose father left a very strange will. Her lovers are obliged to choose one of three caskets, and he who chooses the casket which contains Portia's portrait obtains her hand. Now you, living, must imitate Portia's dead papa, and oblige Albertine's three lovers so to decide their pretensions.'

'What a cursed foolish proposition!' said the councillor; 'can you for an instant imagine, that I shall be less exposed to the revenge of the two unlucky ones?'

'I promise you, councillor, to arrange matters so that everybody shall be contented.'

'May I trust to you?'

'Certainly you may.'

The councillor hesitated no longer, and it was settled that Leonard's project should be put into execution on the following Sunday.

Chapter VI.

It may easily be imagined, that Albertine was quite in despair when her papa acquainted her with the strange way in which she was to be disposed of in marriage. Above all she fretted at the conduct of Edmund, which was quite inexplicable, as she had never seen or heard from him since that never to be forgotten morning.

On the Saturday before the fatal day, Albertine sat alone in her

chamber, sadly afflicted with the blue devils. When she considered the possibility of being obliged to marry the old private secretary, or the odious Baron Benjamin, she was greatly inclined to take a sudden flight from the paternal mansion. At last, however, she made up her mind to put on her best frock the next day, to appear with great elegance, and to await the course of events with resignation.

The next day, at the appointed hour, appeared old Manasseh and his worthy nephew, Mr. Tusmann, Edmund and the goldsmith. All were struck with admiration at the sight of Albertine; never had she looked so beautiful; she only required the crown of myrtle to complete the bridal attire.

The councillor had had the good sense and taste to provide an elegant *déjeûner à la fourchette*. When Manasseh was invited to take his place at the table, one might have read in his looks the answer of Shylock—

'Yes, to smell pork, &c.'

When the repast was finished, the councillor, in a short speech, informed the three lovers that they were met to choose one of the three caskets, and that Albertine would bless with her hand the happy man who chose the casket containing her miniature.

Folding doors were then opened, and a table covered with rich tapestry was discovered, upon which stood three little caskets.

One was gold, surmounted by a ring of ducats, and on it was written,

'He who chooses me, will gratify his soul's desire.'

The second was artistically worked in silver, and in the midst of the ornaments might be read,

'He who chooses me, will have more than he could hope for.'

The third casket was formed of ivory, and it bore this inscription,

'He who chooses me, will gain the happiness he dreamed of.'

Albertine and her papa sat on a sofa behind the table, and Manasseh retired with the goldsmith to the other end of the apartment.

It was decided by lot that Mr. Tusmann was to have the first choice, so the two other pretenders went into the next room.

Mr. Tusmann approached the table and carefully examined the caskets, reading the inscriptions one after the other. At last he was attracted by the beautiful scroll-work upon the silver casket. 'Bless my heart,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'what fine Arabesque flourishes.' "He who chooses me, will have more than he could hope for!" Well, did I ever expect that Miss Albertine would marry me? Did I not always despair? Was I not going to throw myself into the basin? My choice is made, I will take the silver casket.'

Albertine rose up, and presented him with the key. Mr. Tusmann opened the casket, and sad was his affright when he found, not Albertine's portrait, but a little blank book, bound in parchment.

'Merciful heavens!' stammered out the secretary, 'only a book; no, not even a book; it is blank paper. All my hopes are destroyed! O wretched private secretary! Come, let's be off to the basin.'

Mr. Tusmann would have run out, but Leonard barred the way, and said, 'Are you mad, Tusmann? I tell you, man, that you have found a treasure. Now, just oblige me by putting that book, which was in the casket, into your pocket.'

Mr. Tusmann obeyed.

'Now,' continued the goldsmith, 'think of some book that you would like to consult at the moment.'

'I only wish,' said the secretary, 'that I had again "The Treatise of Politic Wisdom, by Thomasius," which, like a jackass as I am, I threw into the basin at the Botanic Garden.'

'Look at the book you have in your pocket,' said Leonard.

Mr. Tusmann looked, and lo and behold it was the treatise by Thomasius.

'Oh! my beloved Thomasius,' exclaimed he, 'do I see you once again!'

'Silence!' said Leonard. 'Put the book into your pocket, and think of any work that you have sought after in vain at all the bookstalls, and at the collectors of books, and in the libraries.'

'During many years,' replied Mr. Tusmann, 'I have endeavoured to lay my hand upon a scarce, curious, and valuable work, entitled, "Braces for Unbelievers' Breeches; or, a Short Treatise upon Faith; proving it possible for Ten Thousand Angels to dance at one time upon the point of a Needle."'

'Look in your pocket,' said the goldsmith. Mr. Tusmann drew the book from his pocket, and jumped with joy when he found that he held in his hand the identical 'Braces for Unbelievers' Breeches.'

'Now,' said the goldsmith, 'I dare say you perceive that by means of the book which you found in the casket you have in your own possession the most complete and portable library that ever existed.'

But the secretary paid no further attention to what was passing. He threw himself into an arm-chair in a corner of the room, put the book into his pocket, and drew it out, again and again; in short, it was very easy to perceive that he was the happiest of men.

The Baron Benjamin's turn now arrived. He lounged into the room; and, approaching the table, examined the inscriptions through his glass, reading them in a lisping tone. Soon, however, a natural and irresistible instinct drew him towards the

golden casket surmounted by the ducats. 'He who chooses me will gratify his soul's desire.' The baron could not resist the ducats, and when he opened the casket he found therein a pretty-mounted little English file.

'What!' exclaimed he, in a great passion, 'what am I to do with this file?'

'You ought to be very satisfied,' answered the goldsmith, 'and indubitably will be, when you learn the inestimable value of this instrument. Do you happen to have a new-coined ducat in your pocket?'

'I dare say I have,' replied Benjamin, with a sneer; 'what do you want with it?'

'Use this file on the ducat.'

Benjamin did as he was told, with a dexterity resulting from long practice; but, wonderful to relate, the edge of the gold-piece wasted not, though the gold-dust kept falling.

At the sight of this, old Manasseh was quite unable to contain himself; he flew upon his nephew, shrieking out, 'God of my fathers, what a miracle! Give me the file; it is mine; it shall be mine.'

Benjamin defended himself vigorously. The row betwixt the two Israelites lasted for some moments; but, at last, Manasseh, the weaker party, was obliged to succumb, and the dutiful nephew, giving his uncle a parting floorer, flew to a little table in a corner, opposite to the secretary; throwing upon it a handful of ducats, he set himself to work, gold-dust making, with praiseworthy ardour.

Edmund chose the ivory casket, and found in it the miniature of his loved Albertine. They flew into each others' arms. But their happiness was short; for, after a few days, Leonard obliged Edmund to keep a promise he had made to go, before his marriage, to study for a year in Italy. So the lovers parted, promising to correspond unceasingly.

Edmund is still in the land of the fine arts. Some folks whisper that a tall young lawyer has been seen lately visiting very often at the councillor's house. Let us hope that Albertine may be faithful.

Che sara, sara.

TO AN INVALID, WITH SOME VIOLETS.

ART thou a prisoner yet? Would that I might,
With gentlest care, some comfort to thee bring.
Does fitful fever bid thee shun the light?
Does sleep fly from thee far on downy wing?
Speed to him, sweet ones! tell him that the Spring
Comes bounding o'er the earth in verdure drest;
That flowers rise up to greet her, soft airs fling
Odours around, until no more opprest,
A fancied breeze of sweetness fan him into rest.

Go! tell him pleasant tales of home, your home,
A sunny bank by some delicious rill;
Where, if a loosened pebble chanced to come,
The sportive plash each floweret's cup would fill
With liquid brilliants; tell of vale and hill,
And Spring boughs, the same tale some wandering thrush
(Ye are no truants) warbled forth, until
By fancy charmed he hear that thrilling gush
Of hurried sweetness, and awhile his sufferings hush!

Speed to your brother! for, like you, he lives
Unseen, a hidden dwelling he doth love;
And, as you yield your perfume, so he gives
The fragrance of his soul to all who move
Upon the round earth's surface; bid him prove
How giving bliss to others, blessing brings;
Cheer him with coming joy, bid pain remove;
Be faithful to your trust, ye loveliest things!
Speed! and bear to him healing on your purple wings!

S. Y.

LORD DURHAM.*

After all the excitement of the elections, we of the 'people' cannot yet claim the House of Commons as our representatives. Individuals there are amongst them straightforward, rightminded, uncompromising, and wise; but it were useless to deny that, as a body, the House of Commons is still a body of temporizers—waiters on Providence, prone to side with the most powerful, and only possessed of the average intellect, capable of distinguishing present and apparent power, without duly appreciating that which is coming, and which only can be durable, viz. the power of the people, of the great mass of the community. But it is, perhaps, as well; sudden changes are rarely durable ones, and the system of gradual progression is of better wear. Meanwhile, Providence has conferred an undoubted blessing on us in the person of the fifth Guelph, who, if Reform should at any time slacken in its zeal, will not fail to stimulate it by some of the many modes to which the Tories are ever ready to prompt him. When a miller finds that the stream is too scanty to yield sufficient power, he builds a dam across its course, and thus hoards his power till it accumulates sufficiently for his purposes. The Tories, dissatisfied with the gradual progression of Reform, build a dam across its channels, in the vain hope of altogether stopping it. They possess not the power of looking into futurity, and while they deem, in their ignor-

* 'Sketch of the Political Career of the Earl of Durham, by John Reid.' Glasgow, Reid and Co. London, Whittaker.
'Speeches of the Earl of Durham on Reform of Parliament.' London, Ridgway.
'Speeches of the Earl of Durham delivered at Public Meetings in Scotland and Newcastle in 1834.' London, Ridgway.

ance, that they have stopped the current, fail to mark how it gradually rises above the tops of their petty dikes till it washes over them, and, at length, sweeps them away altogether amidst a heap of other impediments.

The Tories were quite right in their assertions that the principles (!!) of 'His Majesty' were not reforming but conservative. That 'His Majesty' likes popularity is true enough. Even the Duke of Wellington, the 'drowner of men,' likes popularity, and so does almost every human being. But to like popularity is one thing, and to like popular freedom is another. A West Indian planter likes to have merry labourers about him, but he would rather have sullen ones than pay the price of their freedom for their mirth. There is an absurd axiom in England that 'the King can do no wrong.' The meaning of this is, that his Ministers are responsible for his acts; but what does the responsibility amount to? That, after continuing in office an indefinite time, and perpetrating an indefinite amount of mischief, they may be turned out of their places by the excited clamour of the people, and the King may appoint another set to tread, as nearly as possible, in the footsteps of their predecessors. Any rational objection to this mode of proceeding is met by the temporizers with the reply, 'It is the King's prerogative to choose his Ministers; and that of the House of Commons to object to them.' The evil of this is plain. The King, in half an hour, in a fit of ill temper, or folly, or fear, or venality, may do a mischief which it will take a House of Commons six months to undo. The only effective process for stopping a mischievous and obstinate Ministry is to 'stop the supplies,' and this act is synonymous with throwing a whole country into confusion; and, moreover, when the mischievous Ministry has been put out of office, there is no security that the King will appoint a better. The King wields an irresponsible authority, and this is one of the crying evils of our so much lauded 'Constitution.'

The Duke of Clarence, like most of his relatives, was ever famous for a strong money-spending capacity, which constantly led him to outrun his income. His tastes were far from refined, and his excitements were somewhat of the coarsest. To gratify them, he was at one time anxious to marry the fortune of Miss Tilney Long, who, however, preferred to endow the spendthrift Wellesley Pole. He afterwards married a German princess, in the hope of increasing his rental by a Parliamentary grant of £6,000 per annum. During the reign of the fourth George, he was made Lord High Admiral, and in that capacity he gratified his tastes for noise and show at a considerable expense of gunpowder. This did not suit the Tory Minister, who wanted the money for other purposes. The Lord High Admiral, according to Court scandal, owed them a grudge for this, and threatened to 'go it' with them at the first opportunity, when his power might equal his will.

When William the Fourth ascended the throne his feelings

against the Tories were somewhat in unison with the people, as regarded the individual Tories in power; and, by the generous, open-hearted mob, dislike of their enemies was considered synonymous with liking for themselves, and they, therefore, dubbed 'His Majesty' William the Reformer. The natural train of events, therefore, led to the appointment of the Grey Ministry, and the Reform Bill. But when 'His Majesty,' and those about him, began to find that this course would lead to a revision of the Civil List, and the curtailment of Court Pensions and Court Interest, 'His Majesty' would willingly have retraced his steps, which 'His Majesty's' loving subjects were not inclined to permit; whereby we of the people had our English 'three days,' and 'His Majesty' lost his popularity.

The wise course would have been to throw himself on the people; but instead of that, he seized on the first opportunity of turning out the people's advocates from the Ministry, and substituting the Tories for them. By so doing, he has given strength to the popular cause, and though the House of Commons is not yet all we could wish, the 'pressure from without' will doubtless improve it and increase its energies. The present Ministry are doomed, and after suffering much annoyance they must depart from office sorely against their wills. It will then be with 'His Majesty' to appoint another Ministry, who will be chosen of as little Reform tendency as possible. The probability is, that Lord Stanley will be the next Premier, and that Robert Peel, so well named by the 'Examiner' Joseph Surface, will be under-devil to do the dirty work. Lord Stanley is an Aristocrat, haughty and tyrannical; but he cannot hold office a week, if that office be contingent on the exercise of personal hypocrisy. By the aid of Robert Peel, he may contrive to put off his dismissal from office for a considerable period; but that dismissal must come at last, for on the rock of the Church he will wreck his political bark, if not on other things. His aristocratic insolence will have no tendency to lessen the number of his opponents. The Ministry which comes after him will be more Radical in its tendency, and it is not impossible that Robert Peel may suffer his principles to be swayed by circumstances, as he has often done before, for the sake of keeping place; I should not altogether despair of his ultimately professing Radical principles. But, sooner or later, the office of Premier must be wielded by Lord Durham, who, in the present state of public feeling,—which requires the adventitious influence of circumstances in a leader, as well as or even more than mental power and integrity,—is the mark and type of Reform progression,—is the leader whose name will be used as the rallying cry of the Movement party, either so long as he shall live, or till he shall set himself up as an obstacle to further progress in defence of his 'order;' when the waves of public opinion will roll over him, as they did over his relative Lord Grey.

Many disputes have existed, and still exist, respecting the character of Lord Durham; some affirming him to be a thorough-going sound individual, while others assert that he is merely an ambitious Aristocrat, seeking popularity as a stepping-stone to power. Neither the one nor the other is true, if he may be fairly judged by a volume of printed speeches, just put forth by his friends.*

In looking through this volume, I have been struck with the remarkable consistency of the public career of Lord Durham, from the time he first entered Parliament, as John George Lambton, up to the present time. There is a tone of high, noble, chivalrous enthusiasm throughout,—a constant, unswerving upholding of the oppressed against the oppressor, in all times and seasons,—a proud consciousness of unimpeachable honour, and undeviating rectitude of purpose which carries conviction to the mind. Whether defending the freedom of a people or of an individual, whether Norway or Genoa, or a foreigner oppressed under the atrocious Alien Act, we find him ever the same. We find him denouncing the abettors and perpetrators of the Manchester massacre, and defending the oppressed aid-de-camp of Napoleon, Gourgaud. We find him defending the oppressed Queen Caroline, and avenging by the force of energetic words the tyranny exercised on Robert Wilson, whom men had not then looked through, and somewhat prematurely deemed a patriot. At a later period we find him defending Mr. Buckingham, whom Tory oppression had hallowed with an importance nature never intended him to attain. Still later, after becoming a Lord, we find him to be the author of the Reform Bill, which gave so much peaceable power to the nation, and which he would have made still more effective, had he not been under the control of others, who were less fast friends to the people than he himself was. In his subsequent speeches, after 'His Majesty' had restored the hated Tories to power, we find bold defiance hurled forth by him in his speeches in the cause of the people. At Glasgow he declared unequivocally his views as to the amount of power it was desirable to put into the hands of the people:

'In your address, there are three essential points on which you have taken your ground, viz. Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, and Triennial Parliaments. (Cheers.) On these points I will not conceal my views. I have already in Parliament proposed Household Suffrage, and Triennial Parliaments, and my opinions are still the same. But, at the same time, I am not prepared to press them obstinately against those of other Reformers: for, though I will not yield, under any circumstances whatever, to our enemies, yet, I am not ashamed to say, that when true and real Reformers differ from me, I give way to their particular views. As to Vote by Ballot, you are all aware, gentlemen, that considerable difference of opinion prevails upon this question. Some think it not advis-

* 'Sketch of the Political Career of the Earl of Durham.' John Reid and Co., Glasgow.

able, and somewhat inconsistent with the practice of a free State; but I tell you, that my opinion is decidedly in favour of the Ballot.'

* * * * * * *

'I would not accept the highest office in the gift of the Crown; I would not even receive the warm enthusiastic approbation of you, my fellow-countrymen, if either were gained by the concealment of a single opinion, or by the compromise of a single principle.'

His language, further on, speaks fully how earnest he is, how strong and true of purpose:

'I have been thus explicit in stating to you my views, and I call upon you, and my countrymen at large, to arm for one of the deadliest struggles that has ever occurred in the history of this country, and which must inevitably take place. I call upon my countrymen, from one end of the kingdom to the other, to express, with one voice, their fixed determination never to rest satisfied until their liberties are secured, and all those reforms obtained which the Reform Bill—itself only a means to an end—places within our reach. Preserving all loyalty to the King, let us show him, at the same time, that if he be disposed to place confidence in a particular party and class of politicians, we, on the other hand, will exercise our right of expressing our disapproval of such men and their measures, and our determination to oppose them to the utmost of our power. (Cheers.) I will only say, in conclusion, that my humble services may be commanded by you and my country at all times; and that I shall be always happy to co-operate with you in the ranks, or in any situation in which I may be considered to be capable of producing benefit.'

If there be truth in printed words, there can be no doubt that Lord Durham is earnest and sincere in his purpose of making the great mass of the community the source of power both legally and morally.

It has been objected to him that he is personally an Aristocrat; that he loaths the contact of inferiors. This may be partly true. In the contested elections of Westminster he called himself a Whig, and he was not sparing in his expressions of contempt for the Radicals, who were opposed to his party; but it must be borne in mind that the error was one of the head rather than of the heart. He had seen much of the rascality of contested elections and of the immoral conduct of electors who made patriotism a cover for venality. That he judged of the sack by the sample, or that because he had found many electors to be unworthy, he judged all to be so, might be an unreasoning error savouring of aristocratic *morgue*; but it is no evidence of criminality of intention. His training was not of the kind best calculated to bring forth benevolent feelings, and it bespeaks a noble nature which improves in benevolence in mature age. Lord Durham may still possess a Coriolanus spirit, which shrinks from the contact of petty self-seekers, who brawl forth catchwords of patriotism as a means of importance they can no otherwise attain; but no high or generous spirit will condemn him for this, if they believe his words spoken at

Newcastle to be words of sooth, of which they bear internal evidence:

'Your invitation, therefore, to me, and your reception of me this day, are peculiarly gratifying to me. (Hear.) If I were indeed the person that I am described to be, by hired libellers and calumniators, (great cheering,) would you have rallied round me as you have done to-day? (Cries of "No, no!" and cheers.) No, gentlemen, sure I am that no political considerations upon earth would ever have induced you to flock round me, if I had been such as I have been described by those persons. (Cheers.) If, gentlemen, I had been such as I have been represented by some, an oppressor of the poor, instead of honouring, you would have disowned me. Happily, I can say, with truth and justice, that among the many thousands who depend for their daily sustenance upon me, there is not one that would raise his voice against me, knowing as they all do full well, that their happiness, their comfort, and their welfare, are the dearest objects of my heart. (Cheers.) Again, gentlemen, if I had been the proud Aristocrat that it has been the pleasure of some to call me, should I have had, both in public and private, the support and friendship of all classes, from the highest to the lowest? (Cheers.) The real secret, gentlemen, is, that I have too much pride to compromise with the base and the unworthy. (Great cheering.) I have ever unshrinkingly exposed their misdeeds and their false pretensions. Therefore is it that I have incurred their unrelenting enmity. (Cheers.) I have, however, the consolation of knowing, that their hatred and enmity are the best and surest passports to the approbation of all good men. Besides, I know that there is as much sound sense, as much true honour, and as much real independence to be found under the coarse working-jacket of a mechanic as beneath the ermined robe of the peer.'

Now, supposing for a moment that these words of Lord Durham were untrue; supposing him to be of a tyrannous, proud, and haughty nature, individually; still it would not follow that he would be altogether an inefficient leader for the Movement or Progression party. Honesty of purpose is one main requisite; without which, popularity and intellect would be alike unavailing in him who might bear the title of the people's advocate. If Lord Durham were to become personally unpopular, his would be the loss. The people can exist in comfort, without loving their ruler; the ruler who is not loved by the people can have but a sorry life of it. Castlereagh cut his own throat, and the fourth Guelph lived a life of unsatisfied privacy. The groans and yells which followed the coffin of Castlereagh, must have blanched many a cheek and appalled many a heart amongst the retainers of misrule he left behind him. Only the high-couraged and benevolent heart can bear up under the undeserved dislike of a people; what, then, must it require to endure the curses which conscience whispers have been deserved?

The objectors to Lord Durham appear to have accused him of pride unjustly, while they have overlooked a serious defect of which ample evidence may be traced through the whole of his political

life. He is a prejudiced man; his training has given him sundry unsound notions on the subject of loyalty, which will not bear the test of reason,—which will not conform to the doctrines of utility agreeable to sound Radical principles. He cannot imagine a mode of good rule which does not comprise the three ingredients of the 'British Constitution,' King, Lords, and Commons. He cannot imagine a King of England to be capable of wrong-doing. This prejudice seems as strong now as it was in the beginning of his career, and will probably be the rock on which he will split. His attachment to the 'House of Brunswick' seems so inordinate, that he can believe nothing derogatory of them. In his speech in the House of Commons, in February, 1810, he is excessively indignant because

'Ministers, with the word economy in their mouths, but with extravagance in their hearts, had placed a falsehood in the Speech of the Prince Regent.'

In April, 1818, he declared, in the same place,

'There was not in the three kingdoms a warmer friend to the House of Brunswick than himself; he was bred up in the principles that placed that family on the throne.' * * * *

In his speech at Durham, in October, 1819, we find him upholding the Prince Regent, through thick and thin, on the occasion of the Manchester massacre:

'Some slave had brought forward the words on the banners of the meeting that day—"Liberty or Death," as a proof of the traitorous nature of the meeting! When the time came that the coupling of those words should be deemed the harbinger of rebellion, he should be glad to disown the country which had given him birth. (Loud applause.) Who had heard unmoved the song of Scottish independence burst upon his ear?

"Who would be a traitor knave?
Who would fill a coward's grave?
Who would live to be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

Who for Scotland's king and law—
For Scotland's rights his sword would draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me."

(Applause.) He, for one, would not consent in silence to hear such sentiments branded as seditious.

'It was the cry of liberty, in similar terms, which expelled the Stuarts, and made way for the Brunswick family to the throne of these realms. Conscious as he was, that it was the reverence of those principles which would keep them on the throne to which they had been raised, he was much alarmed at witnessing the approbation which had been bestowed on the transactions at Manchester, in the name of the Prince Regent. But they might be assured, from the natural goodness of the Prince Regent's heart, that the sentiments were those of his Ministers only.'

'Natural goodness of the Prince Regent's heart!' If ever

there existed a human being in whom selfishness destroyed human feeling, the fourth Guelph was that man. The understanding of Lord Durham must have been utterly prostrate when he made this speech, or it must have been a piece of irony too deep for ordinary apprehension.

In his speech on the Reform Bill, in April 1832, he speaks thus of the Marquis of Londonderry:

'My Lords, I will retaliate nothing; I will make use of no harsh expressions towards the noble Marquis, for whom I have formerly entertained great respect and personal friendship.'

Now, is this possible? Can Lord Durham ever have so defiled his own nature as to respect this gross, bad man. If these be words of course, spoken in courtesy, they are unworthy of an honest man. If they be meant in sincerity, what must be the intellect of Lord Durham if he can have entertained friendship for Lord Londonderry? We must not yet say, *noscitur à sociis*; we must believe that he has only complied with Parliamentary falsehood. Let him carefully eschew these things, or he will forfeit his hold on the people.

In his speech, in October 1834, to the Political Union of Dundee, he shows that his judgment as to forms of government, is not of the soundest, but it is no impeachment of his honesty:

'I confess that, if I believed all that is stated in the address of the Political Union, I should despair of the prosperity of my country; but I do not believe that every thing is in such a state as is there represented. Much I know remains to be done, and with your assistance it shall be done; but I do not believe that all is so bad and rotten in our institutions as is set forth in this address. My object is not to destroy and reconstruct, but to ameliorate and to amend. There is much that is good and valuable in our institutions, if it were fairly drawn out; but much of this has, through Tory misrule, been perverted to other purposes. I hold, that in our form of government, by King, Lords, and Commons, there will be found as great a degree of liberty as ever existed in any other country of the world, and as much rational liberty as any people under the sun can or ought to enjoy. (Cheers.) I ask you of the working classes, who are the sinews of the State, what would be the consequence of any system calculated to produce confusion? I am not aware of any class that would suffer more from such a state than the operatives. Any thing which tends to derange the laws which regulate the employment of capital and labour, must necessarily tend to destroy the mercantile and agricultural prosperity of the country; and, if you take my advice, you will take care that when you ameliorate you do not destroy.'

In his speech of November 1834, at the dinner at Newcastle, there is another evidence of his favourite weakness:

'Another cry is, "The monarchy is in danger!" From whom? (Hear.) I look around to the north, the south, the east, and the west, and I never hear a word uttered bearing the semblance of the shade of a

shadow of an objection to Monarchical institutions. I never hear any thing approaching to a demand for Republican institutions; and wisely, in my opinion, convinced as I am that a constitutional Monarchy affords the best security for liberty. (Hear.) I must say, that those are very ill-advisers of the Crown who put such notions into the head of the Sovereign, (cheering;) who attempt to persuade him, that the great fund of loyalty which has always existed in this country, has suffered a diminution. I believe, in fact, that it prevails more strongly at the present moment than ever it did; and that it is only pent up, and not exhibited, because, in the first place, there is no occasion for calling it forth; and because, in the next, those who ought to excite it, have exhibited too little sympathy for the wishes and wants of the people.'

His toast, at the conclusion of the speech, is marked by still greater feebleness:

'The last words that I have uttered naturally prepare you for the toast that I am about to give, and which I am sure you will receive with the same hearty and cordial cheers with which you received the health of that hope of the country, the Princess Victoria.'

Hope of the country! The same phrase was used about the Princess Charlotte, after whose death the country, nevertheless, continued to exist, though without hope. It is painful to hear a man like Lord Durham talk such absurd stuff, as if the existence of a young, and, probably, spoiled girl, could in any way affect the well-being of a great nation. It makes one sick to think of the welfare of millions being thus hyperbolically made dependent on the health of a purposeless unit, a mere plaything, a puppet, to be moved by the hands of others. Whatever Lord Durham may think or wish, the time is coming when irresponsible Aristocrats will cease to hold any sway over this noble nation.

But whether Lord Durham shall go on with the Movement, or stop short with a prejudice, he will be at the present time the popular leader, for there is no deceit in him. To quote his own words, in his Reform speech in the House, in 1821,

'We would rather be served by a man of plain, downright, even stupid honesty, than by the most eminently-gifted rascal that ever wore a livery.'

Onward with us, then, Lord Durham, so far as your conscience will warrant! and when your conscience shall stop you, even should we leave you behind, we will honestly bear testimony to your honest worth.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

March 22, 1835.

TO MARY.

Thou wert not born amidst the gloom
  Of Winter's dreary hours;
But with the pleasant Spring did'st come,
  And with its first sweet flowers.

What wonder, then, if thy dear eyes,
  Where laughter loves to play,
Are bright and blue as April skies
  When showers have passed away.

What wonder if thy heart hath kept
  Its joyous strain alone,
Though care its gentle chords hath swept,
  And tried to mar its tone.

Yet think not hence, I lightly deem
  That its sweet course doth run
Like to some cold and shallow stream
  That sparkles in the sun.

I know its tenderness and truth,
  I've felt its generous tears,
I know, that with the warmth of youth,
  It hath the strength of years.

Heaven guard it in its purity,
  Its own unsullied light,
May its sweet spring-tide never die,
  Nor feel from time a blight.

C. P.

April.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS.*

In this country, where all classes of society appear to be absorbed in mercantile avocations and political contentions, the genius of science is proscribed, and forced to seek refuge in seclusion; therefore is her temple built in solitude, and her light, instead of shining before men, illumines only the narrow precincts of her retirement. The persecuted hermit in his sea-cave, the devout vestal kneeling in secret adoration before the Madonna, are not more solitary in their devotion; yet may her presence be sought and attained by all who would retire from the 'fretful stir and fever of the world,' to hold immediate communion with nature,

* 'The Natural History of Birds' by Robert Mudie, author of the 'Feathered Tribes of the British Islands,' 'Guide to the Observation of Nature,' &c. London: Orr and Smith, Paternoster-row.

and participate in those pure and elevated associations, the very capacity of comprehending which constitutes, perhaps, one of the highest attributes of the human mind. The statesman, with his breast jewelled with the orders of his nobility, may proceed in pomp to the Upper or Lower House of Parliament, there to deliberate on the intricate machinations of political philosophy; the merchant, fat as the late Sir William Curtis or Daniel Lambert, may ostentatiously exhibit himself on the pavé of the Stock Exchange, buying in and selling out to an extent which may confound the judgment of the less initiated; yet the stern truth must recur to a reflecting mind, that a coronet does not always command authority or respect, and that worldly riches are not always the symbol of human felicity. When, indeed, we compare the eventful changes which are constantly occurring in the government and destiny of nations with the immutable peace and harmony which prevail throughout nature, we observe an affecting contrast; thrones may totter and blood be shed, yet will the valleys and uplands far away, be not the less verdant; the war-cry, too, of rebellion may re-echo from street to street through affrighted cities, yet will the sweet birds, which make 'their summer-lives one constant song,' as joyously and as 'innocently open their glad wings;' nor will they chaunt their wood-notes wild less melodiously or happily. Away, then, from the polluted atmosphere of the mercantile or political world: let us seek the divinity of science, not as a Sybil weaving mysteries to perplex the intellect and confound our natural feelings in a web of sophistry, but as a directing angel, who, in revealing to us the most curious and interesting truths in nature, will unseal at the same time the fountains of the heart, so that its best affections may mingle with all we see and hear until humanity, which is the element of all moral goodness, becomes itself identified with knowledge. Away, then, with us into solitude; yet is it not solitude, for to the eye of a pantheist,—and there are many who believe in that gentle heresy,—rocks, mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, are all instinct with a spirit which may inspire a congenial mind with many reflections which seem to stretch away into infinity. In all seasons and in all climates, in sunshine and in storm, the lover of nature may cherish this as his true catholic faith;—nor is this all: earth, air, ocean and all its tributary streams, are peopled with myriads of living beings which have still a more direct and touching claim upon his sympathies; for even in childhood the desire of companionship, which is inherent in the human heart, prompts us to select for our solicitude or love, a bird, an insect, a flower,—any sensate being which will manifest the ordinary phenomena of life and participate in the common destiny of mortality. Our interest, too, is insensibly excited by the very happiness which appears to be so universally diffused throughout the animate creation;—the merry antics of the kitten by the fireside,—the

playful gambols of the young fawn sporting idly on the greensward, —the little squirrel leaping wantonly, through the foliage of a tree, from bough to bough,—the bird describing a thousand gyrations in the sunny air, or singing cheerfully in the forest shade,—are all objects of attention which gratify, while they excite the interest of every benevolent mind. And this is as it should be, for the consciousness of pleasure and the sensibility to pain are integral elements of vitality; wherefore the humblest being in the scale of organization ought not to be passed over with callous indifference: it would, indeed, be more in accordance with the principles of the highest philosophy to believe with Wordsworth, that

> 'Every flower which lives
> Enjoys the air it breathes.'

Hereby practical sensibility would be perpetually inculcated, and certainly many a more idle theory has tampered with the credulity of mankind.

Viewing in this extended sense the whole creation, inanimate and animate, an infinitude of harmonies and mysteries are recognised which it is difficult adequately to appreciate; in endeavouring to analyze them, indeed, the human intellect recoils upon the sense of its own restricted faculties, fully conscious that a finite being cannot comprehend that which is infinite, or trace the mystic relations between cause and effect, which seem in truth to distance and divide the Creator from the created. Well, therefore, and without any affectation of humility, may we be solicitous of ascertaining whether there be any means of so advancing the powers of the human intellect, that it may become more intimately conversant with nature; for, by patient investigation, aided by the toils of science, the boundaries of human knowledge have been, and it is reasonable to believe will be yet extended, prejudice after prejudice annihilated, mystery after mystery dissipated, until the Promethean prophecy itself becomes accomplished:

> 'Heaven hast *thou* secrets? Man unveils *me* (the earth;) I have none.'

And this is the true end of all Revelation; that man shall take advantage of the means allotted to him for ameliorating his moral and intellectual condition until he ultimately is enabled to comprehend those secrets which heaven, during the probation of his ignorance, has shrouded from his sight. We would not, however, pay homage to science in the vain belief that the mere *facts* she reveals constitute in themselves the *instar omnium* of human wisdom; they should, on the contrary, be received only as the means whereby we may attain a certain end: they should, in other words, be esteemed as valuable only in proportion as they may enable us to understand more clearly, and sympathize more fervently, with all we observe in nature. This alone is their practical application. Away, then, with the jargon of scientific school-

men; their crude technicalities, 'evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,' and their frivolous minutiæ of details, which too often disgust the naturalist, and induce him to turn away his footsteps from the paths of science; yet is this to be lamented, inasmuch as our knowledge of the geological formation of a mountain or a chain of hills,—our ability to recognise the influence of volcanic agency in determining the character of a coast or continent,—our understanding the physiological principles on which the phenomena of animal or vegetable life are dependent, must multiply our associations, and increase, rather than diminish the pleasure and interest of observation; nay, the majesty of a mountain is not less imposing because we know the position of the strata of which it is composed, nor is the plumage of a bird less beautiful because we understand the curious structure of its feathers. With sufficient information, then, to appreciate more highly all that we see or hear in nature, let us to the woods: the flowers at our feet now claim not our notice, albeit we love them, and avoid crushing them beneath our steps; it is the voice of that sweet, and to us unknown bird which, 'like an angel's song, now bids the heavens be mute.' It is not the voice of the nightingale, for that darling of the poet's heart sings not in the budding month of March; nor is it that of the lark;—would that we were more familiar with the feathered tribes; for in their very appearance there is an innocence so touching to humanity, and in their song a spirituality often so affecting, that we readily comprehend the feelings of the poor prisoner of Chillon, who, beholding a bird which had alighted familiarly on his prison-window, expresses thus pathetically his apprehensions:

> 'I sometimes deemed that it might be
> My brother's soul come down to me;
> But then at last away it flew,
> And then 'twas mortal well I knew.'

If nature, whether in affliction or in joy, be thus contemplated with an eye of sensibility, how many associations, consoling and elevating, will reflection constantly suggest; yet this disposition and tone of mind which every naturalist should possess, is not, we apprehend, to be acquired by education; despite all that Locke and Condillac, and other metaphysicians in their school, have written, we believe it to be in a great measure innate, developing itself in the very earliest years of boyhood. Hence Audubon,—the benevolent and enterprising Audubon, who has lived more immediately in communion with nature than perhaps any other naturalist, even in his youth, confesses that he was happy only when engaged in studying the habits of the innumerable birds which frequent the shores, mountains, and trackless forests of America. 'When removed,' says he, 'from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide

Atlantic, I experienced none of the pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aërial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest.'

In this appropriate spirit has Mr. Mudie approached the study of nature; his volume, entitled 'The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands,' his 'Guide to the Observation of Nature,' and his present 'Natural History of Birds,' are all welcome tributes to the naturalist. He is a practical observer, and one whom we delight to meet with, no matter at what season, either in the forest or the field. The autobiography of his studies, if we may so designate that portion of the introduction to his 'Natural History of Birds,' wherein from his personal experience he explains the advantages of original observations over book authorities in general, is in accordance with the principles we have above detailed:

'In early life,' he observes, 'my access to what are called elementary books, was very limited; but my facilities for observing natural objects and phenomena, and some of the productions and operations of art, were correspondingly great. I found the acquiring of as much knowledge of these as in so far enabled me to understand their nature, their relations to each other, and their uses to man, instead of being a repulsive and laborious task, a very fascinating and very easy amusement; so fascinating that I was never tired of it, and so easy that it hindered nothing else, and nobody heeded it. At this time I sometimes found, or fancied I found, that those who had the books professing to explain the subjects, knew less of the subjects themselves than I did; that he who was familiar with the goldfinch in the book, knew little of the goldfinch in the bush, and so of other matters.'—pp. 3 and 4.

Hence, the author has not founded his observations on the authority of other men; he has not re-echoed their theories or descriptions; he has exercised the birth-right of every noble and independent mind; he has gone forth into nature, and studied for himself. He has, in so doing, commenced by giving a broad and general view of the facts he has observed; and has then minutely entered into details:

'The knowledge of natural history,' he remarks, 'is to be acquired, not by the enumeration of details, but by dashing onward with the great principles, and throwing a glance now here, now there, to connect the immediate subjects with all the necessary collateral ones, as we career along. Who, when the gallant ship is sweeping by with so much velocity that the landsman who gazes from the shore feels his head turn giddy and nature around him reel again, as if aroused by the spirit-stirring sight, would stoop down to count the pebbles on the beach? Who, when the falcon is on the chase, or the eagle on the stoop, would pause to count the feathers on the wing, or the spots on a feather? And, much

more, when the mind is on its nobler movements, bounding and beaming onward "from mortal to immortal ken" in the glorious course of thought, more fleet than any ship that ever stemmed the main, or any wing that ever cleft the air. Who would stop it for mere details? The attempt were vain, as that to charm down the sun from the firmament, or fetter the careering earth with a cobweb." p. 30.

Accordingly we are in this volume presented, first, with a general view of the structure of birds, and the characteristics whereby they may be distinguished from other vertebral animals, (Chap. i. to v.) and next with a minute account of the peculiarities exhibited by the three grand structures, the bills, the feet, and the wings. (Chap. v. to viii.). The habits of all animals are, we know, dependent on their general organization; and on the same principle that the teeth, the jaws, and feet of carnivorous differ from those of herbivorous animals, the bills and feet of birds indicate distinctly their general habits. Hence, a knowledge of their external characters is essentially necessary to every ornithologist; therefore we conscientiously recommend this little volume to every student entering upon this fascinating branch of natural history. It contains the substance of numerous articles on the history of birds, which have already appeared in Orr's excellent British Cyclopædia, illustrated by a variety of accurate and well-executed diagrams and wood-cuts.

The physiological portion of the work seems to us less perfect than the descriptive, for the descriptions of Mr. Mudie are always literal transcripts of the reality; in truth, original observers are very apt to devise theories of their own, for explaining the facts which come under their attention, and many of these are often very apochryphal. Hence Mr. Mudie has hazarded an hypothesis concerning the respiration and the circulation of birds, which, however ingenious, cannot, we apprehend, be established. He supposes that the "action of the air on the blood of birds is rendered equal to the rapidity of the circulation, and consequent necessity of vital repair," by the blood being aerated or oxygenized by the air which permeates the bones and cellular tissue of the body. Hereby he infers, that "the painful fatigue of ever-panting lungs is obviated, so that the real action of breathing in birds is not concentrated into one organ to be toiling and panting there as it would be in the lungs of the mammalia, but distributed over the whole circulation, and consequently diminished in local intensity in proportion as it is diffused through the frame," (pp. 78, 79, *et seq.*) Now, in reply to this, it may be observed, that from all we at present know, there is no reason to presume that there is any relation whatever between the quantity of air diffused through the body of a bird and the arterialization of the blood. The quantity of air so diffused through the bones and cellular tissue, bears a constant relation with the locomotive power or rapidity of flight which different species of birds command. The bones of the

condor, eagle, hawk, &c., are so constructed. We have examined the skeleton of the eagle, and found, as Macartney and other naturalists have described, the humerus, clavicle, scapula, sternum, vertebræ, femur, hollowed for the admission of air which is obviously in accordance with their powers of flight. In gallinaceous birds, however, the humerus is the only bone into which air is introduced. In the owl, again, the femur is filled with marrow, while in birds that run and command much power of the leg, as the ostrich, the femur is hollow and filled with air. True it is that muscular power and activity always demand a high degree of oxygenation of the blood, in order that the muscular fibre shall receive a necessary and corresponding stimulus, but it by no means follows that this increase in the intensity of the function cannot be adequately effected by the lungs. It is well enough understood that the blood having been distributed from the left side of the heart to the extremities of the body loses its nutritient and stimulating qualities, and is in that state returned to the right side of the heart. Here it arrives unfit for renewed circulation; therefore, in order that its healthful qualities shall be restored, it is propelled into the lungs, where coming into contact, through the very thin parietes of the vessels, with the air which during inspiration is admitted into the air-tubes and cells of that organ, it receives a fresh supply of oxygen, and is rendered again fit for circulation through the body. According to this view—which, since the days of Harvey, has been admitted, with the exception of a very few heretical authorities, among whom is Dr. Ker, of Aberdeen, who not very long ago published a memoir denying the Harveian doctrines—the office of oxygenating the blood is concentrated in the lungs of all warm-blooded animals. Why, therefore, should we imagine that in birds this fluid is returned from the lungs to the left side of the heart insufficiently arterialized? and that it requires, therefore, to undergo a further oxygenation in the course of its circulation through the body? The facility with which birds respire; their performing this function without "painful fatigue" or "panting," can scarcely be adduced as an evidence in favour of the theory, because, as Macartney has shown, this seems to arise from the shortness and greater capacity of the air-tubes, which directly communicate with the air-cells. The lungs, too, are so constructed as not to admit of any change in their dimensions, being formed of a very compact tissue, and so closely braced to the ribs and chest by a reflected dense membrane (the pleura) as to preclude all motion. The greater rapidity of the circulation of the blood through the system, and the enlarged area of the air-cells of the lungs, in a great measure accounts for the blood of birds being more highly oxygenated than that of mammalia.

What, then, it may be asked, is the use of the air-cells which are so freely distributed under the skin, between the

muscles, and through the bones of birds? They can, in reality, add little to the levity of the body, and must be subservient to some more important purpose in their economy. It certainly must be admitted that, notwithstanding the researches of Nitszch and Tiedemann, the subject is involved in much obscurity. One use, however, of this remarkable provision is very manifest, inasmuch as it obviously enables the bird to transport itself with impunity from the lower into the higher regions of the atmosphere. It is well known that the animal heat bears an increasing proportion with the rapidity of the circulation and respiration, so that the animal heat of birds is higher than that of mammalia. The air, therefore, diffused through their body must be in a rarefied state, and hereby the bird is enabled to ascend into the upper strata of the air without experiencing any inconvenience from the sudden change of atmospheric pressure. If we climb the Andes, or ascend a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, we experience very considerable uneasiness, because the air within the body being denser than the air without, exerts a pressure from within which externally meets with no counterpoise. Were the change effected gradually, we might accustom ourselves to live in a much more rarefied atmosphere than that by which we are now surrounded, because the air within the body would by degrees become of the same density as that without, and, consequently, no such pressure would be exerted. Accordingly, the air which pervades the body of a bird of flight, being rarefied, corresponds with the rarefied state of the air in those higher regions into which it soars; besides which, it is by no means improbable that birds have a command over the quantity of air which enters these air-cells, just as fish have over the air which is contained in their swimming bladder. It must, however, be confessed, that no experiments of any consequence have been made on this curious subject since the days of Camper and Hunter; and we, therefore, rejoice to observe that investigations have been recently made upon it by M. Jacquemin, who has just submitted his experiments and inferences to the consideration of the Académie Royale des Sciences, the report of which we anticipate with interest. We have ventured to make these observations without any wish whatever to disparage the views of Mr. Mudie: his volume is replete with facts in the highest degree interesting to the naturalist; and when we meet him on the debatable ground of theory, we do so in the spirit of good fellowship, fully assured that he will appreciate any suggestion which appears justified by evidence, for he has walked as an acute observer through the fields, and forests, and among the mountains, and we all know that "Nature never did betray the heart which loved her."

RATIONALE OF THE 'SPEECH OF LOO, GOVERNOR OF CANTON, IN A PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH LORD NAPIER.' *

THE Chinese may well be termed 'a peculiar' people, were it only from the circumstance of their having continued the same peculiarities during two thousand years. No tea-pot, three inches thick, made of their most durable materials, and shelfed in the deepest nook of the mountain of Leushān, could have held out half so well, maintaining its pristine form and substance, as have the living curiosities who inhabit the vast extent of 'the four hundred districts of the world.' Beau Brummel, who retired from the fashionable court of George the Fourth, in order to carry on a trade in tea-cups, vases, eccentric monsters, and other porcelain valuables, was accustomed to say at the time he flourished, that 'starch made the man!' It is not improbable, therefore, that in his latter years, when his dreams of by-gone cravats had stood reproachfully on end till the stiff pile gradually changed into a pagoda, rife with all the past vagaries of his motley fancy, that he adopted the Bell-and-Pagod maxim, exclaiming, 'China is the world—the world China.' Whether he did or not, is of brittle consequence: enough for us barbarians to know, that such is the Chinese opinion. Except a few fishing islands, and wretched rocks a long way off, they acknowledge no such nation as 'the bold Britons.'

The 'Speech of Loo,' during a private audience with our very discreet representative, appeared in the columns of the 'Morning Chronicle' of February 14th. Its degree of authenticity speaks for itself; but certainly there are many points (judging from the actual documents which have appeared) wherein the sentiments and character of the governor of Canton are justly represented; and with the general tone and purpose of the whole, we doubt not but he would entirely coincide. But, as Loo is not present to speak for himself, let us endeavour to take up the question for him, as well as ourselves. The speech thus commences:

'After so many reasonable advices and mandates which have been communicated by and from the proper authorities of the Celestial Empire, it is marvellous that you, Barbarian Eye, should still root yourself in devilish perversity, turning aside the ears of your Eye's mind. What official instructions you may have received from the person called your King, are not known to us; neither is it of the slightest importance that we should know. Our laws, brilliant as the imperial radiations from the august Brother of the Sun and Moon, and terrible to the inmost souls of ten thousand kingdoms, cannot be expected by any equal-ordered (*i. e. not insane*) mind, to suffer the slightest breath of influence from the incomprehensible desires and small trading speculations of a people dwelling upon a cold hungry island of wild ducks and fishermen,

* It will be perceived that the first four or five pages of this article were written previous to the announcement of Lord Napier's death.

at a distance of many billions of miles. Whether you be the real unit (*i. e. identical*) officer, by name Napier, as represented to the Hoppo; or, in fact, the military unit commanding your island, as privately suspected, named Wild-duck, Will-in-town, or Will-go-down, I, the Governor, cannot determine; nor is it of the briefest consequence either way. Moreover, it has been hinted that if not the said Commanding Chief, you are then, in all probability, the brother of your King, and called in your own spot, Cumber-kuke, Cowcumber, or Cumbrous-earth. It does not concern us. But knowing that the actual state of our Celestial belief must be of portentous consequence and awful consideration to you, Barbarian Eye, and all your outside barbarian people, I, the Governor, will, in my feeling clemency, communicate to you my own opinion; which is, that you are not the Lord or Kid Napier—for so the word "lord" has been translated and interpreted to me—that you represent yourself; nor are you the King's barbarian brother, Cumbersome; but the national commander, or First Cockt-hat of said island.'

Under a despotic government which has lasted so many centuries, it is no wonder that Loo, born and bred in the country, knowing nothing 'worth mentioning' beyond it, and being himself a man high in office, should consider such conduct as 'marvellous!' What should Loo know about the person called 'William IV?' The simple manifestation of his not having the pleasure of our monarch's acquaintance, however cavalier it may seem in the eye of the loyal, does not convey anything insulting. It is a fair position, that Loo knows and cares as much about William IV., as our gracious sovereign about governor Loo.' As to our trade, the Hong merchants may find their interest in it, but the Chinese government cares not three sips of tea about the matter. The shrewd supposition that our national representative is not the barbarian Cumbersome, but the Ducal Dictator, only shows that the fame of his arbitrary self-will has reached even the imperturbable indifference of China. But let us return to the speech of Loo.

'I shall now speak to you, Barbarian Eye, as though you were an equally reasonable man with myself. I, the Governor, have pity and care for all outside barbarians, and wish not their ruin and destruction so long as they behave themselves properly, or can be brought to do so by reason. The linguists, translators, and interpreters shall not deceive us into a greater or less degree of pity than is just; neither shall their false counsels cause you and all your nation to be driven to the last stage of poverty and despair.'

Can anything be more rational and considerate than this, coming as it does from a celestial to an 'outside barbarian,' not to mention the compliment with which it is introduced? The next sentence, however, gives us some idea of inside despotism, not quite so consistent with a heavenly nation.

'With regard to about eighteen of said linguists, the laws have already been put in force; whereby their heads are now in full bloom upon the points of tall spears; and they will deceive no more.'

We agree with the governor: it is most probable they will not. But there is a trifle to add:

'Forty-seven have also been visited by a three-inch bamboo upon the soles of their feet, during a few hours at a time; and it is thought they will remember their instructions. *You also* must strictly attend to our chops and edicts, whereat all nations tremble excessively.'

After this very palpable threat, whereat if the Dictator did not 'tremble excessively,' he must at least have felt very peculiarly situated, Loo becomes rather sarcastic.

'No doubt your Barbarian Eyeship finds yourself very comfortable here in Canton: you take your fill at a cheap rate, of our finest tea, and feast luxuriantly every day upon our curried mice, conserve of locusts, and stewed moles with worm sauce; preserving an excellent state of health throughout by frequent potations of our incomparable rhubarb. But you must go. It may be a sad thing for you; but I say again, Duck Will-in-town, there is no longer any room for you here! Macao is your fate! Here you must eat and drink and gad about no more. Tempt not the Celestial chops!'

Luxurious governor! with what jealous *gusto* he talks of the rich national dishes of insects and vermin! Who would not be an epicuræan à la Chinois? Well might Lord Napier, or the dictatorial duke, (according to Loo's opinion,) wish to remain in Canton, where, no doubt, the cookery was so much better than at the common maritime Macao! But the irony of the governor quickly ceases, and he addresses himself to the 'Barbarian Eye,' seriously remonstrating with its incorrigible obliquity:

'Your people cannot surely be without some laws; they must have some degree of reason; and some sort of spirit. Since the emblem of your nation is reported to be a bull, why should you dare to show disrespect to the Celestial White Elephant? If you, Barbarian Bull's-eye, were to conduct yourself in this *dictatorial* manner in your own country, what would the laws do to you? Would they not immediately order you to be visited by the bamboo? You must feel the force of this reasoning. Would not your King, moreover, who must have some power, put you down from your high horse, or bull, or whatever else you ride, and strike off your cocked-hat and feather with your own sword?'

Everybody 'must feel the force' of the above reasoning, though not with the same personal or nervous reference as that in which the barbarian optic must have understood it. The governor meant this for nothing more than a calm dispassionate appeal to his auditor's common sense, trusting that a parity of reasoning would bring the argument home to him in a convincing manner; but to *us*, these cool queries have all the effect of Swift's searching caustic. Mark also the following concluding address. Loo simply intended every sentence to be an innocuous marginal arrow, merely pointing out the texts of truth and justice: with an English reformer's application, every arrow seems thrice

barbed, and thrust into the sore-placed arcana of our diseased government.

'All these things, reasoning from cause to effect, are as plain as the stars in the sea. It is no use to persist in being a devil thus prematurely. We will not allow it *here*. You cannot fail of understanding me; for you must assuredly be a man of conspicuous wisdom, elected expressly from your tribe, or you would never have been placed in so important a situation! Your mission must also be attended with considerable expense to your people. Act, therefore, according to reason. Go down to Macao with all becoming speed. Treat us with the respect which is due from a barbarian nation seeking commerce with the Celestial Empire, and we will trade as usual with your honourable merchants. But do not come to us with peacock's feather, sword, and trumpet, saying, "Your Twankay, or your life!"'

Governor of Canton, we come over to your side! Barbarians though you call us, we forgive you for your cause. Despotic as is your government, we know that it is not *your* fault; and if it were, we must pronounce fairly in this question. You have the best of the argument. You have the best of it by far; it is we, English, who are the despots at heart. We *will* come up to Canton; we *will* outrage and deride your laws; we *will* trade with you, whether you like it not!—in short, we *will* have your twankay, souchong, hyson, or your lives! But, are we not about to prove ourselves the very barbarians they term us? The original official documents of the Chinese authorities upon the recent occasion, certainly reminded one very strongly of Gulliver's Travels. The emperor of Lilliput to the emperor of Blefuscu, &c. Fiction, founded upon elementary principles of nature, is the best and truest matter-of-fact history. The version of Loo's mandates and other 'chops,' was rather high-wrought in the 'Examiner,' though not quite so much embellished as the present Speech: both, however, are nothing more than fair deductions and paraphrases from the original papers. Granting, then, that the Chinese appear to us a singular, almost a ludicrous nation, does this justify us in acting upon the old barbaric axiom, that 'might makes right?' Is it thus we would convince them of our civilization?

In the eyes of the millions of the Celestial Empire, excepting only a mere handful of merchants, we are outside barbarians and intruders. They do not wish to have anything to do with us. How would a man's justified pride prompt him to behave, if he knew this feeling existed among the inmates of any private house he had been in the habit of visiting? Why, of course, he would go there no more. But we, 'proud English,' seem disposed to act differently abroad, where our interest is at stake; and the sense of individual meanness is carried off in the generalized idea. If the Chinese wish to have nothing to do with us, we *have something to do* with them. We want their twankay! The Chinese

reason with us, and we say, 'Will you fight?' Truly we are in a nice condition to fit out an armament for such a distance! We had better look at home: there is quite enough to do for a long time, without making war upon the most peaceful nation of the earth. It would be most unchristian-like and abominable, even though Lord Napier provoked them by practical hostilities, to "visit him with the bamboo." The Chinese offend nobody: why should they be offended? Since they wish for no acquaintances, why cannot other nations retire upon their own dignity? They ought to do this, or else behave themselves with proper decorum, consistent with the laws of a foreign country; knowing as they do, the nature of those laws before they leave their own.

There have been frequent *fracas* of a temporary nature with the Chinese. But the East India Company knew better how to manage them. They will not have a dictator for a Barbarian Eye. We trust that a few months will bring us news of a permanently amicable adjustment, and that there will be no slaughterous attacks made upon these inoffensive tea-pot people. Meantime, while upon 'the turn of a chance,' in Lord Napier's mood, hangs the fatal signal for laying certain ships of war alongside the walls, and opening a raking fire through every inlet; while we see, in fancy, thousands of Chinese come marching down with feathers, trumpets, drums and spears, to be knocked over just like toy soldiers taken out of a box, but to be replaced by other thousands who would be swept off with the same ease; while Lord Napier foams and vows annihilation, and all England is in a state of excitement; France performing antics, Russia looking sinister, and America watching Russia; the Celestial Emperor sits cross-legged under an umbrella up at Pekin, a long pipe in one hand, a cup of green tea in the other, knowing nothing at all about the matter!

We had proceeded thus far when news arrived of the commencement of actual hostilities; though the list of killed and wounded does not appear to be at all serious, that is, on the part of the English, a few score of Chinamen being of no consequence; and shortly after, the death of Lord Napier was announced;—evidently occasioned by great irritation of the mind, acting upon the nervous system, and rendered fatal by the influence of the climate. Painful as it may be to contemplate the premature dissolution of one who represented our nation in a distant empire, and who may have been a very excellent private character, however mistaken or misdirected in his public proceedings;—it is nevertheless somewhat amusing to observe the puzzled state of nearly all the newspapers as to any definite opinions on the subject. They want their *cue*. Some of them threw out "feelers" in favour of great indignation at the impertinent squibs and crackers let off within the hearing of the sick man; but the public did not respond, so we heard no more from the papers. The *Times* has characteristically remained quiet; merely acting as a newsmonger

—its proper vocation—partly because no popular excitement was manifested, and partly because Lord Napier was sent out by its ex-friends the Whigs. The justice of the question is plain enough; our authorities are in the wrong; the Chinese authorities in the right.

Let us now refer to some of the original documents, which are very curious and amusing, yet full of equity and sedate reason. Governor Loo, in his official address to the Hong merchants, alludes to the dissolution of the old establised Company, and says that no proper *taepan* (supercargo) having been appointed, "a Barbarian Eye came to Canton, saying that he came for the purpose of examining into the affairs of trade."

'I, the governor, commanded the merchants to inquire and investigate. The said Barbarian Eye did not obey the old regulations, but was throughout perverse and obstinate. Now, the assistant foo-magistrate of Macao has reported that Lord Napier has, at Macao, expired in consequence of illness.' Loo then commands the Hong merchants "to examine and deliberate" who they shall choose, and what person ought to be made the responsible agent for our barbarian nation. He reprehends the disorder induced by men, each coming to trade for himself independent of all authority and rule; for that vessels "presume of themselves to sail in and out, not submitting to investigation," &c., and asks, no doubt with wonder-lifted brows, "What state of things is this!" Loo sarcastically adds, that these disorders may be all very well for the English, but that "we of the central flowery nation" must have proper order and responsible individuals. He ridicules indignantly our talking of these matters only as bearing reference to buying and selling, instead of viewing it with serious relation to "the orderly transaction of public affairs. This, indeed," continues he, "is a great misunderstanding. Let them again consult and deliberate with their *whole minds*, &c. Specially, do not let them (the English nation) again cause a Barbarian Eye to come hither to control affairs, thereby occasioning, as Lord Napier did, the creation of *disturbance in vain*. All nations trading at Canton do so in consequence of the good favour of the Celestial Empire towards men from afar. It is altogether necessary that they should obey and act according to the old established rules; then may there be mutual tranquillity."'*

The meaning of all this is simply that we have said to the Chinese, 'We want to trade with you'.—the Chinese have answered 'Very well, so you shall—but you must behave yourselves;'—to which our conduct has very plainly answered, 'We will do no such thing!' We are not much more justified in such proceedings than a man would be who insisted upon having the toys of a child in exchange for something else, on pain of breaking them before its face.

For the virtuoso in these matters, the richest specimen of Chinese official documents is the memorial of the Canton Government to the Celestial Emperor.† It thus commences:

* See the *Times* newspaper, March 13th.
† Inserted at full length in the Morning Herald of March 17th.

'*Loo*, governor of the provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-se, &c.; *Ha*, general commandant of the city of Canton; *Lun*, lieutenant-general of the Mantcheou garrison; *Tso*, lieut.-general of the Chinese Tartar garrison; and *Chung*, commissioner of customs at Canton, &c.'

After this pompous parade of porcelain aristocracy and military kettles, we are shortly informed that the whole of them are religiously "looking upward" towards the Great Emperor, and "awaiting the vermilion-coloured reply!"

This beautiful answer in the Emperor's own hand-writing we have not yet had the delight of reading. Loo proceeds to detail the conduct of Lord Napier from the commencement, and does not appear to 'extenuate or set down aught in malice,' notwithstanding his indignation and astonishment. 'On the face of the envelope' proceeds Loo, in allusion to Lord Napier's letter to him, 'the forms and style of equality were used!—and there were absurdly written the characters *Ta ying kwo!—Great* British Nation!' Loo then informs the Emperor that he gave orders "to Han-shaou-king, the *foo*-tseang in command of the military forces of Kwang-chow-foo!' to remonstrate with the Barbarian Eye on his presumptuous superscription and unprecedented attempt at literary correspondence with himself the governor!'

Should Lilliput and Laputa ever be discovered, it would then be seen how accurately historical and matter-of-fact were Swift's descriptions of them. Can anything be more like a fairy tale than the preceding specimen? It is a characteristic of the consciousness of power not to be in the least angered at the idle vaunts of self-complacent inferiors; and this is why the English nation are no otherwise moved than by excess of laughter at these peacock vanities, nor can a few weak and ignorant nationality folks, induce any other excitement on the occasion.

We scarcely know how to leave this memorial; it is so full of exquisite character.

'Again' proceeds Loo, (as leader of the memorial chorus,) in allusion to the Barbarian Eye, 'considering that he was stupid and unpolished, having come from without the bounds of civilization, and that, it being his first entrance into *the central flowery land*, he was yet unacquainted with the rules,' &c. 'I, Loo, selected and made an arrangement of the rules and orders;' and this was done for his especial guidance. Loo repeats that the said Eye has continually been 'perverse, stubborn, and, indeed, extremely obstinate; but having considered that the said nation's King has heretofore been always *reverently submissive*,' and the merchants also, it is a pity that for the misconduct of one man, said Eye, all the nation should be injured; 'for thus they cannot but be overcome with grief.' 'I, your Majesty's minister, Loo, therefore looked upward to embody my august sovereign's liberality—*extensive as heaven and earth*, which beholds with the same benevolence the central and the outside people, and *stoops* to treat with *compassion!*—and accordingly replied clearly and perspicuously to the said merchants,' &c. 'But the said Barbarian Eye, when the merchants enjoined orders on him, remained as if he heard not! and

when they copied out the words of *my official* reply, and gave the reply to him, he laid it down and would not peruse it!!'

Loo next proceeds to give an account of the arrival of another ship of war in Macao Roads, and remarks, not without terror,

'I again, and a third time, consulted with your Majesty's minister, Ke, and we came to the conclusion that the common disposition of the English barbarians *is ferocious;* what they trust in are the strength of their ships and the *effectiveness* of their guns!' Loo declares that they will treat Lord Napier with consideration, because they stand in the relative state of *host and guest;* but, 'if he should madly think to steal over bounds, our *troops* may peaceably wait to work with him.'

Let a dispassionate reader mark the concluding extracts:

'The said Barbarian Eye *would not receive the linguists to interpret*, so that the officers deputed had no means of giving clear orders, and after having repeatedly commanded the Hong merchants to inquire and investigate, *the origin and occasion of his mission still could not be at all ascertained!*'

'There has been no want of *bending and stooping to investigate clearly;* nor has he been forcibly troubled with any difficulty. Yet the said Barbarian Eye,' &c.

Here follows an account of the dictatorial offences of Lord Napier. Again:

'At present the barbarian ships which clandestinely sell opium in the outer seas are daily increasing. Just when the laws were being established to bring them to order, *there further came this mad, mistaken, Barbarian Eye!*'

'If at this time indulgence be *at once* shown to them, they will then advance step by step, begetting other foolish expectations. It is unavoidable that a *slight display* should be made of reducing and repressing them. But,' Loo adds, 'there *decidedly* must not be *the least tendency* towards what will occasion the commencement of a bloody quarrel and disturbance.'

Now in spite of the ludicrous vanities and other national peculiarities contained in the above Memorial, its equity, moderation, pacific disposition, and love of order and regularity in the conduct of public affairs, is fully as apparent as its sedate (cross-legged) reasonings and curious prying investigations and queries are irresistibly comic. But while the Chinese authorities and merchants, and the British authorities and merchants in China, have been thrown into a state of excitement, during the process of which it is evident that the aggrieved celestials kept their temper and behaved with moderation, the only sincere excitement that has been produced in England, is among the tea-dealers both wholesale and retail; not as to who is right and who is wrong in the recent quarrel; not as to the chances of war with China;—but as to the best method of filling their pockets "in case of accidents." Messrs. Brocksopp announce, that although there is a great rise in the market, there is no rise in their prices; the excellent article remain-

ing as cheap as usual: Mr. Eagleton very eloquently and unaffectedly holds forth fair promises to the "connoisseurs in *flowery pekoe* and *young hyson*;' (poetical seducer!—how we long to take tea with him!) Messrs. Hancock have issued their circulars, exhorting all the country dealers to hasten before the arrival of the new teas; while their allusion to mercantile rivals is made in the most handsome and Christian-like spirit: Mr. Comber of the Silver Subscription-pot, taking up his pen against the 'free trade tea now *pouring* into the *ports* of the kingdom,' and calling it *poison*, adds the following piece of startling information: 'Go along a lane five or six miles out of London, and you will find plenty of free traders full at work—*pulling the hedges* for the London tea-factors!' This is worth knowing.

Let us forgive the Chinese for manifesting a determination not to suffer us to trespass against them. Their ignorance of the people they have 'to deal with' is an excuse of which we cannot equally avail ourselves. As to Loo informing the Emperor that 'the said barbarians, except in guns and fire-arms, have not one single peculiar talent,' we are of opinion, that although our intercourse with the Chinese has been almost entirely limited to affairs of trade, and that the unprofitable difficulty of their language to foreigners, as well as their national jealousy, have placed such barriers between *their* men of 'peculiar talent' and ours; yet notwithstanding all this, Loo *knew better*. And this opinion induces us in conclusion, to start the question, as to how far the jealous distance preserved on the part of the Chinese, is the wish and determination of the people at large; and whether it be not owing to certain private motives of the Canton authorities and maritime place-men? This question is of course involved in the far higher one of the progress of human liberty, and the ultimate overthrow of every despotic government, with reform for every *abused* people beneath the sun. We shall, therefore, cut short the present discussion. After we have gained all our own rights—cheap bread, equal laws, good national education, and light taxes upon poor English people—we may *then*, perhaps, begin to think of stirring up the spirit of freedom in the East, and of getting a Reform Bill passed in China!

The Author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' &c.

ARITHMETIC FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.*

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago the complaint made against mankind by a high authority was, that they substituted the letter for the spirit; and at this present day matters are not much better. Words still pass current for ideas, signs for things, outward acts

* Arithmetic for Young Children, being a Series of Exercises, exemplifying the Manner in which Arithmetic should be taught to Young Children. London, Knight.

for inward feelings. To know a few names is to be accounted wise among the sons of men; and when we contemplate the vast field of facts which nature presents for research, it is melancholy to think of the time lost, and the faculties not merely wasted but destroyed, in the acquirement of a few words totally worthless, or of the signs alone of truly valuable ideas.

The present systems of teaching are faulty in one of two ways; either (as is the case with the dead languages) they blunt the faculties by employing them on that which yields no real profit; or, as is the case with many sciences, for instance, that of numbers, they present the knowledge in too abstract a form. Every thing is easy and delightful if one begins at the beginning, and goes on step by step; but hitherto few instructors, or writers of books, have condescended to go to the elements of the subjects which they have professed to teach. To be able to analyse and simplify is indeed only given to a very high order of minds; it would be much for the benefit of mankind if master minds would undertake the task of making the rough places smooth, and the high places level to minds of inferior capacity. It is with extreme pleasure that we see this good work begun and most successfully executed in regard to the science of numbers, in a little book entitled 'Arithmetic for Young Children,' (published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.) Arithmetic is a science so sure, capable of such complete verification, that it requires a great deal of skill to render it irksome. Affording the mind that most exquisite sensation, viz. complete satisfaction in the realization of anticipated results, it is one of the most favourite of the mental exercises of children. We speak of mental arithmetic, for the mechanical routine of cyphering cannot be interesting until it ceases to be mechanical, *i. e.* until the pupil has a clear idea of the reason of all its technicalities.

The author of 'Arithmetic for Young Children' has wisely formed his little exercises upon data both interesting and instructive; and arithmetic should always thus be connected with facts suited to the age of the pupil. Why, when the sciences present such an inexhaustible store of data to which the laws of number may be applied, should the pupil's mind be kept to pounds, shillings, and pence, and other matters which, however interesting they may be to the social man, can scarcely interest the child?

This first stage of arithmetic is 'intended for the instruction of children between three or four, and six or seven.' It teaches the names of numbers to twenty, and figures to nine; yet we will venture to say that a child who should have gone through it would have clearer ideas, and more real arithmetical knowledge, and more love of arithmetic, than many who are far advanced in Joyce. Nothing can be more beautiful than the wise and playful adaptation of the questions to the childish capacity, or the slow, but most sure, progressiveness of the lessons. The pupil is always

firm in the point he has reached before another step is presented to him; and that step it always is in his power to take. There are none of those frightful chasms, or bewildering intricacies with which vulgar minds render the path of knowledge difficult, and even impracticable to the learner. The philosophic mind alone is clear and simple.

The lessons on arithmetic are preceded by some most excellent 'remarks on teaching arithmetic,' 'and directions for the teacher:'

'In this treatise,' says the author, 'rules are not mentioned, because it is not necessary to mention them. The pupil discovers them for himself when he wants them. He goes through the various portions of the subject according to their difficulty, and to the light they throw upon each other; not according to their place in a scientific arrangement. He is, by this means, in a condition to multiply and to divide small numbers, and to perform simple calculations in fractions, long before he can attempt the addition of large numbers. And as each operation facilitates the rest, he soon can grapple powerfully with the smaller numbers. For him they really have a meaning; so far as they go, they are a distinct language, and a clear and powerful instrument of thought. And this knowledge is attained in a space of time that would have been occupied, under ordinary circumstances, in groping painfully, and perhaps fruitlessly, at the very threshold.

'Although we should not forget that we ought to teach knowledge for the purpose of improving all our faculties, still we must remember that we should also teach it because it is wanted for use in the world; we must teach it in the way in which it will be wanted and used in the world, and also in conjunction with those things that will render it useful. We should not teach any subject so as to separate it from everything else, and render it practically useless, merely because the entire abstraction or separation of a science from all others happens to be best for some other purposes. A child, if sent to a foreign country, will learn the language in a few months. Instruct him at home, by means of scientific works on grammar, by plans and books suited only to the learned or the initiated, and he shall learn less in as many years. The memory is refreshed, and the mind is to a certain extent instructed, by looking over an ordinary scientific work; but it is little of the real nature of a subject that can be learnt by the beginner from this external labelling and ticketing. A science may be arranged and prepared for the instruction of youth; it may also be arranged in the most compact and logical form for the use of the philosopher: these arrangements may be equally scientific; but they must be materially different, because they have a very different purpose to serve.

'Some reason has generally existed for the peculiar arrangement of this treatise, though, at first sight, the work may present no signs of order. When a child sees four counters or two pebbles, he understands their number long before he has any clear notion of the words four and two, used alone. Counting with objects is, therefore, the first stage practicable. Children also remember and understand the numbers of those things with which they are very familiar, before they comprehend abstract numbers: questions respecting familiar absent objects are, therefore, the next in difficulty. And the most difficult questions of all are

those connected with abstract numbers, that is to say, with the names of numbers without any reference to present or absent objects. But as children are in a condition to understand *easy* questions of the second and third sort before they can manage difficult exercises of the first kind, questions of all three sorts have been mingled together, according to their relative difficulty, so that they shall mutually assist each other, and give that variety to the subject which the infant mind urgently requires.

'The Arabic numerals, or ordinary figures, have been most studiously kept out of sight until near the conclusion of the treatise, because it has been found that, when they are introduced very early, they relieve the pupil from the necessity of examining numbers thoroughly. They present a bright and clear picture to the eye, compared with which all other impressions and notions connected with number are slow of acquirement and dim; and thus their superficial clearness overpowers the more solid properties of their brethren. When kept in proper subordination, and allowed only their fair share of attention, they become most valuable assistants.'

'In lieu of tables, a few of the most useful weights and measures should be shown to the pupil; and such manual, as well as arithmetical exercises, should be performed with them, as are indicated in various parts of this treatise. With these the child would be much delighted; an agreeable variety of calculation would be attained; he would never forget what he had seen and handled; and would take an interest in all future calculations about weights and measures.

'The above remarks will explain, in some degree, the cause of the repetitions, and of the apparently trifling and homely nature of many of the questions, and also of the language in which they are couched. The state of mind of the child frequently prevents us from using the most correct and elegant phraseology and illustration. Variety of expression and copiousness of illustration, however, must be provided; and it will soon be found that they who restrict themselves to the most correct and scientific language are unintelligible to children. Great variety of language must studiously be used, or we shall not prevent the pupil from falling into many serious errors, which are certain to result from the invariable use of a single form of words. Before a child can understand the peculiar language of a science, he must understand something of the science itself. Besides, the general ignorance of children necessarily precludes forms of expression and modes of illustration which might be employed with advantage in teaching adults.'

'In the first stage the pupil is taught to think and speak in numbers; in the second stage he will continue his former practice, and will unite with it the art of writing numbers; for there is no reason why we should violate, in arithmetic, those laws of nature which hold good in general life, and which prescribe that we should think before we speak, and that we should both think and speak before we are in a fit condition to learn to write.'

A box containing a very useful set of counters, shells, cubes, and measures, may he had of the publishers of the 'Arithmetic for Young Children;' and it were greatly to be wished that those engaged in education would enter into the *spirit* of this little work.

C.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

India, its State and Prospects. By E. Thornton.

A very useful and well-timed volume, intended to do something towards dispelling the apathy which prevails in this country on Indian affairs, and to present, in comparatively small compass, such information as is most requisite for those who are interested in the facilities, recently opened, for projects of commerce or colonization. The chapters on agriculture, manufactures, and foreign trade, and also those on the condition of society, particularly deserve attention. 'The changes effected by the late Act are now first brought before the public in a permanent form; and the work, notwithstanding its limited extent, may be regarded as containing a digest of the most important parts of the vast body of evidence submitted to Parliament previously to the passing of that Act.'

A Tour on the Prairies. By the Author of 'The Sketch Book.'

The writings of Washington Irving are ever pleasant, graceful, and graphic. The reader may be tolerably sure of seldom being excited, of never being disgusted, and of almost always being amused. He is the drawing-room pattern of a republican gentleman. Yet he has the American love of the Forest and the Prairie, and writes descriptions of their scenery with an evident and hearty enjoyment of the reality. The excursion which forms the subject of this volume was made in company with a party of mounted rangers or riflemen, sent on an 'exploring tour from the Arkansas to the Red River, including a part of the Pawnee hunting grounds, where no party of white men had as yet penetrated.' 'The Bee Hunt,' 'The Crossing the Arkansas,' 'The Wild Horse Chase,' and several other incidents, are amongst the author's pleasantest sketches. The following remarks on the Indian character are a warning to romancers:

'The Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life, are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics that they are represented—taciturn, unbending, without a tear or smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good-will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the white men with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye, occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them; but reserving all comment until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, and mirth.

'In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire, until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated and lively conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter.

'As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; for at

times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend; and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. I have heard doleful wailings at daybreak, in the neighbourhood of Indian villages, by some of the inhabitants, who go out at that hour into the fields to mourn and weep for the dead; and at such times, I am told, the tears will stream down their cheeks in torrents.

'As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes. p. 52—54.

This volume is the commencement of a discharge by the author of 'the accumulated contents of his portfolio, as well as the casual lucubrations of his brain, in occasional numbers, published as circumstances may permit.' The announcement is a welcome promise to all lovers of light reading.

Poems, with Illustrations. By Louisa Anne Twamley.

THE 'very young authoress' of this volume is an *artiste*, and gives multifold evidence of her powers in the etchings by herself, from her own designs, which accompany her verses. She is happy in the combination. Her poems show that she is a painter, and her paintings that she is a poet. Of the latter, it is true, we have only evidence as to design; but the grouping clearly indicates her sense of colour. Her possession of the true poetic temperament is most obvious. We wish we could quote her wreath, or one of her sketches of Kenilworth, or Tintern Abbey. As that is impossible, we take the

'INVOCATION TO SONG.

Spirit of song! Thou monarch of the mind!
Holding thy sweet dominion o'er mankind;
Fleeting and transient as the summer breeze,
Kissing earth's flowers, and winging to the seas:
Where is thy home?

Thou art where Nature spreads her noblest scene,
And where the ken of man hath rarely been;
Thou art where Fancy wings her wildest flight,
And thy sweet voice breathes in the stilly night:

Thou art where lightnings flash and billows foam;
Thou art with exiles from their native home;
Thou art among the dewy flowers at eve,
And where love's vows are pledg'd and hearts believe:

Thou art at banquets midst the minstrel train,
Waking their harps with an enlivening strain;
Thou art where rosy, mantling wine is poured,
And bright-ey'd mirth laughs round the social board:

Thou art among the bridal's virgin throng,
Greeting the chosen one with love-fraught song;
Thou art the lover's aid, to bid arise
His ladye fair, and 'ope her beaming eyes':

Thou art with those for whom Joy's cup o'erflows,
And thou can'st bid dim Grief forget her woes;
Thou art where blushing roses brightly bloom,
And thou dost wreath the cypress o'er the tomb:

Each transient bright creation of the mind,
That gleams and wanes ere e'en its source we find,
Thy magic voice can swift recall to birth,
And leave its glowing transcript upon earth:

The dauntless soul of soaring Genius fires
With rich enthusiasm as thy voice inspires;
In thee alone exuberant Fancy teems
With language wild and lofty as her dreams:
Where is thy home?

I know thee, and I love thy faintest sigh,
And love thy loftiest strains of melody;
I lay my young heart's treasures at thy shrine,
Spirit of song! I *feel* thou art *divine!*
Thy home is Heaven!'

In a few instances a fastidious critic might take exception to a line not exactly measured, or a sentiment which has not yet been accurately weighed; but these are rare cases, and it is a safe prophecy that they will be yet rarer should these blossoms of her spirit be succeeded by the fruits of which they are the promise.

The Manuscripts of Erdely. A Romance. By George Stephens. 3 vols.

THE motto which the author of this romance has prefixed to it, from Ford, is no unapt description; it is truly 'a scholar's fancy,' though we will not add 'a quab, 'tis nothing else—a very quab;' nor would it have been less honest of him to have paused in the quotation. There is no reason why he should affect to despise his literary offspring; and as little justification can there be for the isolation of laudatory words from their connexion in criticisms not so laudatory, by which the advertisements of this work have been distinguished even in these puffing times. The obvious extravagance, and as obvious inappropriateness of these advertised encomiums, after reading a few pages of the work itself, are enough to knock up many readers whom a less obtrusive flourish of trumpets would have allowed to persevere. So it had almost happened to ourselves. However, we did get over the difficulty; and over the not less formidable difficulties of the author's stilted style, unnatural dialogues, straining at effect, parade of learning, pedantry of manner, patchwork of quotations, and sundry other like gifts, exhibited according to Dogberry's exhortation, when there was no need of them; one or two passages of indubitable power helped us along, and many others occurred, until we were fairly in for a strong interest. The materiel of the romance, both the historical and invented portions, is admirable for the purpose; but, in the putting together and getting up, there is a terrible want of simplicity, nature, flexibility, grace, and that vitality of diction and composition which Scott has taught us to require in all future historical romances. The author's fancy would have been all the better for not being a 'Scholar's Fancy.' She is subdued by her pedantic mate, who moreover keeps False Taste for a mistress, whose influence is continually paramount. If he can reform his mental establishment, he may produce glorious things.

Parliamentary History of the County of Sussex. By W. D. Cooper.

A CLEAR and succinct account of the Election Contests, from the earliest periods, in the county of Sussex, and its several boroughs and cinque ports; together with lists of their representatives, compiled from the best authorities. Great diligence has been exercised on all matters connected with the disputes on the right of voting in the cinque ports, and much information collected of general interest, as well as of local utility.

Alphabet of Zoology, Electricity, &c. Orr and Smith.

THE age we live in is eminently characterised by the facilities which it affords for acquiring every description of knowledge; even the paths of science are weeded of the technicalities by which they were once obstructed, and present a ready access to all who wish to explore them. The Alphabet of Zoology and Electricity are parts of a series of elementary treatises which may be regarded as so many guides to the most interesting and popular sciences. Already have appeared the 'Alphabet of Insects, Botany, Gardening, Chemistry, &c.,' the individual and collective merits of which consist in the accuracy of the information they contain, and the simplicity of diction in which it is conveyed. Unlike Guides in general, if we may be allowed to speak as old travellers, the knowledge they communicate is in every sense valuable, and their charge exceedingly moderate.

Effects of Veratria and Aconitine. By Dr. A. Turnbull.

IT is not many years ago since the German and French chemists contrived to extract the active principles of certain plants, whereby they obtained, as it were, the very essence of a number of medicinal agents which were found to act in minute quantities with the greatest efficacy and power. The study of vegetable chemistry thence derived a practical interest which it never before possessed; and in this country to Dr. Turnbull, and also to Dr. Sutherland, the profession and the public have been recently deeply indebted. They have discovered that veratria, the active principle of the meadow saffron, and aconitine, the active principle of monkshood, possess specific virtues in effectually curing the stubborn and distressing maladies of tic douleureux, paralysis, rheumatism, and other chronic affections, under which hitherto the victim of pain has writhed without any hope of permanent relief. The cases they have detailed are in the highest degree interesting and satisfactory; and we hope Drs. Turnbull and Sutherland will persevere in exploring an arcanum wherein they may reasonably expect to find other vegetable principles, which, properly employed, may mitigate or entirely alleviate many other sufferings incident to humanity.

A Grammar of the French Language. By S. Brookes.

THIS Grammar is introduced by a very sensible and interesting preface, describing what the author terms the 'Conversational Method of Teaching Language,' which is 'based upon the following principles deduced from the operations of nature: 1. To teach first in the maternal language what we wish the pupil to acquire in a foreign: 2. To repeat continually the foreign conventions for those ideas till they are acquired by

heart; 3. To compare such conventions with each other, and thence to deduce the grammar of the language.' This method has been exemplified by the author in his previous publications of 'The Analytical Translations of Petit Jack, Elisabeth, and Six Books of Télémaque,' works which have been found eminently useful in practical tuition. His grammar is an appropriate companion for them, and will recommend itself to those who consult simplicity, rationality, and utility.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe. Part I.

ALIKE beautiful and elegant in the pictorial illustrations, and in the literary composition. The engraving of the Vale of Langollen is as delicious a scene as the eye can desire to be gladdened with.

Conversations at the Work-table. By a Mother.

A CONSIDERABLE variety of information is presented, in these Conversations, to the juvenile reader; and in a manner calculated to amuse and interest. We would rather they had not been held at the 'Work-table,' and that the frontispiece, representing the imaginary parties, so sitting, and both as stiff as starch, had been away. It will not attract the young eyes that should be drawn towards the book. Among the subjects are, intermingled with others of a more familiar character, submarine forests; dress in the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries; ancient customs; the Arundelian marbles; gipsies; troubadours and minnesingers; the mud volcanoes of Turbaco, &c. &c.; and they are so talked over that the child may comprehend and learn, at the same time that many a mother may, as she uses the book, be herself receiving while she imparts instruction.

A Few Observations on the Natural History of the Sperm Whale. By Thomas Beale.

THE term 'whale fishery seems associated with the coast of Greenland, or ice-bound Spitzbergen, and the stern magnificence of Arctic scenery; few connect the pursuit of this "sea beast" with the smiling latitudes of the South Pacific, and the Coral Islands of the Torrid Zone; and fewer still have any more distinct conception of the object of this pursuit than that it is a whale producing the substance called spermaceti, and the animal oil best adapted to the purpose of illumination.' The author spent two years as a surgeon in this service, and has recorded his observations on the sperm whale in so simple and satisfactory a manner as to make them a very interesting chapter in natural history. His pamphlet also contains many curious particulars of the devices and perils of the South-sea Fishery.

THE GREAT UNBLED.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE.

'But now by this diligence, mark what a privilege I have gained with good men and saints, to claim my right of lamenting the tribulations of the church, if she should suffer; when others that have ventured nothing for her sake, have not the honour to be admitted mourners.'—(*Milton*—'*Church Government.*')

Of an old woman, and the way
In which she came to die one day,
Under, which much our grief enhances,
Very peculiar circumstances;
Sing heavenly Muse, from first to last,
And tell us everything that passed.

'Stay!' says the reader, 'rather slower—
This same old woman—do we know her?
Because, if not, we fain would learn
Whom this can possibly concern;
And what the use is, to decide
How an old woman lived or died?'

Whether you know her I can't say,
Perhaps you mayn't, perhaps you *may*;
But for the interest of the narrative
To which these few words are preparative,
I must request you will proceed;
How can you judge unless you read?
You'll find that interest, Sir, is ample;
Moreover, look at the example—
Yes, the example—for, you see,
Other old women there may be,
And they, for aught I know, may find
Their symptoms of the very kind,
Which, in a way so advantageous,
Are treated in the following pages;
So that, if rightly understood,
My story cannot but do good.
Let others write for cash, for fame,
For me, such objects I disclaim;
So far from courting popularity,
I write from motives of pure charity,
Happy, should I contrive to save
But ONE OLD WOMAN from the grave!

So much for preface—let it go;
Now to our story; Well, and so—

Grim death, it has been said, assailed her;
And pray now, what the devil ailed her?
Alas! alas! a sad disease,
And one that came on by degrees;
For 'twas not of that sudden sort
That often cuts old people short,
Coming on quick with coughs and sneezes,
It was not one of those diseases;
And sure we never understood
The malady was in the blood;
No, no, the truth must not be hid—
She brought it on herself, she did;
There's no one knows her but confesses
She brought it on by her excesses;
With sleeping, drinking, and gross feeding,
And many strange ways of proceeding,
To which, howe'er my feelings hurting,
I feel the duty of adverting.
More accurately then to trace
The circumstances of the case,
There are some portions of her story
'Tis proper I should lay before ye;
And this in justice. First, her youth.
She was a charming child in truth;
No kicking e'er was seen, or scratching,
No greedy bread-and-butter snatching,
Nothing ill-tempered or perverse,
No fractious quarrelling with nurse,
Nor was she ever heard to squall,
For she'd no naughty ways at all;
Gentle, good-humoured, patient, mild,
Such was my lady when a child.
Nor did she forfeit, it appears,
These praises in her riper years.
A well-behaved young woman she
As ever you'd desire to see;
Modest, enlightened, virtuous, clever,
With no affected airs whatever,
Simple and plain in her demeanour,
It would have done you good to have seen her.
Of course with such superior qualities,
She mixed not in the world's frivolities;
She always courted the society
Of men of learning, and of piety;
She never showed an inclination
For gaiety or dissipation;
She'd less of cash, and more of sense,
Than to indulge absurd expense;

She used to say all this was vanity,
For *then* she practised Christianity.
But still you are not to suppose
That she was ever short of beaux;
For let me tell you, Sir, that grace
Which sits upon the modest face
Of virtuous maiden, oft can move
More admiration and more love—
Ay—make more ravage with our hearts,
Than all the flirt's seducing arts.
It is not dress, nor style, nor fashion,
That can inspire the tender passion.
D'ye think when there's a pretty quaker
There are no fellows glad to take her?
And so it was with our young maid,
Who by the sweetness she display'd,
Albeit poor, albeit plain,
Had numerous followers in her train.
But then—indeed you might be sure—
Her enemies were scarcely fewer.
For when was Fortune ever known
To come unshackled and alone?
Or where did ever Love appear
But Jealousy was always near?

An ancient belle, who had till then
Enjoyed the flattery of the men,
When first she heard it buzzed about—
That a new beauty was come out,
And how the fellows all were charmed—
She grew exceedingly alarmed,
And, trembling for her own dominion,
Was very clearly of opinion
That such impertinence should be
Promptly withstood; accordingly,
From that time forth she did contrive all
To ruin and destroy her rival,
Endeavouring by lies and slander
In every sort of way to brand her.

But ah! how oft the evil-minded
By their own wickedness are blinded!
The very means, designed to ruin her,
With which the creature was pursuing her,
So far that purpose were from answering,
All sorts of ways as to advance her in;
Instead of hindering her renown,
Made her the talk of all the town,

Proclaimed her story far and wide,
Raised up a party on her side,
Till admiration and applause
Confirmed the triumph of her cause;
She saw her enemies one by one
Defeated, humbled, and undone,
Herself caressed and courted more
Than ever she had been before.

Here, then,—and oh, how seldom found!
Here was triumphant virtue crowned;
Here innocence had her reward—
For which we ought to thank the Lord;
While spite and malice met disgrace,
Which always ought to be the case.
Ah! had that innocence remained,
What trophies might she not have gained!
Great was her triumph, nor could any
More honourable be; but many
Can win a triumph—few or none
Know how to use it when 'tis won.
Seeing her then thus rarely blest,
Who but must grieve to hear the rest!
For now 'tis mine—oh! sad reverse!
To tell of changes for the worse;
Of growing pride and waning virtue,
And some things that will disconcert you;
Of getting into bad society,
And every kind of impropriety!
So true it is of lovely woman—
She's something almost superhuman
While yet she walks exempt from sin,
But oh! when once she *does* begin,
And sets her mind on things improper,
There's nothing then on earth can stop her.

Whether it was the flattering sense
Of battles fought in her defence,
The compliments that had been paid her,
The costly presents they had made her,
Or what it was that turned her head—
It is not positively said;
That the world witnessed such a change,
The fact is no less true than strange.
Her plain stuff gown she now renounces
For things with furbelows and flounces;
Her wardrobe will no longer do,
She must have all her dresses new:

In short, so quick the transformation
From modesty to ostentation,
From simple tastes and honest ways,
To pomp and show, and all the blaze
Of female fashion, that men's eyes
Were not less taken by surprise
Than when that bird at Juno's side
With sudden action opens wide
His starry tail, and shows us all his pride.
Long had her rival's insolence
To honest people given offence;
Her flaunting airs, her vain exterior,
And that of which they were still wearier,
The dissipated life she led,
All night abroad, all day abed—
Disgusted them, and made them glad
To see the fall her pride had had;—
But now, the other was as bad.

But say, my Muse, what great event
About this period had been sent—
Surely by no propitious fate,
To change at once my lady's state?
If such event did now fall out,
Oh! say, how did it come about?

Some said it was that *he* was poor,
And wished her riches to secure,
Some said it was that she was vain
And wished his title to obtain;
We know for certain he had rank,
And she had money in the bank,
So whether avarice or pride
At bottom was, or both divide
The crown, it does not greatly matter,
Though I incline to think the latter;
The event, the great event takes place,
That step she never can retrace,
That step that in a woman's life
With risk and danger is so rife,
When the free maid becomes the bounden wife.
Oh! ill-starred union! thoughtless pair!
Oh! most unfortunate affair!
Surely, that day, the voice was heard,
Unheeded, of some evil bird,
That day methinks, in thunderstorms
Did surely rise, unholy forms

Upon the air were seen to glide,
Methinks the Devil did give away the bride.

So undesirable a match
The silliest parents ne'er did hatch—
If match it was, as I suppose,—
And yet there are not wanting those
Who'd tell you flatly I miscall,
And 'twas no proper match at all.
As I've a great dislike to scandal,
This is a point I shall not handle,
Except to observe, that those who take
Upon them this remark to make,
Have, somehow a provoking way,
Of always proving what they say.
To them I leave it then to expound
By what engagements she was bound,
For ever to continue single,
Nor even with the world to mingle,
And what peculiar ties there were,
That rendered marriage, as to her,
No valid contract,—in a word,
How no true marriage had occurred,
Not that it oughtn't or it shouldn't,
But just because, you see, *it couldn't*.
Howe'er this was, yet during life,
They always lived as man and wife,
Were partners still in bed and board,
Were called my Lady and my Lord,
Were seen together every day,
So that no wonder folks should say,
They were not wedded lawfully,
They did so very well agree;
Though not a little overbearing
To their inferiors, so endearing
Unto themselves, from every ill
Defending one another still,
With such a mutual goodwill,
Each unto each so smooth and supple—
Truly, a most 'united couple.'

Much might I here relate, alas!
Of things less gracious, but I pass
All needless tales. He who shall give
The world a faithful narrative,
Will tell how quickly after marriage
She was seen rolling in her carriage,

How nightly she went gadding out
To dinner, concert, or to rout,
With glittering shows her mind bewild'ring,
Instead of bringing up her children!

One thing was worse than all beside,
And this, it cannot be denied,
Especially her younger days in,
Was for a lady quite amazing;
Alas! with woful change, and speedy,
She'd grown inordinately greedy!
And found a talent so incredible
To make away with all things edible,
That not a crumb were any able
To get who dined at the same table.
And as the passion grew upon her,
All sense of decency and honour
Seemed to depart, and she became
Not only glutton without shame,
But something worse, I speak with grief,
A most unquestionable thief!
If at friends' houses, which was harder,
Anything good was in the larder,
They needs must watch, or in a minute
My lady's fingers would be in it;
Fowl, fish, and flesh, of every sort,
Whate'er came in the way, in short,
That could her appetite allure,
There was not anything secure;
With eating, stealing, stuffing, cramming,
She was enough to breed a famine.

That virtue is its own reward,
There's no occasion to record;
That vice is its own punishment,
It will be seen by the event
Of this my story. Sad indeed
The task, and painful to proceed
Through all these stages of disgrace,
And 'when a lady's in the case,'
Especially,—sad to behold
In sin and folly getting old,
Her, whose simplicity, when young,
Had been the theme of every tongue.
But if a lady will grow naughty,
I can't disguise the fact—nor ought I.
Truth is the object of my song.—
Now all this stuffing work ere long

Began to have, as you'll expect,
A certain natural effect;
She was becoming, that's to say,
Fatter and redder every day.
A great big woman fat and florid!
I can't conceive a thing more horrid.
Her friends, at first, they did opine
It was a good and healthy sign,
And everywhere this met your ears—
'How well her ladyship appears!
She has not looked so well for years.'
But afterwards, when time had wrought
A more exceeding change, they thought
All was not quite so well perhaps;
They viewed with pain the frequent naps
She fell into—so long, so deep,
They did not seem like natural sleep;
Too high a bloom her cheek bespread—
It could not be a healthy red;
Her figure was not merely plump,
'Twas gross and shapeless, a sheer lump
Of bloated flesh! Nor longer could
These symptoms be misunderstood.
That people, when, to shame insensible,
They act in ways so indefensible,
Must suffer for such sad propensities—
Quite plain to all who've any sense it is.
Some even then foresaw her fate,
And prayed her, ere it was too late,
To mend her habits—live more quiet—
And to adopt a cooling diet;
That to disease, not health, she owed
The blood exuberant that flowed
In wanton currents through her veins,
They took extraordinary pains
To show her. But I grieve to say
It somehow never was her way
To take advice—much less rebuke;
At times like these she fairly shook
With passion, stamped the ground, cried, screamed,
And like a very maniac seemed.
Nor would her noble spouse be still,
But seemed to take it quite as ill.
'Audacious wretches!' she would say,
'To dare to talk to me this way!'
'The vagabonds!' responded he,
'This is an insult too to me.'—

She—'Unfeeling monsters!—take less food!
I'm sure I don't eat half I should.'—
He—'Oh! my poor wife—my poor dear wife!
They've some designs against her life!'—
And ending in a soft embrace
He'd wipe the tears from her big face.

But Time runs on while mortals stand.—
And Time ran on, and the foul hand
Of Death was busy—by degrees
Her strength declined—inbred Disease
Low rooting gnawed its silent way,
And the grave clamoured for its prey.

At length, the last sad scene drew near;—
Oh! reader if you have a tear
Prepare to shed it now.—One day,
Lapped in luxurious ease she lay,
With all her beauties of a heap,
And rather more than half asleep;
No thought of harm disturbed her mind,
But all unconscious she reclined,
Like some fat turtle on the sea
That's napping found—or it may be
Like an old sow, that after swallowing
Its belly full of wash lies wallowing—
Or 'very like a whale,' or like
That most extraordinary pike,
That having eat up all the pond
Was at the bottom solus found.
One arm was thrown around her head,
The other rested on the bed;
Her great fat legs together laid
Two bales of cotton being weighed
Might seem; her small eyes were to seek
Amid a feather bed of cheek;
Her parted lips, through which you saw
That hungry devil of a maw,
Gaped like the folding doors ajar
Of some rare eating-house, not far
From 'Change, whence ever as you go
Hot steams do issue from below;
Her fiery nose projecting o'er,
Was like the sign above the door.
And, last, those cheeks, so red, yet greasy,
Let's see, a simile's not easy,—
Were like, if aught beneath the sun,
Boiled round of beef that's underdone.

And how she fumed, and how she snored,
And how the perspiration poured
All down those cheeks, and chin, and nose,
I leave the reader to suppose.
'De gustibus non disputandum.'—
Some tastes, you cannot understand 'em;
This sight to some seemed quite delightful!
I'm one of those who thought it—frightful.

Well, as I was about to say,
While thus in bed she dosing lay,
Lo! sudden, with convulsive spring,
She started up all shuddering,
And, with her hand upon her head,
Uttered a scream so loud and dread
As soon brought all the household round the bed.
'Twas evident that she was dying,
And many there begun a crying,
While others, I regret to add,
Because of some old grudge they had,
Or from reflections still more sordid,
Of what might chance to be awarded,
When she was gone, to them and theirs,
Were found in smiles instead of tears.
But, truly, neither were her friends—
Nor these, who, having selfish ends,
Desired her death,—nor those, who gave her
Their silly prayers, but would not save her.

'Tis sad—yet true, I am afraid,
That when a man most needs their aid,
His real friends he seldom knows.
Her only friends were plainly those
Who, seeing her in that condition,
Proposed to send for a physician;
Yet these, with fatal error, she
Did take her enemies to be.
Accordingly, the very mention
Of their benevolent intention
Brought down such volleys of abuse,
They saw at once there was no use
In arguing; but, being kind,
And that they rather had a mind
To save her life than serve her pleasure,
They even took the bolder measure;
No longer caring how they shocked her,
They went themselves, and *fetched* the Doctor.

'Tis certain now that every one
Perceived that something must be done;
The blindest could not fail to see
She must be physicked, even he—
The uxorious—was heard that day
Just whispering, in his timid way,
'My dear, you'd better take advice,
It need be nothing but what's nice,
You know, some gentle lotion may suffice.'

The doctor came; 'I see,' he said—
'A serious case,'—and shook his head,
'A very serious case indeed;
There is but one way to proceed,
And that must be adopted quickly,
Or all is vain; see, see, how thickly
She breathes! I must be prompt, excuse,
There's not a moment now to lose,
Here are the remedies I mean to use.'
'Some mild aperient, I presume,'
Exclaimed some booby in the room.
'No, no such thing,' was the reply,
'For cure like that the time's gone by:
This lady's in a raging fever,
And 'tis no trifle will relieve her.
A life of sloth and gluttony
Hath bred those humours, gross, that lie
Clogging her veins—the lazy blood
Instead of running in a flood
Of health and spirits from the heart,
To visit equally each part;
From certain spots now scarcely passes,
But settles here and there in masses;
Some vessels thus run o'er the top,
While others hardly get a drop.
These are the evils that derange her,
From these it is that she's "*in danger.*"
Think you that this can last?—Behold,
How hot this head—these feet how cold!
Now, though the legs may not, indeed,
Be so exalted as the head,
Yet, since the body is so knit
Together, that no limb of it,
However mean, can be distressed,
Without endangering the rest;
Therefore, that all be fairly used,
An equal warmth must be diffused,—

If of the head you would take care,
E'en legs must have their proper share.
But what avails a minor point,
When a whole system's out of joint?—
Behold this sight—nay, 'tis too late
To mince the matter now—this great,
This monstrous mass of flesh and sin!—
Can any health reside within?
The wonder is that, so o'erloaded,
It should not sooner have exploded.
This state of things must now give way,
It cannot last another day.
Unless the patient will submit
To such a treatment as is fit,
She must inevitably choke,
Or have an apoplectic stroke;—
Some sudden fit, some mortal swoon,
I'm sure I cannot say how soon,
May in an instant stop her breath;—
Is she prepared for such a death?
No, truly,—you would have her live,
Some "mild aperient" you would give!—
Ridiculous! you surely banter—
She must be bled, and that instanter.'

He spake,—and drawing forth his lancet,
Was just beginning to advance it,
When with a face as red as fire,
As though the furies did inspire—
For rage, and hatred, and despair,
With terror—all were mingled there—
Up flew our lusty heroine,
And such a solo did begin,
Roaring for help, and crying 'Murder'—
All o'er the town you might have heard her.

'My God! and is there none,' she cried,
'To save me—none to take my side
Against this monster?—Murder! rape!
Fire! murder!—is there no escape?
My husband! friends!—will no one come?
At such a time can you be dumb?
What! will you let this blood be spilled?
Will you stand by and see me killed?
Oh! the blood-thirsty villain!—there,
Look how he stands!—that murderous air!
Hands off, you miscreant, touch me if you dare.'

Scared by the noise, the doctor paused;
Not she—'I well know what has caused
This outrage—yes, 'tis envy all—
A plot got up amongst the small—
The lank and lean—the mean in size—
Poor half-starved wretches with no thighs—
Thin tottering things, so weak they limp,
With no more belly than a shrimp;
I know them well—the skinny set—
It's not the first time we have met;
With not a pound of flesh among 'em,
No wonder my condition stung 'em;
Their jealousy must needs be great,
A handsome woman's what they hate;
Poor insignificant abortions!
Augh! how I pity their proportions!
And am I to be trampled under
By vermin such as these, I wonder?
Shall these presume the law to give,
And tell me how I am to live?
What eat? what drink? how much per diem?
The nasty wretches—I defy 'em.
No, heaven be praised, I'm no such clod,
I've still some spirit left, thank God;
And this I vow—while there remains
A single drop within these veins,
Or these poor bones have any flesh on,
I'll not submit to such oppression;
I'll let the spiteful creatures know
I never will be diddled so,
No, never, as I would be saved.'—
And here she literally raved,
'Yes, they may clamour as they will,
So help me God I'll have my fill—
So help me God, as I'm a sinner,
I'll never take a smaller dinner—
So help me God, I never will be thinner!'

So saying, she burst a blood-vessel,
And back in mortal stupor fell,
She fell—and, with her latest breath,
Faintly repeating still—when Death
Stood grinning at her very side—
'*I never—will—be thinner*'—died.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. III.

THE FASHIONABLE.

'How do you like your new governess?' asked an inquisitive friend, addressing the fashionable Mrs. Vernon.

'The question is, how do Celia and Emma like her,' replied the lady. 'She has been here above a month; yet I have scarcely seen anything of her. My engagements are *so* numerous—my circle *so* immense, and you know nothing can be done without *me*. But do not imagine that I neglect my domestic duties. I see the cook *every* day. Mr. Vernon is very particular about his table, and I remind our "*maître de cuisine*" continually of *that*.'

'What an exemplary wife,' muttered Miss Allen, her friend.

'Then,' resumed Mrs. Vernon, 'I see the housekeeper once a month; yet I cannot entirely keep off tradespeople; especially those employed for myself and *ma maison*. You know in every thing my taste is my own; I invent everything—dispose every thing—I can leave very little, either as regards my dress or drawing rooms, to others. So that ——— but I am absolutely boring *you* with my affairs, and it is quite enough that they bore *me*.'

'Nay, nay, I assure you,' said Miss Allen, 'I am quite interested. And so what with cook and confectioner, upholsterer and perfumer, dress and decoration, you do not see the governess once a month?'

'Nor even that,' rejoined the lady. 'Only just look at my list of engagements. Behold my table! Thus it is strewn every morning. Here is a letter from Lady Lucas: can you conceive a greater piece of inhumanity than to send me all this quantity of manuscript under the name of a letter?'

'Let me read it to you,' said Miss Allen.

'My dear creature! I would sooner sit and watch the unrolling of a mummy. Then only see the notes, cards, and communications, of one kind or another. I often tell Mr. Vernon, that large as our establishment already is, he must add one more individual to it, and that is a secretary for myself.'

'But,' exclaimed Miss Allen, 'I hope you have not done your recital, I have heard nothing yet of the *nursery*.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Mrs. Vernon, '"Forgot, by Jupiter!" as Coriolanus says. Really, my love, I know as little of the nursery as of the laundry. I have only three little ones now: Edward and James are at Harrow. Barnes, the upper nurse, is an excellent creature; quite a superior woman; one whom you would think it *impossible* to find in *her* class. Very fortunate that, is it not? I allow her a servant, besides the under nurse. All that I fear is, that she is *too* indulgent; for a more riotous set of little rogues than my three youngest never were admitted to a dining room. Sometimes, papa and I cannot support their company after dinner, longer than five or ten minutes at a time.'

'Exuberance of spirits is no fault of their *sisters*,' observed Miss Allen; 'I fear that your *girls* will have no share of *your* gaiety.'

'Not they! they take after their *father's* family, just like his sisters, (you do not know them,) plain, sombre, awkward women, very good though, superlatively good! I often wish that I was like them.'

A smile of self-satisfaction played about her mouth, and contradicted the assertion, as she continued; 'I have the least possible of the English woman about *me;* when I was at Paris, I was much in the same predicament in which Dumas was, when in Switzerland. He was everywhere taken for an Englishman who spoke French very well; *I* was taken for a French woman who spoke English very well.'

'Of all your children,' resumed Miss Allen, 'Montague is most like yourself.'

'Do you think so?' vividly exclaimed Mrs. Vernon, gratified by the observation. Montague was her eldest son, and it would be worth while to inquire, how far the law of primogeniture contributes to the preference extended to eldest sons, even by their mothers.

'Montague,' she continued, 'is the delight and hope of my heart. So elegant, so handsome! I glory in our late accession of fortune for *his* sake. He leaves college very soon; and I am glad of it; for I fear he is a sad rebel there. He has been drawing bills to an amount I dare not mention, especially to his father. Oh, my dear, what woman shall I deem sufficiently worthy for this dear boy of mine? What a match he will be! A fortune, thanks to the prudence of his father, so unincumbered! a person so faultless! an address so perfect! *He* will repay me for all the mortifications which, I fear, I am doomed to meet about his sisters. I must marry them as I *can*, I may marry him as I *like;* nothing *less* than nobility will I allow him to think off.'

The carriage was announced, and the ladies departed to perform the duties of their pasteboard friendships, which consisted in leaving gilt-edged cards at a variety of houses, from the ponderous knockers of which, the muscular arm of a pampered footman elicited sounds calculated to shatter the nerves of anything but a fine lady, whose natural sensibility has long been surrendered to some kind of conventional substitute.

The governess to whom Miss Allen had alluded, was ill adapted to the situation into which chance had thrown her; she was a rational, as well as an accomplished woman; with no *finesse*, but much reflection, great sincerity, but little sentiment, and had an air of ease and simplicity, which were thought very unsuitable to her peculiar position, in which deference, and a sort of elaborate refinement are rather looked for.

She found her pupils in the most hopeless condition, at least to *her* apprehension. Already all the spontaneity of youthful feeling

was gone from them, and the power of thinking they appeared never to have exercised. The mere pale pretty pieces of dependence, who could no more exist without servants, than without vital air.

To perfect them in music, was the principal object for which Miss Paget, their governess, had been engaged; but she conscientiously endeavoured to do more; especially did she wish to expand their minds, and extend their sympathies. With this view, soon after their mother's carriage drove away, she proposed to them a walk, in the course of which she endeavoured to interest them about an humble family in the neighbourhood.

To this family, Miss Paget had herself rendered some of that aid, which impoverishes not the giver, and makes the receiver rich indeed. She had by means of kindly counsel, and little personal aid, made these poor people sensible of the pleasure derivable from a clean neat home, and habits of order and gentleness. She had herself furnished the muslin, and helped to make the curtains which draped the little windows of their rooms, which they had now some satisfaction in keeping clean, since their appearance so well repaid their exertions. She had adorned the chimney piece with little plaster images, such as the Italian boys carry about the streets; and she had given them little views and sketches of her own drawing, which they had hung round on the walls. To these sketches, on being introduced to this humble abode, the young ladies directed their attention.

'Is it not pleasant,' said Miss Paget, addressing her pupils, 'to see so sweet an accomplishment as drawing applied to so happy a use? I wish I could persuade young ladies to employ their graceful talents in producing pictures calculated to humanize and elevate the poor. For instance, they might portray children attending a sick parent or neighbour, or a mother teaching her little ones. Thus drawing, which is now merely a pastime or accomplishment, might be made the means of fostering fine feelings and ideas in the bosoms of the young artists, and of implanting them in the minds of the poorer classes.

'It is continually said, that among all the women who are taught to draw and play, no very eminent artist or composer is ever produced. Who shall wonder at that! What is the manner in which women pursue *even* accomplishment? what is the motive? Have they higher objects than indolent recreation, or emulous display? Do you not see,' continued Miss Paget, looking at her eldest pupil, 'that what *I* propose would spread a general taste for the arts throughout the country, and refine our rude lower orders?'

'But *would* that be desirable?' asked the young lady. 'I have heard papa say, that if education goes on at its present rate, we shall soon have no servants, and pray, Miss Paget, what *shall* we do then?'

'Be more independent than now you are,' replied her governess,

smiling at the serious concern depicted in Miss Vernon's face. 'None *need* servants but the aged, the sick, and the occupied; true feelings of benevolence and interest would direct that all those were well attended. But the day is far distant when the brand of mercenary servitude will be effaced from social life; but the day is *not* far distant when the majority will stand upon a tolerable *educational* level.'

'And what will be the consequence of that?' inquired Miss Vernon.

'That you will have better servants than now you have, and must treat them better, that is, more wisely; with the respect due to rational creatures, and the friendliness due to fellow-beings. At present, servants are treated as children are,—too indulgently, or too severely.'

The effort which the young ladies had been induced to make was evidently irksome; their governess, too wise to associate pain with the object she had in view, returned home with them, conversing on light and pleasant subjects. Her pupils were soon engrossed with some relations who had arrived during their absence; and Florence Paget, left to her own disposal, went to the nursery. It was one of her habitual errors to imagine that she could everywhere awaken sympathy, and impart liberal and kindly feeling; under this impression, she had sought to make friends among the servants. But it is as difficult for those who have been subjected to a sordid training, to expand their minds, as for a cripple to stretch out a contracted limb. A governess was, in the estimation of Barnes, and the other servants, an isolated nondescript, 'too fine,' as they expressed it, 'to mix with the domestics, and not fine enough to associate with their superiors.' Hence Miss Paget's departure from all precedent first moved surprise, and then suspicion; there were none in that domicile who could conceive or comprehend the feelings of kindly fellowship with which she regarded all her fellow-creatures, the wish she had to equalize circumstances of advantage, and banish those of disadvantage.

'*Your* post, Mrs. Barnes,' said Florence, seating herself in the nursery, 'is the most important one in this house, infinitely more important than mine. I have little more to do than to give lessons in the accomplishments; *you* have to unfold faculties and feelings, which according as they are or are not skilfully and happily expanded, will influence *every* future step in life.'

Florence was 'chopping blocks with a razor,' but the fountains of her heart were flowing, and she did not pause to perceive the sterility of the soil over which she poured them.

'You have,' she resumed, 'the influence of habit and habitual affection over the children, the influence of superior power and experience over their immediate attendants; you may employ them

to the best advantage in creating good impressions and good examples.'

'Nature is nature, ma'am,' said Barnes, impatiently and dogmatically. 'There are some children that will learn nothing; Master Frank is one of them. I am sure it is quite shocking to think that *gentlefolks* should have such a child; I'll answer for it he will be more fit for a ploughman than a member of parliament.'

'Why have you formed such a judgment? it is surely very premature.'

'Why, ma'am, it's my belief that he'll *never* learn to read. I have tried all manner of ways with him. There's his brother, a year younger than he, reads as well as I do, and great credit I got for it; but I had not one-half the trouble that I have had with Master Frank. Ma'am, I have coaxed, and promised, and threatened, and punished, and shamed him, but all to no purpose. I have set his brothers to laugh at him for a dunce, but it has been no use! I *do* believe that *that* child has neither feeling nor sense.'

Never had words fallen so painfully as these on the ear of Florence.

'I think, Mrs. Barnes,' she said, 'you are under a mistake regarding little Frank. Do you not often see that plants and vegetables vary in growth? the same soil, the same treatment does not do for all. May it not be so with the mind?'

'I do not know, I'm sure, ma'am, about *all that*. What I was talking about was *Master Frank;* I take upon me to say, that I *ought*, and I *do* know something about *him*, for I have been with him since he was born.'

'I assure you,' said Florence, 'some of our brightest men have been dull boys. If we wish things to thrive, we must treat them according to their nature. Do you wish a flower to grow, you place it in the sunshine, and refresh it occasionally with water. But suppose some person with ignorant impatience were to place it before a scorching fire, and pour hot water upon it? Destruction to the flower would be the consequence, but not through any fault of the *flower*.'

Miss Paget's attempt was made in vain; Barnes, the 'excellent creature,' the 'superior woman,' was too sullen and suspicious, too stupid and ignorant, to meet or comprehend Miss Paget's feelings and views. Barnes, under pretence of some suddenly-recollected task, bustled away, and Florence returned to her own room; but painfully oppressed by the reflections that pursued her, she put on her bonnet, and went forth for the relief of air. Very unexpectedly, she overtook the little Vernons. They were walking with their under-nurse, and a maid-servant. She slackened her pace to take note of them. The first was a neatly-dressed, pretty-looking quiet girl; but there was not a spark of soul about her. She walked on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and her mind was undoubtedly as blank as her aspect was dull.

'Is that,' thought Florence, 'the companion which those budding creatures ought to have? She is herself a specimen of the stultifying power of some modes of training; for nature never gave to even the desert or the wild a thing so soulless!'

In the midst of these reflections, Florence saw two or three other nursery-maids, with a little charge a-piece, join the attendants of the young Vernons. Immediately the young women fell into eager converse with each other; and the children in their arms, or hanging by their dresses, looked up and listened to their discourse, or cried upon being compelled to stand still.

What was the conversation of those young women? Was it probable, was it possible, that it could be the moral nourishment necessary for the infant creatures by whom they were surrounded? The most likely topics of these domestics were the affairs of the families in which they respectively lived, the characters of the individuals they served, and all their own loves and jealousies, suspicions, hopes, and fears. Much of all this their little companions, probably, did not understand; but then so much the more it tended to the confusion and distortion of the infant mind. Besides, so tenacious is the young memory, that a child will retain even that which it does not understand, and with ripened years will comprehend what it had at first only recollected.

Florence broke up the menial conference by joining the young Vernons, among whom she took the despised little Frank by the hand. He was (probably owing to the treatment he had met) the least prepossessing of the children. But, shy and sullen as he was, Florence succeeded so well in exciting, amusing, and winning him, that when they returned home he resolutely resisted being taken from her, till Barnes appeared, who conquered him by superior violence. In vain Florence asked to have his management, in this instance, confided to her; the dove could not more vainly plead to the winds which stripped the bough on which she was perched. Barnes at once feared and hated Florence. In looking for a cause for the spontaneous kindliness which distinguished the young governess, it had occurred to Barnes, that Miss Paget aimed at placing some creature of her own about the children. This idea no sooner occurred than it was adopted, and Barnes resolved not merely to prevent any intercourse between Florence and the children, but to take the first opportunity of prejudicing Mrs. Vernon's mind against the former.

Oh, that the little ones of the world could speak for themselves! that in this great hurly-burly of contending interests the 'still small voice' of childhood, as well as conscience, could be heard! Both would alike forbid the present procedure. Mankind are like hounds on a false scent, hunting for that which they do not find; and shall we wonder that the pack pass unheedingly the little flowers of human nature, often, unwittingly perhaps, trampling and injuring them? Who that reflects but is *convinced* of the

indelibility of early impressions? What effect upon the treatment of children does the knowledge of this fact produce? Do we heed the hue we give their first thoughts and feelings? May we not continually slur their own intuitive perceptions? Who that reflects but is *convinced* of the immense power of example? What effect does *this* conviction produce? Are the moral pictures presented to children carefully chosen and judiciously impressed? No, in the majority of domestic and social scenes, they are like young scholars in the studio of a mad artist, who has a distracting collection of busts, statues, and pictures, and where they may sometimes hear lectures upon art, but are rarely permitted to model or paint from nature.

Montague Vernon, his mother's idol, came home, and the very next day, as he entered Mrs. Vernon's dressing-room, he saw Florence, who was just quitting it. There was a dignity about her tall figure which made him make way for her with respectful deference, which she acknowledged with that sparkling up of kindly expression which was peculiar to her cordial and spontaneous feelings.

'Who was that?' he asked, advancing to his mother.

'Only the governess to your sisters,' she replied in a voice as full of depreciation as Montague's had been full of appreciation, and perhaps adopted as a corrective to his incipient admiration.

'Is it possible!' he rejoined. 'I took her for some woman of fashion.'

'Oh, you college cub,' exclaimed his mother, slightly pushing him from her—'a woman of fashion! ha! ha! ha! who ever saw a woman of *fashion* dress as Miss Paget does?'

'Then,' retorted Montague, 'she is an excessively fine woman; and that, after all, is something better.'

'She is very well,' coldly observed Mrs. Vernon. 'Excessively clever, quite suited to her post, or you may be sure *I* should not have appointed her. But now, Montague, I hope that I have no occasion to admonish you about imprudence or impropriety. You know the *kind* of match, which both your father and myself expect *you* to make, and which you are in every respect entitled to make.'

Montague glanced into the mirror on his mother's toilet; and silently, but perfectly, agreed with the last remark.

'And I hope,' she resumed, 'that respect for your *sisters* and your father's *house* will be a sufficient protection to any young person in it.'

Montague swang himself round on his heel to conceal a smile; pretended to be taken with some pretty trifles which were strewn upon a table, and soon after withdrew.

Florence Paget immediately became the prominent image in his idle fancy. To stimulate his feeling and employ his time, both equally to him a waste, he proposed, at least, a flirtation;

for he might have said with Lord Chesterfield, that he had endeavoured to gain the hearts of twenty women to whose persons he was perfectly indifferent.

Let us take a brief view of the process which had contributed to mould the character of Montague. If there be anything in hereditary character, little had he drawn advantageously from *that* source: his infancy was consigned to a woman like Barnes, and servants of a similar stamp, only relieved by occasional intercourse with an indulgent mother, who was utterly without thought or feeling beyond the narrow conventional circle in which she moved. As his boyhood advanced, he was, from his love of horses, attracted by his father's grooms, and no small portion of their vulgarity was engrafted on his mind; after this probation, he suffered the further degradation of a public school, in which, as fag and tyrant, he strengthened and confirmed every former evil impression that he had received; from the public school he went to college, incited by his mother to the ambition of patrician association, with a view to both present distinction and future advantage. Riot and dissipation met him at the college gates, and companioned him during his abode, till he returned to his father's mansion almost callous and incapable of one pure joy or holy feeling.

Few things are more important to human happiness and improvement than the recognition of the doctrine of necessity, which makes us perceive that every creature is what it is from its organization and circumstances, and can be no other, unless change be effected upon these. Such a conviction must disarm beings of the rancorous animosity and contempt with which they are so prone to regard each other; such a conviction must induce those anxious attentions to early training and social circumstances, by means of which alone the human being can be improved.

It is my most anxious wish, that while attempting to do *some* good, I should give no pain; I would therefore desire to obviate the shock which the doctrine of necessity gives to many religious minds, and some moral ones. Cannot the first substitute the word consequences for reward and punishment, and carry out the doctrine of consequences as far as they please? Cannot the second feel that censure still attaches to crime, though not to the criminal?—*he*, like all the afflicted, is ever the most pitiable of wretches. How spoke the purest of all beings about his persecutors? 'Father, forgive them, *they know not what they do.*' Every crime has its source in ignorance; its perpetrator may in some respects be the most ingenious of men; but let him know what he may, he knows not moral truth, nor the reaction consequent upon its violation.

It grates upon my spirit, as a discord does on the ear of a musician, to hear the unpitying denunciation, the eager exposure, of each other in which so many of the human species indulge.

Every censurer says (by implication at least,) like the pharisee, 'Thank God, I am not as one of these.' But were he placed in a parallel position, can he lay his hand upon his heart and say he would not have been the same? No, he *cannot* say it. Then a truce to backbiting and bitterness, and let us go to work to remove the stumbling blocks which beset the path of the morally maimed and blind, and still more let us go to work in behalf of the rising race, lest at any time they strike their feet against stones.

After the course just described, Montague came into the scenes of domestic and social life, just what such a course was calculated to make him. He looked upon his father as an old gentleman standing between himself and his inheritance; and an event which natural affection should have taught him to deprecate, highly nurtured selfishness led him to desire. Creditors and dissolute companions weaken the bonds of filial attachment, even when they have been woven wisely by the parent's hand; but how does it chance where the accident of birth forms the only connecting tie of union, and when for every other circumstance the child has been indebted to his parent's purse, not to his personal exertions? Shall we wonder in such cases that we have the sign for the thing, and that father and son are nothing more than two men bearing the same name, with opposite views and opposing interests?

Montague was not so utterly indifferent to his mother, because she no way interfered with his expectations; she had besides been uniformly indulgent, but no respectful gratitude grew out of the recollection of that indulgence, and from her and her slavish servants he had taken the type of his opinions regarding the sex. Whilst weak himself as the echo of an almost exhausted sound, and shallow as a common water-course, he was perpetually talking of the weakness and shallowness of women, and fancied himself invested with an unalienable superiority, though cheaply purchased on the credit of sex, station, and money.

He brought to society an abundance of gallantry, of which the woman of fashion, of rank, of wealth, of which the well-dressed woman, the young and pretty woman might command as much as she pleased; but which the poor woman, the plain woman, the meanly-dressed, aged, afflicted, deformed woman would have found scant enough.

The mass of the community he regarded with indifference or derision, as the humour moved him; and it was only such as promised to promote his importance, or minister to his pleasures or his luxuries, who excited in him the slightest interest.

Florence, who, though eminently qualified to attach the lover, had not been reared to allure the libertine; who, though cordially alive to every social feeling, was perfectly untouched by any conventional one, presented to him a puzzle, which at first wounded his mind, but speedily won upon it, or rather awakened it. It had been long since he had thought anything necessary to im-

press a woman's heart but to meet her, gaze, and murmur his name; that as he was like Christabel, 'beautiful exceedingly,' and the heir of fourteen thousand a year, any thing more would be a work of supererogation.

But, to his astonishment, Florence neither blushed nor bowed before him. Her manner, neither shrinking nor assuming; her eyes, neither downcast nor conscious; her voice, neither timid nor tender, were all expressive of the purity which possessed her mind—a purity the result of a perfect comprehension of the general nature of humanity, and the principles upon which it ought to act. She had no vague ill-defined notions, the blended result of ignorance and its consequent suspiciousness, which induced shyness. Her modesty was, like Heaven's ether, too pure to be perceived, not the fatuous, often factitious habit, which invites invasion, or at least often provokes the attempt. This purity was her panoply even with a libertine like Montague.

He knew the tactics of the flirt, the coquette, and the prude; but he felt at fault when met by the simple, honest, intelligent self-possession of Florence. She was ingenuous, because she cherished no thought or feeling which it was necessary to conceal; unembarrassed, because she entertained no paltry views of emulous vanity, no ulterior aims of mercenary or ambitious interest. She was gentle, not timid; fraught with the *spirit* of knowledge, not cumbered with its pedantry or display. Knowledge impregnated her thoughts and their expression, as the spices of Araby do its winds, filling them with more or less of sweetness, which told where and amid what they had been tarrying.

It is not here that I shall seek into the causes which originated a character so singular, nor inquire whether Florence had ever loved; it is enough to the purpose of this story to say that Montague was not the one capable of touching the springs which opened the deeper sanctuaries of her heart. Yet it is essential to the consistency of her character to acknowledge, that *had* he awakened her heart he would have known it, while her decision of character would have led her to adopt and induce the measures which appeared most consistent with their mutual honour and happiness.

Who does not feel the sickening, let me rather say deadening, influence of conventional opinion and usage on this point? All the most popular scenes of modern dramatists hinge upon the tricks and artifices of women, to give an appearance of inadvertency to the betrayal of passion, or the struggles and misery of concealment.

Oh, Shakspeare, that thou couldst come back among us, and with some few of the bright spirits of the present times, make the stage the high school of morals which it might be! Who is offended with thy Miranda, when she tells Ferdinand her love? Or with Juliet, when she talks of marriage to Romeo?

The gross grovelling earthlings, who, by means of the gold they grubbed up, instituted the life's social commerce as well as its commercial traffic, thought to enhance everything by artifice; in the former case, they adopted the principles which guided them in the latter.

What a conception of modesty and delicacy must they entertain, who imagine them necessarily associated with deceit and falsehood! Sweet-voiced, bright-eyed Truth, come among men, and show them of what stuff their refinements are made! Tell them that when they 'paint the lily and gild refined gold,' they soon get nothing but the paint in place of the purity of the flower, and the varnish instead of the weight of the precious ore.

Lady Morgan, in her clever preface to the new edition of 'O'Donnel,' while defending herself against the charge of strong political tendencies, talks about 'womanly sympathies,' and the 'proprieties of the sex.' I cannot comprehend this. There appear to me no sympathies to which the heart of woman may awaken, by which the heart of man may not be moved; the proprieties which are imperative upon her *ought* to be imperative upon him. This common jargon of exclusive sympathies and proprieties belongs alone to the existing state of delusion—the *show*, and not the *substance* of morality; it grows out of the unnatural restraints placed upon women, and the equally unnatural licence permitted to men; it proceeds from the existence of the two moralities, the female morality and the male morality, which two ones, make, unlike every other arithmetical junction, when joined together, no morality at all.

There is no more certain moral salvation than love, when cherished for a worthy object; its redeeming power operated upon even Montague; his feelings and his reason, ruined as they had been, were not immediately righted, but they took a disposition to right themselves; and perhaps, had the influence so benignly acting on him been permitted to continue, the holy spirit of happiness, when she numbered her children, might have found him among them.

But Mrs. Vernon was quick to perceive the change apparent in Montague, to interpret the cause and devise the remedy. She summoned Florence one morning to her dressing-room, where, in a very graceful but in somewhat haughty manner, she informed her, that her services in the family could be dispensed with.

'May I inquire, Madam,' said Miss Paget, 'the motive of this? I am unconscious of having offended any one, of having neglected any duty?'

'You have not offended *me*, I assure you, Miss Paget; nor am I sensible of failure in any of your duties. This unpleasant business has been thrown on my hands; but in fact everything is on *my* hands, and we poor wives, you know, must submit. I only know that I like peace, and some how or other you are a bar to

it. First of all, Barnes has several times complained about your interference with respect to the little ones. I tried not to listen to her, but she says that Frank has been set entirely against her. All this originates in foolish jealousy, I dare say; but she is an old faithful servant, quite a favourite; and there are amiable weaknesses ——'

Florence made no attempt to stem this flood of foolishness; and Mrs. Vernon was fluent and fond of hearing herself talk.

'But I cannot conceal,' resumed the lady, 'that I have heard other things, to which I was obliged to give some degree of attention. Mr. Vernon disapproves of some of your sentiments and opinions,—indeed, of your plans of education generally; he has learned that you urge Emma and Celia to think for themselves, and that you admire decision of character; he thinks nothing can be more unfeminine, more adverse to their prospects. Then, there are some of his relations have a long story about your taking the young ladies to a cottage, and there is a fear of low impressions and vulgar associations, and all that sort of thing.'

'Madam,' said Florence, 'there has been I perceive enough of misrepresentation; but you have not made one tenable charge, unless it be Mr. Vernon's; but I must know *his* meaning before I can meet it by explanation of mine. At least, I feel happy that I have escaped any animadversion from *you*.'

'Oh, no one need fear severity from *me*,' replied Mrs. Vernon. 'I make it a rule to regard all with lenity, especially my own sex; but since you *have* touched the point, permit me to remark, Miss Paget, that you will do wrong to give young men the encouragement that you have given Mr. Montague Vernon. Your position in a family puts much in your power, which strict principles would teach you not to abuse; especially as regards a being so eminently gifted as my son. *He* is, I am *sure*, incapable of an unworthy thought; I am *quite* sure of it; *he* is *all* nobleness; but he is young, inexperienced ——. Yes, certainly, in this last instance you appear even to myself, and in spite of myself, to blame; it is, in fact, the only one of your errors of which I feel *fully* convinced.'

'Madam,' exclaimed Florence, 'I have been utterly misunderstood in this house; to which I now perceive how much better hypocrisy were suited than truth. Your son, madam, under the sanction of his sisters, and associated with them, forced himself into my society, to which upon no other terms he would have gained admission. I wish it was possible that I could put my heart into your hand, that you might see the supreme indifference with which I regard him.'

How unsuited was the honest Florence to the sophisticated world in which she moved! Her language, yet more her manner, untainted with the sordid tone of servility, deeply offended Mrs. Vernon, who had been till now calm, because self-satisfied. But

the spirit of vulgar pride, which the veil of courtesy commonly covered, and which was fed upon the offal that flattery offers to fortune, started like a scorpion from its ambush, kindling the indignant glances of her eyes, and adding *hauteur* to her air.

'This is quite too much,' she exclaimed, rising. 'But this is not the first time when my habits of condescension have produced their own punishment. I had intended to offer you an asylum here till you had suited yourself with another situation; you will now do me the favour to leave Vernon House immediately.'

Mrs. Vernon walked out of the room; before Miss Paget had recovered herself sufficiently to follow her example, another door opened and Montague appeared. She startled and coloured, from the ideas associated with him in the recent interview with his mother. This was the first time he had seen Florence evince emotion at his presence; he was as quick to misinterpret, as to discern it.

'Miss Paget!' he exclaimed with delight, and darting his eyes about the room, perceived she was alone. It was a moment not to be lost, but his feelings were too real to allow him to speak. Gallantry has its rhetoric; love, its eloquence; but it is not always, nor often, the eloquence of words. Besides, Montague's brief contained clauses not easy to plead in a court of equity; he therefore filled the interstices of a few broken words with the luminous language of his eyes, and the expressive gesture (from time immemorial the lover's form for 'filing a declaration') of falling on his knee.

Florence had been no sentimental novel-reader; she had never been at a boarding-school; she had experienced none of the artificial training of general female education: nothing, therefore, could be more unlike the rules made and provided for accepting or rejecting a lover than hers. She was possessed by a holy honesty and sweet benevolence. She did not say no when she meant yes; and when she said no, she meant it; yet she said it with a kind reluctance, flowing from her unwillingness to give pain. Judging from her own truth, she was too apt to give implicit faith to profession; hence, with her, as with most others acting upon the same principle, the false estimates she made. She could not believe herself loved, and incapable of making a return, without pain and regret, which touched her expression with softness, if not with tenderness. Her reply to Montague fell in a voice soft as snow upon a river, yet not as cold; because, judging from the tactics of the sex as they are trained, he believed her refusal a feint, and that she retreated, from the dictates of the refined art which he imagined to be inherent in woman.

While Florence was yet speaking, Mrs. Vernon returned into the room, accompanied by Miss Allen. Montague sprung to his feet, and Florence, released from his hold, flew from the room. He looked the proud rage he felt, as he glanced from the furious

face of his mother, to the cunning visage of her companion. The latter, feeling herself *de trop*, retired; and then Mrs. Vernon was disposed for the display of a little parental authority; but the deer might as easily attempt to defy the panther, as she her son; and thence she disingenuously turned all her rage against Florence, loading *her* with opprobrium. From this mood she made a transit to tears, but they fell on Montague as ineffectively as 'dewdrops' on 'the lion's mane.'

The interview closed by leaving Mrs. Vernon to the conflict of the most violent feelings: the luxury around her mocked her with the show of pleasure, while she palpitated with pain; with a show of power, when she was utterly incapable of control over herself or others.

Ten years after, what was the *caput mortuum* of the fashionable Mrs. Vernon's existence? disappointment, mortification, neglect, and distress. A widow with a small income and expensive habits; with children ashamed of her fortune and without affection for her person; and she in turn alienated from them. Montague was a *roué* and a gambler; the others had all, in various ways, disappointed or outwitted her; while Emma, regardless of 'the blood of the Mactabs,' had run away with her father's footman.

Yet Emma, when the probation of misery and misfortune was past, realized some share of happiness and usefulness. Her ill-assorted union closed with the death of her husband, the victim of intoxication; and the harrow of calamity had fitted her heart to receive the seeds of real righteousness, when she again met Florence Paget. She was devoting herself to the conduct of a school, the humble emoluments of which supplied her frugal wants; and the hopes it inspired, and the sympathies it awakened, animated her heart, and kept up the energies of her elastic mind. She received Emma as her friend, her coadjutor, and they gave proof that it is not alone as wives and mothers that women may be useful to the world, and happy and honourable in themselves.

M. L. G.

THE RATIONALE OF POLITICAL REPRESENTATION.*

The author of the 'Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions,' of those on the 'Pursuit of Truth,' &c., and of the admirable pamphlet entitled a 'Discussion of Parliamentary Reform,' has few equals amongst the writers of the day, as a political philosopher and moralist; and few superiors, in that character, amongst the writers of any other period. The general clearness of his conceptions and of his language; the mastery which he displays of what he has himself described as the *Art of*

* 'The Rationale of Political Representation,' by the Author of 'Essays on the Formation of Opinions,' &c. &c. London: Hunter, 1835.

Exposition; the comprehensiveness of his views; the calmness and dignity of his manner; the fairness of his statements, and the importance and benignity of his purposes, are a felicitous combination which makes us receive the announcement of a new work from his pen, as a most dependible promise of gratification and instruction. There is but one way in which we can review such a writer, viz. by description and analysis, preserving in the task that fidelity to our own minds which demands the expression of doubt or dissent, whenever they occur. To this, therefore, we shall apply ourselves; passing over the introductory chapters, as of less moment, and coming at once to the main body of the work.

The first chapter treats of the proper object and province of government; the former is defined to be the good of the community, and the latter, 'to promote the happiness of the community associated under it, by such measures as cannot be undertaken by individuals or subordinate associations for themselves, or cannot be undertaken with equal advantage.'

Subordinate associations are introduced into the definition, because there are 'a number of advantages attained by combinations of men forming only a part of the political community, which the members so uniting could not attain by their solitary efforts; such combinations, for instance, as benefit societies, philosophical and literary clubs, and mechanics' institutes. The purposes of these institutions are evidently not of a nature to be accomplished by persons acting singly, and yet they are for the most part attained without the care or control of the supreme authority of the state.'

On the foregoing definition our author proceeds to argue, that the functions of government are chiefly of a *supplementary* and negative character, and that great mischief has arisen from regarding it 'in the light of an all-pervading, all-directing power, the source of all the arrangements which administer to the order and happiness of society.' The definition, however, is not very restrictive. It leaves 'ample scope and verge enough' for the interposition of government. The real question, on our author's view, and on that which he censures, will be the same. It is supposed on the one hand that there are comparatively few cases, and on the other that there are comparatively many, in which individual effort, or partial and voluntary social effort, is not attended with equal advantage to government interference. But whether there be many or few, the condition of such interference is the same,—its proved advantage.

The number of such cases must continually increase with the progress of governments towards perfection. The mischief of interference has commonly been, that it was ignorant or selfish interference. In proportion as the representative system is successful in constituting governments of the most enlightened members of a community, and by means of responsibility, in di-

vesting them of any sinister interest, the sphere must enlarge which it is desirable for the influence of government to fill; nor is it easy to say where its expansion should be stayed. When our author adverts to the fact that governments 'have the means in their hands of instituting a system of universal instruction,' he makes a gigantic exception to his own theory, an exception large enough to swallow the rule. Nor can we allow to him, although backed by the authority of Bentham, 'that the care of his enjoyments ought to be left almost entirely to the individual.' There are vast stores of pleasure of which government keeps the key. A wise government would open a thousand sources of enjoyment,—works of art, national galleries, public promenades and gardens,—which can never be equally realized by individual efforts or subordinate associations. The social union is surely destined to do something more than just prevent our breaking one another's heads, and picking one another's pockets. It does more, even in the worst hands, and when it is controlled by the few, with no other regard to the many than what may be suggested by occasional personal apprehension. But when the power of government shall cease to be the object of constant jealousy, and be viewed with confidence, there seems no reason why it should not be directed to the creation of positive good, and produce it to an incalculable extent. *Laissez-nous faire* is very proper language to such rulers as nations have been plagued with hitherto; but why should we employ it to a body in which we recognise the concentrated intelligence of a people, as well as the supreme authority? The more they do, the better.

The second chapter assigns the 'grounds of preference for a representative government.' These are resolvable into the fact of its tending to secure legislators who shall be identified in interest with the community, and yet superior to it in intelligence. The author seems to us to have overrated the force of, or rather, perhaps, to have misplaced, the objection, that the electors may not be determined in their choice by their interest in the proceedings of the legislative body. So far as that is the case, the government is not representative. An appointment purchased by a bribe, or extorted by intimidation, only shows the imperfection of the machinery, its incapacity for producing representation, and applies not at all to that mode of government when it is realized.

The third chapter treats of the representative body, in the following sections:—1. Its province; 2. The process of legislation; 3. The relation of representative and constituent; 4. Publicity; 5. The number of members; 6. Their qualifications; and, 7. The duration of the trust.

The first section argues very conclusively for the establishment of subordinate and local legislatures to conduct merely local affairs, leaving only matters of general interest for the attention of the supreme legislature. The second shows both the advantages

and evils of oral discussion in the legislative assembly, and the tendency of the latter to self-correction. The third section distinguishes the representative from the delegate, and contends that for his constituents to fetter him with specific pledges is inconsistent with the relation in which he stands to the entire community, and destroys the peculiar advantages of representation over simple democracy. The logic of this chapter is decisive as to ordinary times and circumstances. Its application to those which now exist is much more questionable. At present our parliaments are not so much chosen for legislation as for conflict. We have yet to win the secure and permanent power of legislation for the real representatives of the people. More organic reform is required for the attainment of this object. By many who call themselves reformers, such further organic reform is directly opposed. By others, who profess themselves favourable to it, it has been postponed to various other considerations, and especially to their desire to keep the Whig administration in office. The consequence was the reverse of what they intended. Had the vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, and an extension of the suffrage, been granted by the late parliament, no return of the Tories, no dissolution, would have taken place. The first of these measures might have sufficed alone. Neither on that, nor on the second, can there be much occasion for any man of common intelligence to wait for further information. Both questions are quite ripe for decision; and the postponement of decision only serves to endanger all the power which the people have attained by the Reform Act. These, then, are fitting points for delegation. Until they be obtained, we shall not have representative government. The Reform Act only bestowed an approximation towards it. What it did give has been already impaired by corruption. The mischief will proceed rapidly as the constituencies decrease in number, which is their tendency. There is no time to be lost. Mr. Bailey shows that there is no real difference between a declaration of opinion and a pledge. But there is a wide practical difference, inasmuch as the one is open to subterfuges, while the other is not. Many will deviate from the former under the influence of a variety of considerations, who will feel bound in honour to act up to the latter. Nor can we expect any body of persons to increase their own responsibility, which is the tendency of these changes, without a little gentle moral constraining from those who sit in judgment upon them. The bearings of their circumstances are all in the opposite direction. We have seen that old and tried friends of the people have shown themselves not quite trusty on these vital questions. The error of the people has been quite on the side of confidence. But these are no subjects for confidence. There will be a time for that hereafter. When elections are free, and representation is entire, and responsibility is complete, then let confidence be exercised

previously, and judgment be pronounced subsequently. He that is not determined (and the expression of such determination is a pledge) to obtain these requisites, is condemned beforehand. 'Let no such man be trusted.' It is trusting away the chance of good government.

There is nothing in these remarks incompatible with the abstract truth and general application of the author's argument; but he has not insisted on the exception, and there are many by whom his reasonings will be misapplied and abused.

The advantages of publicity, and the evils of a very numerous body of representatives, are well exhibited in the fourth and fifth sections.

The author is disposed to regard a rather more mature age than is required in this country as a qualification for a legislator. He ably contends, also, for freedom from the occupation of a trade or profession:

'All experience proves, that a numerous legislative assembly is an evil: the smaller the number of members, if they can do the work, the better; and to obtain this advantage, it is essential that every member should attend during the appointed hours of meeting, and take an active and efficient part in the business. To give any individual the power of absenting himself habitually, occasions the necessity of an addition to the number of members otherwise sufficient. But this is not the most pernicious effect. Unless he is present during the whole of the sittings, he can be no competent judge of the questions which he has to decide; and the chances are, that his vote will do mischief, inasmuch as it must be given in a state of ignorance and misapprehension. Is it in the faintest degree conceivable, that the most gifted individual, after having been exhausted by the labours of a profession, after having had his faculties jaded or perplexed by the intricacies of the law, or by the calculations and anxieties of commerce, can be in a condition of mind fitted to take an adequately cool, keen, and comprehensive survey of a momentous political question, to weigh the evidence, conflicting and multifarious, and to estimate all the circumstances which ought to enter into the determination?

'To have a great number of members who cannot or will not take a fair share of the business of the assembly, merely that they may drop in at the close of a debate, to dispose of questions by an ay or no; questions which they thus cannot be in a proper intellectual condition to decide, seems an expedient to determine that by a mob which ought to be determined by a senate; to fling to chance, or caprice, or prejudice, what ought to be intrusted to careful and mature deliberation. It is no wonder, that under a system admitting of such practices, the constituent bodies have fancied it to be their business to instruct those whom they depute. Such practices, in fact, take away all force from the arguments adduced to show that instructions are inappropriate and injurious.

'If the most thoughtless mind will dwell a few moments on the subject, it cannot fail to perceive both the importance and the difficulty of the task which the legislator undertakes. Its importance needs no illustration. Powerless as government is to create happiness, there is scarcely

a day in our lives, the enjoyments of which are not affected by the acts of the legislative assembly, and which may not be embittered by one of its heedless errors. The difficulty of the task is not less than the importance. Political science is, perhaps, that department of intellectual exertion which requires the greatest powers of mind and the intensest application. Its facts are multifarious and complicated, often anomalous and contradictory, and demanding the guidance of clear principles; its principles are many of them abstruse, and to be developed only by long and close processes of reasoning; and the application of these principles requires the sagacity of quick observation and long experience. The whole business calls for that familiarity of mind with the subject, which can be the result of nothing but habitual, daily devotion to it.

'In making laws, too, not only is there a demand for powers of mind to cope with the disorder and complication of facts, and the abstruseness of reasoning, but there ought to be also a complete mastery of language, that nice and delicate instrument of thought and communication, by the clumsy handling of which, so much confusion and uncertainty is yearly produced in legislative enactments. Every word in a law is of importance; every sentence ought to exhibit that perfectness of expression, which is to be looked for only from the skill and caution of undistracted minds. Well might Bentham observe, that the words of a law ought to be weighed like diamonds.

'Is this, then, a matter to be dealt with by an exhausted professional man, in what should be his hours of recreation? Can such a one be competent to a task, hard enough for the mind which comes to it every day with all its vigour fresh, all its perspicacity undimmed, its spirit of activity unworn, and its feelings of interest unabsorbed? Is the refuse of an individual's time and abilities what a people are to be content with, from a representative to whom they confide the determination of measures in which their prosperity is deeply implicated? Is this sufficient for governing the destinies of a great nation? And why should the electors place such men in parliament? Why should they choose individuals, whose time is avowedly and unavoidably engrossed by private pursuits? And why, above all, should they prefer men so occupied to those who, in a country like this, are everywhere to be found?

'While the current of life flows on smoothly, the interest which each individual has in good government evidently makes little impression on his imagination: it consists, for the most part, of small fractions of benefit scarcely appreciable; of protection from evils, to which, as they are prevented from occurring, he is insensible; of advantages which, to a superficial view, accrue to him only under particular circumstances,—such as redress of wrong, when he has occasion to appeal to the law. Most people are therefore supine and indifferent as to the general course of domestic policy, and especially indifferent as to the intellectual qualifications and conduct of their representatives. Their minds want awakening to the difficulty and importance of sound, and accurate, and systematic legislation. They may rest assured, that in our complicated state of society, it is a business which requires as long and assiduous preparation as any profession which can be named; and as entire devotion to it, when its duties are once undertaken, as the calling of a lawyer or a physician, a merchant or an engineer. One chief reason why there are so many needless, blundering, crude, mischievous, and unintelligible

enactments, is, that men have not dedicated themselves to legislation, as a separate study or profession, but have considered it to be a business which might be played with in their hours of leisure from pursuits requiring intense exertion. Had members of the supreme assembly no other occupation to attend to, we should no longer see the absurd practice of meeting to legislate for the country at those hours, when the vigour and perspicacity and soundness of the mind are at the lowest point. No one who had any acquaintance with the mental and physical constitution of men could expect the best possible laws from nocturnal legislators, already exhausted by the occupations of the day, and frequently obliged to resort to some sort of stimulants to keep up the capacity of attending to what is before them.'—pp. 182—188.

'In carrying such a disqualification into effect (and of the judiciousness of doing it *by law* we would be understood to speak with some diffidence, from a dread of superfluous legislation) the range of selection left to the constituent body would doubtless be narrowed; but it is of little avail to have the power of choosing public servants who have not time to perform their duties; and the range of choice might be expanded again, by the obvious expedient of annexing a salary to the office of representative. In truth, this expedient seems to be required at all events, in order to give the greatest intensity to the motives which impel the mind of the legislator to apply itself to the difficulties of the task, as well as to enhance the vigilance of the constituent body, by teaching them the value of his services, and of their own suffrages, in a way which the dullest amongst them can understand. Under such an arrangement, men of energetic and comprehensive minds, trained to vigorous personal and mental exertion, but who are obliged to devote themselves to pursuits yielding a profitable return, and are consequently at present either excluded from the legislature, or are mere ciphers in it, would be, with all their faculties, at the command of the public. Men of this description, so gifted, and so placed above private cares, would be invaluable: for instead of giving that lazy gentlemanly attention to public questions, which, in their own apprehension at least, is all that can be reasonably expected from unpaid representatives living in luxurious opulence; or that casual, and intermitting, and brief attendance on their duties, which is all that professional practitioners can bestow; they would make their legislative functions the business of their lives. Strenuous intellectual exertion, except in the case of a few extraordinary minds, to which it is a pleasure, as severe corporeal exercise is to a man of great muscular strength, is irksome, and seldom habitually undertaken without a powerful external motive. It is surely policy in a nation to furnish this motive for due application to national affairs.

'To set against these advantages, there appears to be nothing but the expense. On the most liberal calculation, less than half a million sterling would effect the object; and every one must own that this would be mere dust in the balance, when placed against the benefits to be derived from substituting masterly legislation for the deplorable work which has too often passed under that name.'—pp. 192—194.

On the property qualification, the author observes thus:

'A man may be rich one day, and poor another, without any loss of fitness or ability to fill the office of representative: the possession of a specified amount of property cannot always be exactly ascertained, and

the requirement of the law can be so readily evaded by the creation of a fictitious ownership, as to make it a nullity.

'The present qualification for a seat in the British House of Commons is notoriously evaded, and has, probably, never kept half a dozen men out of Parliament since it existed. If any have owed their exclusion to this cause, they have been just such as ought to have been admitted in preference to any other; such as were more scrupulously conscientious than the generality of their species. The regulation has therefore been positively injurious, in regard to any effect which it may have had in sifting one description of men from another; while in attempting that object, it has given rise to perjury, or to something approaching to it, and thus done, what all restrictions which can be successfully evaded inevitably do, lowered public morality. When we first look at this requirement, it appears to have something whimsical on its surface. The legislators who imposed it seem to say to the electors, "We have resolved that we will not suffer you to vote for any candidate, who is not in possession of freehold property worth three hundred pounds per annum. To have a representative in Parliament who had less than this amount of this particular description of property would be highly injurious, and we therefore will not permit him to sit, although you should be imprudent enough to depute him. In other respects, we think you competent to use your own discretion. We, consequently, do not prohibit you from delegating a gambler, a drunkard, a fool, a seducer of innocence, an uneducated, illiterate, or ignorant interloper, a liar, or a swindler. If you can make up your minds to choose representatives of this character, you are at liberty to do so; but we cannot intrust you with the perilous discretion of selecting a poor man, however virtuous or able, nor can we confide to you the dangerous privilege of fixing your choice on a man, however large his income may be, who possesses nothing but such evanescent property as leasehold estates, canals, rail-roads, public funds, manufactories, machinery, and ships. The danger which would arise from your choosing a virtuous and highly-gifted poor man, or the estimable owner of even immense personal property, so infinitely transcends that which would be the consequence of selecting the most abandoned profligate, that, while we permit you to follow your inclination in the latter case, we most rigorously prohibit you from exercising any option in the former." '—pp. 173—175.

'A law, disqualifying men from sitting in the legislative assembly on account of possessing more than a certain amount of property, might be defended on better grounds than that which excludes individuals on account of their indigence. The possessors of extraordinary wealth have, in the first place, little sympathy with the great body of the people. Accustomed to command their gratifications, to have everything presented to them almost as the wish for it rises in their minds, and to view their fellow-creatures as inferior beings, existing to contribute to their enjoyment, it is impossible for them to enter into the pains and pleasures of individuals hourly struggling in the world, some for a bare subsistence, and some for the preservation of their position in society.

'But not only have eminently rich men little sympathy with others, but they are deficient in another point—in habits of intellectual exertion and application to real business. Mental efforts are not made without inducements, and the easy manner in which the rich man's desires are

gratified leaves him bare of motives to overcome the *vis inertiæ* of a luxurious condition. It is by no means needful, however, for the reasons already stated, to exclude by law either the poor or the rich, of any degree, from a seat in the legislature. No very poor man, it may be added, would be chosen in any circumstances, unless he were distinguished by remarkable qualities; and no very rich man would offer himself, under a proper system of representation, unless he were prepared to yield his time and attention to the duties of his office.'—pp. 178, 179.

Section 7, 'On the Duration of the Trust,' shows the advantage of a short fixed term, so as on the one hand to secure the responsibility of the representative to the electors, and on the other, not to disgust the best men by the precariousness or brevity of the service. Three years is estimated as 'the longest period consistent with a salutary sense of accountableness.' The power of dismissal, during that period of service which has been determined on as in itself the best, is shown to be a serious mischief, whether exercised by the constituent body or by the executive.

This allusion is one of a very few to the executive authority. The author has not traced the disturbing influence of different modes of constituting the executive upon the functions and utility of representative government. He has not investigated the problem, whether representative government can long co-exist with an independent, irresponsible, and hereditary executive. Mr. Bentham, we believe, after long trying hard to make out this compatibility, had, for many years before his death, given it up entirely. In all trusts, and charitable or other voluntary associations, the combination of permanent officers with changing committees is found by experience to vest the power, really, in the hands of the permanent functionaries. This is sometimes a serious evil, although not perhaps very often, as the secretaries, or whatever else the permanent functionaries be termed, are probably much better qualified to manage the concerns of such societies, than the committee-men associated with them; as they have usually a paramount interest in the general well-doing of the institution, and are removable for misconduct, or even without specific allegation when they become obnoxious to the members. These mitigations of the evil tendency must be so largely modified, as to reduce them to little worth, when we speak of a permanent national executive. King Log seems the best thing to be hoped for. But King Log is not easy to be had. There are always vermin who will make the block move, and pull or push it on the frogs' heads, till it crushes more than King Stork would have devoured. Even its accidental tumblings may produce all sorts of confusion. It is absurd to reckon on permanent quantities being neutral ones. Their very existence will be potential, for good or for evil. Were the legislative body to appoint the executive, it would still subject itself to some degree of reaction. Where it does not appoint the executive, there must be another influence over it besides that of

the electors; in so far as that influence extends, it ceases to be representative; or rather, it represents the executive at the expense of the nominal constituency. The philosophy of representation cannot be complete without taking the executive into account. It is no reason for passing over this part of the subject, that we may assume a supreme legislative assembly to frame an executive in the wisest manner. We might also assume that it would regulate the publicity of discussion, mode of election, distribution of business, &c., in the wisest manner; yet these matters are considered at length, and properly, inasmuch as their arrangement affects the constitution and functions of a representative government. Much more must the character of the executive. Moreover, it is only in combination with the idea of an hereditary executive that the theory of representation is of any practical use. Only under this modification is it possessed by our own country, or can it be attained by any other country, except through violent revolution. Under this modification, with the addition of a delegation of the executive authority, did it exist in the state governments of America prior to their independence. The mutual checking and influencing of an hereditary executive and an elective legislature must affect the action and the expediency of almost every form and mode of proceeding that can be devised. The question is enough, of itself, for a volume as large as the one before us. We wish we might hope for it from the pen of Mr. Bailey. His introductory chapter, 'On the Progress and Present State of Political Representation,' brief as it is, shows his aptitude for the historical portion of the subject; and there can be no doubt of the skill, clearness, and moral courage with which he would arrange and philosophize on the materials.

The remainder of our analysis must be postponed till next month.

ELUCIDATORY COMMENTS;

Supposed to be from the posthumous Pen of Jeremy Bentham;

ON THE THAUMATURGIC FANTASIE, AFTER HOFFMAN, ENTITLED 'NUTCRACKER;'*

With a right curious Extract, now first published from an original MS.

The psychological subtilties and pictorial phantasmagoria, once so universally prevalent and influential, and still practised with appropriate intellectual aptitude,—more or less, and with sympathy-searching-and-finding effect,—among the Teutonic races; are of a nature, not inherently epileptic, as they continually appear

* Printed in the 'Repository' for January

to be, but very frequently eclectic in their main purpose and tendency, however wild, disjunct, incoherent, (in their external sense and face of things,) and injudicial a frame, conveyance, and baggage of tropes and figures they may ostensibly present to the ordinary, unrarefied and prejudicate mind. Some harm, I think, they may reasonably be expected to do, by leading the ratiocinationary powers an unnecessary dance and dalliance after truth and morality; sometimes following, sometimes in a circuitous perplexity, sometimes inductive of an overshooting of the mark, and always leaving us in a degree of doubt, as contradistinguished from the desired grasp of certitude. They cannot assuredly be designated as mendacity-exciting, not being mendacious in themselves; for a lie is the utterance of a malicious untruth, *i. e.* with intent to deceive and injure; whereas, that external machinery of magical freaks, powers, and illusions, of and by which these tales and fantasies are compounded and dressed forth, contain a palpable self-contradiction to their own assertions, by a self-reductional *argumentum ad absurdum.* Therefore, they are not mendacious—in a proportional degree—nor mendacity-exciting, for the same proportionate reason.

The rare and ingenious specimen now before me, entitled 'Nutcracker,'—and which I doubt not in the least; making every estimate of the present and probable state of mutual knowledge, coincidence, and sympathy between Germany and the British dominions; will, in about twenty years from the date of the period at which I write these remarks, (December 10, 1812,) be well translated, and well understood, if closely studied by appropriate intelligences, in about thirty years more—is a work of almost unbounded suggestiveness. By following or endeavouring to follow all its mazes into their simplicity of end, so as to decipher and expound all their objects and meanings, the human mind into the very depths of metaphysical dykes and labyrinths, or speculations on theological and social science, may—if seriously so disposed—be gradually led. It is a work, unto the production of which the usual complement of five senses seems to have been inadequate. And, consequently, the right understanding of it will require, unless we should be content to minimize the scope and meaning of it, an equal additament of primitive power; for otherwise the drainage of ideas from the ordinary sources would only leave us in the lees of an unproductive fermentation. The present remarks will, therefore, be grounded (if we may so speak of essence, or pure mentality and abstraction) on the fair assumption of equal means of adding, by sundry laborious efforts, not necessary to be here dilated upon, to the ordinary pitch, poise, depth, extent, and spiritualized potentiality of human intelligence, and are intended to form a key to the sixth sense of 'Nutcracker.'

The copy now displayed before me,—in which many of the words are antiquated exceedingly, or very ill-spelt abortions of

superannuated terminologies, and altogether very unlike what the German language (not only in grammatical construction, but in its idiom more particularly) is at present, and indeed has been for many years past,—is, nevertheless, to my own private judgment, a very correct copy from the original manuscript. In it, that is, the copy displayed before me, I discover a multitude of impersonations, each distinguished by what is called 'a name.' And there are also many *things* as well as abstract qualities, whereunto a name, and indeed various names, might very feasibly be appended. Now it seems to me, that to these names, things, and qualities, three distinct classes of identificational terms, (social, theological, and metaphysical,) or one class combining all, (socio-theologico-metaphysical,) may very aptly be applied. It may be the best, and the shortest way, also; for that which is most elaborately accurate is the shortest, inasmuch as it saves the necessity of going over the same ground twice, or, perhaps, a thousand times; to deal with all these four classes (three distinct, and one combinative) carefully separative; and even unsympathetically so, if that be possible; the which latter I consider provocatively dubious.

And first of the social probability. This class may be given in three distinct forms, or nomenclatural identifications with historical characters; past, present, and future, inclusive. I shall confine myself, till a fitting opening and clearance is arrived at, in this primary class, solely to the first form.

Judging then, with the divisional and complicated understanding aforesaid, by his rank and talent in the piece; (entitled Nutcracker;) by his consummate courtliness and gallantry; by his half-sentimental consciousness of amatorial fealty, towards the Princess Pearl-o-price, which should not have been compromised to another, even though he was thrust out of the hope of alliance with the house of * * *; (q. e. d.) by his prominence in the 'kingdom of puppets,' his birthplace being at Tonbridge Wells; his affection for Sugar-candy Place, and his affinity, real and ideal, with the castle of Alicumpane; I cannot do otherwise, in this first form of the primary class, than identify the said Nutcracker, or hero of the fantasie, with his most confectionery and jewel-souled majesty, George IV., *Fidei Defensor, &c.* In the same first form, first class, I shall place 'little Mary,' as the amiable Mrs. Fitzherbert; (being Britannia in the second, social and political, form;) of whom touching her marriage with 'a celebrated and most respected barrister, residing in Bedford Square,' more shall be anon propounded. 'General Punch' is most undoubtedly His Grace of Wellington; the nose and hump being part real, part metaphorical. (q. e. d.) The Princess Pearl-o-price is no less a personage than the Princess Von Halizwhackslauchenhausen; the Queen, her mother, or the pudding-cooker, is the Princess Lieven, as I view her in first form, first class; and the

gourmand pudding-loving king embodies all the Bon-bons, Boorbons, or Bourbons!

Dame Greymouse combines—perhaps somewhat disrespectfully touching her attributes and aims—the ancient snuff-immortalized (being now a spirit) Queen Charlotte, and the present 'venerable Earl of Eldon.' The seven-crowned rat-king is an ill-contrived typification of the Emperor Napoleon, whose 'cratacrack' was broken in the reign of George IV., alias Nutcracker. It is to be remembered that Nutcracker lost *three teeth* in the first attempts; *i. e.* when Mary's brother Frederick (Duke of York, scarce worth mentioning) insisted upon the trial being made.'* The astrologer is, of course, Dr. Southey: who raises his nose towards the planets 'in an angle of 85°.'

The barrister of Bedford Square is the eloquent Sergeant Talfourd; though he may have moved. Mr. Widesight, the philosophical physician, is, probably, Dr. Birkbeck; for he says, 'Well, my love, never mind; keep yourself quiet.' Dr. Smallhorse is myself, (J. B.) as I opine—not done sufficient justice to, yet evidently pointed at in the very first line: 'On a *certain new* year's day, the *children* of Dr. Smallhorse, &c.' Yes: all mankind I look upon as my children. Mr. Pivot, the wonderful mechanician, is Arkwright; but be it ever borne in appropriate intellectual view, that in all the classes and forms wherein this matter is, or shall be, now and heretofore, treated, that this Pivot, the 'commissioner,' is always united, whatever character he may be presented in to the external senses, with certain qualities, sympathies, and powers, not reducible to the laws of ordinary mortality, but intimately, though occultly, associated with the general motive essence of mundane things. The Confectioner is evidently a thaumaturgic tri-unity, not lightly to be dealt with, defined, or even hinted at, in these or any other infinitely suggestive personations and fantasies.

Before proceeding to analyze or identify any of the other forms of the primary class; since such analysis and impersonation might tend in some degree—more or less, according to the idiosyncrasy and general powers of the reader—to confuse and lead astray the inquiring mind; (and it is very certain that every writer, of benevolent aim especially, is bound to make himself as clearly intelligible as possible, by every means of definition, explanation, illustration, and simplexity of language and construction, in his power;) I shall give a short extract from the original manuscript, which extract has been detached, by some means or other, and if not translated by me, will probably—considering all things—be never properly commented upon by anybody else.

* Let us here remark, to facilitate perception, that in the second form of Mary, as Britannia, the rat-king comes to her bedside (opposite Dover Cliffs) and says to her 'Little girl, I must have all your *puppets made of sugar*—cakes, sweetmeats, picture-books, *dolls* and their dresses; or else I will gnaw to death *thy Nutcracker!*'

Extract from Original MS.

'All the nobility and gentry, who were scientifically disposed, attended in the large hall of the Duke of Spheremansdorf's palace to hear Mr. Pivot's speech. It was publicly announced by sound of green-tea canisters throughout the kingdom of puppets. The king in person beat so loud upon his royal canister that all the court cried out with one acclaim, 'Gracious monarch! what a noise he makes!' In truth, the king was merely out of tea, and vacuity hath its advantages.

Meantime were assembled round the great hall, the grave premier of Puppetdom, Lord Snakeskin, in his last new coat, the dandified ambassador, Count Riddlecap Ratifie; the gallant Colonel Cracknel, covered with orders; the learned Burgomaster, Spongecake; and his haunchship, the Baron Von Punchmypaunch just arrived from Bogie-land—accounted a good magician.

Nor was there a dearth of feminine beauty. Nor was this beauty unaccompanied by talent; brilliant as the eyes that gave additional rays to the words springing spontaneous from the mouth, and, through a double-entendre, conveying a treble. But this was the case with some of the he-sex also; for the witty, though unprincipled, Marquis of Tipsycake, was universally allowed to have exceedingly fine eyes—quite bewitching. His income amounted to 7000 red sugar-plums, 200 acidulated drops, *per annum!*

A few only of the names of the assembled ladies may be mentioned. There was the Marchioness of Honeypot, with a long golden spoon slung over her alabaster shoulder; her Fragrance, the Duchess of Overblown, flaring in rouge and diamonds, with a syllabub turban, having a mince-pie, embossed and set in rubies, stuck right in front. She was accompanied by a fair young friend, with a half-mourning shawl stained in spanish-licorice, flung gracefully over one arm. She was no less an angel than the Lillyhood of Lookinglass Vale, whose husband was slain in the Cheesecake wars. Private reasons prevent our giving a further enumeration. The king was taken with a sudden indisposition, and sent an apology, written in high relief, upon a prodigious pancake; and the queen also excused herself from hearing Mr. Pivot's speech, as she was engaged in holding a magnum of aromatic salts to the sovereign Nose!

Meantime all the assembled pomposity, beauty, and talent began to be very impatient; and the murmur incessantly arose, of —'Where *is* this Pivot?' The marquis made puns as fast as possible, and gave great offence to the head professor, S. Beane, of Snapdragon Glen. He would infallibly have been kicked out, had he not, with all his characteristic tact, suddenly drawn forth a handful of red sugar-plums, and scattered it among them;

whereby a tremendous scramble was occasioned, and the professor was overthrown in all the glory of his greediness, and extricated with much difficulty from beneath fifty superincumbent bodies. He was borne out senseless. But probably he was used to it, for he returned in a few minutes as wise as ever!

Nine o'clock, and no Pivot! At half-past ten the lights all burned blue, and everybody said the court mechanician was certainly coming now, to deliver his much-advertised speech. But no: there was no Pivot! What did he mean by keeping them all waiting in this infamous manner? The Marquis of Tipsycake again commenced punning. The head professor retired to the end of the great hall, vacating his chair entirely. The Lillyhood of Lookinglass Vale smiled mellifluously upon the marquis. She had often done so before, not omitting an occasional deep sigh, (in a long parenthesis,) as she caught the glance of his lovely eyes. But it would not do: he still continued his rascally single life.

Eleven o'clock, and no Pivot! 'What is to be thought of this most abominable behaviour?' exclaimed a thousand voices. 'What is to be done?' exclaimed a hundred and fifty voices. 'Let us go,' muttered twenty voices. And out of the three hundred and sixty-five thousand men and women then and there assembled, two dwarfs actually *did* go. They said Mr. Pivot and his speech might just be d———

A sudden wind now wafted through the great hall; low, steady, awful, and prelusive; real to the imagination; to the senses, apocryphal. Excitement and apprehension prevented their feeling how deuced cold it was; it felt like nothing particular, but promised everything uncommon.

The bell of the great cathedral of Puppetdom now tolled twelve, in a style truly ponderous. Well might the whole assembly cry out fearfully at each successive boom. 'Oh, Mr. Pivot! —great Mr. Pivot!—wonderful mechanician, do not get us into a scrape!' As the last blow ceased humming, a rich ideal strain of music swept down in full quire from the darkly vast and lofty arch of the hall, and Mr. Pivot entered in his snuff-coloured coat.

Grave was the face of Pivot at all times. It was now graver than any puppet had ever seen it before. His cheek-bones looked higher than usual, his forehead more pale, his lips more rigid, and his eyes more unintelligible. An exceedingly ugly man was Mr. Pivot always accounted; his face was a map of thought. In his right hand he held a triangle, and he was followed by a whimpering page, carrying an enormous ladle-shaped, long-handled pendulum. It seemed long enough to swing and dip into next year.

'To swing and dip into futurity!' said Mr. Pivot, taking up the combined imaginations of all present. And with these words

he walked into the centre of the hall, and stood immovable amidst a world of silence.

'I am about to be delivered,' said Pivot, after a pause evincing a firmly-governed emotion, 'of a speech on the laws of clock-work; or, an oratorical monologue on the right method of oiling and working the subtlest machinery.'

A loud spasmodic sneeze from Lord Snakeskin, the premier of Puppetdom, and a suppressed groan from his haunchship the Baron Von Punchmypaunch, and the head professor S. Beane, of Snapdragon Glen, as though they had each received a thump in the bread-basket, was all that interrupted a long interval of tremulous silence and anxiety. The serious mechanist thus commenced:—

'A dial was the ancient indicator and measurer of the course of time, here among us things, as the beneficent sun, who patronized the imitation, is the dial of the vast scheme above us. Dialling is the science of marking and counting hours by the shadow of a stile or gnomon; and the *photo-sciatherica* was in common use among the Greeks. A dial is a great elementary simplicity, giving the true solar time; it never goes wrong like a clock.

'The Greeks! the Greeks! why always quote the Greeks? They are as the children of yesterday to my mind; but we must accommodate ourselves a little to custom, when we make a speech in public. In the year of Rome 460, appeared the first dial—an affair of last night; but we must be temperate in our language. Some say dials were invented by Thales; Pliny says it was Anaximenes; others give the merit to the Chaldæan Berosus. They know very little about the matter; I beg pardon for saying so. What though the Hebrew Ahaz, according to the ancient poem, had a hand in a dial some years before Rome was born; 'tis but as the day before yesterday. Mark me, ladies and gentlemen, I distinctly affirm that *I* did not invent them. Their antiquity, give me leave to say, is beyond designation to the present assembly. But the first really scientific work on the subject is by Clavius,—understand him who can: Ozanam and Wolfius are much easier, as the head professor of Snapdragon Glen very well knows, though at this moment he is dipping his beak into a pewter pot at the further end of the hall.'

'Mr. Pivot,' articulated the voice of the head professor, from the further end corner of the hall: 'I was not dipping into the subject according to your inference; but merely to analyze the component parts of that extraordinary malt-hoppo, foamo-fermentaceous panacea of drought, discovered by the Magus Von Meux and Co.'

'Sir,' said Pivot courteously, 'enable me at a future time to beg your pardon. We will not discuss the works of Von Meux at present. With permission, I will continue my discourse.'

'Ages are the legal offspring of the maternal Sum, called addition, as employed in collecting the evidence of seconds, minutes, hours, days, &c. Let us be concise, and speak of hours. Hours were measured in the early periods of the world by drops of water, doing duty in funny-shaped vessels of glass, termed *clepsydræ*. They were found—all in due course; nothing great can be done in a hurry—to be imperfect, by reason of the sympathy of water with weather; so that in the dog-days whole nations were snapped off, according to the announcement of the *clepsydræ*, with too short an allowance of time, owing to a stealthy evaporation. Then came the science of counting by sand, which was placed, strange to say, in modern fashionable stay-and-corset-shaped vessels, (bulgeous above and below, with a mere pipe in the middle for the vital connexions and locomotions of time,) and termed *clepsammia*. Thus through the slow generations of immortal nature do our minds discover, fill, digest, understand, fructify, invent, and communicate; the heart, however, has continued pretty much the same *ab initio*.'

The Marquis of Tipsycake could hold out no longer. 'After that excellent sentiment,' cried he, 'suppose we have a little music? Mr. Pivot, *would* you oblige us with a tune upon the triangle?'

'Sir,' said Pivot calmly, 'your request is quite out of order. The triangle hath but *one* note. However, I will do my best to accord with your symphonious desire, which seems to be set in K flat.' And drawing a key from the wide pocket of his snuff-coloured coat, Mr. Pivot began to beat upon the outside of the triangle.

Immediately, a dreadful discord rushed in abrupt staggering masses of sound from the centre of the lofty arch of the hall, and rumbled about in all directions, while the pavement, with its assembled throng, heaved and lurched like the deck of a ship in a storm. The Marquis of Tipsycake was discovered spinning upon his head with his clothes whisking about, and the red sugar-plums kept pouring in torrents from his pockets, so that one vast crowd of company was separated from the other, as though placed in an Israelitish position, with reference to the host of Pharaoh. Oh, heavens! how the head professor, S. Beane, eyed the sugar-plums!

Mr. Pivot ceased. The discord above ceased also, and merged into a grand and solemn strain, that wheeled in stately harmony across the lofty vault, and died away in Alpine quires and spiritual reverberations from distant realms of air.

The Marquis of Tipsycake was found standing again upon his legs, neither more nor less a fool than he was before. Mr. Pivot returned the key to his coat pocket, and calmly thus resumed:—

'Learned men, knowing but little of the matter, have written voluminously on the science of clocks, or *horologriaphy*. The

great Bagwig declares clocks to have been first invented by a celebrated ecclesiastic of Verona, who wore an almond shell set upright upon his sconce, and carried a large nutting-hook. The erudite virtuoso, Archpigtail, ascribes their origin to Boethius, for which treatise he received a challenge from Professor Duckgun, who insisted that Galileo was the man. Archpigtail was shot, of course; but they were both wrong. They would have been much nearer the mark—understand me, I do not directly affirm that *I* invented them—had they given the merit of the invention to Archimedes, who was a near relation of mine, and as excellent a wheel-and-pin, line-and-weight gentleman, as ever made a motion in the lower house. Who shall gainsay the antiquity of water-clocks? who trace them down accurately, through all the gradations of metals, movements, capacities, and shapes, even to the wooden Dutch and the pasteboard French? I pause for a reply. Where is the head professor of the Glen? Is he still poring over the works of Von Meux, and swallowing all he finds? Such is his thirst for knowledge!—no matter. In Faderland, I have the pleasure to inform you, clocks were first brought into general and high-finished utility, or critical accuracy of expression. Taking this fact as our datum, we might easily trace the matter back into the oriental nations, with whom we claim a nearer relationship than is at all supposed, or can be inferred, merely from the undoubted resemblance of the German language with the ancient Persic.* And yet Pancirollus says, that clocks are a mere modern invention! I wish to triangle, that Pancirollus would mind *what* he says! Is it because a gentleman named Trochilick, a wheelwright, invented sundry varieties, that we are to consider the original and the primitive as of modern discovery? Perish the thought! But enough, my worthy puppets, of these learned opinions and disquisitions; for know me thus far at least, that I draw my knowledge from much deeper sources; from founts that have their origin in elemental essence; from mines that run veining through moral nature's profound invisibilities; from principles as old as Chaos, but clear as the starry quire that looked down upon the sublime shadows of its pregnant disorder.'

Mr. Pivot here made a long pause, to give the company time or digestion. 'Who *is* this Pivot?' asked the ambassadors from foreign courts. 'A very extraordinary sort of man is Mr. Pivot,' murmured a great many voices. Count Riddlecap Ratafie opened his snuff-box. He closed it, after a while, without extracting a single pinch, exclaiming, 'What manner of Pivot is this?' The head professor, S. Beane, had by this time procured a telescope, which he alternately applied to his eye, and his left ear; so scientific was his disposition, and so anxious was he at all times to understand men of genius rightly. Our Pivot thus proceeded, commencing with a deep sigh:—

* Vide Lipsii Epist. ad Belgas.

'When man arrives at the age of thirty years, he begins to talk to himself. He delivers a very serious course of lectures to his own soul when he is alone. He says in a melancholy and impressive tone, addressing himself by name, "Who are you?" This is difficult to answer in any satisfactory manner. "*What* are you?" No feasible reply occurs. He then tries the equivocal interrogative, "Are you not a serious noodle?" At this a voice within leaps up as from a conjuror's box, with "*That* you are; and I'll *prove* it!" That will do, that will do, Mr. Essence; I am quite convinced about my pomatum. What am I with my five senses? I am nothing less than a hoax-podge!'

'In this fashion, is a man liable to talk to himself after he is turned thirty; so that if a greater fool than himself should chance to overhear him, the corporal would fancy himself a general, and declare the captain to be mad. But even thus, a man may soliloquizes as he advances upon his meridian, whether he be walking in a neat garden, in a wild forest, or sitting by the fire. He is apt to parley in the same style, at various hours of the night when in bed; and he often inflicts a bodily penance by kicking off the clothes, followed by hurling his night-cap; that hang-dog insignia of the chord of the sharp seventh; right across the room, and looking fixedly up at the ceiling in a very peculiar manner. The fact is, he is not satisfied with himself at all; nor entirely so with his dear friends: he is not quite contented (perhaps this is only reasonable) with his condition; he hates his acquaintance as so many duns, and he despises the world for a vicious scoundrel and an ignoramus!

Several voices were now heard to whisper 'Here's a pretty speech for a court mechanician?' But Mr. Pivot continued; his abstraction deepening till he seemed to realize the solitary monologue he was describing.

'Pleasant it is in the single life of man, to sit and doze by the winter's fire after dinner, as the shades of night advance. But gradually the somnolency becometh a magnetic form of animal being, and he dealeth with the future as surely as with the past. Sometimes he is startled by portentous sounds, and deeply impressed by wondrous insignia. It reminds him in a very touching manner of "Cunningham's Dissertation on the Seals and Trumpets of the Apocalypse." Sometimes he rolls on in redundant joyousness, amidst all manner of ideal possessions; and suddenly, perhaps, he is arrested by the dire sense of the practical.* He gradually comes to a conviction of his earthly condition, and all the past trials of his humanity. He beholds the kettle on the hob, and listens to the low guttural murmurs of its exhausted circulation. He apostrophizes the fire-irons, the fender; but chiefly certain faces *in* the fire. His peroration is

* Vide Beaumanoir and Thaumassier, on the Assizes of Jerusalem, from a MS. by Le Comte de Japhe et d'Ascalon, Bibliothèque Vaticane.

made exclusively to the ashes. It is all over with him. Is it a cinder that I see before me; the shovel towards my hand? Of this fact, there is a fate-tempting proof. Come, *let* me clutch thee? I have thee not, which is a very cruel case; but yet, melancholy to relate, I see thee still! This is tantalizing and extraordinary. Art thou not, *fatal vision*, sensible to feeling as to sight? a question not to be asked; or wert thou but a sweet dream of the mind of Pivot and all his race, turning to cinders, ashes, and lost dust, when they would feel thy fires? Ah, there's the rub! The French translate this by *Voilà la difficulté;* but we are not always so wise as we think, in laughing at the French. All this is *entre nous*—my ghost and I—and, perhaps, oblivion is a better judge of the case than either of the parties concerned. We can proceed no further in this business!'

A murmur ran through the hall as Mr. Pivot paused, 'Pivot has lost himself! it is all over with his speech!' exclaimed several voices. 'Let us stone him to death, before he recovers himself!' shouted the head professor of the Snapdragons; 'Let us cut, maim, crucify, burn, and spiphlicate the sumph, for his family name is mentioned with some respect in the "Exposition of the False Medium!" All such men, and even the shadows of them, who gabble about genius, should be sunk for ever; I swear it by Von Meux and Co. Down with that shadow of a Pivot!'

Before any one could echo the unprincipled shout, Mr. Pivot lifted up his head quite recovered from his reverie. 'I humbly beg pardon' said he, 'of all the lady and gentlemen puppets here assembled, for having indulged at too great length, not merely in a particular vein; for it was a general—a class I may say; but one that I feel bound to confess was not universal; and that is why I apologize. But to return to my oration, for the once joyous nymphs and beatified muses cry aloud to me from their desecrated abodes! I hear their voices on the winds—I see their forms in the air—I obey their injunctions!'

'Is there any end to it?' asked Count Riddlecap Ratafie. 'There is no end,' answered Lord Snakeskin; 'nothing can stop the human tongue. Talking is hereditary.' Mr. Pivot resumed.

'Nature is one large clock; and every individual thing *in* nature is in itself a little clock. In every little clock, there are clocks, *ad infinitum*. The little clocks are as perfect, according to their class, and the duties they have to perform, as the great one: for they all go upon the same principle, and are of similar construction, with the exception of the main-spring. With respect to the main-spring, or *primum mobile*, I shall be silent. The subject cannot be adapted to the understanding of puppets. Let us confine ourselves to a just consideration of the mechanism of small clocks. I need scarcely inform you that they are filled with springs, chains, and wheels. Some of these wheels have "teeth," simply as such; others "fangs;" others are circled with

what we call "leaves." Now, when a tooth escapes by the revolution of the wheel it belongs to, and the next tooth pops into the socket—one wheel thus moving another—we say the clock "goes," and when this does not happen, the clock "stops." If no repairing or winding will cause it to go again, then the thing is what you call "dead." I shall not delay the time by delivering a treatise on the pendulum; though it is a noble subject: nor on the great and little wheels,—not even the balance-wheel; nor on the springs—not even the hair-spring—difficult as it is to repair. The energies, movements, vibrations, and vibratiuncles, (or god-papas,) you must of necessity take for granted, or what business have you here? You think, therefore you must be something. You feel, you walk, talk, eat; in short you possess five senses, and you use them, for better or for worse; therefore you *are*.* Now then I am coming to the point.'

Here the whole assembly set up a great shout, 'Mr. Pivot is coming to the point.' 'Old Pivot is coming to the point!' The mechanist cast an inspired look upwards, and thus proceeded.

'Oh Nympharum domos! oh sedes Musarum! oh loca literatis apta secessibus!—ea mehercle (ut paulo ante dixi) lugere nunc videntur et operam cultumque Christianorum requirere. Sed multo magis ipsa Constantinopolis—vel tota potius Græcia: quæ quondam florentissima, *nunc* indigna premitur servitute!† A little ornamental rhetoric is not more requisite to the popular success of a speech, than a warm corner, a clean face, and a little oil, are to the proper goings on of every clock in nature. I will not permit you to deceive yourselves; and do not attempt to deceive me, for I will not have it!'

A murmur passed through all the assembled nobility at these words. 'A deuced odd sort of person is this Mr. Pivot!' muttered some of them: 'Here's a pretty fellow for a clock-mender!' exclaimed others: 'Oh! that precious Pivot!' murmured Lord Snakeskin: '*This* is no court mechanist!' ejaculated the ambassadors, indignantly. 'Long live old Pivot!' shouted thousands of voices from the outskirts of the great hall.

'I *do* belong to a court,' pursued Mr. Pivot; 'I am a respectable man, in the real, moral sense of the word, and a Commissioner. I say that clocks are made to go in oil, and not to stand still in rust. I say that they are very curious and intelligent machines, and that their makers are not properly respected if their wants are neglected, and their bodies treated like dirt, so that they lose, in consequence, all their prime faculties. I say, and I speak as a mechanist, that if they are not wound up at proper intervals, which is their feeding-time, and kept warm and dry, by being set in proper places, they either will not go at all, or worse—go wrong! Who shall gainsay these simple facts? No one? Then none have I offended. I would demand a reply from the head professor of

* Des Cartes, Metaph. Meditat. † Vide Busbequius, Trav.

the Snapdragons; but that I perceive he has imbrued himself in Von Meux, as he would fain do in the very main-spring oil of his betters, till he is compelled to measure his length supine beneath yonder bench, with his eyes staring stultified, and his mouth open with a half-uttered curse, that has stuck, like the crossing out of his last claim to humanity! Surely it cannot be requisite that a third Samson should come among you, when the second has already shown the principles of clock-work action; or that another humane philosopher, like Dr. Shetland, should rise up to set you in order?* Who has so good a claim to the consideration of the time, as the clocks that work incessantly to illustrate the progress of hours, chiming, and striking, *secundum artem*, and playing tunes, and imitating all sorts of tongues of birds, and puppets, besides giving sometimes a very curious scenic action of men knocking down bullocks, soldiers walking on sentry, and kings and queens eating cake, at a slice a minute? Even if clocks were *not* useful, they would be entitled to great care and praise, for the sake of the industrious example they display to all the world! Rust is the bane of clocks and men. Set them once going *fairly*, and keep them in proper order, and they are invaluable. Rust is occasioned by atmospheric action upon an inactive body, and soon renders it incapable of action. Without friction a body will rust; but excess of friction without oil, occasions fire. Pour forth then your oil, oh ye of little faith and charity! pour forth your oil in sufficient quantities upon your clocks, and in due season; and continue to do the same so long as they and you hold together, or they must inevitably talk beyond measure, play no tunes, strike at random, tumble about your insane ears, and never get back into their serviceable places, or work any more to please you!'

Note.—It is not without some regret, which should also be accompanied with some apology, that we confess ourselves not to be in possession of any more of the original MS., either of the Comments by the jurisprudential philanthropist, or of the additional matter of 'Nutcracker.' How far the readers of the 'Repository,' so many of whom have instituted inquiries concerning the latent meaning of the said 'high German' Fantasy, may be satisfied with the commentator's elucidation of the 'first form of the first class,' is more than we can venture to conjecture. But what sensible impression the other forms of the first class—and finally, all the forms of all the classes—would produce, *who* can conjecture! We once had the presumption ourselves, to contemplate an apocryphal completion of the above Extract, as also of the Comments; but a serious review of the innumerable difficulties, dilemmas, intricacies, and doubts, made us bow and retire from the endless task. The only excuse we have to offer, for even thinking of such a thing, was the persevering exhortation of an erudite friend, who informed us that he had indistinctly seen the form of a divine old man, with grey hair, upon whom the light from a painted window streamed down in quiet splendour of repose,

* Myself J. B. alias Dr. Smallhorse, evidently pointed at; herein done some degree of justice to Jeremy Bentham.

while he sat playing upon an organ. Whether it was the form of Bentham, or Milton, he could not say; but he would be upon his oath, that the air the divine old man was wandering over, was that sublime Mass by Mozart, which comes after his old-fashioned one in *See* major, commencing with 'Nolo Episcopari!' If my own affidavit will add anything to the validity of that of my erudite friend, I am sure I have not the slightest objection to make it at Marlborough-street, soliciting his worship's, at the same time, to the same effect.

The Author of the Exposition of the False Medium, &c.

ON A HAWTHORN IN BLOOM.

O HAWTHORN tree, I joy to see
Thy bloom across the daisied lea;
Dear hawthorn tree, thou bring'st to me
Tidings of hours 'tis bliss to see!
Thy milk-white glow, itself a show,
All rich with Evening's ruddy glow,
Is yet more gay in fancy's ray,
Shed from the past world's sunset day.

A nameless* line of bards divine,
Whose life has left on earth no sign,
Yet who could reign o'er thought's domain,
And touch all springs of pride and pain,
In harpings old their dreams have told
Of ladies bright and lovers bold;—
But still between each tender scene
Came milk-white thorn or hazel green.

In what lone grove met Beauty Love,
But aye the hawthorn green'd above?
Heard what shy vale the shepherd's tale,
But hawthorn-sweets perfumed the gale?
In Auburn's bard we still regard
That note of strings that never jarr'd—
The seats outlaid in hawthorn shade,
For whispering swain and listening maid.

In hawthorn screen they met unseen,
Margaret and Cranstoun's knight, I ween;
In hawthorn bower a ploughman's power
Has pictur'd earth's most raptur'd hour:
And oh, poor Burns! thou tried'st by turns
Rapture's and pain's untemper'd urns;—
The green thorn grew, the sweet thorn blew,
Where thou and Mary sobb'd 'Adieu!'

* The Ballad-writers.

Voice of deep song, how fondly long
Time's echoes keep thy sounds from wrong!
Glen, heath, and hill, through Scotland still,
Thy floating murmurs haunt and fill:
Past hearts still speak, exult or break,
Still blooms and glows the faded cheek;
While thorns, once gay with flower and spray,
Embalm dead loves at gloaming day.

Thrice welcome be to hope and me,
All that gives life its poesy—
All that gives youth its trust and truth,
Its soaring glow, its softening ruth!
I bless the strain that fills the swain
With nobler things than lust of gain,
And (oh, yet more!) sheds pure light o'er
The sacred passions of the poor.

May the time come, though o'er my tomb,
When song shall be the hawthorn-bloom,
Which south and north, o'er wakening earth,
Sheds fragrancy and freshness forth;—
When all around rills of sweet sound
Attune the winds and bathe the ground,—
And, child or sire, which least shall tire
Of listening to the cottage-lyre!

J.

Crediton.

RICH AND POOR.

It is the established law of society that the poor man shall have nothing but that for which he gives his labour, and the rich man everything for which he gives his money. Machinery is very fast superseding human labour in general; and monopoly is accumulating masses of exclusive wealth: thus the rich and the poor are advancing to a point at which a reaction must occur.

Nature, like an indulgent mother, gave humankind vigour, which led to labour; and ingenuity, which led to art: for the employment of these powers she has everywhere profusely spread the materials of which wealth is made. Even a cursory glance at the vast hoards which she has for this purpose supplied, astonishes the mind! The sea, the soil, the deep mine, and the broad mountain, the forest, and the field, all cry aloud, 'We teem.' Impelled by natural wants and inherent energies, man has made the giant oak bow beneath his arm; he has rent the rock, and torn its costly secret from its bosom; he has traversed unfathomed seas, turned desert soils, and scattered harvest gold over the fallow fields of the wilderness. But nature, thus indulgent to our physical wants, has been less prodigal in aid of our

moral ones. She has furnished us with energies, with stimulating appetites for calling those energies into action, and with variety of matter for them to act on. But for the supply of our *moral* wants,—for the principle *on* which, the method *by* which that supply may best be made,—comparatively few and feeble have been the attempts at discovery or application. Everywhere man has been the dupe of wealth, nowhere the disciple of happiness. He has accumulated riches till they have produced poverty,—a paradox which only the present bitter experience of society could have suggested. Where shall we seek the cause of all this? In the fact that the creation of wealth has been pursued as an *end*, not as a *means*, and individual riches preferred to universal prosperity. This is the real Pandora, which, when it came upon the world, let the ills before

> 'Confined,
> Burst furious out, and poison all the wind;
> From point to point, from pole to pole, they flew,
> Spread as they went, and in their progress grew.'

The love of property has usurped the place of the love of human nature: art is valued more than the artisan, trade than the trader. In statistical inquiries, it is *produce*, not *producers*, that concentrates attention; if the former be great, the political economist is satisfied; he pronounces the country so distinguished to be in a high state of prosperity; the human feelings, faculties, and frames, that have been tortured by privation, and abridged of their fair proportion of enjoyment and of life, are not even casually glanced at; and while he exults with pride and pleasure over wealth, which is the work of man, man himself, the work of God, is regarded as the mere tool, fit only to be worn out upon the production of wealth, which is carefully stored in well-appointed warehouses, while the wealth-producers are cast at random on the waste of chance charity, or churlishly admitted to ill-constructed work-houses.

The division of labour, and all the other principles of the science of political economy, have aimed at the increase of wealth, and the aim has been accomplished; but the practical morality, that ought to make a primary part of this and every science, is left out of view. Where have we plan or principle for the increase or security of *happiness*, though to seek happiness be the inherent and inextinguishable master-motive of every human breast—leading naturally to the exercise of every virtue, but under existing circumstances to every vice? God is continually replenishing the world with beings endowed for enjoyment, and animated by the desire to obtain it; while man is multiplying circumstances that place all the qualifications and cravings under an impious interdiction.

The love of property produced the fratricidal law of primoge-

niture, which parts those whom God had joined, bids brother stand opposed to brother, and, by creating discord and division in families, brings the severest curse of life upon them. I knew three sisters, co-heiresses to a not very considerable property: even in their very childhood, I have heard those girls deprecate the event of their having a brother, because, said they, '*He* would take ALL.' Here is an evidence of the preference of dead dross to living love; the consequences flowing from such preference may easily be calculated. Children are essentially better legislators than men. I never knew a question as to the division of anything put to children, that they did not promptly decide upon an *equal* division; justice is obvious, and their fresh minds immediately perceive it, unless where they have been corrupted by a system of preference and injustice adopted towards themselves. I remember hearing a woman say to some children, regarding the crumbs of a plum-cake which they had been eating, 'It was *Harriet's* cake, so *she* ought to have the crumbs.' It is this adult interference that makes the crumbs of charity so scanty, that even the permission to pick them up from under the rich man's table is accorded as a boon, and received as a privilege. The love of property has produced everywhere a system of plunder, which actuates alike the governing and the governed, till society has become little else than a habit of polite pillage, carried on with bows, and curtseys, and counterfeited complacency.

As soon as the secret of making wealth became known, Appropriation, like a sordid stepmother, appeared; she accumulated into masses that which ought to have been diffused like the fertilizing dew and the invigorating sunshine. Partiality she made her prime minister, by whom favourites have been elected, and they get much for doing nothing, at the expense of those who get next to nothing for doing a great deal. Society is divided into the idle and the industrious; alas! there is a division yet more invidious,—those who enjoy everything and do nothing, and those who want everything, even the work which they would willingly do to keep life and soul together; to be willing and able to work is *now* not enough; the mere privilege to labour must be purchased by interest and favour. Sloth and superabundance have made the former class wanton; exercise and necessity have made the latter ingenious: the one has contracted a vicious appetite for variety; the other exists under an unfortunate obligation to administer to that appetite. Labour and invention, from the honourable office of supplying the necessaries, comforts, and embellishments of life, are debased to the task of devising luxuries and emblazonments. Trinkets for the vain, toys for the weak, and things yet worse for the vile, degraded industry is compelled to produce, or be *quite* starved, as it is now *half*-starved. An insane waste of the best powers of one portion of the human kind

is made to create and keep alive the worst propensities of another portion of the same species. There is in all things an equitable reaction ever in operation, and injustice on one side makes injury contingent on the other: thus the debasement of the poor reacts to the degradation of the rich. The pale victim of an unhealthy trade, (a crying evil, which, when men feel and think properly, will cease to exist; for there is no real necessity for *such* trades—they are ever in the pay of some of the artificial wants of enervating luxury,)—the pale victim of an unhealthy trade labours for some pale victim of indulgence: the toiler is surrounded by children squalid and listless, or desperate and vicious through want; the idler, by children feeble and effeminate, or, perhaps, equally desperate and vicious through excess. In the home of the one every feeling and faculty is stunted or stimulated, paralysed or provoked, according to the strength with which nature has furnished its inmates to endure or defy the injuries of fortune: in the home of the other all is abundance, or rather superabundance, with all the toys and contrivances which supersede the exercise of intellect, disturb judgment, distract attention, excite the passions,—in fact, with all the moral impoverishment that excess of money often produces. The young victims of want, and the young victims of wealth, alike, at their destined hour, swarm into the fields of life. There they necessarily encounter each other: they are naturally brethren, but politically foes, and conflict is the consequence, sometimes open, oftener covert. Their pursuits are severally, it might be said mutually, pleasure and pillage—for these are frequently convertible terms—the pleasures of the libertine and the gambler surely deserve no better name than the pillage of the pander and the pickpocket. Deceit and credulity, artifice and indolence, are all upon the scene; and the strange transitions inevitably attendant on such a state of things (which, under the denomination of 'the hope of rising, and the fear of falling,' is held to be so admirable) necessarily occur. The poor man's son springs, by some means or other, into wealth and power; the rich man's son sinks into want and infamy. For the civil war of life the former is often better educated than the latter; is frequently possessed of energies unknown to the supine inheritor of fortune. The pupil of poverty has often craft, where the disciple of wealth has only credulity, and credulity of the worst kind—that of erroneously believing himself to be a very superior creature. Thus the one will be subtle and servile, where the other will be vain and haughty. The first fights for all that makes life desirable; the second only seeks something to render it endurable; the one is starving, the other surfeited; the one is fierce and self-dependent, the other effeminate, and dependent on the services of others. What, in the long run, as is familiarly said, must be the issue of such arrangements? That which exists —wretchedness. The rich are almost as remote from happiness

as the poor;—for where there is uncertainty there must be fear and solicitude; and where *they* are, happiness cannot be.

Luxury and misery have now, it might be imagined, reached their extreme points, and St. James's and St. Giles's are as complete antipodes as it is possible for them to be; but the universal impression made by these revolting and unnecessary contrasts bears a new character from *one* important circumstance, which is, the general disposition to look into the *constituents of human nature*—the general disposition to perceive that physical wants, moral affections, and mental capacity, have equal claims to satisfaction, enjoyment, and exercise in *every* class; and that, as regards these, if there be not, and perhaps never will be, the *equality* which an extreme philanthropy proclaims, there is no such *inequality* as conventional rule pretends.

Men are now weighed by another standard than they were of old, when the husbandman and the artisan were held to be, by divine decree, little better than beasts of burthen, and monarchs and nobles were deemed, by divine right, something more than demigods. The slow but sure progress of time, has accumulated evidence that strikes even purblind prejudice. When the observer looks around for beauty, where does he find it? Only among the privileged in courts and cities? Does the anatomist perceive a fine organization to be exclusively confined to the wealthier classes? Does the moralist discover the virtues and affections only in the circles and homes of opulence? No, no. However long the present gross and unequal division of the goods of life may continue, they will *never* again be held as right or necessary. The people are rising in the moral scale, and, to preserve anything like the ancient order of things, their conventional superiors must rise in proportion; but they have too long been satisfied with a factitious elevation to have much power or disposition to attempt taking a real one; and if they did, as nature, when given fair play, is no respecter of persons, they could not secure being the fleetest in the race or the strongest in the battle. Also vain, weak, and fatal, will be all attempts to *repress* those who are resolved to rise—as the weight of pressure, so will be the force of resistance; and woe to the instrument of such attempts—the boiler is the first sacrifice to an explosion.

The holder of power is too often like an intoxicated man; as insensible of impending danger as of reason or justice, he does not see that his own true interest consorts with both, and that he had better concede like a relenting brother than be conquered like a reluctant brigand. So inebriated has power become, that it has ceased to make oblations at the shrine of hospitality, which once prompted the wealthy, on occasions, to cast wide the castle gates; to people the ancient hall with guests of all degrees, who in the generous revel forgot griefs and forgave injuries. Now absenteeism proclaims the sympathy which the rich and titled

entertain for their suffering fellow-countrypeople: the former are perhaps in the predicament of Curran's aunt, whom he described as holding the petitions of the poor with one hand, wiping her eyes with the other, and not having a third to put into her pocket; of course the objects of her commiseration went unrelieved.

Printing, the great agent of the diffusion of knowledge, has truly been the poor man's friend; it has come on like a steam-vessel, running down all the petty craft that opposed its way. But there is a power greater than this, of which this is only one of the engines; that power is education. Education is the only equalizer: as far as human kind *can* be equalized, THAT will do it. It is a universal interest—let it be a universal aim.

M. L. G.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

Taxes on Knowledge.—The coincidence of the revival of this subject, (which had been drifting towards oblivion,) with the reinstatement of the Melbourne ministry, is fortunate. There is a pithy article upon it in the 'Edinburgh Review,' ascribed to the pen of Lord Brougham; by whom, also, a petition has been presented from a number of respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the city of London, and whose advocacy of the repeal of the stamp duties may, from these symptoms, in addition to his valuable evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons given just at the close of the last Session, be confidently anticipated. In other and less conspicuous quarters there exists a determination which renders the ultimate result certain, and by which it may, perhaps, be materially accelerated. It is not a subject on which any loud and general outcry is likely to be raised; but it is one on which most intelligent and truly patriotic persons feel strongly; and a decided loss of character was incurred by the Whig administration from the manner in which it was disposed of during their four years of office. They have now an opportunity for retrieving themselves, the neglect of which will be most unpardonable. For obvious reasons the present daily press is cold or hostile towards the repeal; but in the popular press, which would be created by the repeal, the agents of good government would find such a support as effectually to raise them above the machinations of interested faction.

One most important portion of the good which would eventually be realized by the repeal of the duties is hinted at in the petition and in the article referred to, but it has scarcely yet been fully developed; we mean the effect of cheap newspapers in advancing the general intelligence, and raising the mental condition of the most numerous class. They would soon become not only the reporters of political and legal transactions, and the organs of

political parties or principles, but vehicles of instruction by which men of superior minds would put themselves into familiar communication with the public. What can be more paltry or more venal than the attempts at literary or artistical criticism which appear even in the most complete newspapers produced under the present tax-created monopoly? The weekly press is, in this respect, immeasurably superior to the daily. A Free Press would soon far surpass both. The printing machine will not occupy its proper sphere until, by its means, the active and informed intelligence of the country be brought into frequent communication with the great mass of the people. This is its mission; long undiscovered, and still vexatiously impeded, but certain to be eventually realized. The efforts made, and contemplated, on this subject, are not a mere struggle for relief from fiscal oppression, nor for the promotion of a class interest; they emanate from an enlightened philanthropy, which should, unless the end be promptly attained, secure for them a much more extensive support than they have hitherto received.

Tomkins and Jenkins.—Our readers cannot, thanks to the newspapers, have missed the pith of the pamphlets, under these names, from the pen of Lord Brougham, who sustains in the one the character of an upper middle-class man, and in the other that of a lower middle-class man, and in both serves out the aristocracy, first for their manners, and then for their politics. His Lordship boasted, at a recent meeting of some literary institution, of the multitudinous productions of his pen which had deluged the country without his being suspected of the authorship. However that may be, he is at present pretty conspicuous as a writer. Besides the above pamphlets, the present month brings us, as we learn on the authority of a satellite, who doubtless is informed, (for his Lordship has sundry persons blowing penny trumpets, besides the big trumpet which only his own mouth can blast,) the six political articles of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and, according to advertisement, there is forthcoming a demolition of atheism, in the shape of 'Notes and an Introductory Essay to Paley's Natural Theology.' At this rate he will soon have a larger library of his own than Cobbett. He certainly is a grand fellow. It is pity he cannot get back into the House of Commons. Out of office there, he would be a rare watch-dog on a Whig ministry. How he would make 'the little lambs cry Baa,' and the old sheep scamper! Then, turning round to the proper adversary, what a peal he would ring on Peel! The benches, there, would not be vacated when he rose to speak. But there is no help; he is a lord now, and a lord he must remain. We hope he will be speaker, and in the cabinet, and put the finishing stroke to the Taxes on Knowledge. Out of themselves, the people may look far for a better friend, after all. He does know something about them.

The revived Administration.—The Melbourne ministry is in again. The wheel has rolled round rapidly. In six short months the Tory bubble has swelled, broken, and burst. 'As you were, gentlemen.' There is a sort of poetical justice in the restoration (with slight exceptions and some change of office) of the very men who were so unceremoniously dismissed. It tends more to show the nothingness to which *the faction* is reduced, than would the formation of a government with more of novelty in its construction. The whole affair is thereby rendered more obviously like the vain vision that it was.

While, however, this is well as regards the Tories, it may be questioned whether it be equally well as regards the Whigs. There would have been some propriety in the introduction of two or three names which would have served as pledges to the country that the more vigorous reform policy, rendered necessary by recent experience, would certainly be pursued. We will not assume that there is, or can be, any indecision. We cannot suppose such infirmity of purpose, such blindness to all that has occurred. We hope for much from the present Government, for as much as can be done by any Government in the present circumstances of the country. We rejoice to see Sir Henry Parnell's name amongst them. But we must confess that we think there would have been wisdom in a bolder game, and in at once winning Ireland by offering O'Connell some office fit for his acceptance. It would have been a great act of policy and of justice. The fact has long been demonstrated that only through him can Ireland be governed, and why should not the government be carried on through him in an avowed, legitimate, and manly way? It is nonsense to talk about difficulties, for, if court difficulties are still to be final and fatal, the Melbourne Administration may immediately begin to dig for itself another grave, from which it will never have another resurrection.

We presume care has been taken about the Peers, and that the premier holds *carte blanche*. Without this, he cannot stir a step. And now we bid him God speed for the trial which was before refused. He has only to hold an honest straightforward course, and he will have all the reformers of Great Britain at his back. The days of concession and conciliation are gone by. There must be no dalliance with the enemy. The constitution of the ministry is somewhat too aristocratic; that of its measures must be entirely such as the country desires. Its doom will else be soon sealed.

Lord John Russell's Address.—There is an incorrigible tendency to whiggish absurdity in Lord John, which cannot fail, before long, to smash him as a politician. Who else could have thought, under the circumstances of his appeal to his constituents, of a declaration against further organic reforms? The generosity of the Radicals has happily averted the mischief of this very ill-timed manifestation, the folly of which can only be exceeded by that of the famous Wellington declaration against reform alto-

gether. There *must* be further organic changes. It is evident that nothing else can secure to the people the promised advantages of the Reform Bill. There will be no permanent Government till such changes are accomplished. The ministry, of which his lordship is a prominent member, could not have been restored to office, and cannot hold office a month, but by the hearty support of that large body of reformers which is pledged to those changes. And what says his lordship of them? 'Even were the changes meditated useful in themselves, I am of opinion that the public mind, and the public energies, will be far better occupied in considering and urging practical improvements, than in *squaring our ancient institutions to abstract theory, or suiting them to foreign example.*' And are we to be sickened with such twaddle as this from the future leader of the House of Commons? 'Abstract theory!' 'foreign example!' Why Sir Robert Peel himself could not have written the words without laughing in his sleeve. What is the old story of the balance but an 'abstract theory;' very much abstracted from all truth and practicalness? What is Lord John's notion of reformed corporations but an abstract theory, seeing it has never yet existed? Or, if he avoid that character by talking of 'the principle of free election known to our ancient laws,' why that is the very principle which the Radicals say is but imperfectly 'established by the Reform Act,' and which they would efficiently establish by the ballot and triennial parliaments. There is plenty of home 'example' for both, as Lord John may learn from his club and his library. Were there not, the silly sneer would be not the less inexcusable. It is levelled, we suppose, at the United States, where our 'ancient institutions' have been 'squared to abstract theory' with some advantage, the theory being thereby rendered no longer abstract, and the example not at all foreign to the purposes of good government. Would that Lord John would square his wits by the 'foreign example' of some of the Transatlantic statesmen, and not spot the character of a great national movement by such pettinesses!

Notwithstanding this bit of wet blanket, the reformers must carry the South Devon election triumphantly, or they will disgrace themselves and their cause. An excellent spirit has been shown hitherto in the ministerial re-elections, and one which augurs well for the good fight against Toryism. The people are never wanting to their leaders when those leaders do their duty.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Elliott's Poems. Vol. III.

Our opinion of Ebenezer Elliott has been so distinctly and fully expressed, originally in the 'Repository,' and more recently elsewhere, that we shall merely now mention the appearance of this volume, and recommend its immediate possession to our readers. We presume the 'Poet of the Poor' to have been made free of their libraries, of their clubs, of their institutes; and only take on ourselves to announce a fresh visit from him. Yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them a foretaste of his coming. We shall give specimens of several kinds. How rational and manly is the piety of the following hymn:—

'FOREST WORSHIP.

Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

'High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them
The lark still warbles flying.

'The preacher prays, "Lord bless us!"
"Lord bless us!" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low;
"Amen!" the rill replies.
The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying;
But here, O God of earth and heaven!
The humble heart is praying.

'How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide!
With evil deeds of evil men
The affrighted land is ringing:
But still, O Lord! the pious heart
And soul-toned voice are singing.

"'Hush! hush!" the preacher preacheth;
"Woe to the oppressor, woe!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
And sadden'd flowers below:
So frowns the Lord!—but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not in his gathered brow
Your days of tribulation!

'Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above:
God whispers in the thunder: hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But, thank'd be God! they can't prevent
The storm of heaven from speaking!' p. 105—107.

One of Burn's most deeply touching compositions is the epitaph which was meant for his own grave. The suggestion has not been lost on Elliott. If less affecting than the well-known lines of the Ayrshire peasant, the following are more dignified:—

'A POET'S EPITAPH.

'Stop, mortal! here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor:
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the gaol,
The palace—and the grave!

'Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,

'He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.' p. 157, 158.

In many of the poems already reviewed of Elliott's there are occasional touches of humour, chiefly sarcastic, but he is generally too stern for fun. In 'Second Nuptials,' one of his early compositions, he fairly breaks loose, as this song may testify—

'THE STRANGER'S SONG.

'When Bill left Mary, o'er the seas
He sailed so long, and sailed so far,
That not a sixpence he could squeeze
Between his nose and yonder star.

'But o'er the mast, that had got fast
Hook'd on the moon's depending horn,
He heard strange voices in the blast
Pronounce his name with boisterous scorn.

'So westward up he looked, and lo!
The blue of heaven turned sickly pale,
And, west by north, he heard and saw
Nine comets, all tied tail to tail.

'And they all laughed, and every one
Sang, "Will, go home, go home for shame,
For Matthew Hall, a tailor, 's gone
To woo and wed thy sulky dame.'

'Then all the comets loos'd their tails,
While William shed the briny tear,
Unhooked his mast, let drop his sails,
And tacked for Goole, to bless thee here!' p. 217.

There are two dramatic compositions in this volume, which have in them much of poetry and of passion; yet we doubt the author's vocation to the drama. The transmigration of souls is more easily believed in than practised; and the difficulty is not vanquishable in exact proportion to the general power of the poetic spirit. It is in lyric poetry that Elliott breathes; and while he may, doubtless, overcome the difficulties of the drama, it is for more lyrics that we, and the world, are longing.

Heinrich Stilling. Part I. *His Childhood, Youthful Years, and Wanderings.* Translated from the German of Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling. By Samuel Jackson. 1835.

We are told that in Germany the autobiography of Stilling is 'read by all ranks, from the palace to the cottage.' Heartily do we wish that it were likely to be so here, for the book is one of that species, the enjoyment of which both implies and produces good in the reader. It resembles those simple scenes in nature, the charm of which is sent home to the heart by the universal power of nature, and fixes itself there more firmly than can all the violence of torrent, precipice, and tempest. We are too busy in England for such books as this. Give us politics, history, and travels; let us see man as he is, viz., in a bustle, the external man in the whirl of his social movements; that is something to the purpose, life's reality, and none of your German dreaminess. Or let us have sound practical science, which will turn to account in manufacture, trade, or commerce, that is useful knowledge. Or if some relief be needed for the jaded mind, serve up the coarse stimulus of exaggerated fiction and preposterous melodrama. All such readers may be warned that this is no book for them. They are not initiated, if we may

apply that term when the only mysteries in question are the mysteries of humanity. This is a book for those who, in an exhibition of paintings, turn away from the battle piece, or the thundering storm scene, around which the crowds gather, to gaze on some unobtrusive sketch, some head such as Guido loved to paint, fascinated by its truth and moral beauty, till they look themselves into acquaintanceship and sympathy with the subject, as if its original were a friend of many years. Here are no records of marvellous adventure, no 'hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach,' no great doings to recount of political or scientific importance, no extraordinary personages (save a brief glimpse at Goëthe) to dignify the scene: we have only a plain tale of the homely trials of a parish schoolmaster, the son of a crippled tailor, and grandson of a charcoal burner. He is a religionist also of a not very attractive class; his faith being not much different from that which, done into the vulgar tongue, is exhibited in the specimens of the sinner-saved Huntington. But the book is full of human truth; that is to say, it is rich in poetry and philosophy; it is a psychological narrative, and the subject a worthy one, though not the sort of character which most readily wins popularity; however, 'Wisdom is justified of all her children,' and Heinrich Stilling belongs to her family. An indescribable interest pervades the volume, of which we can give no better account than that it is the result of simplicity, fidelity, and minuteness of detail in describing the mental formation of a human being who is true to his own nature. Every such description has its charm. Almost the only quality of style of which we are ever made conscious is a very quiet humour, or something vibrating between humour and naiveté, which moves not the lips to laughter, but produces a smile of the heart. The work is fortunate in a translator who, in the spirit of his original, has aimed only at truthfulness. It is all the better that he undertook the translation from a religious motive. The harmony is thus entire. In how many hands would the effect have been marred and the unity sacrificed!

The first portion of the autobiography is entitled 'Heinrich Stilling's Childhood.' It opens with a dialogue between his grandfather and another peasant, who has some of those traits of character, independent of station and the same in all stations, that make their truth felt and enjoyed at once by a reader of any class of society, or of any country.

'There is in Westphalia a diocess, which lies in a very mountainous district, whose summits overlook many little provinces and principalities. The village in which the church is situate is called Florenburg; for the inhabitants have long had a disgust at the name of a village, and therefore, although compelled to live by farming and grazing, have always sought to maintain a superiority over their neighbours, who are mere peasants; and who say of them that they have gradually expelled the name of Florendorf, and introduced that of Florenburg in its stead. But, be that as it may, it certainly possesses a magistracy, the head of which, in my time, was Johannes Henricus Scultetus. Rude and ignorant people called him, out of the town-house, Maister Hans; but honest *towns-people* were also wont to say Mister Schulde.

'A league from this place, towards the south-west, lies the little village of Tiefenbach, so called from its situation between hills, at the feet of which the houses overhung the water on both sides, which, flowing from the valleys to the south and north, meets just in the deep and narrow part, where it forms a river. The eastern hill is called the Giller; towards the west, is

thickly covered with beech trees. From thence there is a prospect over fields and meadows, which is bounded, on both sides, by lofty and connected mountains. They are entirely planted with oak and beech trees, and no opening is visible, except where a boy may be frequently seen driving an ox, and gathering firewood on his half-trodden path.

'Below the northern hill, called the Giesenberg, which ascends towards the clouds like a sugar-loaf, and on whose summit lie the ruins of an ancient castle, stands a house in which Stilling's parents and forefathers dwelt.

'About thirty years ago there lived in it an old man, named Eberhard Stilling, a peasant and burner of charcoal. During the whole of the summer he remained in the woods and made charcoal, but went home once a week, to look after his family, and to furnish himself with provisions for another week. He generally came home on Saturday evening, in order that on Sunday he might go to church at Florenburg, where he was one of the churchwardens. In this consisted the chief business of his life. He had six grown-up children, of whom the two eldest were sons, and the four youngest daughters.

'Once as Eberhard was descending the hill, and contemplating, with the utmost composure, the setting sun, whilst whistling the tune of the hymn, "The sun its glorious course has run," and reflecting upon the subject, he was overtaken by his neighbour Stähler, who was walking a little quicker, and probably did not trouble himself much about the setting sun. After being awhile close behind him, and hemming several times in vain, Stähler commenced a conversation, which I must here insert verbatim.

'*Stähler.* Good evening, Ebert!

'*Stilling.* Thank you, Stähler! *(continuing to whistle.)*

'*Stähler.* If the weather continues thus, we shall soon be ready with our woods. I think we shall finish in three weeks.

'*Stilling.* May be, *(whistling again.)*

'*Stähler.* I am no longer so able as I was, lad! I am already sixty-eight years old and thou art near seventy.

'*Stilling.* That's very likely. There sets the sun behind the hill: I cannot sufficiently rejoice at the goodness and love of God. I was just thinking about it; it is likewise evening with us neighbour Stähler! The shades of Death rise daily nearer us: he will surprise us before we are aware. I must thank eternal goodness, which has sustained, preserved, and provided for me so bountifully, not only to-day, but all my life long.

'*Stähler.* That's probable!

'*Stilling.* I wait also, really without fear, for the important moment when I shall be delivered from this cumbersome, old, and stiffening body, and be able to associate with the souls of my forefathers, and other holy men, in a state of eternal rest. There I shall find Doctor Luther, Calvin, Œcolampadius, Bucer, and others, in whose praise our late pastor, Mr. Winterburg, has often spoken to me, and said that, next to the Apostles, they were the most pious of men.

'*Stähler.* That's possible! But tell me, Ebert, hast thou known the people thou hast just mentioned?

'*Stilling.* How foolishly thou talkest! They have been dead above two hundred years.

'*Stähler.* So! that's surprising!

'*Stilling.* Besides all my children are grown up, they have learned to read and write, they are able to earn their bread, and will soon need neither me nor my Margaret.

'*Stähler.* Need!—that's easily said! How soon may a girl or boy go astray, attach themselves, perhaps, to poor people, and cause a slur upon their family, when their parents can no longer attend to them!

'*Stilling.* I am not afraid of all that. God be thanked that my attention to them is not necessary. By my instruction and example I have, through

God's blessing, implanted in my children such an abhorrence of that which is evil, that I have no further occasion to fear.

'Stähler laughed heartily—just as a fox would laugh, if he could, that had carried off a pullet, in spite of the watchful chanticleer—and continued, "Ebert, thou hast much confidence in thy children, but I think thou wilt change thy mind when I tell thee all that I know."

'Stilling turned about, stood still, leaned upon his axe, smiled with the most contented and confidential countenance, and said—"What dost thou know, Stähler, that would so pain me to the soul?"

'*Stähler.* Hast thou heard neighbour Stilling, that thy son Wilhelm, the schoolmaster, is about to marry?"

'*Stilling.* No, I know nothing of it yet.

'*Stähler.* Then I will tell thee that he intends to have the daughter of the ejected preacher, Moritz, of Lichtausen, and that they are already betrothed?

'*Stilling.* That they are betrothed is not true; but it may be that he intends to have her.

'They now went on further.

'*Stähler.* Can that be, Ebert? Canst thou suffer that? Canst thou give thy son to a beggar woman, that has nothing?

'*Stilling.* The honest man's children have never begged; and if they had? But which daughter is it? Moritz has two daughters.

'*Stähler.* Doris.

'*Stilling.* I am willing to end my days with Doris. I shall never forget it. She came to me one Sunday afternoon, saluted me and Margaret from her father, sat down, and was silent. I saw in her eyes what she wanted, but I read from her cheeks that she could not tell it. I asked her if she needed anything. She was silent and sighed. I went and fetched her four rix dollars. "There!" said I, "I will lend you this till you can pay me again."

'*Stähler.* Thou mightest as well have given her them; thou wilt never have them again as long as thou livest.

'*Stilling.* It was, in fact, my intention to give her the money; but if I had told her so, the girl would have been still more ashamed. "Ah," said she, "kindest, dearest father Stilling! (the good girl wept bloody tears;) when I see how my old papa mumbles his dry bread in his mouth, and cannot chew it, my heart bleeds." My Margaret ran and fetched a large jug of sweet milk, and she has ever since sent them sweet milk two or three times a week.

'*Stähler.* And thou canst suffer thy son Wilhelm to have the girl?

'*Stilling.* If he will have her, with all my heart. Healthy people can earn something; rich people may lose what they have.

'*Stähler.* Thou saidst before that thou didst not know anything of it. Yet thou knowest, as thou sayest, that they are not yet betrothed.

'*Stilling.* That I know! He will certainly ask me first.

'*Stähler.* Hear! hear! He ask thee? Yes, thou mayest wait long enough for that.

'*Stilling.* Stähler! I know my Wilhelm. I have always told my children they might marry as rich or as poor as they would or they could, and that they should only have regard to industry and piety. My Margaret had nothing, and I a farm burdened with debt. God has blessed me, so that I can give each of them a hundred gilders, cash down.

'*Stähler.* I am not a Mr. Indifferent like thee. I must know what I do, and my children shall marry as I find best.

'"Every one makes his shoe according to his own last," said Stilling. He was now before his house-door. Margaret Stilling had already sent her daughters to bed. A piece of pancake stood for her Ebert in an earthen dish, on the hot ashes; she had also added a little butter to it. A pitcher of milk and bread stood on the bench, and she began to be anxious about her husband's long delay. Meanwhile the latch of the door rattled, and he entered.

She took his linen wallet from his shoulder, spread the table, and brought him his supper. "Gemini!" said Margaret, "Wilhelm is not here yet. I hope no misfortune has happened to him. Are there any wolves about?" "What of that?" said father Stilling, and laughed, for so he was wont; he often laughed loudly when he was quite alone.' p. 3—9.

Gracious is their state who have ever known such a noble of nature as Eberhard Stilling, the old charcoal-burner. The few bold strokes of outline in the above dialogue are matured into a sketch in the first four chapters; and the thoughtful, independent, high-minded, tender-hearted, cheerful, devout peasant; the MAN, in whom neither inevitable ignorance, nor confined observation, nor lowliness of condition, nor ceaseless toil, nor his restricted sphere of action, nor advancing age, can obscure the attributes of true wisdom and greatness, is just displayed to us and then withdrawn from the story and the world, leaving his memory honoured and blessed in the mind of the reader as in that of the author.

We had purposed to make several extracts, but there is scarcely a passage which would not suffer materially by being taken from its connexion in the narrative. The above must, therefore, suffice. The work is understood to be the *veritable* autobiography of Jung, or, as he was called in consequence of its publication, Jung-Stilling, 'late professor of the universities of Heidelberg and Marburg,' and author of several theological and moral works, one of which has been published in English by the translator of the present volume; namely, a 'Theory of Pneumatology; or the Question concerning Presentiments, Visions, and Apparitions, investigated according to Nature, Reason, and Religion.' Only the first part of the autobiography is contained in this volume; it consists of the 'Childhood of Heinrich Stilling,' his 'Youthful Years,' and his 'Wanderings.' We trust the translator will speedily favour us with the remainder.

Cage Birds; their Natural History, Management, Habits, Food, Diseases, Treatment, Breeding, and the Methods of catching them. By J. M. Bechstein, M.D.

Dr. BECHSTEIN loves birds as a Turk loves women; and shows his affection by the accommodations of his seraglio. He is very severe upon amateurs who allow their birds to become diseased from the dirtiness of their cages. 'We love birds,' they say. 'No,' I reply; 'you love yourselves, not them, if you neglect to keep them clean.' O! Doctor, Doctor! *de te fabula narratur.* If you do not love yourself much better than the birds, why all this catching and caging? Why that precious remark that, although all birds are less at ease in a cage than in a room, yet that some 'never sing unless confined within narrow limits, being obliged, as it would appear, to solace themselves for the want of liberty with their song.' We could find in our hearts to cage the Doctor, that he might solace himself for his want of liberty by writing books for our amusement. 'Those that are confined that we may better enjoy the beauty of their song, should have a cage proportioned to their natural vivacity: a lark, for example, requires a larger cage than a chaffinch.

We should think so. What sized cage would be proportioned to the author's natural vivacity? 'In the account of each bird I shall point out what shaped cage I have found most suitable.' So he does, but it does not accord with our experience. For most kinds, the best shaped cage is one open at the sides, except a few tree tops, a flat or undulating green bottom, a blue curved roof, or darker coloured with bright spangles for nightingales, which may be changed for a large spirit lamp for larks. The same cage does for both species, or any others. There is nothing like it, and it may be had, gratis, of the maker. Although unable to get over the primary abomination of bird-fancying, we cannot but be interested in the many curious details of this book; and while we would have no more catching, we must say that great advantage would accrue to all which are already caught, from Dr. Bechstein's directions about food and general treatment.

Cowper's Life and Works. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe. Vols. 1 and 2. Saunders and Otley.

This is one of two rival editions of Cowper, and the first in the field. To the readers whose religious opinions coincide with those of the poet's, it will be decidedly the most acceptable. The 'Life,' by Hayley, is republished as revised by the editor, who has also incorporated with it the 'Private Correspondence,' collected by Dr. Johnson, an advantage peculiar to this edition. The recommendation of the other edition will be in the memoir by Southey. To the general reader that will undoubtedly be a strong recommendation. But those who included 'Cowper's theology' in their admiration, will not think Southey a much more fitting biographer than Hayley; and their objections to the work of the latter will be removed by the alterations and additions of the present editor, who is favourably known as the author of the 'Life of Legh Richmond.' The completion of the 'Correspondence' will be welcome to every body. The volumes are well got up, and adorned with beautiful illustrations by the Findens, from Harding's drawings. The first has a view of the village of Berkhampstead, the native place of Cowper, and a vignette of the house in which he was born; and the frontispiece of the second is his house at Weston, with a vignette of Olney.

Dr. Channing's Political Writings.

The 'Essays on Napoleon,' 'the Discourses on War,' and on 'Honour all Men,' the 'Election Sermon,' with some extracts on 'Obedience to Government,' the 'Freedom of the Press,' &c. &c., are here reprinted in a very portable and cheap form. It is observed in the preface that 'a number of observations, scattered through these essays, on the characters of military men, and their fitness for the offices of legislators or rulers, are not inappropriate at the present time.' Some of that peculiar appropriateness has happily vanished since, but there is an appropriateness in the sentiments of such a writer as Dr. Channing, which is as enduring as human nature and civil society.

The Descent into Hell; *Uriel, and three Odes.* By J. A Heraud.

The author is evidently a man of considerable power, but it seems to us that, with the mysticism of his notions, the intractability of his subject, and his unnaturalized versification, no power can successfully struggle.

Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. Willis.
Edited by Barry Cornwall.

By a brief preface, but beautifully written and full of sound and true feeling, Barry Cornwall introduces this American poet to the British public. Both for his introducer's sake and his own, does he deserve a courteous welcome. He is evidently what the preface calls him, 'a man of high talent and sensibility.' A very sweet song of his, called 'Saturday Afternoon,' was quoted, in our notice of the selections from the American poets, in our January number. It is accompanied, in this volume, by many effusions of similar worth; and some scriptural and religious pieces of great merit. The following extract is from the poem which gives its title to the volume:—

'A calm and lovely paradise
Is Italy for minds at ease.
The sadness of its sunny skies
Weighs not upon the lives of these.
The ruined aisle, the crumbling fane,
The broken column, vast and prone,
It may be joy—it may be pain—
Amid such wreck to walk alone!
The saddest man will sadder be,
The gentlest lover gentler there,
As if, whate'er the spirit's key,
It strengthened in that solemn air.

'The heart soon grows to mournful things,
And Italy has not a breeze
But comes on melancholy wings;
And even her majestic trees
Stand ghost-like in the Cæsar's home,
As if their conscious roots were set
In the old graves of giant Rome,
And drew their sap all kingly yet!
And every stone your feet beneath
Is broken from some mighty thought,
And sculptures in the dust still breathe
The fire with which their lines were wrought;
And sunder'd arch, and plunder'd tomb,
Still thunder back the echo, "Rome!"

'Yet gaily o'er Egeria's fount
The ivy flings its emerald veil,
And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount,
And light-sprung arches span the dale;

And soft, from Caracalla's Baths,
The herdsman's song comes down the breeze
While climb his goats the giddy paths
To grass-grown architrave and frieze;
And gracefully Albano's hill
Curves into the horizon's line,
And sweetly sings that classic rill,
And fairly stands that nameless shrine.
And here, O many a sultry noon
And starry eve, that happy June,
Came Angelo and Melanie,
And earth for us was all in tune—
For while Love talk'd with them, Hope walk'd apart with me!' p. 15–17.

The whole poem is as good as this; redolent of sweetness, grace, and pathos. There is another too, 'Lord Ivon and his Daughter,' which has more of prevading strength, united with those attributes; and both have deep revealings of that heart-philosophy which is the science of the poet.

The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore. (Vol. 65 of the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.')

This volume is rather a series of historical dissertations than a history. The author seems determined to demonstrate that poets can be as diligent, careful, and critical as other people. He is quite successful. The state of the materials rendered it impossible to write the early history of Ireland in any other way, at least to any good purpose; and the mode of exibiting the results of the author's investigations renders them not less interesting than they are curious and historically important. The succeeding volumes will probably have more of the flow of continuous narrative.

* * * * * *

Since the above was written, and at a late period of the month, we have received the following document. For its allegations the writer must be held altogether and solely responsible; but thinking the ends of literary justice more likely to be furthered by its insertion than by its suppression, we have acted accordingly.

'*Mr. O'Brien's* Protest *against Mr. Moore's Plagiarisms.*

'I hereby protest, in the most unmitigated and indignant feeling of literary injustice, against the unwarrantable use of some of the sentiments and phrases of my "Round Towers of Ireland," introduced by Mr. Moore, wholesale and without acknowledgment, into his "History" of that country, just published, and forming the 65th volume of "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." A more barefaced appropriation of another person's labour and originality I unhesitatingly affirm I never before witnessed! for which, too, Mr. Moore has made no other amends than that of squeezing my name into an obscure note—as insidious as it is obscure—and there generalizing my "disquisition" as "clever but rather *too* fanciful."

'Henry O'Brien.'

'*April* 20, 1835.

The London Review. No. 1.

A NEW comer amongst the Quarterlies ; and one which, already, would be less properly termed a work of good promise than of good performance. The prospectus has been before our readers, and the first number can scarcely disappoint any expectations excited by it. A sound political and moral philosophy pervades the number, and both the responsibility of the writers and the interest of the reader will probably be promoted by the plan of affixing a signature to each article, which signature is uniformly to be appended to contributions from the same hand. In several instances these marks will identify writers with whom our own readers are not unfamiliar. Of course, a greater latitude is allowed by this plan for the expression of individual opinion, than is customary in reviews; a circumstance which, to those who are at all addicted to the exercise of thought, will commend itself as an advantage. It supersedes also the occasion for qualifying a general agreement in the spirit and tendency of the publication with that expression of dissent from a few, and but a very few, particular opinions, which else we might have thought important enough to notice as exceptions. Such as the strong assertion of the sacredness of crown pensions (p. 21 ;) the worth, as a specimen of logical analysis, ascribed to the Latin or Greek Grammar (p. 104 ;) and the theory of dramatic poetry (p. 83.) The crown of the number, and this, considering the high talent of several of the articles, is no common praise, is that on the 'State of Philosophy in England,' (signed A.) A composition so characterised by distinctness, acuteness, vigour, and comprehensiveness, so uniting the powers of the controversialist and the philosopher, is, indeed, rarely to be met with.

Heath's Gallery of British Engravings. Part I.

CHEAP publication has reached its climax. This *must* be its *ne plus ultra.* Reckoning nothing for letter-press, here are three specimens of art, as beautiful as the graver can produce, at *four-pence a piece!*

It appears that the exquisite plates of the 'Keepsake,' 'Book of Beauty,' the 'Picturesque Annual,' and 'Turner's Annual Tour,' have been copied for continental circulation, at a low price. Mr. Heath is determined to grapple with the pirates, and undersell them by good impressions from the original plates, many of which cost from one hundred to one hundred and eighty guineas each, independently of the copy-right of the paintings. He, therefore, offers a series of shilling numbers, once a fortnight, containing each, usually,' a portrait or fancy head, an historical subject, and a landscape.' In this first number we have 'The Bride,' by Leslie, 'Dieppe,' by Stansfield, and the 'Rival Waiting Women,' by Smirke. Each of these engravings has already made itself a reputation by its excellence. The second is well worth the price for which, in this publication, many may be obtained.

Wanderings through North Wales. By T. Roscoe, Esq. Part II.

This part contains good specimens of pictorial poetry in its engravings, which are Harlech Castle, the Bridge over the Llugwy, and Snowdon. The letter-press relates to Chester, and contains a very amusing account of the great king Arthur, and his minister and conjuror Merlin.

Gooch's Parliamentary Pledge-Book.

Coppock's Elector's Manual.

We put these two little books together because they are of the same description, namely, political guide-books, and both of them cheap and useful ones. Mr. Coppock's analysis of the Reform Act is the most brief and intelligible that we have seen. It truly consists of 'plain directions by which every man may know his own rights, and preserve them.' It is a most seasonable guide, for carelessness about registration has been a besetting sin with many reformers, while mistakes and difficulties have beset many more. Mr. Gooch's book is an excellent thing to have at hand while reading the debates. It is a record of promises which ought not to be forgotten, as time brings the season, too seldom the reality, of performances. The 'pledges and declarations' of members are given from their printed addresses, or speeches at the recent elections; and a variety of personal and public information is added, including the first three great divisions, those on the Speakership, the Address, and the Malt Tax.

A Digest of the Laws and Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodists. By S. Warren, LL.D.

This book of law is very needful for all who live under it. Those who do not may derive some benefit from its perusal. Judge-made law is bad; priest-made law is worse; nor is the comparison materially affected by the priesthood being established or non-established. This book might have been entitled, 'The Art and Mystery of Sectarian Organization.' An appendix, besides forms of trust deeds, &c. contains the case of Mr. J. R. Stephens, who has been *de facto* expelled for co-operating with the meetings and societies of those who have petitioned for the separation of Church and State. Methodism has nothing to do with politics; but the nothing-to-do consists, not in leaving every individual member to follow the dictates of his own mind, but in restraining all whose politics are in opposition to those of their leaders. Mr. Stephens was not only exposed to censure for the past, but required to give a distinct pledge for the future, of abstinence from all similar meetings and associations. He rightly interpreted this as an excommunication, and withdrew.

Objections to the present Practice in regard to unanimous Verdicts in our Criminal Courts. By a Juror.

The writer of this pamphlet, Mr. Stephen Curtis, has very conclusively argued a point, to which not so much attention has been directed as it deserves. His object is to show that the unanimity of a jury is only necessary to the conviction, not to the acquittal of the accused; that 'the jury must agree to find him guilty, but need not agree to find him not guilty.' According to the spirit of the institution of trial by jury, a man ought not to be held guilty unless twelve of his peers, sworn to decide according to the evidence, agree so to pronounce him. But is not this spirit violated when, the twelve not agreeing that he is guilty, they are confined in order to compel them to do so, or else to agree that he is innocent? Ought more to be required for his liberation than that the evidence of his guilt has failed to convince all the jurors? If but one juror be unconvinced, is there not an end of the case in theory; and should there not be practically, without that species of coercion of charge, in him or in the rest, which commonly ensues? So at least it should be, to make the one square with the other; whether the institution itself may not need revision is another question.

A Manual of English Grammar. By the Rev. J. M. M'Culloch. Second Edition.

This grammar seems to us better to deserve the appellations of 'philosophical and practical' than any with which we are acquainted. The etymological portion of it will be found alike useful and amusing.

A Catechism of Political Economy. By Thomas Murray, LL.D.

Of this, as of most other works in the series to which it belongs, (Oliver and Boyd's 'Catechisms of Elementary Knowledge') we cannot but wonder that the catechetical form should have been adopted. It is a sheer incumbrance. Waving this general objection, the one before us deserves much praise. It is a brief treatise, well arranged; a very cheap and convenient epitome of the science on which it treats.

History and Present Condition of the Barbary States. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D.

This work bears marks of the known industry and ability of its author, who, while he has availed himself of the researches of Heeren, in addition to the resources of his own learning, for the ancient history, has derived

valuable materials from French writers (since the conquest of Algiers) for giving a more correct and complete account than we before possessed of the natural history of this portion of Africa. It forms the seventeenth volume of that cheap, pleasant, and useful series, the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' and completes the plan of the publishers for 'Illustrating the History, the Antiquities, and the Present Condition of Africa.'

Hector Fieramosca; or, the Challenge of Barletta. From the Italian of the Marquis d'Aglio.

An historical tale, full of strong interest, graphic delineation, contrasted character, and affecting or exciting incident; and blending the peculiarities of the historical fictions of Scott with those of the old romance.

A Short Statement on behalf of his Majesty's Subjects professing the Jewish Religion.

A very plain and conclusive statement of grievances which ought to be, and we may now perhaps hope will be, speedily redressed. These grievances chiefly arise from the oaths required, not only as a qualification for office, but for the exercise of professions.

'That the Disabilities of which the British Jews complain, entail on them positive injury, is an undoubted fact. These disabilities lower them in the scale of society, and degrade them in the eyes of their fellow-subjects, by restraining the free exercise of their talents in industrious and honourable pursuits. Unable conscientiously to take the required oaths, as at present shaped, they are in consequence excluded from municipal and corporate offices, from civil and military employments, as well as from offices of honour and trust under the Crown; and are besides prevented from making any advance in the learned professions. In short, by the bad policy of the existing laws, they are deprived of those rights most valued by Englishmen. Disabled from acquiring the honours so highly prized by the enlightened and enterprising of his Majesty's subjects, it is no small aggravation of their case, that while oppressed by restrictions, which leave to them only the pursuit of wealth, to elevate them to any consideration or influence in society, they are reproached for not availing themselves of those paths to distinction, which, although open to all other classes, are to them invidiously prohibited. The British Jews have thus to contend with overbearing disadvantages, being not only exposed to unmerited opprobrium, but injured by pains and penalties demanded neither by policy nor expediency.'

The value of this pamphlet is increased by an appendix, containing the oaths and affirmations required from persons of various religious denominations.

Dies sub Coelo.

No. I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM.' &c.

SCENE I. *A large circular mound covered with grass. Time, morning twilight.* FATHER ZODIAC* *is reclining asleep at the foot of a Tree.*

FATHER ZODIAC (*raising himself on one arm, half awake, yet with closed eyes*). Oh, age of gold! why wert thou so miscalled? thou wert the age of virtue. Yet, oh the pity of thy natural misnomer! for the metal which has bought and sold mankind's morality and happiness, till the nations groan in a wide and deep distress, is now, with corresponding self-illusory blindness, set up as a type of the bliss that is gone! Why should the congealed blood, stagnant and yellow, in the veins of mother Earth, be set up as of more value than the children in whom her vitality freshly circulates, walking bright with active life upon her adorned surface, breathing and feeling upward, even as the Thought ascendeth star-ward, and is received? Whence is this change? whence is this descent and gradual earthiness of heart, narrowed now in strength and scope, and cramped in all its pulses? Can we not wait for the grave to do its work? If the grave be earth and oblivion, and we become as the grave that holds us, why anticipate the doom? But oh! if it be but as the step towards a higher gradation of immortal destiny, insult we not,—thus wantonly dark of soul, and ungrateful to Sublime Beneficence,—insult we not the prospect of futurity through all its ascending and bright mysterious vistas, by thus wasting hopes and perverting energies, while

* Father Zodiac is a man who, by reason of extreme age, has retired from the active business of life, but by reason also of the clearness of his intellectual faculties, and sincerity of feeling in the cause of moral and political reformation in England and all over the world, invites regularly every month a certain party of friends and others to visit him in his retreat, and discuss the occurrences of the time. He is, however, to be considered—as, indeed, is not uncommonly the case with such old illuminated missals—rather as an abstraction of intellectual qualities than an ordinary corporeal individuality. Something of the same kind, differing in character and degree, may also be said of Syrius, whom the reader is at liberty to consider as the great-grandson of Father Zodiac. The rest of the characters are impersonations of classes easily distinguished. Nothing in the least dramatic is intended in these papers. They are merely conversations.

passing through our present state? Happiness, like goodness, dwelleth only with pure simplicity. Nothing else lasts. Our state is now entangled in the toils of infinite artificialities, opposed to nature, and called refinement,—of infinite sophistries, opposed to truth, yet called reason: thus are we cheated out of life. Our heart's heritage is taken from us. We did not enough value it: we suffered it to be compromised to bubbles. We know its value now, for the bubbles have burst. But we must *earn* back our heritage. We degenerated, and therefore suffered. Time maketh sport of man, in scorn and punishment. For man, being linked invisibly with immortality, hath a power within him beyond the Father of mortal years, albeit not exercised with integral purity of the soul's elemental strength. Whereof it happens, not by chance, but inevitable justice, that old Calamity grapples, and harrows, and hounds him towards the tomb, graving thereon man's general epitaph: 'He misused the gifts of his Creator—lived in wretchedness, without understanding—and died in its climax!' (*His head sinks down, and he gradually melts again into profound sleep.*)

Enter HARRY OF NEWMARKET, MRS. ALBION, *and* SYRIUS.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET (*shouting*). What, asleep! I thought it was impossible to come too soon!

MRS. ALBION (*whispering earnestly*). Hist! do not disturb the rest of one whom the stars have but just left. How silent and reverently does the Tree hang in woomby shadows over him!

SYRIUS (*approaching softly*). Awake! the sun will be up before thee, noble old type of the realm. You'll soon have some peers of nature, as well as commoners, standing round your Tree. (*To Mrs. Albion.*) How clear and bright one feels in the morning twilight! Shall I wake him?

MRS. ALBION. No; pray do not meddle with his time; we can wait.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET (*singing softly*). '*Let the southern breezes blow.*' Where's Albion?

MRS. ALBION. I left him behind, talking with Angus. He'll be here presently. Hush!

FATHER ZODIAC (*dreaming, and gradually waking*). Why should the starry quire maintain their harmony, the seasons theirs, and every flower its perfection, while man remains but half-developed, save in vice, and wretched amidst all his faculties of good? Is it that the immortal mind, struggling thus prematurely towards the next gradation of its destined bourne, is thrown back from that high endeavour upon its mortal covering, and in the sad contention of spirit with clay, lays waste its happiness in the misdirection of its powers?

SYRIUS (*whispering*). Do you not think he holds the same rank in wisdom as in time?—a great-grandfather?

Mrs. Albion. Hush! pray do not disturb the soliloquy of his sublime trance. His lips move again.

Father Zodiac (*waking gradually as he proceeds*). Oh, wide expanse of twilight! see I not through the solemnity of thy purple shadow, streaks of a fresh-born day? See I not some breaks emitting the first gleams of renewed radiance upon earth? Hear I not far-off echoes faintly breathing their symphonies through the opening clouds? Come they from other worlds? or are they the heralds of time's grand revolution,—the all-embracing Platonic year,—bringing back ancient days, when primitive man walked in naked purity along earth's happy fields, not more lustrous of the sun than was his soul with his Maker's essence? Advance! advance! these aged hands, wrinkled and grained with the past, even as the hoary forest oak, whose rough-barked arms expand oracular to the portentous east, thus I uplift to hail and adore the returning sun, or regenerative star of patriarchal days! Advance! I am not so old as I have deemed myself!—with thy advent, oh great progressive Good! I take up my youth once more. Thus, thus, I shake off the load of heavy years! Nay, nay, these old bones ache with the ingress of young spirit, and cannot keep pace with the long life of reason! But I shall live to see—I shall live to see the dawn.—But who are these standing round me? Welcome, my sons. I have had visions savouring strongly of reality. Yet, what wonder, since they were compounded of my constant thought, and all our best and strongest hopes? Welcome! have you waited long? why was I not aroused?

Mrs. Albion. Why should we arouse you when even your dreams savour of an awakening world? Why should not we wait when you have waited so long?

Father Zodiac (*rising*). I have waited long indeed, my child, with patient sufferance; but not too long; for see, the sun's broad shoulder shines bare above the horizontal line!—a constant exhortation to benighted humanity—a sublime substantial homily which man at last has rightly interpreted!

Syrius (*singing*).

Sweet breathes the matin air,
And the tops of the trees are gold;
Midst leaves and blossoms fair
The singing-birds are bold;
They flutter, and peep, and pair,
As free as in days of old!
Why are we—
Why are we
Less happy than the peopled tree?

Chorus (*outside*).

Why are we—
Why are we
Less happy than the peopled tree?

Enter Cœur de Leon, Mr. Albion, Shamrock O'Toole, Angus, Miss Jukes, Lord Dough. *They salute* Father Zodiac.

Father Zodiac. Fair morning, friends, to all your hearts!

Syrius. And cups of coffee to all your mouths!

Miss Jukes. I did not join in your last chorus, though my sister did. I don't think the idea of perching in a tree is at all lady-like.

Mrs. Albion (*smiling*). But we may be as happy as birds without perching up in a tree; that is being very matter-of-fact, sister; though I should not much object to a comfortable seat in a mulberry tree after dinner.

Syrius. Nor I either: luxurious thought!

Shamrock O'Toole. Syrius, my little flaxen-haired creature, where *is* this same coffee?

Syrius. Boiling in the cottage: Moses is watching it; Sandy Saunderson is blowing the fire and warming his toes, and Ephraim Squills is meditating on Delphine jars and Wedgewood.

Shamrock O'Toole. Brown butter-and-bread vehicles you mane, I suppose, and tea crockery. Run, my boy, or fly on all fours, and lit's be after having it!

Enter Moses *and* Sandy Saunderson, *bringing in tall mugs of coffee, and huge pans of ham and egg sandwiches.* Father Zodiac *seats himself at the foot of the Tree, and the rest range in a circle.*

Harry of Newmarket. Where's Ephraim Squills?

Sandy Saunderson. He's just sulky about something, or naething, and winna come.

Moses. Nor speaks. He stands like a Spanish onion in full seed. Mine cot! what strange man!

Mrs. Albion. Has he had any breakfast?

Sandy Saunderson. It's a' his ain concern: there's plenty.

Lord Dough. To business—to business!

Shamrock O'Toole. Where's the Rev. Richard Roe?

Lord Dough. In bed: vainly I essayed him to arouse, supine. A natural affinity there certainly must exist between fat and feather-bed. I am not of fat deficient: but here you see I sit in good time, by strong energy projected.

Father Zodiac. What news do you bring your old hermit from the moving world?

Lord Dough (*rising, and extending one hand, and advancing his left leg*). The multifarious political, moral, and theological relations, whereby the interests of the social scheme, whereof—

All. Sit down!—sit down!—pray be seated!

Lord Dough. It is informal to speak upon the haunch!

Shamrock O'Toole. You've upsit the scalding hot coffee all over me, divil burn you!—very narrowly, I mane to say, sir!

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. You've planted your left leg among the sandwiches!

LORD DOUGH (*seating himself*). I shall not speak at all this morning!

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. As I've been so narr'ly scarrified with the boiling stuff here, permit me to reward the good janius of escape, by opening the conversazioni, honey, by spaking a few words about my friends the O'Connells, by jazes, and all the rest.

MR. ALBION. Not *all* the rest—not all, I hope.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Well, all or some; it's the same thing, whin we choose the best.

LORD DOUGH. With temperance proceed.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. First and foremost, by my soul, the Lord of Alvanley did cast opprobrious imputaations on the honesty of the great Daniel in his resistance to the hoofs of the asses' den.

ALL. Order! order!

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Whereupon the great Dan, our large-armed liberator, did bestow upon his Lordship a personal title very different from his ideal title, being the 'letters patent' for a fat buffoonship. Whereupon—

LORD DOUGH. Justly irritated—

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Justly? yes, justly irritated *in his turn*—his Lordship wrote to Dan, and had him written to, and kicked up a great dust on the Brussels and Turkey carpets of Brookes's club, and the managers virry properly hopped out of the way. When Daniel in Dublin town at last got the fighting letters, he found they had already appaired in the London newspapers, and concluded they were only intinded for that general '*meridian*,' and not for his own particular island. But the publication of letters going on, and tinding to show how much his Lordship wished to fight, and how much the Daniel was averse to come to pistol-judgment, Mr. Morgan O'Connell, own son of Dan, wrote to his Lordship, saying, "Although you were decidedly the aggressor—although you attributed unworthy and interested motives to him—although in your challenge, if it is to be considered one, you do not attempt to explain away the disrespectful expressions you had in the first instance used towards him—although my father's return to London would necessarily be in a few days—although but a few days elapsed after your sending this communication to Ireland, so few, indeed, as scarcely to admit of the possibility of an answer—you or your friends nevertheless hastened to give publicity to the circumstance, and follow it up by canvassing for a requisition to Brookes's, (at the head of which your own name, an interested party, most unbecomingly is placed,) having for its object my father's expulsion from that club." Mr. Morgan then prosaids by saying, that a previous affair had made his own father resolve not to shoot another man as long as here he lived—of which his Lordship took an unfair advantage—and concluded by declaring,

that he 'sincerely believed' his Lordship had been 'appropriately designated' by his father; and—

Mr. Albion. That was wrong. It was unnecessary to repeat the insult.

Shamrock O'Toole. But the Alvanley continued to furnish more insult for the press of his faction; and was that right now?

Mr. Albion. Certainly not; I only object to the evident provocation, amounting to a certainty of success in its aim, *viz.* that Lord Alvanley should call him out instead of his father.

Shamrock O'Toole. By the powers, it was only done to show his Lordship that if he had not been in earnest about wishing to fight he should not have carried the pretince so far, and published it so virry hastily?

Cœur de Leon. Is it not the opinion, not only of the clubs, but of all real gentlemen, that as Mr. Morgan O'Connell had evidently resolved they should fire a third time if the second proved ineffectual, he ought to have fired in the air the second time, in consequence of Lord Alvanley having accidentally omitted to fire the first?

Mr. Albion. Certainly; I should say such was the right view of the matter. That would have entitled him to require a third fire. As it was, his purpose seems to have been sanguinary and without a sufficiently generous high bearing.

Shamrock O'Toole. It was done by way of a 'great moral lesson' to the Duke of Wellington's party. It was to tache them the valuable fact, that the root-and-branch reformers are ready to lay down their lives in the cause, by showing how little they care about doing the same for a trifle.

Angus. There is a valuable article in the last number of the 'Westminster Review,' entitled, 'Aristocratic Revelations from Fashionable Novels.' A pretty exposure, truly! It was a capital idea to convict them upon the showing of their own 'order.' There is something of the same kind in a very sensible Letter which appeared last month in the 'Chronicle,' signed, 'I am, sir, by birth and education, and I trust in conduct, A Gentleman.' After speaking of the imputations cast on O'Connell's motives by Lord Alvanley, the writer says:—'The fact is, sir, there is a taint of the old Tory feeling about the whole proceeding. Lord Alvanley is regarded as an ill-used man, and sympathized with by the members of his club, because, till *very recently*, at least, *the charge* he made *was considered but little, if at all, discreditable to the character of a gentleman.* It would certainly have been always found unpleasant in a collision of parties in the House, or on the hustings at a contested election; but, till lately, the practice of supporting a ministry solely for what was to be got by it *was rather matter for mirth*—nay, *even for boasting—among most private coteries of gentlemen, even, I fear, among the coteries of Brookes's.* But I do trust, that a better and more really gentlemanly spirit is fast

growing up amongst us; and that, whatever Lord Alvanley and his requisitionists may think, most respectable men, I will even hope most gentlemen in England will, ere long, consider it a more painful and dishonouring imputation to be stigmatized as unpatriotic and dishonest, than to be ridiculed as foolish and fat."

ALL. Hear! hear!—Spoken like a true gentleman.

MR. ALBION. One of the most rational things said on the occasion of this duelling affair appeared also in the 'Morning Chronicle.' The writer observed:—'We have heard of truth being hid in a well, but never in a pistol barrel; and it puzzles us to make out whether, if Mr. O'Connell had given Lord Alvanley a hostile meeting, how the result could have decided whether his Lordship were a "bloated buffoon" or not. The old wager of battle, from which duelling is derived, depended on the principle that heaven would decide in favour of the just cause. Now, in the case of this duel, neither party has fallen, and therefore the only point that is placed quite beyond doubt is, that though his lordship may be a live buffoon, he is not yet a dead one!'

ALL (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

LORD DOUGH. I rise to order!

ALL. Ha! ha! ha!

LORD DOUGH. On my honour, do I, and for nought beside. I know I declared my intention of declining to speak this day; but really the cruel pleasure, by your laughter indicated, beyond minor considerations, impels me. I affirm that Lord Alvanley is a brave, good-tempered, gentlemanly, and witty man. Prove it too, will I, by his conduct and sayings.

ALL. Hear! hear! hear!

LORD DOUGH. I shall give you facts and sayings known only to his private friends and the clubs; not any of which have 'been the round of the newspapers'—a race that much I hate! The evening before Lord Alvanley went to meet Mr. Morgan O'Connell, he from a dinner party arose at an hour that was early, with the quiet apology that 'he was going on a shooting excursion!' Eh! that's good? Nobody suspected the deed of 'high emprize' he contemplated. Then, again, when Colonel Hodges announced the so unreasonable and fierce requisition of Mr. Morgan, that they should fire after the second exchange of commodities, and Lord Alvanley's friend, Colonel Dawson, handed him a loaded pop for the third time, he aptly remarked, 'Why, Dawson, we shall go on firing till the 1st of September.' Eh! is'nt that good-tempered, and courageous, and pleasant? Answer, ye glum Saracens! Finally, when he got out of a hackney-coach on his return, he presented the driving personage with a sovereign. 'Lord, sir, I can't have all this for taking you such a short way!' 'No, my good fellow,' quoth his Lordship, 'it's for *bringing me back!*' Ha! ha! ha!—now don't you call that good-humour, and generosity, and genuine wit?

ALL. Pretty well—pretty well for either of you.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. I admire the noble conscience of the descendant of Clovis—I mane Jarvis.

MR. ALBION. Let us leave this idle theme.

FATHER ZODIAC. Speak, Angus, is there aught fresh in art?

ANGUS. Not much. The Royal Academy has always been rather too aristocratic an exhibition of *frames*. But there are a few fine pictures. Landseer has a 'Scene in the Grampians,' as true to natural feeling as to the principles of art. He has given an expression to the faces, particularly those of two of the women, which Lawrence and his followers have never equalled, and rarely approached. Wilkie has painted the story of 'Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida.' The colouring is grand, deep, and rich, and cannot be too much praised. It is equal to the old masters, and is a fine lesson for all modern students.

MRS. ALBION. Do not you admire the expression of the faces?

ANGUS. Very much: but the *features* of Columbus were far finer than those Mr. Wilkie has chosen to adopt. The indecisive, ill-drawn mouth destroys the character of the great man. The 'Physician of Palos' is, however, all one could desire. I know not when I have been so much charmed with a head. It makes me recollect, by force of contrast, that on the day of the private view, an 'ugly vizor' looked over my shoulder, characteristically pronouncing a summary, yet vague and dictatorially laudative verdict on the performance *a l'instant*, and then darting off at an angle to do the same by another. It was the Duke of Wellington.

CŒUR DE LEON. How can he be a judge of moral beauty and power?

FATHER ZODIAC. It is impossible: the laws of nature are against it.

ANGUS. Turner has some climacteric specimens of his extraordinary view of nature. His 'Keelmen, heaving Coals by Night,' is fine for its colouring and wonderful effect of distance, but marred by his substantial griming of lights in white chalk, or thick plaister. His 'Bright Stone of Honour' looks as if it had been lightly painted on a warming-pan. He, however, out-Turner's Turner in his semicircular, or double conflagration of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The four united flares—we can call it no less—amount to a monomaniasm in colouring. He has 'set the Thames on fire!'

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. To be sure he has. That accounts for the great smoke that rose above Billingsgate next market morning. All the fish on the stalls were sold ready boiled or fried.

ANGUS. Etty has some fine designs, and specimens of rich colouring, but is losing himself in meretricious eccentricity. It is melancholy to see such powers wasted. Eastlake I always liked, though I cannot deny but his faces are all of one family, and indeed, in many instances, are evidently varieties from one model,

which I remember too well ever to forget even in its shadow. Leslie has a 'Gulliver introduced to the Queen of Brobdignag,' which I think a wretched failure, with the exception of the Court Dwarf, which is perfect. A landscape, by Constable, called the 'Valley Farm,' looks damaged all over, as if it had been danced upon by hob-nailed shoes.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. W—e mentioned this to me, but accounted for it by saying, that the picture had the cow-pox.

ANGUS. How fine a contrast you find in Arnald's 'Coast of Brighton by Moonlight,' compared with these eccentricities! Has any body noticed J. Linnel's 'Scripture Piece,' No. 199, in the Great Room?

MRS. ALBION. I thought it a fine study from the old masters.

ANGUS. He seems to have had a right notion of the thing.

MRS. ALBION. What do you think of the 'Antiquary posed?'

ANGUS. That the artist did not appreciate what he had done. It is a misnomer. A ruined poet, or half-starved metaphysician, is what he has painted. No antiquary ever had so fine a head.

MRS. ALBION. Do you like Briggs's portraits of Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Austin, and Charles Kemble?

ANGUS. Yes, very much: indeed I almost always like Briggs.

MRS. ALBION. I was particularly struck with No. 387, painted by an 'honorary exhibiter,' and called 'The Bride of Lammermuir.'

ANGUS. I think his conception of the scene does Mr. Montague high and tragic honour, if one may so speak. The woman is painted too flat and Chinese-like; but her attitude, situation, and expression, show a mind capable of superior things. The position of the murdered man is awfully true to nature and 'the passion of the piece.' It reminded me of the way in which the old Italian novelists deal with such subjects.

MRS. ALBION. Cœur de Leon, how did you like the picture of your ancestor, and the soldan Saladin who personates the Arabian physician?

CŒUR DE LEON. I thought Richard very fine, but I confess the noble Saladin did not strike me.

ANGUS. The fact is, the artist has missed his mark. Instead of giving Saladin in the disguise of an Arabian physician, he has literally made him the unconcerned physician. But King Richard is nobly executed.

CŒUR DE LEON. But M'Clise,—you have said nothing of M'Clise?

ANGUS. He has spoilt a fine picture by putting a doll's face in steel armour as the principal figure. *N'importe!* I can understand his own comment on the matter in that very unquestionable face a little at the back, who is half unsheathing his blade as he looks with powerful resentment at the tall whiskered baby whom the ladies of quality (?) admire for being as foolish as themselves. M'Clise never could have made this mistake. The affair is very

intelligible. Whatever deficiences Mr. M'Clise may have in art, there is no living English painter superior to him in genius, and very few are his equals. Look at the life and diversified individuality of all the other faces in the picture!

Miss Jukes. I have no patience with his faces. I very much admire Count D'Orsy clad cap-a-pie in steel! He is a love of a man!

Mrs. Albion. Do you not think, Angus, there are some very charming miniatures?

Angus. Yes, a few; particularly those of Barclay and Collen. Barclay's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Trotter, and that of Dr. Southwood Smith by Miss M. Gillies, send all the others on that side of the frame (except Ross's Mrs. D. Cunynghame) far into *empty shades.* On the opposite side, the fine expression and substantiality of tone in the 'Portrait of a Moorish Lady' really makes all the poor folks of the vicinity look as if they were done in coloured chalk and weak white-wash.

Mrs. Albion. Oh, you are too hard and cynical.

Angus. Well, only go and look at them. You *over*-looked them when you went, and no wonder. But these are not the worst. The utter trash you will find elsewhere in this room, more than any other, is either a pointed insult to public taste, or the severest satire on the public *want* of taste that could be devised.

Mrs. Albion. But the sculpture, the sculpture; how much I admired something there!

Angus. Gibson's 'Sleeping Shepherd Boy' you mean, no doubt?

Mrs. Albion. Yes; it is one of the most charming things I ever saw. How seldom we see such an expression in the face of *any* piece of sculpture! Do not frown, for I include even the antique.

Angus. Did I, or was I going to look black at the remark? I ought rather to have sighed. It certainly is an exquisitely-wrought face; and the hands, too—remember the hands!

Mrs. Albion. Did you like Baily's group?

Angus. I think Baily a fine sculptor, but I prefer this Shepherd Boy to anything I have seen this many a-year in the exhibition. The public seemed most attracted by the Part of a Monument in which a dying gentleman is seated on a sofa beneath a worked counterpane, and in a marble frock-coat! I don't know if the figure kneeling by his side is an angel, or his daughter, or his niece, the ideal is so utterly confounded with the matter of fact!

Cœur de Leon. While we are on the subject of the fine arts, did you see that letter in the 'Times' newspaper on the subject of Mr. Arnold, of the New *English* Opera-house, declaring, that 'he never would, under any circumstances, set the example of paying composers for their works,' because 'he could procure *foreign* scores for £4 or £5?'

Angus. I did. It was signed, 'A very popular, but almost starving, dramatic Composer.'

Cœur de Leon. What a state of things!

Angus. It is there publicly stated, that Mr. Barnett, the composer of the beautiful and most deservedly successful opera of the 'Mountain Sylph,' the *first* English opera of a really *dramatic* and *concerted* character, 'has never received one sixpence from the theatre!'

All. What a rascally state of things!

Angus. Mr. Hawes, of whom too much might be said and proved, gives the preference to foreign operas because there is 'no bonus to be paid for copyright' with them, and consequently money can be afforded by the manager for their adaptation: besides which, Mr. Hawes is a publisher, as Barnett and others have probably good reasons to know; for we have all seen in the published music of the 'Mountain Sylph' the dulcet name of Hawes signed above that of the secondary person in the business—the composer!

Cœur de Leon. Ah! but Mr. Dulcet Hawes has a precedent for this. It is a standing joke in the profession, that a few years ago, Gutteridge, a piano-forte player, gave a concert at Brighton, on which occasion he had arranged a piece by Handel, and announced it in the programme as by himself and the other celebrated person!

All. Faugh! what a state of things!

Angus. Various letters have appeared in the newspapers, indirectly as well as directly touching the *licence* of the New English Opera-house being compromised by Mr. Arnold forfeiting his word? This may be going too far. It has been said, however, by certain professors whose names I know, that the manœuvre whereby the adoption of foreign music may be made to look consistent, is by bringing out, at the most trifling expense, some very poorly-set new English opera, so that by things of this kind being damned, the managers may be enabled to say that the public prefer *foreign* operas! In short, there is so much plotting and intriguing and private jobbing, that real talent has no fair chance at all! After receiving nothing for the 'Mountain Sylph,' Mr. Barnett, according to the *principle* laid down by Mr. Arnold, is to receive nothing from any theatre for his *next* opera!

All. Lord! what a state of things!

Shamrock O'Toole. Och! I can listen to sich doings no longer. Let us talk of the other pistol match.

Mr. Albion. Really we have heard enough reports of pistols during the last month!

Father Zodiac. A good sign, Mr. Albion. When the public get sick of hearing about duels, they will not very often happen.

Shamrock O'Toole. But allow me a few words of this last indacent affair. Powerful good fun it is! Young Master D'Israeli,

wishing to become more noted than his Romances or hopes of representing the People have been able to effect for his hungry vanity, sets the taith and nails of his misconverted wits to work to pick a furious quarrel with Mr. Morgan O'Connell, on account of the severe castigation the young Israelite had received from the Liberator.

Angus. It certainly is no wonder that Mr. Benjamin the Little, should be exasperated. Listen to this curious letter that appeared in the 'Chronicle', signed C. P. C., Boswell-court.—"It is not a little singular that the great Agitator, in his recent observations upon the younger D'Israeli's parentage, should have alighted upon the real name of one of the malefactors who suffered with the Saviour of the world some 1835 years since. It appears from a very ancient monkish manuscript preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster, and recently brought to light by the indefatigable efforts of the learned secretary to the Record Commission, that the names of the two thieves who underwent the extreme penalty of the law in company with Jesus, were יִשְׂרְאֵלִי "*Israeli,*" (a wrestler with God,) and כֹּהֵן "*Cohen*" (a priest). What will the author of "Vivian Grey," and the learned editor of the "Parliamentary Writs," *alias* the Tory protest commissioner, say to this?" A more original and unlooked-for hit could never have been conceived. It falls almost as heavily upon the learned author of '*Curiosities,*' as upon Ben-yawmin, the 'son of his right hand!'

Shamrock O'Toole. It saimes to have had a virry powerful bit of effect on the younger gintleman, and to have made him *unextinguishably* mad! He's got into a strange Benjamin mess! He vows to pursue Mr. O'Connell's 'existence!' By the Moses, he'd better not come in the way of its corporeal tenement, so he had'nt!

Argus. His heroic expression of 'We shall meet at Philippi!' which has been so much laughed at, seems to me to have originated in a very serious feeling in him. He felt that his political tergiversation had rendered him the mere *ghost* of what he had once been!

Shamrock O'Toole. And his fine Philippics have melted into a *jew d'esprit.*

Mrs. Albion. Pray, good Shamrock, let this scandal cease.

Shamrock O'Toole. To be sure, it has ceased in the smoke of his extinguished political existence.

Mrs. Albion. But is there nothing cheering, and without these cutting personalities? Is there no victory over prejudice—no noble instance of *public* spirit to applaud?

Mr. Albion. Yes, indeed, thank heaven, who has made some men honest! The Tories issued a hand-bill in Stroud with 'No Popery—no Russell!' It also contained the oath taken by

the Catholic members, Lord John Russell's Resolution, &c., and finished with these words:—'All oaths taken contrary to the interests of the Church of Rome, by the Roman Catholics, are not to be considered binding on them! What security, therefore, is there for the Protestant religion, but opposition to Lord John Russell and his party?'

Miss Jukes. What security indeed? Oh! the fork-and-gargot wretches!

Lord Dough. An observation very just. A pope I detest. '*You*, the great toe of this assembly!'

Mr. Albion. The insidious hand-bill, however, met with the scorn it merited! The No-Popery cry has lost its effect; the people are no more to be led astray from their vital interests by *that* bugbear; nor by the bugbear of legitimacy; nor by the bugbear of a civil war and a sanguinary revolution; nor by the Sovereign-hoax of a holy alliance, and the liberty and glory of England depending on going to war against the liberties of a foreign nation!

Angus. Then, again, there is a noble spirit evinced by Dr. Arnold, the master of Rugby School, who has been slandered for boldly questioning, almost 'in the very words of Cranmer,' the assumed right of the state-clergy to speak, as they continually do, as if from divine authority and dictation.

Cœur de Leon. It is a fine and cheering sight to witness such conduct in a churchman, and one moreover in a prominent public position. How insignificant must be the fiercely orthodox malevolence of all Dr. Arnold's enemies, compared with the strength of his approving conscience!

Mr. Albion. Mr. Harris, the dissenting minister, has also shown a courageous bearing under the ridiculous threats of the reverend brother of the 'renowned archdeacon,' concerning the Sermon of Mr. Harris on the Rathcormac tithe-collecting butchery. Within about three months the sermon has gone through eleven editions! He has been threatened with a prosecution, and 'informed,' says the 'Chronicle,' 'that the publication of another edition will aggravate his offence! *His* offence!' pursued the writer; 'the reverend brothers think only of *his* offence! Have his words killed any widow's children? No; but they have wounded the ear of a professor of peace and charity. We should like to know whether the shrieks and groans of the maimed and dying were as grievous to that sensitive ear. Was the reverend gentleman as prompt in his attempts to silence the fire of the musketry as the observations of Mr. Harris? Did he think of the law when men were dropping dead or wounded? When the widow Ryan cried "Murder!" did it occur to him that such slanderous words were an "aggravation of *her* offence?" Surely, in the order of things, he should bring an action against the bereaved mother for the words descriptive of his conduct, poured forth in her first paroxysm of anguish, before he

prosecutes those who have sympathized with her in more subdued expressions of indignation and abhorrence. An action for slander against the widow Ryan, by the Rev. Archdeacon Ryder, would have a good effect!'

ALL. Well done, 'Morning Chronicle!'

MR. ALBION. We must not suffer the Rathcormac affair to 'blow over;' the investigation is not to be 'gradually dropped.' As to Mr. Harris, he treats the threats of the reverend brothers with the same contempt as he would a popish Bull! He *has* published another edition!

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. 'Let them roar again!' it's no manner of use; Mr. Harris don't value three thumps of a pulpit-cushion the whole of the Nightingale Club that's held at 'the *Cabbage* and *Shears!*'

SANDY SAUNDERSON. Dinna ye ken, Maister Shamrock, that yer imaginative eeloquence maks a mon feel vera hungry; forbye an exposure to the fresh morning air, whilk is active wi' those wha squat on the doup wi' na ither action than that o' the mind?

ALL (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! his nose is blue!

SANDY SAUNDERSON (*gravely*). I maun gang to the cottage.

[*Exit* SAUNDERSON.

LORD DOUGH (*rising*). It is a reflection most sensible! I also shall retire awhile, and re-invigorate with wholesome corporealities.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE (*jumping up*). Here, take my arm, I'll see you safe across the field.

LORD DOUGH. Wherefore?

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. There's a mad popery bull sent by the 'renowned archdeacon' to gore us!—besides, I'm hungry myself.

MISS JUKES. Shamrock, your other arm; will you never learn the attentions due to a lady?

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Here, here, ten thousand billions of pardons! [*Exeunt* LORD DOUGH, SHAMROCK, *and* MISS JUKES.

SCENE II.—*Time, noon. Inside of a large cottage.* EPHRAIM SQUILLS *standing with his hands in his pockets before a tea-pot.*

SQUILLS (*abstractedly*). Pigs are unclean reptiles. Moses says so too; but he is no judge—or, he *ought* to be no judge. A clean Jew is a rarity. Moses is a rarity. He said two days ago, it would be my turn to wash up all the tea-cups and things; and I insisted to the contrary. What boots it that I have since recollected that he was right! After being positive, how can Squills retreat? It is not only giving the lie to one's self, but giving honour to your opponent by the admission, and character for the

time to come. No, I will not retreat. But I will punish myself for the mistake by taking no breakfast. There will be fewer things to wash—that's some encouragement to fortitude. How nice everything smelt! I have stood here and watched the steam come oozing from the long-crooked nose of the tea-pot they left me, cloud after cloud, fainter and fainter! Now it is all over! now it is all cold! Well done, strong-minded man, that hath resisted warm tea, though athirst, and left, though ravening within, yon pile of sandwiches inviolate! (*Voices at a distance*). They come! they will bear witness to my fortitude! But the cause—the cause, O Squills! Is it worthy of such unconquerable endurance? This admits of doubt. Surely I might now admit that I was wrong, because my present self that knows the fact, is not the gentleman who two days ago did *not* know that fact; for that is my past self? Ahem! I'll be hanged if I *do* admit it for all that! Here they come!—there's Sandy Saunderson, and a little behind him there's Mr. Shamrock, and Miss Jukes, and the Lord; but where's Moses the clean Jew?

Enter SANDY SAUNDERSON.

SAUNDERSON. Gude's my life, Squills!

SQUILLS (*abstractedly*). Without soap and water, what is man?

SAUNDERSON. He's just a brute creature; but ha' ye taken naething to eat the morn?

SQUILLS. I hate the Scotch—

SAUNDERSON. Hech, mon?

SQUILLS. Whiskey and oatmeal! Mr. Saunderson, do not persist in personalities.

Enter SHAMROCK O'TOOLE, MISS JUKES, *and* LORD DOUGH.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Ephraim Squills, we've come to eat all you've got!

SQUILLS. You'll kill me first, I hope?

LORD DOUGH. I exhaust—I repine for want of nourishment!

MISS JUKES. What nice things have you got for us?

SQUILLS. It's not my turn to answer.

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. Oh, here's a fine ham and a cold turkey, and lots of boiled fowls!

SAUNDERSON. It winna be decent in a body to stick a fork intil them sae rabidly out o' time. We maun first tak dinner to the folk at the great Tree yonder!

LORD DOUGH. I faint! I ungastrify!

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. True, Sandy, true. Away then, ye dacent thoughtful moor-fowl, and take as much as you can carry, for their ating and drinking.

SAUNDERSON. But first, sir, are ye nae a patriot?

SHAMROCK O'TOOLE. By my sowl and all, am I!

SAUNDERSON. Then ye'll just clap down yer canny name to this paper, for as large a bit o'gold or siller as the like o'ye can afford.

SHAMROCK. What is the maning of the thing?

SAUNDERSON. It's just a patriotic subscription for the patriotic exposure o'the Spy creature.

LORD DOUGH. A subscrip - - - Oh, I am literally exsanguent!

SHAMROCK. Och! and I see now as sure as a trigger. It's the rise of the Edinborough men in favour of the Edinborough Tait, so it is! Here's my copper, and success go wid it.

SAUNDERSON. Copper!—this is nae copper, sir!—is gude gold!

SHAMROCK *(bawling)*. Luck go wid ye! Stick the paper under the liver-wing o'the big turkey, and the noble paple under the Tree will clap down their names as nate as myself.

[*Exit* SANDY SAUNDERSON, *with turkey, &c.*

SQUILLS. I was wrong!—I *was* wrong!—but *now* I am right. Where's a cold fowl? [*Seizes one and falls to.*

SHAMROCK. Divil fire me!—see how he ates for his life!

SQUILLS. I do! I do!—Where's the drink?

[*Seizes a jug of ale, and pours it down his throat.*

MISS JUKES. It makes me ill to see such a fish!

SHAMROCK. Come, Squills—come, good Ephraim, help me now set out the table here, then? Quick, and we'll all start fair for the plate! Lave that fowl, Squills; lave it, I say, and come to attack a fresh one. You'll be after braking your taith, if you don't be a little moderate.

LORD DOUGH. The mineral succedaneum—

MISS JUKES. Yes, or the mineral marmortum, will easily supply that deficiency.

SHAMROCK. The divil it will! But how d'ye come to know that, Miss Jukes?

MISS JUKES. Ahem!—I faint also—I—I confess I am not without appetite.

SHAMROCK. Here now, it's all ready. No ceremony.

[*Puts a whole fowl upon her plate.*

MISS JUKES. Oh Mister Shamrock!

SHAMROCK. Shall I take it back, then?

MISS JUKES. Sir, you should endeavour to learn politeness.

LORD DOUGH. Salt, pepper, mustard,—thank you!—bread, salad, oil, wine, ale, and things,—thank you! Miss Jukes, I have the honour—ah, thank you! Mr. Squills, better temper to us—thank you! Shamrock, move your heel from the vicinity of my corns.

SHAMROCK. Ha! ha! ha!

[*They pay no further attention to each other.*

SCENE III. *The party round the Tree.—Time, evening.*

CŒUR DE LEON. And very glad I am that the spy was thoroughly discomfited.

MR. ALBION. Does your list of subscribers increase, Mr. Saunderson, to your satisfaction?

SAUNDERSON. I hae na gude reason to complain. It only wants that men should ken a' the story, and then the siller would tumble in frae a' the country.

MRS. ALBION. Amidst all these victories, at which we rejoice, there are some which cause a meditative grief: the victories of death over the good. Yet are they but poor and ineffectual conquests. The frail fabric of the body is resolved to its maternal elements, and can no more be recognised among us; but the mind remains entire, and continues its progress towards posterity. Mrs. Hemans lives only in her works!

FATHER ZODIAC. Hail! and farewell!

MR. ALBION. So, poor Shakspeare Ireland, I hear, is also dead? Was he not rather a voluminous unfortunate?

ANGUS. He was the luckless author, you will recollect, of Vortigern and Rowena, and other papers called Shakspeare's; of Confessions, of Poems, of Romances, Novels, Translations from Voltaire, France for the last Seven Years, &c. &c. Newspapers and Magazines seem to have manifested rather a malignant spirit in their notices of his death; and some of them, under the canting affectation of 'pointing a moral,' have even vented contemptuous exultations over the wretchedness of his death-bed and obscure last home.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. The 'Atlas' spoke very fairly of him, and without any of this indecent bitterness. I knew Ireland some years ago; but what is your opinion of his life and writings?

ANGUS. His forgery of the Shakspeare Papers was the admirable, though misdirected, ingenuity of boyish years, he being only sixteen or seventeen at the time, and originated in the secret pleasure of endeavouring to produce something which should pass as the work of the great poet, whom his father was so incessantly holding up to his admiration. But no sooner did he find that the trick had succeeded to the utmost, the real, ultimate, and matter-of-fact consequences of which he had never foreseen or even dreamt of, than he felt utterly confounded and appalled, as well he might. But it was too late to recede. He did not dare confess to his father what he had done when he found the character of that father so immediately implicated in the proceeding. The deception thus became popular, and most of the big-wigs and learned Thebans, who flattered their bloated vapidity with the notion that they understood Shakspeare, gave it their entire sanction and patronage. John Kemble, and one or two more, knew better.

The dirty mildewed paper, hunted out from old book-stalls, so as to get it with the water-mark of Shakspeare's time; the wonderful fac-simile of the handwriting, written with a little ink mixed with tobacco-water, which in a few days had all the appearance of being hundreds of years old; the antiquated phrase and construction, and mechanical imitation of the sentiments and characteristics of the great poet's dialogue, &c.; all these would not do with men who judged from internal evidence, and saw that the *spirit* was wanting. But this boy made fools of the Grecians; he proved to palpable demonstration that they had 'no learned spirit'—nay, he did worse, he made them prove it themselves, and in public.

Father Zodiac. That was good; yet methinks their own writings might have proved it sufficiently.

Mr. Albion. But the public, sir; the public—that is the point! No sooner did the young Pickle confess the trick he had played, than two parties arose: those who had assented to the authenticity of the papers and knelt down to the hoax, and those few who had denied it; the latter forming a most overwhelming majority, because they were instantly joined by numbers who swore they had never believed it. This brought the public over to their side, and loud and universal was the ridicule that assailed the Boswells, Parrs, and other illuminati.

Father Zodiac. Died it not away—as all things die?

Mr. Albion. Not exactly. After a writhing struggle on the part of the adepts in black-letter, autographs, &c., to prove the falsity of young Ireland's Confessions, they were obliged to sit down under the laughter of the illiterate as well as literate world. He then published some poems or ballads avowedly his own, and this rekindled the war. The Thebans denounced them as trash, and, comparing them with the superiority of the plays he had put forth as Shakspeare's, reverted in part to their first decision, that they were either by Shakspeare or one of the writers of his time. But everybody else found additional proof in these poor mock-ancient ballads, of the forgery in the first instance, and denying their wonderful superiority, came to the conclusion, that the only occasion of such superiority as the former really possessed in isolated passages, was occasioned either by the imitation of his great model, or by plagiarising sentiments and paraphrasing images from Shakspeare's works. And this is really the case, though I do not recollect it among the Confessions.

Mrs. Albion. Then everybody agreed in denouncing young Ireland's poems?

Mr. Albion. Of course: there was nothing in them but mechanism.

Harry of Newmarket. Supposing he had never made any confessions?

Moses. How much money he might have got! Pity—pity!

Mr. Albion. Ah, then they would have passed as beautiful

old ballads, and been bound up with all such collections—many poems among which are not one atom better; and, as to his plays, they would perhaps have been bound up with Pericles, Titus Andronicus, the Yorkshire Tragedy, &c.

Mrs. Albion. I can hardly think that. All those pieces contain internal evidence of Shakspeare's mind in isolated passages. Nobody else could have written that appalling domestic sketch called the Yorkshire Tragedy. As to the plays young Ireland said he found, they should never have been bound up with my copy of Shakspeare.

Mr. Albion. You don't know: you might have been cajoled out of sympathy, from some cause or other.

Mrs. Albion. As sacred relics then, like a lock of hair, a mouldy neck-ruff, an old hat, or a bit of the dear old mulberry tree; not as fine bequests of his heart and intellect.

Harry of Newmarket. That's near enough.

Mrs. Albion. Supposing I *had* done so: but how did young Ireland fare amidst all this popularity of odium?

Mr. Albion. He had run away from his father's house—in fact I think his father had turned him out, or at all events he forbade his return. It was, however, asserted by some very liberal-minded folks that this was only a *ruse*, and that he was merely the tool of his father all through the affair, the latter having cooked up the MSS. in question. But there are no grounds for this supposition to be deduced from the writings of his father, or his general character, which seems to have been as unlike that of his son as could well be.

Moses. I wish I had been his father!

All (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! No doubt.

Moses. Or himself either. I would have managed matters better. I would have held my tongue, and enjoyed the joke in all its bearings.

Mrs. Albion. How are we to translate the word 'enjoyment?'

Moses. As 'profit,' to be sure; but it seems he had no enjoyment either of the joke or its consequences.

Mrs. Albion. Quite the contrary, it appears. To have made fools of so many learned men, holding an influential position in the literary world,—no matter with how little merit—could hardly turn out otherwise than serious towards the unfortunate perpetrator of the ingenious deception.

Mr. Albion. Mark the consequences. Every subsequent attempt he made in literature was quashed directly it appeared; and he was followed through life with persecution, both in public and private. I do not say his compositions contained anything that could be called fine or original; but they were not examined with any view to discriminate their value or mediocrity—his name alone was a denunciation. His fate, observes one of the newspapers, is a fearful warning to all young aspirants; for he began his career

'with a lie in his mouth.' But the individual application and practical working out of this moral requires the following qualification. He suffered persecution and poverty all his life for a literary hoax committed when a boy; and, now he is dead, certain folks are starting up to insist that he never wrote the papers in question, and that his last declaration, to the effect that he *did* write them, was 'dying with a lie in his mouth.'

Father Zodiac. Finding him no longer open to persecution on the first count, the very opposite is now to be brought to bear against him, so as to induce the execration of his memory for falsely pretending to have done that which when alive he paid the penalty for having done. Malignity will thus feed upon the poor man for telling the truth about a lie, and for not having sworn that his lie was the truth.

Mr. Albion. There is another cause for the unmanly exultation, which is not very indirectly shown, at his having died in obscure lodgings in the greatest distress. Since so many men of acknowledged high intellect and morality have died in just the same circumstances, there is a wish to show—putting the exception for the general principle—that his bad conduct induced it, and the ingratitude of the world's common practice of neglect to its noblest benefactors is thus to be flattered with the notion of poetical justice.

Mrs. Albion. But was Ireland without any ability?

Harry of Newmarket. For my part, I always thought him a very clever fellow.

Angus. He mistook extravagance for originality, and wild absurdity for genius, as his romances amply testify. They are outrageous vapidities. He was, however, a man of great general information, and wrote—when not employed in booksellers' piecework—a good, sterling, unaffected prose, very superior to the premature, unpractised, mawkish amateurisms of the host of lady and gentlemen scribblers who are now incessantly 'taking up their pens.'

Mrs. Albion. What a pity that such a man was not properly applied! How serviceable he might have been to a newspaper, a magazine, or in various useful departments of literature!

Mr. Albion. To obtain these engagements depends as much—generally much more—on private interest and acquaintance, where a man has not already a popular position, as on positive ability. But, besides this, nobody could trust Ireland; they knew his love of a hoax, and feared his ingenuity. Independent of his necessities he appears to have had a natural *penchant* for the thing.

Harry of Newmarket. I can tell you of one which I believe is not at all known or suspected by the public. Some elegant French poems were *discovered* in manuscript, evidently written by Chatelat to Mary Queen of Scots, and were published as such. The engraving which has so long been about town, of Mary leaning

on one elbow with Chatelat, in a sentimental attitude, playing the guitar and singing to her—a poor concern that has sold very well—has some of these French verses appended to it. Ireland happening one day to be in company with the engraver or painter—I forget which—the latter mentioned the subject, and quoted the lines appended to the print, together with some from the other poems, expressing his admiration of Chatelat's refined muse, &c. Whereupon Mr. Ireland, with all the glee of a boy, though about five-and-forty years of age, cut a caper in the air, and alighting on his feet, and bowing with a delighted look, exclaimed, 'Sir,—I wrote every line of them!'

Mrs. Albion. It is quite clear there was no sense of moral turpitude in his mind or sensation as to the trick. Does not this let us into the secret of his character?

Mr. Albion. No doubt this gives the key to it to a great extent; but if all that I have heard against him be true—

Mrs. Albion. Half, dear; say half.

Mr. Albion. If half that I have heard against him be true, it is clear that he had no sense of moral turpitude on various occasions when he ought to have had it. And yet it is very probable that distress of circumstances induced actions at which his better nature revolted.

Harry of Newmarket. No doubt but it was so.

Mrs. Albion. Perhaps he had a family?

Harry of Newmarket. He had, and something a large one, as commonly happens where means are small. I used frequently to see and converse with him many years ago. He had a cottage a few miles out of town, and as I was installed in a little shooting-box pretty near, we often met; for I was much interested in the various circumstances he detailed of his residence in France during the time of Napoleon. Only two other English families besides his own had remained in Paris, and after the police had ascertained all about them, they were suffered to remain without the slightest molestation. His anecdotes of the Emperor I found interesting, though, upon my soul, sometimes he put my credulity to a very hard test. I do not mean that I think he could have invented anything too fine in sterling intellect or noble humanity—allow me my private opinion of Napoleon, if you please—for that people-chosen dictator; but the said anecdotes were often so strange, that they seemed what Ireland himself would probably have termed them, *astonishers!*—though he might not have chosen to admit that he had given the finishing touches which produced the effect.

Moses. He had had enough of confessing.

Father Zodiac. There are a sort of people whose imagination, being unbalanced by a sufficient weight of other powers, has as natural a tendency to hyperbole in speaking of facts, as others who are deficient in imagination have of reducing every sentiment, and

even every poetical idea, to a dry mathematical demonstration. Perhaps this individual was one of the former, and was himself the dupe of his own ungoverned fancies to the same extent that he wished his hearers to be. He deceived others, having first deceived himself; fooling his own reason before he fooled them into belief.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. Why, this, I believe, was really very often the case.

MOSES. But did he ever do so against his own interest? Did he ever lose money by it?

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. Can't say he did. Nor was that at all likely, you may easily suppose.

MOSES. He often gained some end by it then?

MRS. ALBION. He surprised his hearer, gratified his vanity, or amused himself and others: that was his object—do not let us become illiberal.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. He did all that besides, but I am afraid Moses is pretty near the mark.

FATHER ZODIAC. Instinct often acts from 'foregone conclusions' as well as reason, and perhaps the results are the more practical where a man does not look his own bad motives in the face.

MRS. ALBION. But his family,—his distress for them?

FATHER ZODIAC. That justifies him in the abstract; but civilized society, as it is called, has no practical mercy. Starving merit gets pity when it is dead; and bestowing this, the act of letting starve is unconsciously balanced against the forthcoming sentiment of benevolence, and thus the world cries quits with merit. Virtue, nay, and vice too, are half idealities. If mankind practised half, or a much less part, of what they contemplated practising, there would be no time for sleeping; action would eventually supersede thought; and activity continuing from habit, we should soon become the least rational animals in creation. Wise is the dispensation of our waking dreams; but we should not assume perfection. We have the germ within us of a far better state and condition of society; but we must earn it by correct progression rather than exuberant activity.

MR. ALBION. What sort of man was Mr. Ireland in other respects?

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. A thoroughly agreeable gentleman-like man, full of pleasant conversation on all topics, and quite as ready to listen to others, even when they did not possess a tithe of his own knowledge of the subject. There was a total absence of all assumption or dogmatism—partly the result of modesty and good nature, and partly from having no very fixed principles, but merely opinions which he most amusingly changed every now and then. His modesty and the boyish hilarity of his spirits qualified his occasional extravagance, and rendered him a most entertaining companion. My recollections of him during the brief period of

our acquaintance make me ready to assert, amidst all the charges that can be brought or proved against him, that he was a man of good heart and real humanity, though his conduct and character were flawed and stained by freaks both of nature and circumstance. Half his sins were in his own defence; all of them were on a petty scale; and on the balance being drawn, I think he was 'more sinned against than sinning.'

Mrs. Albion. Very fair, Harry; very fair.

Harry of Newmarket. He had formed a pretty extensive acquaintance in France, and with many noted characters of the period. Several of these frequently visited at his cottage during the time I knew him. I often used to meet Count de Rure there: a very extraordinary personage. His huge forehead had quite the Elgin-marble character, as to the wear-and-tear appearance of antiquity; while the lower part of his face resembled that of a battered eagle. As to his age, he looked a thousand. His memory and personal recollections, as in the romance of Melmoth, were sometimes appalling, from their immense sweep backward. Nor was his prodigious information confined to political events and characters: literature, sciences, arts, languages, and manufactures, he seemed to have been at their rise, and never to have lost sight of any link in their progress. He went away somewhere all of a sudden, and I never heard any more of him. I should think he was still living, for he always gave me the idea of a being who had contrived, by some occult knowledge added to his practical, to smuggle himself through that period when a very old man has nothing else to do but die.

Mrs. Albion. How I should like to have seen him! perhaps he was a resuscitation of the Magus Zoroaster?

Father Zodiac. I have not the least doubt of it.

Syrius (*lifting up his head from the grass, and singing.*)

But you smiled, Father Zodiac,—why did you smile?
'Twas the dawn of a long-vista'd doubt,
For you know, dear grey Zodiac, when a man once
Is grave-lock'd, he can't well get out.
Sing oh! for the stars,
That creep as they're bid,
And peep down the flaws
Of the solemn pyramid!

Moses. That old eagle had not lived to know so much for nothing. A rare rich fellow, I warrant. I wonder if he's in England just now?

Mr. Albion (*laughing*). Do you really think that you could get to the blind side of such a man?

Mrs. Albion. Go on with your reminiscences, Harry; you seem to be in good sketching humour.

Harry of Newmarket. I occasionally met in Clement's Inn, where Ireland had chambers for literary business, the Marquis de

Maubreuil, who made some figure under the Emperor, but whom the latter had denounced as a treacherous ingrate, and driven from his presence as one in whom no generosity could ensure faithful service. In such estimates Napoleon was never wrong; and, indeed, the dark sinister look of Maubreuil, the subdued expression of his fierce blood-shot eyes, and the sinuous quiescence, if one may so express it, of his whole deportment, were quite enough for me. He spoke English very indifferently, and probably wrote French as bad, for he was continually worrying Ireland, amidst all his own literary schemes and labours, to translate letters, forward memorials, *concoct* documents; (I only conjecture this;) and as all this was to be done without fee, Ireland soon grew tired of the fun, and strongly recommended him to go abroad,—anywhere,—to which Maubreuil at length acceded. But a much more interesting person was young Las Cases, son of the old Count Las Cases. The former, Baron Las Cases, on arriving in London after the St. Helena affairs were terminated by the death of the Emperor, soon found out Ireland, and various secret conferences no doubt took place. It was on the subject,—to me a very interesting one,—as to the best means of giving Sir Hudson Lowe a sound horsewhipping for his utterly vulgar tyranny, and then escaping from the legal consequences, to await at Calais or Boulogne the result in other respects. The plan was constructed very well by General Ireland, who danced again at the thought. The only misgiving the latter had about the entire success was, that whereas the said gaoler was a long, raw-boned man, and young Baron Las Cases of small figure and delicate constitution, it might so fall out that the former would wrest the whip from his hand, and administer the *condign* upon his intended executor. Ireland, after sounding what sort of interest I felt about the general bearings, in so careful and inch-by-inch a manner that I can never think of it without shaking with laughter, at length communicated the proposed plan of flagellation. He also mentioned his doubt. I said I had too much faith in the spirit of young Las Cases to have any doubt; nay, that it would be an offence to hint the chance of such a miscarriage. 'That's true, sir,' answered Ireland; 'still, bone is bone.' Here he paused, and looked metaphysical. 'Then,' said I, 'you had better attend in person; you must be his godfather in the combat.' 'I have turned that over in my mind,' replied he, cautiously. 'And no doubt it has alighted the right end upwards? If the gaoler should seize Las Cases with a strong grip, you will then interpose your hand, and deposit the former in the gutter?' 'I have also thought of my family,' resumed Ireland; 'no, no, sir, if Las Cases should be likely to get the worst of it in a struggle, I shall step in as a private gentleman, a passer-by, absolutely astonished at such proceedings on the part of Sir Hudson!' The day arrived. A post-chariot stood at a short distance; Las Cases coiled up a horsewhip in his

pocket, Ireland strolled about the neighbourhood like a gentleman 'in search of the picturesque,' and your humble servant set his back against a corner near the ex-gaoler's house, intently perusing a most interesting newspaper.

All (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! go on, Harry, go on.

Harry of Newmarket. After being hissed in the public streets, Sir Hudson had thought it advisable never to walk. This was what had caused the first difficulties in the arrangements. It had been finally determined that the punishment should be administered as he stepped out of his carriage. I saw nothing at all of Ireland during the half-hour or more that elapsed; but the impatience of Las Cases occasioned him to pass and repass the door of the ex-gaoler's house several times. No sooner did the carriage appear, than I descried Ireland walking in the same direction, very, very deep in thought, with one hand in his pocket, and the other gently sawing the air, as though he was composing a verse or sentence. Excessive laughter was thoroughly superseded in me by excitement, and by admiration at Ireland's 'masterly handling' in his personation of a private gentleman fortuitously passing that way. No sooner had Sir Hudson alighted on the pavement than the young Baron stepped nimbly up to him, and saluted him with a cut over the shoulders, and then presented his card. The ex-gaoler started a little on receiving the former, but, recognising Las Cases, he shuffled quickly onwards, refusing to take the proffered card. Whereupon Las Cases followed him up the steps, and, administering a second salute with the whip, threw another card into the passage after him, and the door closed. Just as Las Cases was ascending the steps, Mr. Shakspeare Ireland leisurely passed the door—so accurately had he calculated the distance. It really seemed as if he had made a mathematical estimate of the time the affair would occupy, and had previously counted the requisite steps. Certainly no barrister ever took more pains in 'getting up a case' than he did on all occasions. They joined one another near the post-chariot, and drove off into the country. They returned by a different conveyance the same night, the chariot driving on like the devil; walked quietly arm in arm into town; and repaired to Ireland's chambers in Clement's Inn, where we supped. I never ate such a supper in my life, before or since! It only wanted the presence of the Emperor. About two o'clock Baron Las Cases started for the sea-port, and arrived in Calais or Boulogne, I forget which, where he remained some time; but Sir Hudson declined all his invitations to cross the Channel.

Mrs. Albion. Really this Mr. Ireland must have been a most amusing person.

Mr. Albion. Did he not compile one or two volumes called 'Anecdotes of Napoleon?'

All (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! anecdotes!

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. To be sure he did—half a dozen, or more.

MR. ALBION *(gravely)*. But surely a great many historical anecdotes of Napoleon are easily to be collected from authentic sources?

HARRY OF NEWMARKET (*laughing*). Doubtless, doubtless; but the joke was, that Ireland agreed to furnish volumes of Napoleon Anecdotes as long as people would buy them. And this he most certainly did, for a vast quantity were sold. It was no fault of his that they eventually ceased to be *found*, depend upon it.

MRS. ALBION. I suppose then he was chary of his authentic stories, and only threw them in here and there, to give an authentic colour to the rest?

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. Perhaps so; but let me tell you he had the art of combining authentic details with fiction in such a way that few can tell who's who. Besides, he could relate the same story in different volumes, in such different ways—giving 'all the authorities' different also—that it is scarcely possible to contend with him. But he latterly committed a grievous mistake, and grievously heavy were the consequences it entailed upon him. I call it a mistake, because, from the very nature of it, there would be hundreds of living witnesses who would rise up and controvert it in a moment. I allude to the last of his publications I ever heard of, 'The History of Kent.' Speaking of a certain river, or piece of water, he somehow or other took it into his head to make a statement about a particular bridge that ran across it at a particular part. This fact he considered not sufficiently interesting, and perhaps, *miserabile dictu!* he wanted to fill up a certain space of print for a Sunday's dinner. Whether he had never visited that unlucky spot, or his memory did not serve him, and no book would help him out of the dilemma, certain it is he suffered his imagination to lead him into an account of all the details, 'dates, wood-work, stone-work, builders' bills,' even to putting *a toll* upon it; and a very interesting account he made. No bridge at all had ever existed! No sooner did the number of the said history arrive in Kent, than letter after letter, from 'the oldest inhabitants,' came pell-mell up to the astounded publisher! The sheet—the whole number, I think—was immediately cancelled. The expense of this cancel fell upon poor Ireland. In vain he protested that it was a venial error anybody might have fallen into—that he *had* read somewhere or other of a bridge; though he had mistaken the place, &c. The expense fell upon him. This was a blow of ruin—he had received many before, but then he was a younger man. In various misdirected struggles to extricate himself, he only got inextricably deeper. In short, he never recovered it, and, having despair in his heart, put 'the enemy into his mouth,' that his mind might be stolen away from the contemplation.

MRS. ALBION. Poor man! indeed this is very melancholy. It

forms a pathetic contrast with the boyish love of fun and roguery which appears to have been natural to him, and not at all associated with any idea of doing mischief.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. Nor was it. He meant no harm: all his literary tricks were for the sake of enjoying the joke, and profiting, *i. e.* living by it.

MR. ALBION. I never saw him but once. I thought he had very much the look of an old General; not merely on account of his braided coat, high black stock, and dark weather-beaten look; —there was 'a cut' about him.

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. He had been a very fine handsome man, of bold and imposing features, with a dark, red, sanguine complexion. When he sat at home by the fire-light on a winter's evening, in a loose dressing gown, with his long black hair flying wildly about, he gave the best impersonation I can conceive for a *beau ideal* of a king of the gipsies. If Scott had seen him he would have used him to a certainty. In his melancholy moods he reminded me, in expression, of Sir Joshua's head in the Angerstein Gallery, called the Banished Lord. It was one summer's evening that I found him sitting alone in this mood with a tumbler of sugar and water before him. The conversation took a melancholy turn—very unusual with him or me—and he said, 'I am sick of my life, sir. The more I struggle, the further I am pushed back. The more I work, the less I get. Had it not been for my family, I should have wished there had been an end of me long since. But now, Mr. Newmarket, what with one thing and the other, I am so completely worn out, that even that feeling is ground down in me, and I do not care how soon I am boxed up.' Can you wonder at my defending this man?

MRS. ALBION. Poor fellow!—and from this time I suppose his circumstances got worse and worse?

HARRY OF NEWMARKET. No doubt; for he vanished with his family from the cottage, and I only met him accidentally once or twice after. He related to me, with a laugh that was half anguish, that unlucky affair of the bridge in Kent. When I asked him where he lived, he shrugged his shoulders. There was no mistaking the melancholy answer.

ANGUS. And now the name of William Henry Ireland—he who when a boy made dupes of nearly all the learned men of the day, and subsequently of the intellectual public at large in various ways, many of which are not even now so much as suspected—wherein he has shown a most versatile ingenuity, however our self-love and vanity may be exasperated at such proofs of our want of real judgment—now his name is to gain a second popularity, lasting about a month, while his grave is to be hooted over and spit upon by those sorely-angered fools who feel that they were never a match for his Protæan rogueries.

FATHER ZODIAC. His chief literary offence, and a great one it

must be felt to be by the majority, consists in having given the names of dead authors to productions which the learned, as well as the public at large, have not been able to distinguish from the originals.

Mrs. Albion. But surely the difference is plain enough; otherwise he must have been a man of most extraordinary genius?

Father Zodiac. Not so plain, it would seem, except in the case of Shakspeare; he never flew so high afterwards, but *there* the hoax is plain enough.

Harry of Newmarket. Only to a 'learned spirit,' I fancy.

Mr. Albion *(looking at his watch)*. Of course it is plain enough to every body *now*. It is getting late.

Syrius. Mists arise—shades thicken—I see a glow-worm!

Angus. But, after all, what is there worse in this illusive lamp, as a principle, than the hoax of Chatterton, whose name is always spoken of with admiration and pity?

Mr. Albion. And is it not said that Michael Angelo made a statue, and then buried it, first breaking off a limb, which he kept privately? He, of course, manœuvred to have it found in due season, and after he had suffered all the best judges to proclaim it a fine antique, probably by the hand of Phidias, from the Parthenon, he then produced the broken limb, to show them how little they knew of the matter.

Father Zodiac. The cases are different. Chatterton's deception gave no offence, because he did not attack a high and universal reputation, (respect for Shakspeare's *name* must be taken into the account in *favour* of the public;) and because great scholars did not make themselves so prominently ridiculous on the occasion. The feeling towards Chatterton is chiefly owing to his untimely end; but partly because his productions possess considerable original beauty, though their merit is over-rated. As to Michael Angelo, his inherent greatness entitled him to adopt such means of correcting presumption and prejudice, and it came in the shape of a severe moral lesson. Michael Angelo knew his own inferiority, as a sculptor, to Phidias; but he was willing to prove to his critics that *they* did not know the difference.

Angus. How grand the shadows stride across yonder field, with the moon just rising over the trees in the outskirts! The adumbrations of Phidias and Michael Angelo rise from the grave of ages at Father Zodiac's mention of their names.

Father Zodiac (*rising*). Mother earth renews the mighty past, and all the glory it produced, in the imaginations of all the worthy of subsequent generations. Our day is closed; but it will not have been passed in vain if the noble hopes that have sunned our hearts lead us to actions that may promote the fertility of future times.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE MONSTER TRIAL.

So little is the general course of French affairs attended to in this country, that when, as at present, some single event, either from its importance or its strangeness, attracts a certain degree of notice, its causes, and all which could help to explain it, have been forgotten. It is true that the most assiduous reader of only the English newspapers, even if he retained all he had read, would understand little or nothing of the real character of events in France; for the editors of the English newspapers are as ignorant of France as they probably are of Monomotapa; and their Paris correspondents, being mostly Frenchmen, write as if for Frenchmen, and repeat the mere gossip of the day, pre-supposing as already known all which Englishmen would care to know. By being the solitary exception to this rule, the writer who signed 'O. P. Q.' in the 'Morning Chronicle' gained a temporary popularity, merely because, unlike the rest of the fraternity, he assumed that his readers knew nothing, and had to learn everything. In the 'Examiner' alone, for the last four years, those who take interest in the fate of that great country, which divides with ourselves the moral dominion of Europe, have had the passing events placed carefully before them with regular explanatory comments.

From that paper we quote part of an article which appeared on the 26th January, 1834, descriptive of the character and objects of that portion of the French republicans against whom the *procès-monstre* is mainly directed.

'The *Société des Droits de l'Homme* is at present the hobgoblin or bugbear of the *juste milieu*. The language and manner of the partisans of Louis Philippe with respect to that association are a curious medley of affected contempt and intense personal hatred, not without an admixture of fear. They are constantly and studiously imputing to the members of the society the absurdest opinions and the most criminal purposes; they are incessantly averring, with a degree of emphasis which betrays a lurking doubt, that those opinions and purposes are abhorred by the French people, and that the society has not, and never will have, the support of any class whatever, even the lowest. Yet, in the very same breath in which they declare it to be harmless by reason of its insignificance, they proclaim it so mischievous and so formidable, that society is certain to perish unless it be put down, by whatever means.

'In truth, the alarmists are equally wrong in both feelings, whether the feelings be sincere or affected. This much-talked-of association is not to be despised; neither, on the other hand, is it to be feared. It does not aim at subverting society, and society would be too strong for it if it did. Were we to believe some people, the edifice of society is so tottering, and its foundations so unstable, that a breath is enough to blow it down; nay, there cannot be any stir in the surrounding atmosphere, nor any knocking upon the ground, without its certain destruction. But we have another idea of society than this; for us it is something more

steady and solid than a house of cards. The evil we are apprehensive of is stagnation, not movement; we can anticipate nothing in the present age but good, from the severest, from even the most hostile scrutiny of the first principles of the social union. Instead of expecting society to fall to pieces, our fear is lest (the old creeds, which formerly gave to the established order of things a foundation in men's consciences, having become obsolete) the fabric should mechanically hold together by the mere instinctive action of men's immediate personal interests, without any basis of moral conviction at all. Rather than see this we should prefer to see the whole of the working classes speculatively Owenites or Saint Simonians. We are not frightened at anti-property doctrines. We have no fear that they should ever prevail so extensively as to be dangerous. But we have the greatest fear lest the classes possessed of property should degenerate more and more into selfish, unfeeling Sybarites, receiving from society all that society can give, and rendering it no service in return, content to let the numerical majority remain sunk in mental barbarism and physical destitution. * * * * * *

'The Society of the Rights of Man some months ago embodied their principles on the subject of property in the form of a manifesto, along with which they republished, as a compendium of their opinions, a Declaration of the Rights of Man, which was proposed by Robespierre to the National Convention to be prefixed to their republican constitution, and was by that body rejected. The name of Robespierre was well calculated to excite a prejudice against this document, but any thing more harmless than its contents can scarcely be conceived. Such, however, was not the impression of the Parisian public. The writer of this was at Paris when the document made its appearance, and he well remembers his astonishment at the nature and intensity of the sentiments it appeared to excite. Those who did not deem it too contemptible to be formidable were filled with consternation. The Government party, the Carlists, the Liberals, were unanimous in crying anarchy and confusion; even Republicans shook their heads and said, "This is going too far." And what does the reader imagine was the proposition which appeared so startling and so alarming to all parties? It was no other than the definition which, in the Robespierrian declaration of rights, was given of the "right of property," and ran as follows:—

'"The right of property is the right which every one possesses of using and enjoying the portion of wealth which is guaranteed to him by the law." (*La portion de biens qui lui est garantie par la loi.*)

'Such is the superstitious, or rather idolatrous, character of the respect for property in France, that this proposition actually appeared an alarming heresy, was denounced with the utmost acrimony by all the enemies of the propounders, and timidly and hesitatingly excused rather than vindicated by their friends. The maxim was evidently too much for all parties; it was a doctrine considerably in advance of them; even republicans required some time to make up their minds. Ardent revolutionists, men who were ready to take up arms at five minutes' notice for the subversion of the existing dynasty, doubted whether they could admit, as a speculative truth, that property is not of natural right, but of human constitution, and is the creature of law. Truly, there is little fear for the safety of property in France. We believe that in no country in the world, not even the United States of America, is property so

secure; the most violent convulsion would not endanger it; in a country where nearly two-thirds of the male adult population possess property in land, and where the notions entertained of the inviolability of property are so pedantic and (if we may be permitted the expression) so prudish, that there are persons who will gravely maintain that the state has no right to make a road through a piece of land without the owner's consent, even on payment of compensation.

'Strange as it may appear, in the declaration of rights, drawn up by Robespierre, and adopted by the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*, there is not, with the one exception which we have mentioned, one single proposition on the subject of property which was considered exceptionable even by those who were so scandalized at the above definition. No limitation of the right of property was hinted at; no new or alarming maxim promulgated; unless such be implied in the recognition of the principle of the English poor laws, that society is bound to provide subsistence and work for its indigent members; and this document was *rejected* by the convention, by the body which put to death Louis XVI., and created the revolutionary tribunal, rejected by that body as *anarchical*. Yet there are people who believe that the principle of the French revolution was spoliation of property! For the thousandth time, we say to the English Tories and Whigs, that they are as utterly ignorant of the French revolution as of the revolutions among the inhabitants of the moon. Acts of injustice were done; rights, which really partook of the nature of property, were not always treated as such; but the respect of the revolutionary assemblies for all that they considered as entitled to the name of property amounted to actual narrowness and bigotry. We do not affirm this solely of the comparatively moderate and enlightened men who composed the constituent assembly, but in even a greater degree of the violent revolutionists of the convention, to whose obtuser and less cultivated intellects such a prejudice was more natural. In the height of the reign of terror anti-property doctrines would have been scouted, even more decidedly than now; no one dared avow them for fear of the guillotine; nor do such doctrines figure in the history of the revolution at all, save in the solitary instance of the conspiracy of Babœuf, greatly posterior to the fall of Robespierre and the Montagne.' * * * * * *

In April, 1834, about three months after the above article was written, the leaders in a general strike of the silk-weavers of Lyons, which had just terminated unsuccessfully, were prosecuted by order of government; and this prosecution, together with the knowledge that the detestable law then in progress through the Chambers for putting down all associations unlicensed by government would be applied to the extinction of trades' unions, provoked the unfortunate insurrection at Lyons, which lasted five days, and was with some difficulty suppressed. This was not a political, but a trades' union insurrection. The government, however, took that base advantage of the alarm excited by it which all French governments have long been accustomed to take of all events exciting a panic among those who have something to lose. They got up an insignificant riot in the streets of Paris, called it an insurrection, took the most violent measures for repressing it,

(a house was broken open, and all the inhabitants, twenty or thirty in number, butchered by the troops,) and availed themselves of the excuse for seizing the persons and papers of all the leading members of the *Société des Droits de l'Homme*. Not one of those leaders was even suspected of being concerned in either of the two insurrections, but the opportunity was thought a good one for laying, under colour of law, the clutches of the government upon the correspondence of the society. It is now a year that these distinguished persons have been kept in prison; and that time has been employed in manufacturing, from the papers which government got into its possession, evidence of a plot. The next desideratum was, to bring the prisoners before a tribunal which would be sure to convict them. Paris juries had been tried, and found not sufficiently docile. They had always scouted the miserable attempts to hunt down innocent men on charges of treason and conspiracy; and memorable had been the exposure, on more than one such occasion, of the malignant and fraudulent artifices of the government. There was, however, a resource. In servile imitation of the English constitution, the Chamber of Peers had been, by the French charter, invested with the power of trying *ministers* for treason or malversation on the prosecution of the Chamber of Deputies. This provision Louis Philippe, following a questionable precedent of Louis the Eighteenth's reign, has applied to the case of persons who are not ministers, nor prosecuted by the Chamber of Deputies; and has brought the pretended authors of the pretended republican conspiracy of Paris, along with the presumed authors of the real trades' union revolt at Lyons, before the Chamber of Peers; that is, before a body named by the government, and mostly holding places under it.

Nothing can denote more complete ignorance of France than the daily speculations in our liberal newspapers as to the embarrassments which the Chamber of Peers is supposed to have brought upon itself by consenting to be made the tool of the government in this matter, and the loss it is likely to sustain in public estimation. The Chamber of Peers is so happily situated, that it cannot possibly suffer any loss of public estimation; any change on that score must be to its advantage. It is as completely insignificant as our House of Lords would be if it were a body of mere pensioners, not hereditary, containing as little talent as at present, and scarcely any fortune. The Chamber of Peers, previously to this trial, was heartily despised. It may now attain the more honourable, and, to a Frenchman especially, far more enviable position of being hated. By showing that it has still the power (in spite of the imbecility inherent in its constitution) of making itself formidable as an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the other two branches of the legislature, it may have a chance, which it certainly had not before, of regaining a certain sort of consideration. The Monster Trial is its last throw for political importance. A.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—No. IV.

THE DRUDGE.

Dorcas Bell was the youngest child of a humble family, which had gradually fallen lower and lower in the world, through the incidental calamities of frequent sickness, and occasional want of employment; yet Dorcas was fourteen years of age ere she left her home to go into the world in the capacity of a common servant.

With pretensions as humble as her condition, she was not eligible to any but a servitude of a lowly grade, and such she met in the house of a small tradesman.

To many of this class, more than to any other, adheres that servile, sordid feeling which is incident to those whose position places them in the crouching attitude of dependence, and stimulates them with the desire for accumulation. Some years since, the period in which this story is laid, this class was tinctured with a deeper die of meanness than now—now that the lights of knowledge are being generally diffused, and the consciousness of common rights, spreading even to the counter and the court, makes 'darkness visible,' and counteracts the 'caterpillar principle' in both.

Into the family of Abel Barton, grocer and tea-dealer, Dorcas was admitted. There, amid ignorance, uncouthness, and some share of opulence, reigned the exterminating spirit of *caste*—that spirit which drives the wretched pariah beyond the pale of social communion—that spirit over which, when we see it mark the pagan, we mourn, but when we see it brand the christian, we marvel!

Dorcas came to the house of servitude from the house of mourning; not long before, her father had been called away, and the grave had just closed upon *him* as the world opened upon *her*. She came among strangers, not merely a stranger, but a degraded stranger; and a spirit already bowed by grief was soon bent yet lower by oppression.

The home which she had left had, it is true, never afforded her anything but hard fare and hard work; but there the cordial hand of equality had clasped her own, and the familiar voice of affection had spoken her name. In her master's house she was better clothed and better fed: but indifference, if not disdain, met her in every look; cold, if not unkind, command enjoined her duties; regardless, if not ungrateful, apathy received her services. With what zeal were these at first rendered! How eager she was to earn the sympathy for which every unsophisticated creature yearns! Nay, even the sophist and the slave of lucre has a corner of his heart in which the heaven-lighted spark *twinkles*—for it

cannot *burn* amid the anti-combustible material by which it is surrounded.

How might the zeal of Dorcas have been nurtured and directed! How might her sympathies have been warmed and expanded! But in the eyes of her money-loving master she was a tool of toile not a thing of life and feeling: to her yet narrower mistress, whos, moral sphere was within the poor circle of her mercenary husband's, Dorcas was a drudge, goaded, not guided, through the unceasing round of household occupation; while the churlish, snappish voice, like the sound of the whip to which the negro starts, stimulated new exertions, or reproved occasional neglect. There existed in that house no idea that

'The heart leaps kindly back to kindness,'

and that

'The labour we delight in, physics pain.'

Duties which might have been disburthened of half their weight, and enlivened at the mere expense of a smile and a soft word, came, day after day, with a wearying iteration upon Dorcas. Now, too, for the first time in her life, she lived under ground. Her cottage home, lowly though it was, had no dungeon-keep for a domestic drudge: it stood upon a hill side, and the fresh winds, laden with the breath of rifled flowers, revelled in through the doors and windows.

How is the disregard of mere humanity declared in all our social arrangements! Under-ground apartments for human habitation ought, even in the best houses, to brand a building with a bastile character. Why should any portion of our fellow-creatures be doomed to breathe continually beneath the surface of the soil? Many a servant is worse off than the miner; for she lives all day, and sleeps at night, in a kitchen often dark, damp, and ill-ventilated; in a place which common sense and common feeling would assign to nothing but coals and table-beer. Had crushed humanity any of the inflammability of the one, or the fermentability of even the other, this, and many other and more enormous arrangements, would have made it burst and blaze forth with indignant resistance.

In the midst of the moral desolation which surrounded Dorcas a beam at length appeared. Letitia, the youngest child of the family, came home from school for the holidays. This was a circumstance of no trifling importance to the feelings of Dorcas: a creature who, she hoped, would speak to her, would smile upon her, was arrived. These anticipations were at first in some degree realized: the child was full of news and high spirits, and scattered them somewhat at random; but it was not long ere she gave evidence of the narrow principle upon which her mind was being formed. Instead of being taught that every creature more

useful than herself was essentially her superior—that every creature was, like herself, sensible to pleasure and to pain—that virtue consisted in promoting the one, and vice in producing the other—her mind held notions of an almost diametrically opposite tendency. Already, though little more than ten years old, she was pained that her father was a tradesman; was proud of an uncle because he was a *professional* man, and still prouder of an aunt, because she enjoyed an *unearned* income. The boarding-school cant of gentility, the circulating library cant of romance, had completely deranged her little head, and spoiled her young heart. False notions of happiness to be drawn from admiration and distinction employed her intellect; self-gratification engrossed her feelings. Her weak, ignorant mother declared, half in boast, half in lamentation, that 'Letty was resolved to be a *lady*, for that she would do *nothing*.'

It is a common notion among the utterly uncultivated that idleness and inutility are, with dress and self-indulgence, the constituents as well as the privileges of gentility: a proof of the manner in which example operates upon the multitude. When they see so little apparent connexion between real greatness and worldly greatness, who shall wonder that they mistake glare for glory, and prize a gilt carriage beyond an estimable character?

Letitia, vain, selfish, and unfeeling, proceeded in the common course; that is, from viewing Dorcas with contempt she soon began to treat her with insult. Untaught to sympathize with suffering, she did not shrink from inflicting it; while the idea of *participating* a pleasure, especially with one who occupied an inferior rank in society, never even *glanced* into her mind.

Many times, and in many ways, had the spirit of Dorcas been hurt. Sometimes a sigh—a tear—even a song, expressed or dissipated the painful feeling; for humanity, unless greatly outraged, learns to accommodate itself to necessity. An accident at length occurred, which, in itself trifling, was far other in its consequences. A party had been invited, to afford Mrs. Barton an opportunity for exhibiting a handsome set of china: just as in another walk of life a party is invited for the exhibition of a splendid service of plate. While restoring this treasured tea-service to its depository Dorcas unfortunately broke one of the pieces. Letty was present when the accident occurred. The involuntary delinquent, pale and trembling, (alas, that feelings should be thus wasted!) entreated the child not to mention the circumstance, Dorcas assuring her that she would endeavour to match and replace the broken vessel. But the little tyrant, prompt to reprove, and eager to punish, flew off to the sitting-room with the news of the disaster. Dorcas cautiously followed her for the purpose of listening. Thus generative is evil: there never was a base act which became not the parent of many. Oppression produces deceit, and instigates vengeance; torture invites retaliation, and insult generates hatred.

Dorcas heard the little tale-bearer tell her story,—tell it amid attention and encouragement. First one, and then another, of the family sported some vulgar wit at the expense of Dorcas; her peculiarities of person—of manner—of speaking, were sneered at; on all sides rash, rude, illiberal opinions were freely vented: Dorcas was declared dull, stupid, lazy, ugly. Thus wantonly were the accusing stones flung about, and in the very presence of the volume which prohibits such unwarrantable censure; for Abel Barton and his family were regular rehearsers of the Bible, and regular appearers at church.

When the conversation closed, Dorcas stole back to the kitchen, a creature strangely changed from what she had hitherto been. Reproach and insult she had continually met, but there was in general some kind of ground, some pretext for them; they met her openly, and after some fashion or other she rebutted them. But the sarcasms to which she had just listened had been, in the instance of many of the speakers, unprovoked, and those sarcasms were calculated to wound her self-love in the highest degree. A few hours after this scene night closed in, and Dorcas mounted to her garret. That place which had hitherto been the theatre of her prayers to heaven, and her tears for home, what thoughts and feelings did it witness now? Heart-burning rage and wishes for revenge.

The wind of a December night was howling down the grateless fire-place, and waved the ragged curtain hung before the casement. Dorcas seated herself on the foot of her stump bedstead, and placed her candlestick, with its glimmering bit of rush, upon an old chair, the only other article of furniture in the room. She did not shiver, as she was wont, with cold and discomfort: her mind was too busy to heed her body. The smart of her insulted feelings subsided in favour of the calmer power of thought; thought as to how those feelings might be satisfied—their revenge accomplished. Every kindly affection, every happy emotion, had started back into the far recesses of her spirit, which had now been for some time under a course of discipline that was gradually imposing on it a colder character than it had yet known.

To avoid details, which only serve as examples for error too easily learned without, it is enough to say that Dorcas became a pilferer. Those who had ridiculed, despised, insulted her, she robbed. There appeared to her a principle of equity in this act. Thus she did not reason; thus it might rather be said she felt. Perhaps some such feeling has stilled the conscience of many a criminal. The high morality which teaches us to return good for evil is never learned in the school of ignorance and oppression.

Want of knowledge, and an excess of the selfish feelings which had been so strongly excited, rendered Dorcas incapable of calculating remote consequences. She had her revenge in robbery, but her punishment in the dread of detection, which soon began

to haunt her. She repented; if that may be termed repentance which writhes under the dread of the penalty incurred, not from remorse for the error committed. She had retaliated injury for injury, it is true; but so far had this been from bringing her satisfaction, that new misery was its fruitful consequences. The self-respect, which had once told her that she did not deserve to meet the usage dealt to her, departed; and she bowed with a more acquiescent submission to insult in proportion as she felt self-debased. She grew suspicious and apprehensive, and repose of mind departed altogether.

Detection came at last. It was a relief when it came. The anticipated evil is ever worse than the real one. In the latter case with present ruin comes the effort for present remedy: but the suspended calamity stimulates the imagination with horrors, which, like all phantoms, evade the power of reason.

Dorcas was at first threatened with prosecution; but this threat, from some cause or other, was not carried into effect: she was dismissed, with what was deemed a lighter punishment, privation of character.

Thus far there is nothing uncommon in the story of Dorcas; such events are of every-day occurrence, passing unknown or unnoted. How many may trace their introduction to misery from the conduct of some hard, exacting, unsympathizing task-mistress —from insulting, unfeeling, uninstructed children—the rank germs of the moral upas whence they spring. These, by planting unnecessary thorns in the path of servitude, have continually driven victims to the wilderness; where the wolves wait to devour, and where the devoured are the denounced, not the devourers.

Dorcas, dismissed from her master's house, stood in the streets of London, with little money—no credit—no friends, encompassed by its terrors and its temptations. To go home would be to burthen those already bowed down; probably to meet 'the unkindest cut of all,' to behold the eye which had once beamed upon her with love clouded by contempt. Her thoughts were of the darkest character: despair appeared waiting to give her to destruction; or rather to that active despair that makes us 'sin on because we *have* sinned.' She paced to and fro between Blackfriars-bridge (which spans the sleeping place of many a suicide) and that street of which the very stones are eloquent of human degradation, horror, and injury. She was very young; and how vital are all the feelings of the young! Her early impressions had been good, and their gracious spell was upon her heart. But Hope, the seraph-spirit, had folded her wings, and slept so profoundly that she seemed dead. Death, so unwelcome when he comes uncalled, is invoked as a friend by the friendless, as a refuge by the desolate. 'What have I to live for?' groaned the unloved, unhomed, unpitied Dorcas, as she again turned with strengthening purpose to the bridge. She reached it—she paused

again in dread or doubt; at that instant a little child, wild with terror, ran past her, weeping piteously; that cry turned the balance in favour of life and her fellow-creatures. She pursued the child, who had evidently strayed away from his home, or some guiding hand, and had, as the gloom of evening gathered, become conscious of his state. Dorcas took him in her arms, and the effort which she made to soothe the violence of *his* grief suspended or subdued *her own*.

The exhausted child bowed his head upon her neck, around which he had convulsively clasped his arms, and his tears ran on to her bosom, till, under the united influence of its warmth, his own weariness, and the pitying murmur of her voice, which lulled his ear, he fell into slumber.

How simple is the manner in which Nature acts upon her creatures, and how powerful! The little one's tears had fallen upon the breast of Dorcas like rain on a tempestuous sea, and like that had subdued it to a calm. To feel a creature cling to her—depend upon her—awakened the deadened impulses of humanity. The boy was to her a redeeming angel! She wrapped her shawl about him, and now suddenly animated with a healthy purpose, and with a heart filled with indescribable sensations, she walked rapidly away from the scene of her late despair.

In a short time she reached the door of a laundress whom Mrs. Barton occasionally employed. To this woman Dorcas related her case, and asked shelter for the night for herself and her little charge, whose story she also told. Her request was granted; and Dorcas, like Gaffer Gray, proved

> 'That the poor man alone,
> When he hears the poor moan,
> Of his morsel a morsel will give.'

This is easily accounted for; there is no sympathy but in similarity of circumstances.

Dorcas passed the night in watching and tending the little foundling. It happened, fortunately for the work of regeneration going forward in the breast of Dorcas, that the infant was one of those affectionate little spirits who intuitively breathe of love; one who had been nurtured with gentle tones and soft caresses, and was prone to pay back to others the sweet wealth which had enriched himself.

The next day the humble friend of Dorcas proposed to her to carry the little wanderer to the workhouse. But his kind preserver repelled the idea, avowing that if none ever appeared to claim him, that she would cherish him, and toil for him as her own; that she already felt how such a design had lightened the load at her heart; how much sweeter would be the morsel she earned if shared with a creature whom she loved, and who loved her. Hope had awakened, and she was full of sanguine expectation of obtaining

employment as an occasional servant, as a laundress, or a needle-woman.

Her hostess laughed, and went forth to her daily toil, having given Dorcas permission to remain a day or two in her lowly abode.

This was the first day of hope, of peace, of liberty, of affection, that Dorcas had long known; and, notwithstanding limited resources and precarious prospects, her heart kept holiday. Her little companion appeared to be little more than two years old; he was able to tell her that his name was Arthur. She had made his toilet with all the care she could; had bestowed no small degree of attention on his curly hair; had about noon provided him with a bowl of bread and milk, with which she was feeding him with tender and expressive pleasure, when the door of the hovel opened, and a young, pale, graceful woman darted into the place, attended by the laundress. The child clamoured upon recognising his mother, and the dream which Dorcas had indulged was dissipated. But her heart was soon awakened to new feelings, as Mrs. Moreton, Arthur's mother, thanked her again and again for her tenderness to her child, which his appearance, and the manner in which Dorcas was found engaged, sufficiently attested.

The result of this event was that Dorcas was received as a servant into the family of Mrs. Moreton. She saw with intuitive penetration the poor girl's deficiencies, but she saw also her capabilities; besides which Mrs. Moreton was not one of those persons who expect 'perfection for ten pounds a year.'

Dorcas, to secure this desirable situation, deemed it necessary to tell a falsehood. She concealed the circumstance of her first servitude, and easily persuaded her family and the laundress to support her in her statements.

Mrs. Moreton was one of those women to whom a great and indescribable power is given: this power was analogous to the power of a fine climate, in which everything unconsciously grows fair and sweet; even the rough natives of rude climes, transplanted to the sphere of its influence, put forth leaves of a brighter bloom, a softer texture, and a sweeter fragrance. Mrs. Moreton's voice, her smile, her manner, her idiomatic, pregnant, yet unobtrusive eloquence, her very tread, everything in her and about her was an emanation of love in its divinest sense: it raised the low; it recalled the erring; it confirmed and animated every noble purpose. Much was effected before her agency was perceived, and with many it escaped observation altogether; it was a sort of moral magnetism, as unobtrusive as it was effective.

One day Mrs. Moreton said to Dorcas, soon after her admission to the family, 'I shall be alone this evening, Dorcas. Place a cup and saucer for yourself, when you bring the tea-things into the parlour, and take your tea with *me*.' Dorcas was surprised; she had gradually become accustomed to the kind, cordial, open, unaffected manner of Mrs. Moreton, or such a contrast to the poor

girl's previous experience would have overwhelmed her. As it was, the moment she was alone she lifted her apron to her eyes, and burst into tears. Oh, how she yearned to tell Mrs. Moreton the feelings which her kindness had inspired in the breast of one who had known the bitterness of contempt, the horror of isolation!

Who may tell what beings placed and educated as Dorcas had been suffer from inability of expression—that safety-valve of the feelings? Nature has not restricted sensibility to the few; it is, more or less, the endowment of all. Children are frequently great sufferers in consequence of adult indifference, unthinkingness, or want of a present sense of the nature and condition of these little beings. They, like servants, require to have more attention paid to their feelings, more encouragement yielded for unfolding them. Many a sweet fountain of thought and emotion, which would have relieved and have awakened feeling, lies injuriously and unprofitably stagnant in bosoms often panting to give them forth. The unsleeping eye of sympathy must watch these indications, and heeding only *them,* disregard every circumstance of age or condition in those they agitate. If the earth heaved, and cried, 'Here is gold,' should we fail to dig it forth?—and how much more precious is the moral ore of the human breast!

That evening Dorcas drank tea with her benevolent mistress; that evening she revealed her story—confessed all her faults to the gentlest, the most lenient of human judges. Mrs. Moreton wept at the recital made with such sincerity, such contrition; and when it was ended assured the penitent she had her forgiveness, nay, more, her confidence for the future, that all she asked of her was to 'sin no more.'

How felt Dorcas as she stood that night in her little chamber, in which, as in every other part of the house, order, cleanliness, and comfort reigned? Almost as when a little child she had wept and owned a transgression, and received a heart-healing kiss from the parent to whom she knelt. She sank down on her knees at her bedside, while all that was holy and happy came thronging to her thoughts, and she lifted her voice in prayer mingled with sobs. Soothed, though exhausted, she retired to rest, and the sleep of innocence, of, as she felt, innocence restored, came upon her.

When she awoke in the morning a new atmosphere seemed to encompass the world. Again she felt self-respect; nay, she felt its sustaining power as she had never yet felt it: a superior being had acknowledged her as a fellow-creature—as a friend; had taken her hand—had dried her eyes—had wept with her—had put confidence in her. New and happy purposes woke with spontaneous energy in her soul, and the once-degraded Dorcas lived and moved a renewed, regenerated being.

Through a long, useful, and in many respects fortunate life, Dorcas applied to others the moral she had drawn from her own experience; and now, in her old age, may be heard to say, or say

to this effect: 'This is the age of reform—of philanthropy—of diffused knowledge and liberal opinions. How is it proved? People *talk* largely, yet *act* narrowly. Much is said, but little done. Abstract charity or liberality is as useless as any other abstraction. One grain of good practice is worth a world of bright theory. To make the age really that which it calls itself, each individual must act in his own immediate circle in the spirit of the age—must be as willing to impart knowledge as to gain it; above all, he must hold out the cordial hand of kindness to all his fellow-creatures, look with the smiling eye of love upon them, and most especially must he do this as regards *that* portion which unjust and unwise institutions have placed at a disadvantage. Nor let the lowliest being breathing remain inactive from any impression that the power to soothe and serve his fellows be not allotted him. Each has his talent, and because some have ten talents that is no reason why he who has but one should not put it out to interest; nay, that he *has* but one is the strongest of all reasons, since the less we have the more it behoves us to use exertion to make something of it.

'Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.'

M. L. G.

THE RATIONALE OF POLITICAL REPRESENTATION.

(*Continued from page* 328.)

HAVING treated of the representative body in the third chapter, Mr. Bailey proceeds in the fourth to discuss the electoral body. A consideration of the persons of whom it should be constituted occupies the first and second sections.

Fixing the attention of the reader on the object to be accomplished by the suffrage, viz. the selection of the persons best qualified for the duties of legislation from the candidates who are presented, the author inquires into the qualifications for its possession by which the wisest choice will be secured.

These qualifications he describes to be, first, the requisite intelligence; and secondly, freedom from partial interest, whether arising from a class interest at variance with that of the community, or a sinister individual interest created by the application of bribery or intimidation.

Supposing the great body of the population not to be sufficiently enlightened for the useful exercise of electoral functions, the most obvious criterion of qualification is afforded by the possession of property.

But the property is merely the index, and not the claim. Government does not exist simply for the protection of property,

but equally for that of person, reputation, liberty, and life 'In virtue of these, if the degree of power is to be decided by the degree of interest, every human being is entitled to an equal share.' The strength and skill of the labourer are property, in any sense in which property can be made the basis of representation without gross violation of justice. Its protection from spoliation is one of the most important functions of government. It might and should be made the electoral qualification, were toil shown to imply intelligence as certainly as property.

With what amount of property the requisite intelligence will generally be found connected, is a question which can only be answered by accurate investigation of the actual condition of a people. The minimum should always be taken, in order that by a numerous constituency protection may be afforded against the prevalence of class interests, and the influence of bribery and intimidation.

The author admits that property is a very inexact criterion; that nothing like *proportion* between its amount and the degree of intelligence can be supposed without manifest absurdity; that as it can often be no more directly ascertained than knowledge, it may itself require some criterion; that the purpose may have to be accomplished by reference to the amount of taxes which a man pays, or the value of the house which he occupies; and that this, like all other limitations of the franchise, allows one class of the community to sit in judgment upon the competency of another class to exercise usefully the functions of which it arrogates for itself the exclusive possession. But for these evils and anomalies he sees no help until the great mass shall be better instructed.

No one, we apprehend, would admit more readily than the author, or more earnestly contend, that no class should be left destitute of the franchise but on the supposition of a clear case of disqualification being made out against it. We would rather that this principle had been made more prominent. We would assume qualification rather than disqualification, and have all constituted the guardians of their own interests, and the common interest which is their aggregate, until incompetency be demonstrated. Mr. Bailey has adverted to 'the effect of the possession and exercise of the franchise on the mind of the elector,' and it is a most important consideration. Were the machinery of elections properly managed, did their results depend solely upon *opinion*, there would not long be a lack of qualification in the very lowest classes, supposing them to be invested with the franchise. Political instruction would take the place of canvassing. The materials of opinion would be produced and brought home to every cottage door. A tolerably adequate degree of qualification would very speedily arise out of the right; and it would most likely advance so rapidly as to place the entire population on

higher ground than will ever be occupied while the franchise is a *privilege*. The old sophism has become somewhat musty, which tells us to wait till slaves possess the virtues of free men before they are emancipated. Free men are made by free institutions. Nor are there many evils worse than invidious distinctions in society. It were better to admit a considerable number of voters imperfectly qualified than to make all the poor below a certain standard a degraded political caste. If it be said that the good of the whole requires that only the instructed should be in a state of enfranchisement, it may be replied that their enfranchisement would, better than anything else, ensure their being instructed; and that the brief evil produced before the realization of that result, would less detract from the good of the whole than the prolongation of the broad distinction which must exist while any are deprived of a share in the representation. The disconnexion of voting from the opinion of the voter is the only real objection to universal suffrage. Remove that, as it may easily be removed, and there would be no harm (a cold phrase for so immense a good) if the apprehensions of the few from the political influence of the many led to that result of which their patriotism has stopped short, namely, the admitted safeguard of national education, the comprehension of the rising and the present generation in one great scheme of universal instruction.

After adverting to age as an electoral qualification, (the author leans a little towards fixing a more mature age than that which constitutes legal majority,) the following remarks are introduced, which we quote at length, because, while they reflect honour on the moral courage of the writer, they constitute, to our apprehension, a most lucid, able, and conclusive discussion of a subject from even the mention of which the boldest reformers have usually flinched.

'The limitation of the elective franchise by sex is a more difficult subject, and surrounded with a host of prejudices; but it surely ought to be decided by the same principles as any other restriction, and not by blind prepossessions and tyrannical prescription. The legitimate object of all government—namely, the happiness of the community—comprehends alike male and female, as alike susceptible of pain and pleasure; and the principle that power will be uniformly exercised for the good of the parties subject to it only when it is under their control, or the control of persons who have an identity of interests with themselves, is equally applicable in the case of both sexes. The exclusion of the female sex from the electoral privilege can, therefore, be consistently contended for only by showing two things: first, that their interests are so closely allied with those of the male sex, and allied in such a manner, as to render the two nearly identical; secondly, that the female sex are incompetent, from want of intelligence, to make a choice for their own good, and that on this account it would be to the advantage of the community, on the whole, to leave the selection of representatives to the stronger part of the human race, the disadvantages

arising from any want of perfect identity of interests being more than compensated by the advantages of that superior discernment which the male sex would bring to the task. Let us examine, for a moment, the force of these allegations. The interests of the female sex are so far from being identified with those of the male sex, that the latter half of the human species have almost universally used their power to oppress the former. By the present regulations of society, men wield over women, to a certain extent, irresponsible power; and one of the fundamental maxims on which representative government is founded is, that irresponsible power will be abused. The case before us presents no exception: the power of man over woman is constantly misemployed; and it may be doubted whether the relation of the sexes to each other will ever be placed on a just and proper footing, until they have both their share of control over the enactments of the legislature. If none of these regulations applied specifically to women as women, and to men as men, and to the circumstances arising from their peculiar connexion with each other, their interests might, perhaps, be considered as identified; but in the actual relative position in which by nature the sexes stand, and must always remain, as two parties marked by peculiar and indelible differences, separate interests cannot fail to grow up between them, and numerous laws must be directed to the regulation of their respective rights and duties. If the enactment of these laws concerning two parties who have distinct interests is solely under the control of one party, we know the consequence.

'There is no truth, then, in the argument, that the interests of the female sex in the regulations of the state are identified with those of the male; and even if the allegation were true, it would furnish no reason for excluding women from the elective franchise, unless it could be shown, that, from their general want of intelligence, they are incapable of making a good choice, or that (it may be added) they labour under some other disqualification. If it were alleged that, inasmuch as all persons who inhabit houses at the rent of ten pounds a-year have an identity of interests in political affairs, one-half may be excluded from the elective franchise without infringing the true principles of representation, it would be quite as sound an inference as that women ought to be excluded because their interests are the same as those of men. There must be not only proof of an identity of interests, but also a specific ground of exclusion from the privilege to be exercised. The specific ground urged in the case of women is incompetency from ignorance—the same ground which is urged in the case of the poorer classes of the community. It cannot, however, be urged with the same justice. Though the female sex may be allowed, in all existing societies, to be, on the whole, inferior in intelligence to the men, yet the higher classes of females are superior, in this respect, to the lower classes of the males. Women, for instance, possessing five hundred a-year, are generally superior in information to men of fifty pounds a-year, although not, perhaps, equal to men of five hundred. If this be a true statement, the obvious expedient is, not to exclude women, but to place their pecuniary qualification higher. Even the necessity of such a higher qualification may be doubted, inasmuch as in that peculiar intelligence which is requisite for a judicious choice of persons to fill public offices, females are, in some respects, greater proficients than men of the same station.

Female tact in the discrimination of at least certain qualities of character is universally admitted; and it can scarcely be questioned, that such coadjutors would be highly useful in the selection of representatives, were their minds fully brought to bear on the merits of the candidates, by their having a voice in the decision. With regard to any other disqualification under which the female sex may labour, if any exists, it has not hitherto been brought into discussion. The inconsistency of the exercise of a valuable political privilege with female delicacy will scarcely be alleged. Were a proper method of taking votes adopted, and such other appropriate measures employed as will be hereafter suggested when treating on the subject, to disencumber elections of what at present renders them scenes of rudeness and riot, the exercise of the elective franchise would be compatible with the most scrupulous refinement of feelings and habits.

'On this subject, doubtless, abundance of sneers will be indulged in, and a thousand sarcasms uttered; but when the happiness of human beings is concerned, and, as in this case, that of half of the human race, the subject is rather too important and sacred to be sacrificed to the fear of ridicule. If the exclusion of women is to be maintained, let it, at all events, be placed on some plain and rational ground.

'Even Mr. Bentham, bold as he was in the free expression of his opinions, scarcely ventured to do more than hint his views on the subject of female electors. After justly remarking that the propriety of disqualifying women for being members of the legislative assembly, and of disqualifying them for being electors, stand on very different grounds, he maintains, that, although there might possibly be some inconvenience in giving them the franchise, there would be no absurdity. "Everywhere," he continues, "have females possessed the whole power of a despot; everywhere but in France without objection. Talk of giving them, as here, the smallest fraction of a fraction of such a power, scorn without reason is all the answer you receive. From custom comes prejudice. No gnat too minute to be strained out by it, no camel too great to be swallowed."

'In the English Reform Act, a very small concession, without disturbing the legal relations in which the sexes stand to each other, would have saved the appearance of injustice to females. No evil, in fact, could have arisen from placing men and women on such an equality, in regard to the franchise, as the present system of law would admit. Wives, and sisters, and daughters living under the same roof with their husbands, and brothers, and fathers, and not having independent possessions, would have been excluded, not on the ground of sex, but on account of not being householders; sharing, in this respect, the condition of sons residing with their fathers, and of other mere lodgers. It would have been only widows, or single women keeping house, or possessing the requisite amount of property, that could have been entitled to vote; and it is difficult to conceive the shadow of a reason why they should be debarred from the privilege, except the tumultuous proceedings which are the unruly progeny of unskilful arrangement.'—p. 236—242.

One would have imagined that argument on this point, instead of exposing the author to the summary process of a joke, which will no doubt be served upon him, would have long ago become

unnecessary in a state where the supreme power may be vested in a girl of eighteen years of age.

Section 3 is on the 'Division of the Electoral Body into separate Constituencies,' and briefly shows the advantages of assigning representatives to districts rather than to classes, and the necessity of a large constituency in each case.

Section 4 discusses the 'Relation in which the Elector should stand to other Classes and to the Community at large.'

It is justly observed, that not only is the franchise a trust under its present limitation, but that it must be so under all circumstances; 'for if every individual member of the community without exception were to have a vote, he would necessarily lie under the implied obligation of carefully and conscientiously voting with strict regard to the public object in view, inasmuch as he would be performing an act affecting the welfare of others.'

After an energetic exposure of the iniquity of controlling, directly or indirectly, the vote of the elector, the difference between this unwarrantable exercise of the power of wealth and station, and what is called the legitimate influence, with which it is generally confounded by the apologists for present practices, is thus stated:

'The objection sometimes urged against these sentiments, that it would be highly pernicious to destroy the influence of one class over another,—that of the rich over the poor, the powerful over the weak, the intelligent over the ignorant,—proceeds, when it is sincere, on a misapprehension of the subject, and confounds two very different operations. Were all direct and intentional exertions of power by one class over another in the election of representatives, except the influence of understanding on understanding, utterly extinguished, as justice requires that they should be, a strong indirect influence would still remain, an influence which would be ever maintained by the richer classes over the poorer, the landlord over the tenant, the employer over the workman. There is an unconquerable, and, to a certain extent, (in the present state of society at least,) a beneficial proneness in man to rely on the judgment and authority of those who are elevated above himself in rank or riches. From the irresistible associations of the human mind, a feeling of respect and deference is entertained for a superior in station, which enhances and exalts all his good qualities, gives more grace to his movements, more force to his expressions, more beauty to his thoughts, more wisdom to his opinions, more weight to his judgments, more excellence to his virtues. Even the wisest find it difficult to keep themselves from this illusion; and in society at large it is apt to be so strong, that there are always individuals, who, from mere servility, or blind veneration, will do what they conceive will be agreeable to their superiors, even when not the slightest wish is expressed to direct them.

'Hence the elevated men of society will always maintain an ascendency, which, without any direct exertion of influence, will affect the result of popular elections; and when to this are added the capabilities which they possess, or ought to possess, from their superior intelligence, of

impressing their own opinions on other classes, it will be seen, that if any sort of despotic control were justifiable, it would be superfluous for any good purpose. The propensity of mankind is not to make choice of an individual for a desirable office on account of his bare merits, of his mere aptness to discharge its functions, estimated by their own independent understandings; but it is, even in a pernicious degree, to give him their suffrages on account of the opinion entertained of him, and the favour manifested towards him, by those whom they wish to please, and whose judgment they have been accustomed to respect.'—p. 269—271.

Chap 5, on Elections, distributes the subject into, 1. the process of taking votes; 2. the conduct of a candidate (canvassing, expositions of opinion, and pledges); 3. popular excitement.

Votes should be taken in the manner most consistent with the convenience of the electors and of the public. The distance of the elector's residence from the polling place used, in some cases, to operate as a disfranchisement, and in many more to open a wide door for corruption; while it necessarily occasioned large expenditure. The abatement of this nuisance, to a considerable extent, is one of the great blessings of the Reform Act.

But the most important question is that of secret or open voting; and much as has been written on this subject, Mr. Bailey's remarks will still ensure and reward attention. The difference of a popular election from the cases in which open voting is needful; the inutility of laws against corruption and intimidation; the preponderance inevitably given to the sinister interest by publicity, the balance of evils which it is so easy to strike, both politically and morally, are the chief points insisted on. Warming with his subject, the author denounces the motives of the opposition which continues to be offered to the freedom of the electoral function.

'The great opposition to secret voting does not, however, arise from the consideration of its being unmanly or un-English, or leading to insincerity and deception, but from a deeper source—from a feeling which many who entertain it perhaps would not avow even to themselves, although others make no scruple of publicly declaring it. The higher classes fear to commit the election of legislators to the genuine sentiments of the people. They have so long exercised a power over the community by means of the brute force of rank and riches applied to the hopes and fears of those below them, that they have accustomed themselves to regard it as a salutary, and even necessary, control. It has relieved them too from a great part of the trouble of being intelligent, active, and virtuous. They have found it much easier to arrive at the office of legislator by throwing away a few thousand pounds for a seat, or ejecting a few miserable tenants as a terror to the rest, than by winning attention through their virtues, or commanding esteem by their superior intelligence and well-directed activity. To men accustomed to domineer over the wills of their fellow-creatures, it is intolerably irksome to be reduced to the necessity of appealing to their understandings. Having been obliged to concede, nevertheless, a more popular system of

representation, having been reduced to the necessity of ostensibly yielding the elective franchise to those who never before possessed it, they are unwilling to trust the real exercise of it to the parties on whom it is conferred by law. They consent to confide the privilege to a popular constituency, but only as instruments to receive a direction from a higher guidance. They cannot bear the idea for a moment of trusting the machinery to work by its own inherent power. They therefore oppose a system of voting which would snatch this domination out of their hands, which would really give to the people what the law professes to bestow upon them, which would effect what has never yet been effected in this country,—that the issue of the elections should express the genuine sense of the constituent body.

'Here indeed would be an end to all the despotic sway of rank and riches; by this would be established the fatal necessity of combining them with moral and intellectual excellence; on this system there would be a lamentable predominance conferred on talents and virtues. Those therefore do perfectly right to oppose the ballot, who fear that it would annihilate that unjust influence in elections, which they have hitherto enjoyed from mere wealth and station; who are apprehensive that to maintain themselves on the 'vantage-ground where they have been set down by fortune, they would have to task all their faculties; who recoil from the labour of thought, and shrink from the hardship of being useful. All those, in a word, who wish to retain any unfair domination over others in the business of elections, should rouse themselves to resist the adoption of the ballot, as utterly destructive of the object of their desires. There can be no doubt whatever that any just system must be fatal to injustice.'—p. 296—298.

This branch of the subject concludes with an animated appeal to those who question the extent of the evils, or the probability of their continuance.

'Let him who holds this opinion consult the proceedings in the first election under the Reform Act, and he will find that the power of this class of motives almost universally predominated. Never were bribery and intimidation more generally, more avowedly, and more unblushingly employed; and employed not only by the rich and great, but by political parties, religious sects, masters of manufacturing establishments, local combinations, nay, even by the lowest rabble. Not only did tenants vote under the dread of their landlords' displeasure, but shopkeepers and manufacturers under fear of their customers, workmen under fear of their masters, pot-house keepers under the fear of those who frequented them, members of religious societies under the fear of their teachers, debtors under the fear of their creditors, and many persons under the fear of popular violence. It would not be easy to conceive an election in which less should be left to the unbought, unbiassed, unintimidated choice of the voters. In a country where great inequalities of wealth and station exist, it is in vain to expect that open voting will ever yield any other result, except as despotism sometimes produces good government—namely, by accident. The suffrage may be extended, the number of electors increased, and direct bribery by that means rendered less easy; but such an extension will only augment the number of those who will be subjected to the influences just described. It is not the

actual bribe which it is of most importance to get rid of; it is the thousand secret, intangible, invisible, inaudible modes in which the vote is perverted from its proper direction. A hundred and thirty years ago it was said, by a shrewd observer,* "Till the freeholders will forbear to be led by persons and parties, and to vote from the sordid motives of interest and submission, it will be impossible they should be well represented." After the lapse of this long period we have seen no progress made in the species of forbearance here pointed out; and it is no great hardihood to predict that, if we persevere in the same system of open voting, the lapse of a hundred and thirty years more will be equally barren of improvement.'—p. 302—304.

The debasement to all parties of the practice of canvassing, and the utility of distinct and complete expositions of the candidate's opinion, are clearly stated, and followed by an argument against pledges, in which, taken abstractly, we concur. Our exception, under present circumstances, in favour of the main points of organic reform, has been already mentioned in our last number. It is also shown that elections will never be usefully conducted while that excitement is cherished in which some so much delight, who, on other occasions, show themselves not particularly friendly to popular enjoyment.

'These remarks will scarcely be misconstrued as intended to denounce music, or processions, or other festivities amongst the people, on suitable occasions. The hostility which has been shown by well-intentioned but mistaken moralists against popular amusements would be pernicious, if it could have any effect. Such amusements are required for the healthy play both of the moral and of the physical constitution of man; and the propensities which they gratify, if not allowed to take a salutary, will assuredly take a mischievous direction. Amidst the monotonous employments arising out of the extreme division of labour in civilized states, excitement and exhilaration are especially demanded, and must be had; if they are not to be got in the active game, the absorbing representation, the animating burst of music, the splendid pageant, the spirit-stirring address, they will be sought and found in the tavern and the gaming-house, or the want of them will people the infirmary and the asylum.

But an election is not an occasion designed for yielding wholesome excitement; it is an affair of deliberation and decision, in which the less perturbation of mind there is the better. If it is of any importance to mankind to have securities for good government in their own hands, it is also of importance that they should not trifle with them. These securities are not written documents deposited in a state register office; they consist mainly of certain acts to be done by the people themselves, and require the exercise of discrimination and judgment on the part of those for whose benefit they are instituted. Let the people then apply themselves to the business of elections in the spirit of sobriety and wisdom, and they may find other occasions for indulging in those joyous amusements, which true morality will never discourage so long as they are harmless and seasonable.'—p. 335, 336.

The concluding chapter is a very important one on the general

* De Foe.

principles to be observed in regard to political changes, and the practical application of these principles. Abridgement or extract would do it injustice. It should be studied entire. It blends the clearness of the philosopher with the wisdom of the practical statesman. The author gives distinctness to the very useless generalities so often put forth on these matters, and furnishes a guidance by which similar distinctness may be obtained in other cases. He points out the fact, so seldom adverted to, that there may be, and often is, as much rashness in resisting changes as in making them. The compound problem to be solved involves both the probable good effects of a proposed measure, and the state of opinion and feeling in the community in relation to that measure. The latter is indeed, logically, included in the former, but is too important to be mixed up with the other elements of the inquiry; it may affect, and even change, for a long period, the character of them all. These questions, however, are continually becoming more simple as politics becomes more of a science, as its principles are generally understood and admitted, and as the facility with which they are practically applied is increased by the mental habitudes of those from whom the people receive instruction. Towards this most desirable progress the present work is an invaluable contribution. It is the best text-book that has yet been provided for the popular political instructor. It is a Principia for him to master and expound.

Two Essays are appended, one on 'Political Equality,' and the other on 'Rights,' which our limited space will not at present allow us to notice. We cannot conclude, however, without recommending the author's style to the attention of those who, in asserting the principles of Bentham, seem sometimes disposed, partially at least, to follow his phraseology also. Mr. Bailey always writes pure, lucid, and mellifluous English. He is eloquent, and even poetical, on the same principles that made Barrow eloquent and Chaucer a poet; viz., by the transparency of his language, the masterly arrangement of accumulated thought, and the truthful presentation of important objects according to the impression made by them on his own understanding and feelings.

THE SWAN.

O, blended majesty and grace of motion!
Majestic as a billow of the ocean;
And graceful as a matron's bosom heaving!
At the first coming of the twilight wan,
The crystal of the river whitely cleaving,
O'er his fair shadow floats a state-proud swan!
His wings upreared and curved; his fine neck arching;
His eyes to either shore intently peering;
His progress silent as the mighty marching
Of earth and all the planets round the sun!

He nought divergeth from his forth-careering
Till the far haven of his rest is won;
Where her close-nestled young his fond mate tendeth,
And her upraised neck to greet his coming bendeth!

* W. *

'THE SECRET STRENGTH OF THINGS THAT GOVERNS THOUGHT.'
SHELLEY.

(*After the manner of Wordsworth.*)

YE sullen rocks and leaden-coloured clouds,
Ye heavy-headed trees, that moveless stand
Around the stagnant pool with weeds o'ergrown;
What vital power breathes from your inner works,
That thus draws forth the threads of human thought,
And heaves the breast with sighs? We are not made
To stand apart from aught that's in the world:
For at some moment doth the infinite soul
Of life and substance claim attention fixed,
And, by recoil of feelings gushing home,
Wake the deep quire of memory and grief;
Or, by some hidden sympathy, attest
That man with nature's every shape is kin;
Stars, stones, dead trunks—some, flame-bright flower—some, dust!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

CHAPTER IX.

FEW writers, I believe, have looked with a really thinking eye on the condition of 'England's jolly tars;' or when they could do so, they have refrained from speaking what they thought, or describing that which they saw. Were common sailors to write, *truly and thinkingly*, for themselves, oh! their drama would be a very gloomy one, Dibdin's flashy songs notwithstanding: 'How much is the nation indebted to Dibdin!'—so fools think. Truth would have presented a different and a disgusting picture; and those really energetic and powerful writers who have given us nautical novels, with a vividness which presents all things they do paint as clearly to the eye as if we were actually engaged in or observers of them, have contrived to hedge off all matters that shall not exhibit Jack's condition as it affects his moral and intellectual being, *couleur de rose*. The writers are not wanting in intellectual and perhaps moral *strength*, but they are deficient in moral *courage*. Their aim seems to be to enkindle strong excitement in the readers by a detail of perils, difficulties, and disasters, sometimes stretched to the very verge of possibility, and averted by something so wonderful that escape or rescue comes with the unexpectedness of a miracle, and the reader gasps in sympathy with the actors and sufferers in the recorded events; so do I—no reader among them more eagerly and delightedly, I am sure. I do not accuse those writers of falsehood; I do not say

they have written that which is untrue: I have read nothing in the nautical novels of the age which is not acknowledged by my own experience as probability, but *they have avoided truths* and pictures which might be disagreeable or unpalatable. For its perceptible purposes, such writing is oftentimes as admirable for its vigorous eloquence as for its closeness to reality, and while it is devoured with avidity it creates a craving for more. The productions of Captains Marryat, Glascock, and Chaumier, and the glorious Tom Cringle (who is he? I have occasional glimpses of a fancy that he and I have been shipmates), are not only choice in the vigorous elements of literary composition, and most heart-stirring and fascinating in detail, but to nautical aspirants they contain many invaluable lessons of seamanship. Cooper, too, is as magnificent as either of these, *at times;* only he seems never to be content with ordinary, no, nor with *extra*ordinary peril: he has an eternal *penchant* for suspending all his heroes and heroines by a frayed rope-yarn, and swinging them over the edge of a yawning and bottomless gulf. Indeed, in all these writers, extreme perils have been too much made the events, and eccentricities the costume of the drama. None of them has given a philosophically concluded picture; therefore I venture to say that (as far as my limited reading goes) the descriptions of the habits, characters, and condition of common sailors have so far failed, that *the inference drawn from perusal of their writings is an erroneous one.* Indeed it seems no attempt was made to give these things with the sternness of truth. There is none of Crabbe's soul-thrilling and chilling rigidity in their delineations, though as ample space and occasion for it exists in the sailor's reality as ever Crabbe found in the pauper's hut. They were officers that spoke and wrote, and it is not unlikely, nor is it ungenerous to say so, that an interfering *esprit de corps* allured them away from the statements which might have enabled the readers, and through them society at large, to arrive at a just conclusion on these matters. Generally speaking, the authors have abandoned the clap-trap trumpery about the '*generous and honest* English tars,' knowing, as they must do, there is as great a predominance of selfishness and cunning among them as ignorance can well engender. None of us like to have our pleasant dreams broken by reality, reader; but reality will tell you that the English sailor possesses as keen a sense of the sanctity of *his* MINE, (except on the matter of his brains), as does the most thriving class in the kingdom, whether on sea or land. THINE, to be sure, is another affair with both; the only difference is, Jack's mode of damaging THINE is less conventional, hypocritical, and writ-fearing than theirs may sometimes be; he has fewer shiftings, shufflings, and doublings, with all his ignorant cunning to help him therein. Of recklessness and extravagance, of wild and of *cool* daring, I am not disposed to deny the English sailor abundant provision and possession; and I deem it quite probable that he will retain the last

quality when a wiser training shall have eradicated all the former; or is 'courage' at last to be acknowledged as no more than a *beastly* peculiarity? Answer me, ye spurners at the inevitable consequences and necessities of man's not being all brute!* The perils of Jack's life, and his characteristic oddities, have been the sole themes on which a sympathy with him, and curiosity regarding him, have been excited. He is pitied or laughed at only on these points, and, apart from them, the common belief is, that his term is nothing but jollity, 'swigging the flowing can,' chorusing clap-trap songs, and the everlasting reel and hornpipe; he is attractive as a *lusus naturæ* only. Now, the fact is, that the perils and difficulties about which we all become so sympathetic and generous to Jack are the things which least fret his existence; if they come, they come; if he can conquer or escape from them, why, so much the better; if not, his mind is made up to them; or, at least, the forebodings of mischance do not cling to him with much sense of wretchedness. Truth, however, would make a dull book; philosophers only would turn its pages over; and—ask the bookseller—'Philosophy does not pay:' he will point to his shelves, and show you loads of waste paper which his experience and fears have destined to the huckster's butter, cheese, and candles.

Truth in these matters has had but few advocates. My aim is to direct the thoughts of others to a consideration of the existing evils, in the hope that remedies may be suggested, canvassed, and applied. The work is in progress, I thank God; and when a deeper research is more numerously made, the obstacles which now arise from opinions in conflict, in the minds of sincere philanthropists, will be swept away. So far, however, as it regards the mariner's life, to amuse, not to amend, has been too much the object of writers who have made life at sea their theme. Who has glanced at the common sailor's reality of interior? To scrutinize these, and put forth the result of that scrutiny, would be deemed *unpatriotic, disloyal, un-English,* or the astringency of a discontented spirit. Worse than all, it would cause an evaporation of those exciting visions in which we have been fed and fostered

* Although the phraseology in which they are dressed would conceal it, the gist of all the arguments which I have ever heard or seen from objectors to education amounts to these, and to nothing more, most certainly, viz.: In one set it is, 'If you cultivate their minds, they will discover the shallowness of our pretensions to superiority.' In another it is, 'If you teach them science and politics, and to reason, and to think, they won't mind their work:' which, translated, signifieth 'they will not work *for* us.' With a third troop (I think this is the fullest regiment) it is, 'If you open their eyes we shall no longer be able to cheat them securely.' To the correctness of none of these conclusions do I demur for an instant. But, I will add, when the working man is taught all that can be learnt, though it be to probe the earth's centre, or to soar to the remotest star in the system, he will be most thoroughly convinced that 'the natural law,' which teaching will make him comprehend, love, and obey, with a vigorous and sound alacrity, 'is, that every one who desires to enjoy the pleasures of health, must expend in *labour* the energy which the Creator has infused into his limbs.' And, moreover, 'that men,' he as one, 'will no longer shun labour as painful and ignominious, but resort to it as a source of pleasure and advantage.'—*Vide Combe's Constitution of Man,* p. 57, 58.

with regard to the 'jolly tars of old England!' Nevertheless, in order to rectify man's crookedness, it is necessary that we should pain our senses by looking at him more really. It is with pain and reluctance, not in eager delight, that I permit the dark shadows to break in upon the clear and brilliant, and, to me, heart-cheering pictures in the reminiscences of my life at sea.

If the reader will look back to the point at which I paused in my consecutive chapters, (chap. viii. March, 1834,) he will see I laid down my pen with no symptom prophetic of asperity. I shall exhibit asperity only when circumstances arrest and compel me to exhibit it; when, in fact, its demands are irresistible. At the close of that chapter, he saw the A—— moored at the mole of the dock-yard, Gibraltar, with nothing but her naked lower-masts and bow-sprit starting upwards and outward from the immense bulk which she appeared to be, now disembowelled of her stores, provisions, water, shot, even her iron ballast was taken out, for she was emptied to the keel for a thorough overhauling and repair. A gangway of planks communicated from the deck to the wharf, with an interval of only about four feet or less between me and the solid earth, which for nine months my foot had not tasted; and how I longed now to feel the pressure! but I dared not step across those planks till I was ordered to do so; and in this state of defeated longing I lived for six days, when at length I heard myself called to go with a party to the dock-yard. This, to me, was a splendid holiday of new life, and I felt the blessedness of existence the instant the last inch of plank was passed, and my foot had solid ground beneath it. How pleasant it was! I was ignorant till that moment—how often does accident enlighten us!—I was ignorant till then that there was charming music in the sound from the grinding and craunching of pebbly gravel and rough sand under one's feet—and how I enjoyed it! as I kept up a scraping, and kicking, and pirouetting, my companions laughing at me as mad—the sea and all Andalusia before me, and stone walls blocking up everything within a few feet behind me: then my pleasure was increased as we moved on in straggling order toward the dock-yard; with curiosity to see and examine and move about everywhere, and make the most of the joyous opportunity. But, alack! my soul was his Majesty's property; my thoughts, eyes, and limbs were at the bidding of his officers; and the snatchy wanderings of my curious gaze, the fitful leapings of my elastic thoughts, were encountered and crushed by the Argus and unsouled eyes, and authoritative lungs, and merciless threats of those who could see nothing in my abstractions but the evidences of an idle and skulking lubber, and misery was with me again. Yet I was on shore in a novel world, and the sight of it, captive and slave as I was, was refreshing.

I will not conduct the reader through the fumes of pitch and tar, the horrible discordance of calkers' mallets and ships' decks

and sides scraping; no, nor the process through filth, which is indispensable in arriving at cleanliness on a man-of-war's refitting, but hasten from Gibraltar with all the speed I may, pausing only to remind him of the Oriental look, Saracenic and Jewish, in spite of an English garb, which the beautiful women possessed and exhibited to us on the Sundays, when curiosity led them towards the A——; to me they were charming: there was a dreaminess in the reality which was strongly tinctured of romance: and also to acquaint him that on such days parties of the crew were permitted to go on shore on 'liberty,' which 'liberty' was to hasten to the first tavern and drink themselves into a state of helpless infirmity; which not to do would be symptomatic of cowardly lubberliness, or worse: and no further harm comes of the 'liberty' than a head-ache occasionally, or a fit of fever and death. For though drunkenness at sea is obnoxious to severe punishment, in harbour it is not a failing considered, nor even a sign of progress to degradation:—that degradation, however, is nothing; it is not even a note of coming inattention to duty. Another matter which occurred here was somewhat serious. The boatswain, after a whole day's sitting in solitary indulgence of the grog bottle, still retaining a mechanical impetus to go on board at night, reeled over the platform at the top of the ragged-staff steps, and fell to the bottom. He was quite dead when the men from the waiting boat picked him up within half-a-minute from his fall. He was considered, and justly so, one of the *smartest* boatswains in the navy.

It was 'with no reluctant and unwilling ear' that I heard the order given for casting off the moorings from the mole and hauling out when the ship was accomplished in all her dock-yard fittings. The prospect of moving about at sea had in it a charm and renovation of hope, for the reader will easily consent to my declaration of drowsiness when I tell him that for four weeks I had endured the pain of gazing on those exciting scenes and wonders which are visible from every part of Gibraltar, with restriction as entire as if there had been chains round my body and limbs, and I longed to be away, no matter where. With men-of-war crews in general, the prospect is not so inviting, except to the few stanch and steady; for though the toil is greater and more constant in refitting, victualling, &c. in harbour, the usual severity of discipline is relaxed; the eye of authority cannot be fixed on every individual of the scattered labourers, and opportunities for getting drunk are as surely seized as they are found. At sea the work is easier, but the eye of discipline is severely watchful, and each man, except the few whose higher elements are not utterly extinguished, moves, lives, and breathes in apprehension of punishment. It wakes him to keep the midnight watch, and he lies down in thoughts which may flash it to him in his dreams. His freedom from it elicits a fitful levity—his very cheerfulness is a kind of delirium engendered by reckless apathy. I was one of the very few who were pleased

with the motion of the A—— as she glided from the mole for the purpose of anchoring in the bay: and here, at sunset, occurred one of those specimens of the perversion of authority, which were so often exhibited by naval officers under the commendatory appellation of smartness and good discipline. The captain and second in command were on shore,—the latter's place in a ship on active service is no sinecure; his toil is without end or beginning,—and the authority devolved on one of the junior lieutenants. A bold, thorough, weather-fronted seaman was he; he was one of those who seemed to consider ruggedness of manners indispensable to true seamanship, and every thing which by others might be deemed courtesy, the gentleness of intellectual culture or refinement, as equally undeniable evidence of lubberliness and finicalness. Yet had he an example in Captain M—— which should have warranted a demolition of his theory; it did not. (Captain M—— was merely an exception to the rule, and confirmed it.) He was an enthusiastic flute-player, nevertheless. I wonder its tones did not inoculate him with a little of mellowness. I speak of him *parliament fashion*, as an officer and a disciplinarian; for he could be, and oftentimes was, kind; but his sympathies were all with natures and habits that echoed or resembled his own, and were reciprocated by the hard, burly, rough ones of the crew with singular earnestness; they looked on him with a sense of mingled respect and awe, which after a while amounted to enthusiastic admiration. From all who were not of this character he stood aloof, either in contempt or pity; I suspect the former predominated; but his severities had not in them one-thousandth part of a scruple of mercy; I may truly say they were on some occasions remorselessly savage in their character; fortunately they were seldom exercised, and only when he was aroused to fury. It is the custom in ships of war at anchor to hoist the boats, some up and some in, at sunset. Those who have witnessed the mode of doing this in merchantmen only, with a small number of hands, will not be able to judge from that slow and tedious process how it is effected when two or three hundred men unite their strength. At the signal to 'haul taut,' every man grasps the tackle-falls, and sets his muscles in preparation for making a clean run: then 'hoist away!' and the boat flies up from the water to its position for being secured. The launch, (or long-boat,) from its great weight, does not always answer the demand so readily. On this occasion it rose over the hammock-netting with stem and stern not exactly parallel with the deck: smartness *will have* this exactly. So, 'Lower away again!' was the word; a second attempt, with no better success; a third and fourth, then a fifth and sixth,—nothing right yet. 'Boatswain' (we soon had a supply in the vacancy of the dead poor fellow) 'and boatswain's mates! stand by with your ropes'ends, *and lay it into them* as they run.' Reader, there is no occasion to book all

the curses, imprecations, &c., which were showered like steel spikes, as thickly as the blows from the knotted 'inch and half' *colts* of each of these officials: as soon as the pipes had chorused their screaming signal to 'hoist away,' the whole four stood and belaboured each passing back with all the vigour which their muscular arms and brawny shoulders could throw into the blows. Again, and again, and again the ceremony was repeated, without a minute's intermission, for more than an hour; each trial diminishing the chance of the desired result. A new device was then hit upon. The yawl and cutter were lowered again to the water, and divisions of men taken from the yard tackles, (by which the launch was hoisted in,) and wearied, and heart-sweating, and suppressing, in fear of consequences, (charge of mutiny,) the gnawing indignation which burned in their brains, were ordered to *clap on* to the other boats' falls, and the command, as useless as it was merciless, was given, 'to make a run of all three boats together,' which the lieutenant knew to be utterly impossible. No matter for that; it was his *will*. The trial was made, accompanied by the former thwackings and thrashings, to which he united the strength of his own arm,—not to the boats' tackles,—in flogging men's backs. Useless, useless!—no matter,—'It shall be done.' The fatigue of the men, which was now almost overpowering, and many were ready to drop, was not of the slightest importance; he was not fatigued; and thus for more than two hours was the devilish infliction continued, and ceased only when, not his fury,—oh! I beg pardon, I forgot,—his respect for discipline was satisfied, but when his own body refused to obey his heart's injunctions, and the launch was hoisted in by wearied jerks. *He* was tired, and gave in till another opportunity.

But his fury died off, and he had neither malice nor ugly remembrances beyond its minute—a redeeming feature in his spirit which I cannot award to all officers whom I have seen; and such a man was far less a cause of continued suffering and disgust to a ship's crew than others whose gentility never permits them to exhibit passion, whose propriety retains a calm face and equable voice, while the heart within is bubbling in concentrated rage, or in its petty spiteful joy at the opportune exercise of privilege to annoy. With some, the only apparent use and pleasantness of power is its affording means of time and place to make those who have had the misfortune to be within its influence feel it in the most galling form—a lengthened and repeated process of *niggling* irritations, as if with a resolve of provoking looks, words, or movements which could be taken advantage of, translated, and reported to the commanding officer as insolence, disobedience of orders, or mutinous conduct. It was by no means unusual to resort to this device, especially in those ships in which the captains had expressly ordered that no man on board should be *started* or struck

by any officer. It seemed a pleasure to these gentlemanly disciplinarians, when a man was worn out with constant labour in squally weather during the first watch, to keep him mid-leg in water all the middle watch, vainly and uselessly sweeping at and swabbing the deck as whole seas were shipped over the gangways or through the ports, for some such terrible offence as hauling a rope taut without being ordered to do so,—and that so hauling was to prevent a man from, probably, being knocked off the yard by the flapping sail. Now, if such a man had been knocked off the yard, the officer would certainly have had the other flogged for neglect of duty, as the cause. It was charming, also, to set a dozen of similarly wearied men to pull at a rope fixed to some immovable substance, such as a bit-head or belaying-cleat, for an equally atrocious crime. Yes; these and a thousand other amiable devices were practised in the sheer love of annoyance and caprice of authority, and they will be practised again *unless we talk of them, and pretty loudly too.* Though well aware am I that the fault, the wrong, the discontentedness, the destructiveness, the criminality, IS IN THE TELLING THAT SUCH THINGS WERE DONE, NOT IN THE DOING THEM, and though, perhaps, (if I am so far noticed,) I shall be censured and denounced as a libeller on an honourable profession, will any officer or man who served three, four, five, or more years prior to 1816, tell me or the world, *thinkingly and candidly,* that he never knew, saw, or heard of such practices as the above mentioned? or, indeed, that they were not of frequent occurrence, especially in 'well-regulated' ships? Moreover, I say they will be practised over and over again unless the officers are more wisely educated. However, these evils were not of long continuance in the A——. A change of lieutenants, and better acquaintance with Captain M.'s aim of justice, with all his dignified discipline, *nearly* obliterated them; besides, blessed be fortune for it, she was not one of the 'well regulated.' Still, while they were, it was agony to me to witness them,—I think greater when I was removed from subjection to them myself; and I beg to assure each reader of these memoirs, that there is not in me one atom of malevolence towards the authorized to stimulate me. My prompter is compassion for, sympathy with, the galled and degraded animal man; though, in truth, there is not so much humbug and hypocrisy in me as will make a profession of love, 'brotherly love,' for the galler and degrader. So, reader, I do not remember my former officers with bad feelings toward them; and I still regard the four last years of my life at sea as the happiest of my existence,—but to them was a painful precursor, and I have only commenced it. I shall travel more rapidly by and bye. Nor was it only in the instances to which I have referred that the *vexatious* principle of disciplining a ship's company was acted upon; it was daily exercised at sea in working, or rather bothering the ship, trimming sails and boxing the

yards about, and a hundred other petty manœuvres for irritation, (oftentimes to the detriment of the ship's progress and service,) which engendered a contempt for the officers' lubberliness and lack of skill; though lack of nautical skill there was not, but lack of mental philosophy was plentiful. This it was which excited contempt and a heart-gnawing suppression of bitter aversion to the officer's tyrannical, trouble-giving propensity; but he could not forego this opportunity of letting them feel they were at his mercy,—the glory, and honour, and sweetness of his station were comprised in the privilege and ability to knock two or three hundred men about just as it pleased him. I do not deny that it was necessary to train the crew to an uniformity and rapid simultaneousness of action, by which the whole duty and labour of the ship is lightened, and that her working and navigation may be effected with regularity and exactness, and, indeed, beauty of order; but I am sure these results would be more quickly and completely attained by a process entirely free from irritation and caprice. Whenever Captain M. manœuvred the ship, either on emergencies or on ordinary occasions, the whole of the vast machine moved like clockwork, without jar or impediment. With him she was a feather in a cup of oil, floating and bending so easily and smoothly. Why was this? True, he was one of the most skilful and cool-headed seamen that ever commanded a ship, as the thousands who knew him will allow. Others on board the A—— might perhaps have vied with him in mechanico-nautical skill, but they had not considering minds with that skill. Was it because the eye of the great man was on them that the seamen unanimously exhibited more alertness? that they stood or moved in the assurance that fault, or neglect, or carelessness was then more open to detection and punishment? Not so, either: they knew from experience that faults committed under his eye were *less likely to meet with castigation* than when such or similar faults went through the regular formula of an officer's report to him. They were willing, because they found he wished to be, would be, just; they put forth their strength, skill, and cheerful alacrity because he was merciful and considerate in his discipline: he never tasked them with impossibilities; he never irritated them by caprice; there was no *vexatious niggling* in anything he ordered to be done. Half the ships in the fleet during last war contained crews that required only a spark to start them into open mutiny; the combustion was daily accumulating under this toil from the caprice of officers and their *vexatious niggling discipline.*

But come, it is time to leave Gibraltar. I did so most gladly—and on the gallant A——, in all her newness of finery, rigging, sails, painted sides, and purified decks, bowled away to Tetuan Bay, where I saw nothing that was not beautiful and picturesque, though the blue and brown hills and shingly beach lay roasting

fiercely in the sun: there I saw some turban-headed men and skullcaps, on foot and on horseback, moving about on the sea-shore; perhaps attracted by a desire to know why that beautiful machine had visited their domain. Of the town, I think, I saw nothing, for I have nothing on my mental retina of it. Our object was to take on board eighty tons of shingle from the beach, for ballast. The ship had lost something of her sailing trim, and this plan was adopted with the view of recovering it; but her swiftness never was effectually restored. The Moors were disposed to contend the matter of taking their beach away, and endeavoured to strike a bargain moneyish, to which Captain M. objected, decidedly objected, and would have the pebbles without pay. There was such a smell and feel of shore in the millions that were sent rattling through the ports and down into the hold, that I was sorry when the amusement was over. Then we dashed away again, with a spanking easterly breeze, through that magnificent and sublime gateway to the Atlantic ocean, the straits of Gibraltar, heedless then of a whole swarm of Spanish gun-boats; in such a breeze we should have knocked them over like nine-pins in a row, or whisked off like so much chaff. We rejoined the fleet off Cadiz, and there remained dodging off and on for a week or two, till a new order of things came about,—events so unexpected a week previously, that all the world seemed to be capsized; allies in sworn hatred to England had suddenly severed their cords of amity, and assumed the attitudes of deadly ferocity to each other.

What intelligence the English admiral may have received, or what rumours were afloat in the A—— as to the goings on between the French and Spaniards, I am ignorant, as I think was every one on board; but on a Friday in 1808—June the month—some three or four days after the grand salute had been fired by about ten sail of the line and our ship, in honour of the birth-day of the pious and finessing father of his people, *Mulish Moloch*, commonly called *George the Third*, while the A—— was lying at single anchor off the south-east end of the city, and we were sitting atween decks honestly occupied in despatching rusty pork and pea-soup,—'Halloa! what's the blow-up now? The fleet's saluting again! What for?' and a hundred rushed on deck, I among the number, to see the show, and a pretty hot salute it was. It was too heavy and continuous to be a brutum fulmen; and with the aid of glasses and rigging climbing, the truth was ascertained. There was 'a regular row between Johnny Crapaud and Jack Spaniard.' The batteries of Isle Leon and the inner harbour were heaving their hills of smoke, and volleys of thunder, fire, and shot, into the French fleet, which returned them with steady but useless determination. The dense masses of white smoke rolled upwards, and the roar reverberated to walls and mountains to proclaim the slaughter, while sea and sky, brightly glistening, and splendidly blue, stood wondering 'what was the matter!' And all the bells in Cadiz joined and

sent their discordant and horrible clang and clamour along with the cannon's thunder. I am of opinion, that notwithstanding our loyalty of dislike, call it patriotic hatred if you will, of the French at that time, not one was on board that did not feel admiration of their courage in contending against such an immense disparity of force, and compassion for their hopeless position. They were moored in the inner harbour; the Spanish fleet blockading the entrance between Matagorda and St. Laurent; the heavy batteries all ready to pour down their strength upon them should they move; and the English fleet ready for them if they did attempt, as a last effort, to run this tremendous gauntlet. Their situation was indeed desperate, and desperately they fought; perhaps I ought to say foolishly, for it was a vain and stubborn waste of lives, without the remotest chance of escape, to lie there as if only to be cut to ribbons or battered to chips, with a certainty that captured they must be at last. The combat continued without pause till sunset, and then ceased, as if by mutual consent, or as though both parties stopped only because they were toil-worn. Perhaps there was some attempt at negotiation, for they remained quiet till next morning, then recommenced and continued through the day till evening; pausing at intervals, perhaps for taking food and refreshment. Surely the guns of the batteries were badly directed: one would think that by this time they ought to have blown the French ships out of the water. Sunday followed, and there was a cessation of hostilities; not in reverence of the day, for our most rigid enforcers of Sabbath observance never saw any harm in murdering by thousands on a Sunday; then it was 'the better the day, the better the deed;' and when *we* won the victory, it was with the 'blessing of Almighty God,' &c. Selling or buying a penny-worth of lolly-pop, or a pot of beer, is a heinous profanation of the Lord's day; and a walk in the fields to look at God's flowery treasures and beauty is a headlong gallop to the 'naughty place.' It is very religiously virtuous to kill our enemies at all times, Sunday or Monday. Perhaps on this especial Sunday, I believe it was so, though I have only conjectures and signs for authority, the interference of Admiral Purvis was sought by the French admiral; if it were, the terms were not satisfactory; yet the battle was not resumed that day. In the afternoon, novelty and excitement came on board the A——, with the shapes of two richly-bedizened coat and Lundy-Foot-complexioned Spanish authorities, and one olive-coloured pilot—their purpose to conduct us into Cadiz! Why, it surely was a dream! but it was a glorious dream! and enjoyed in all the freshness and sunniness of broad-awake sense. To enter that port—to be there in that romance-painted, time-consecrated scene! THERE, towards which I had looked so often without hope, that the very wish to be there was withered and dead—to BE there, where, a few days ago, we only from a distance

dared to cast a glance as foes exchanging hostile frowns with foes —to see *those* hastening and hurrying to hail us with greedy welcome, who so lately would have fled from us as from destruction, or met us only with purposes of defiance and death —to be there, under the glad heart-flashed gaze of that white city's tens of thousands of admiring eyes—to be *there,* listening to their shouts of joy; to see the waving and skimmering of forests and parterres of caps, handkerchiefs, scarfs, shawls, and streamers from quays, walls, doors, windows, and roofs: the approaching swarms of boats converging from so many points; each with its full load of human creatures, restless, heaving, and fluttering with hilarious gratulation; women and girls gemming the laughing water, and gladdening the brilliant air, in their picturesque and beautiful apparel, and their luxuriance of loveliness: our decks crowded with men, in whose sun-tinctured visages eyes shot forth a fire of delight, while voices, and hands, and arms chorused the eyes' eloquence; aye, and the very men who, by our seizure of their property two months before, we had nearly reduced to mercantile ruin—the men whom we had taken prisoners, now came on board, and threw themselves on the necks of their captors, and shed tears of rapture at seeing them again! What a wondrous change was wrought! The whole scene stood—all—the city and fortresses, villas, trees, gardens, the sea, and the sky, all, in an attitude of grand pleasure, and smiled on *us;* and threw, at the same moment, a scowl of hatred and revenge on the new foes, Spain's late allies, who there in silence looked on and listened to us: to us the smile alone was visible *then.* Oh, it was a glorious dream; and such sensations as I then enjoyed were worth living through months of misery for; but soon there came a change. A barge, rowed in stately time by about sixteen oars, and bearing at her stern a grand Spanish ensign, which floated sleepily in the small breeze, swept out from Port St. Mary's, across the harbour, towards the city; she had another boat in tow, in which sat two apparently unemployed men. As soon as she was descried by the people in the boats which surrounded the A—— a sudden and simultaneous yell rose from the multitude, and as suddenly all was utterly still again for some moments; and *then* nothing was heard but the rapid splashing of oars, and the fierce rushing of the hundreds of boats through the foamy water towards that exciting cause. They seemed all to be struck into mute madness. It was like an electric shock communicated at once to thousands of people, each feeling alike, and each understanding the feelings and wishes of the others; or as a flash of light, which covers all within its range with a full blaze. What parley took place between the multitude and the people in the official and ominous-looking boat and her tow, or whether the design were understood without communication by words, I know not; but it *was* understood; and instead of

continuing a course towards the city, the whole turned short, and made for the A——, in the same portentous hush of voice, but hurried rush through the water; and on the nearer approach, the others drew a little off, while the particular objects came directly alongside, and there lay to be gazed at by our people from chains, gangways, and shrouds, to which we crowded; and then that yell rose up a second time. In the towed boat a wretched creature lay, a man apparently about thirty years of age, lashed with cords to the boat's thwarts by the extended wrists, and the knees and ancles, thrapped down by the shoulders and loins. There was enough of fastening to hold a giant motionless. He wore what had been a gorgeous French uniform; it was now battered, rent, soiled, and bloody. An aiguillette, torn from his shoulder, was tied by a rope round his neck in derision; his hair was matted and clotted with gore, a stream of which still trickled from his cheek; his face was ashy pale; his ghastly but glistening eyes were cast upward, as in a faint voice he said, 'Messrs. Anglais, a little water; I would not ask it of these generous Spaniards;' and his smile as he spoke was horribly sublime in the strong scorn of exhausted nature. One of the fellows who sat beside him threw a fiendish laugh at him, and then towards his own compatriots, and with the heavy hilt of his knife struck the bound man a blow over the mouth, and the blood gushed forth from it. Wine and water was handed into the boat; none there would give it him; but one of our reefers dropped from the main chains, and, after wiping his face, applied the beverage to his lips. In a few minutes they rowed away amid shouts and yells of laughter from the crowd. I am not sure who or what that French officer was, but I believe he had been in high authority either at Cordova or at Valladolid, and one of the chief political movers and partisans at that feverish season.

Messrs. Englishmen, it was to strengthen that power, to restore that dynasty, and reinstate that order of things which would continue and perpetuate, in Spain especially, the fanatical ferocity and bigoted ignorance which were displayed on this and a thousand other occasions, that you won 'honour and glory' on the Peninsula; for it you patriotically called yourselves 'brave and generous Britons;' for this you dashed forth your subsidies; for this your pæans of loyalty were shouted, and thanksgivings at God's altars were sung; for this your four hundred millions of debt were doubled; for this the heart's blood of your brethren was poured in sluices; and *for this* you go on talking of the obligations and gratitude you owe to Wellington! Pah! But it is too horrible to be sickening.

This affair did, indeed, 'change my glow into a shiver,' and if I glowed again that night, it was with indignation at those wretches; for *then*, reader, as I have elsewhere stated, I had not learnt to direct my abhorrence and indignation to the proper

parties, to the *causers*. I was then linked and riveted to the gross error of inferences and conclusions which under a false system of education, and the miserable moral economy of our contradictory and corrupting conventions of society, are inevitable. Whatever indignation or abhorrence I now feel from a revivification of that painful and disgusting scene which I witnessed in Cadiz harbour, is directed to the political and moral governors of those men who committed the atrocities: their wisdom was to keep the mass in ignorance and superstition, in the foolish fancy that ignorance and superstition, no matter to what horrors they may else lead, are more easily ruled. They are so; but it must be only where fraud and villany, oppression and knavery, are the ministers of a government, of religion, or of education.

The time and place, however, were pregnant with novelty's excitements; and while I shook in disgust, I was feverish with anticipation and curiosity, mingled as they were with expected pain, and, perhaps, more cruelty. I had to wait only till the morrow morning, Monday, when the combat was renewed between the French fleet and the Spanish batteries; and there we lay, looking on. After battering and blazing away for three or four hours, they were silent; but the antagonist ensigns still shook in fury at each other. There is but one justification for the French admiral's holding out with such obstinacy, such, otherwise, useless and remorseless waste of life; he may have resolved that it was less horrible to himself and all his fleet to be blown to atoms, than to trust to the mercy of the exasperated Spaniards. He was, perhaps, not unconscious that the exasperation had been caused by treachery, from suspicion of which he was not entirely exempt. However, next morning, Tuesday, at eight o'clock, when, in accordance with English naval customs with harboured ships, the A—— hoisted her ensign, the French fleet, consisting of five ships of the line and three frigates, hauled down theirs, in surrender,—it was *said*, in compliment to the British flag; certainly the peculiar circumstances of the act gave it that colouring. Whether it were so or not, John Bull said it was meant for him, and all his family in our neighbourhood believed.

Next day our signal was made by the admiral, and we put to sea with despatches for the fleet at Lisbon. Of this place I remember only masses of the magnificently picturesque: that Belem castle (or is it St. Julian's?) sat laughing and scowling on a hill at the base of a mountain; that our fleet lay at a respectful distance from the fortresses, and that there were glimpses and suburban indications of a gorgeous city: nearer we did not approach, and I have never looked within five hundred miles of the place since. We anchored at sunset; and were under way by daybreak the following morning to rejoin the fleet off Cadiz, which we found augmented in number and importance by the junction of a division

of the Mediterranean fleet, under old '*Salt Junk and Sixpenny*,'* (my Lord Collingwood,) who ordered us to Palermo! Huzza! the long wished for Mediterranean cruise was our destiny!

P. V.

TO AN INVALID.

Come forth—'tis the voice of the summer air,
With its low soft whisper, that calls to thee;
Come forth—there are joys which it bids thee share,
Midst a world of beauty and melody.

'Tis true, I can gather thee fresh sweet flowers
To strew o'er thy couch all the live-long day;
And they'll tell thee about the sunny hours,
And breathe into thine their sweet spirit away.

But they cannot bring thee the breeze that plays
O'er the silken grass where they lately grew:
They cannot bring thee the golden rays,
Nor the glancing light of the liquid dew.

They cannot show thee the deep blue skies
Of the noontide hour,—nor the glorious sun!
Nor the mingling of golden and purple dyes
In the glowing west, when the day is done.

And, oh! there are sounds which they cannot bring,
Which float in the still and balmy air,—
The song of birds and the insect's wing,
And the voiceless music that murmurs there.

Come forth—and a thousand springs of bliss
Will gush to thy heart till its tide o'erflow;
And the whispering winds will softly kiss
Thy cheek, and restore its healthful glow.

C. P.

* *Salt Junk and Sixpenny*,—a soubriquet which his penurious hospitality won. With salt junk, and a wine which he was proud of saying 'cost him but sixpence per gallon,' he regaled his dinner guests. Of course, 'this was occasioned by his ardour for the service which kept him so long at sea, away from ports where supplies could be obtained.' There were, however, many worse men in the service than old Collingwood.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCH.

SONNET 173.

IMPETUOUS stream! that, with resistless force
Wearing from mountain rocks thy rugged bed,
By day, by night, with me dost urge thy course,
Where *thou* by nature, *I* by love am led.
Flow on! uncurbed thy current's headlong motion
By sleep or weariness, but e'er thou pay
Thy tributary waters to the ocean,
In deep attention fixed, a moment stay
There where the herb a fresher green displays,
Where the young zephyr breathes a balmier sigh;
For there our living sun, with lucid rays,
Beams rich refulgence on the enchanted eye,
And brightens with her smile thy western strand.
Perchance (too daring hope!) she mourns my stay:
Bathe her soft foot, and kiss her snowy hand;
A lover's message let that kiss convey:
Tell her my willing spirit hovers near;
'Tis but the fainting flesh that lingers here.

MARY.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.*

No poet has ever lived and written down, and that in the most quiet way, a greater host of difficulties than Wordsworth. The common consent which once denied him a place amongst the bards of his age and country, now seems to concede to him the highest rank. He has overcome a world of prejudices, and also some just objections. A new theory of poetry; a practice which made more startling whatever was most startling in that theory; an offensive defiance of all the common-place, adventitious aids of what is called poetical interest; the political hostility of the two great parties of the state in succession; the heavier charge, with all parties, of apostasy; the repeated, and what appeared the demolishing, attacks of the acutest and most influential criticism of the day; ridicule from all quarters through many years: these are the rocks and brambles over which he has pursued his path up the lofty eminence on whose heights he now peacefully reclines. This is the course of greatness. We do it reverence; and not the less fervently for perceiving that there is some lack of discrimination in the homage which all now render, as there was in the laugh which all aforetime echoed. Genuine poetical criticism is the next rarest, and perhaps next best thing in the world to genuine poetry.

Wordsworth has been termed both the most philosophical of

* 'Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems,' by W. Wordsworth. Longman, 1835.

poets, and the most poetical of philosophers. And in our apprehension he is both. But our critical compeers, notwithstanding their universal humour of laudation, must excuse us in adding that, in his particular case, each of these characters detracts from the other, instead of constituting, as it commonly would, a great and glorious addition. We must bear the imputation, if proved upon us, of imperfect apprehension; but to us it does seem that Wordsworth is frequently philosophical at the expense of his poetry, and poetical at the expense of his philosophy. His powers play at cross-purposes. He thrusts with his shield, and wards with his sword. The division of labour is not rightly kept up between the picture gallery of his imagination, and the logical workshop of his understanding. The process that belongs to the one is often conducted in the other, and his admirers require of us that we shall not repine at the want of beauty or adornment because the poem is a philosophy, and yet that we shall not question the truth of facts, positions, or influences, because the philosophy is a poem. The two classes of qualities, the poetical and the philosophical, approach too near to a perfect equality in Wordsworth. Their happiest combination requires the decided predominance of one or the other. The greatest philosopher must be a poet, as Bacon was. The greatest poet must be a philosopher, as Shakspeare and Milton were. But in each, the species of power, which the individual was formed to exercise, is distinct and continuous. That power is the greater in the logic of the philosopher, because it is ever reason, and not feeling or fancy, that forms the connecting chain of association, although its massy links may often be wreathed with their fairest flowers; and the greater in the lay of the poet, because it is by fancy and feeling that its strains are chanted and prolonged, although, from time to time, wisdom may throw up into the air his handfulls of seeds of truth, to be borne hither and thither, and germinate as fruitfully as if deposited by the most careful sower that ever, following the plodding ploughman, went forth into the fields to sow. In both cases we submit our minds to an undivided though not an unaided influence. The intellectual region through which we are invited to ramble has a lord paramount, whose reign we everywhere recognise, notwithstanding that, in a different sphere, he himself may be only the minister of another's grandeur. The constituted authorities of Wordsworth's mind, like the two kings of Brentford, may go on very lovingly together, but still they do modify and mollify one another. He is always *thinking*, so thinking as to keep his feeling in check, and impair the poetical character of his compositions; and what makes it more aggravating is, that very often he does not, to our apprehension at least, think soundly. So that the poetry we expected to enjoy is sacrificed to a metaphysical or political principle, which again balks us by the insufficiency of its evidences or the mischievousness of its tendencies.

For instances of what we mean, we would only refer in this volume to 'The Warning,' p. 255, 'St. Bees,' p. 271, and the sonnets, at pp. 188, 189, 228, 264, &c.

In politics and religion, Wordsworth is the poet of the past, blending sophistical apologies for its outward forms with those aspirations for futurity which are native to him because he is a poet and a philosopher; which he cannot repress if he would; which it is his delight to indulge when he forgets the present condition of church and state; but which are often sorely trammelled in their flight by his veneration for the things which are vanishing away.

We will proceed no further in this business. It is an ungrateful notice that we are writing of one of the most beautiful volumes of poetry that has been published for many a year, or will be for many a year to come. We only thought to have exchanged a word of gratulation with our readers on its appearance, knowing the impossibility of sitting down just now to write out our whole notion of Wordsworth. The superficial and unmeaning praise, from pens that a few years ago would have censured as mechanically, have provoked these few remarks; the volume itself need not else have called for them. There is scarcely a trace in it of what used to be regarded as characteristics of Wordsworth. Nobody could ever imagine from it, why he was ever laughed at. But every one gifted with any portion of the faculty of appreciation, may note in its contents those attributes of the great reflective poet which have established for him not only a school of disciples whose admiration approaches to fanaticism, but a silent, mighty, pervading, and enduring influence over the mind and heart.

The first poem, although by no means the most important, which gives its name to the volume, is a beautiful completion and building up into an entire unity of the author's two former poems on that stream whose very name is poetry. It is the memorial of a day passed with Sir W. Scott in 1831, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford to Naples. While, as in all Wordsworth's compositions, the power of the scenery is over every verse, the effect is much enhanced by the view afforded us of the mode in which one great poet thought and felt of another. It is with strong interest that we gaze upon the reflection, in Wordsworth's profound soul, of the image of the 'Great Minstrel of the Border.'

The sonnets and other poems connected with Scotch scenery we must fairly confess disappointed us. With much beauty and truth, they want peculiarity and appropriateness. The poet seems to have travelled as one 'breathing thoughtful breath,' rather than as one who was receiving inspiration. 'The Power of Sound' is a gorgeous metaphysical ode, a lyric to be studied. But the charm of the volume is in the ballad and narrative poetry: 'The Egyptian Maid,' 'The Armenian Lady's Love,' 'The Russian Fugitive,' &c. The first two of these are equal to anything of the kind which the author has ever written, and, therefore, by implication, any one else.

There is also, and shame were it to close this short notice without mentioning them, a set of Evening Voluntaries, that come over the soul like the distant sound of a cathedral organ in some lovely and solitary scene by twilight; and a set also of moral paintings, which will be sure to find their proper place in the mind's gallery. We take one of these, as the only specimen which we need offer of a volume which every reader who can enjoy it will of course possess.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

(*In a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine.*)

Genius of Raphael! if thy wings
  Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
  To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,
  And all his majesty,
A studious forehead to incline
  O'er this poor family.

The mother—her thou must have seen,
  In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
  Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet boy,
  Thy inspirations give:
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
  Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
  How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
  With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
  Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish child,
  That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
  The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
  The holiness within;
The grace of parting infancy
  By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
  Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride;
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!—p. 89—91.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Bellchamber's Biographical Dictionary. 4 vols.

This is the prettiest little pocket epitome of universal biography that we have ever seen or heard of. It may not put the world into a nutshell, but it puts the world's most illustrious inhabitants into four walnutshells, and very neatly are they packed. The notices seem compiled with carefulness, and evince much sound sense, impartiality, and candour. As a portable work of reference, or for the use of schools, this publication deserves our hearty recommendation.

Philanthropic Economy, or the Philosophy of Happiness. By Mrs. Loudon.

There is a notion amongst benevolent persons that 'the science of political economy is something quite distinct from religion, morality, or philanthropy; something too speculative to be practical, too intricate to be understood, or too dull to be endured.' To dispel this erroneous idea, or rather this confusion of ideas, to draw the attention of her own sex especially to the facts and laws which most materially influence the condition of the people, and to show that charity must concern itself with politics and political economy, or lose its moral, Christian, and useful character, are the objects proposed to herself by Mrs. Loudon in this work. Admiring the motives by which she is actuated, and rejoicing to see a woman's pen so employed, coinciding in most of her

conclusions, and hoping that she may succeed in stimulating the dormant intellects which are too often the accompaniments of charitable feelings, we must yet regret the absence of a greater precision of style and closeness of logic than we find in this volume. Such qualities are essential to the satisfactory discussion of its subjects. With a more distinct and rigorous mode of reasoning, we should have given that full approval to this volume which we now render to the author's just principles and generous sentiments.

Geography in Verse, for the Use of Young Children. By S. J. Williams.

A COLLECTION of infant school chants, which may very well aid the retention of the simpler facts of geography by young children, provided they have been made to understand those facts by other means. The verses are adapted for suggestion rather than information. Geographical names are cleverly made to chime in, in the several kinds of sing-song measure which have been adopted.

What was the writer thinking of, at p. 23, in the remark on Judea?

> 'Now subject to the *unchristian Turks*
> Their land the *Jewish people* see.'

The matter would scarcely be mended to the Jew were his land subjected to *Christian* Turks. We should take care not to give a twist to children's conceptions by our own want of distinctness. A long time is often required for correction, and occasionally much mischief done. In the poem on the *Sea*, the author follows the common mode of speaking of Providence; but is not the use of such language one reason why religion becomes so much an affair of words?

> 'God who is ruling the storm is there
> He heareth the waters roar;
> And the sailors are safe in his kindly care,
> As we in our homes on shore.'

If we regard only Divine Power, that power to which the very laws of nature are subordinate, then this assertion is true; but then it is also true that there is no such thing as danger in any circumstances; we may cling to the mouth of the cannon about to be fired, play with the adder, plunge into the crater of a volcano. Is this the lesson to be taught to children? If not, if it be only meant that Providence protects the sailor by the operation of those laws which have guided the builder in the construction of the ship, and the crew in its navigation, then the sentiment is not true. There *is* more insecurity on board ship in a storm than in 'our homes on shore.' It is God's will that there should be; he has decreed the danger by making land more stable than ocean, and the hurricane more destructive of human life on the one element than on the other. Why deceive children about this? or, which is a yet worse deception, tell them, by implication, that if they trust in Providence the laws of nature may peradventure be suspended on their behalf? We are not accusing the author now before us of deception, nor any other teachers, intentionally. But such is the tendency of much that is taught

under the mistaken notion of promoting religion thereby. The illustration came in our way; it would be difficult, perhaps, to find any similar publication so free as this. Those for whom it is intended may quite believe the writer's declaration,—

> 'Tis to make their school-hours pleasant,
> And their tasks less hard to learn,
> That short lessons, like the present,
> She to cheerful verse would turn.'

Barber's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight.

We miss, in many of the engravings in this volume, that poetical distribution of light and shade which gives us the spirit of a scene as well as its material form, and for the introduction of which the island landscapes are so admirably adapted. But they are faithful representations of beautiful objects, well executed, and accompanied with historical and descriptive matter so complete as to render this a valuable and excellent guide-book to the famed 'Garden of England.'

Christian Phrenology. Three Lectures. By Henry Clarke.

True religion and sound philosophy must needs be in harmony, and the exhibition of that harmony must be amongst the most useful agencies of the religious teacher. Mr. Clarke being at once an advocate of that view of the philosophy of the human mind which passes under the name of Phrenology and a preacher of Christianity, has lectured in a clear, logical, and popular manner upon their essential congruity. His lectures deserve attention in their published form, and his practice in delivering them we take to be a very commendable one, tending to revive and augment the usefulness of pulpit instruction.

Frithiof's Saga, or The Legend of Frithiof. By Esaias Tegner. Translated from the Swedish.

Tegner is the great modern poet of Sweden, and 'Frithiof's Saga' is his great work. It is a sort of ballad epic in twenty-four short cantos, each in a different measure. The time is about the eighth century, and the superstitions of the Scandinavian mythology are introduced, although but sparingly. As a whole, the Legend has considerable power; but there are no passages which we can detach as specimens of poetical beauty of any very high order. Although we profess not to speak of the merits of the translators (there are several of them) in that capacity, it may be allowed us to say that the ease, freedom, and variety of their versification produces all the effect of an original poem. As such, the Legend will attract interest, besides that which belongs to it as a specimen of Swedish poetry which has rapidly gained European popularity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Obituary of J. L. is sent to the 'Unitarian Chronicle.' We shall take some opportunity of expressing our own feeling of the worth of that excellent man.

Has W. L. T. left us off?

A LETTER TO LORD STANLEY ON CONSERVATIVE AND REFORM ASSOCIATIONS.

My Lord—As might have been expected, your lordship's letter to Sir T. D. Hesketh, on the formation of the North Lancashire Conservative Association, has gone the round of the newspapers. It has fulfilled its course like a comet, drawing after it a long but varying and differently coloured tail of commentary. Had your legislative 'Tail' been proportionately long, we should never have heard of the 'Derby Dilly with its six insides.' But, as occasionally happens to comets,—those interlopers of the heavens, which, instead of belonging to one system, are believed sometimes to revolve into and connect themselves with two very remote systems,—your lordship lacks that appendage, and is only surrounded by a thin nebulous coronal. Your lordship's magnanimity is therefore the more illustrious in declining that popular, or rather party strength, which might have accrued to you by fraternizing with the North Lancashire Conservatives, and their clubbing associates. You are so satisfied that you are a Hercules, that you determine to be Hercules without a club, even when it is presented to your grasp. You will be independent and original even in your mode of abandoning the weapon. It was thrown aside by him of old that he might handle the distaff of Omphale; you do not forego it to spin with the jennies of Peel. How your threads may eventually intertwist remains to be seen. At present you keep to your own line, deeming it sufficient to support you as a statesman. Whether you be right or not, I have no occasion to discuss. But as credit has been claimed for your letter, and seems to be assumed by yourself, on the ground of your being a middleman in politics, I deem it not amiss to investigate that claim, which I take to be an exceedingly fallacious one. The ancient rule was to hang the neutrals: those who are most addicted to extremes will scarcely raise them into oracles, merely out of opposition to this portion of the wisdom of our ancestors.

There are rarely more than two sides to a great question. All the complications and cross lights of society still leave only the true and the false, the just and the unjust, the useful and the pernicious. Those who are in either of these extremes may be wrong; those who are in neither of them cannot be right. The inducement to compromise is generally an indistinct perception of the abstract merits of the case, combined with an equally indistinct notion of practical results. It is the refuge of arbitrators in a perplexity, who 'split the difference,' with the certainty of thereby doing injustice. The inconsistency which commonly characterizes middle courses in politics, shows their adoption to be the result either of an unsound political philosophy, or of unsoundness, logical or moral, in the application of that philosophy. For instance, your

lordship talks of upholding 'the just prerogatives of the monarch.' The thorough indistinctness of the expression makes it a good specimen of this middle-muddling. Your lordship does not mean a *monarch;* you mean a *king*. In the powers of a monarch, or sole ruler, all *prerogative* is absorbed. He needs it not, nor has it (under that form or denomination), because he has so much more. Prerogative is that fragment of irresponsible authority which remains to him who was a monarch, after he is cut down to a king. When the king becomes merely the executive of the national will, the responsible chief magistrate of the community, he ceases to have any prerogative. The measure of his power is its tendency to the public good. The hereditary right of the monarch being his tenure, prerogative is a superfluity; the common good being the rule, prerogative is an injustice. The king must hold on the one ground or the other; either of the people, or independently of the people; either for them, or for himself. Out of the confusion of the two principles springs this anomaly of 'just prerogative.' How much of it is 'just?' And why? One portion of it consists in authority, at any time, to dissolve Parliament. Suppose that experience shows this power to be detrimental to the people's well-being: on your theory of 'just prerogative' may the king be deprived of it, or may he not? If he may, you sanction injustice; if he may not, known public mischief is perpetuated. Your lordship's political creed is full of these perplexities and puerilities; this patch-work of phrases as substitutes for principles. You are also pledged to uphold the 'necessary connexion' of Church and State. The connexion which is necessary needs no champion; and such a connexion is rather oddly predicated of associations which not only exist, or have existed, independently of each other, but which in that independence have most flourished. If a Church, *i. e.* public machinery for religious and moral instruction, be essential to the well-being of a nation, it is then a portion, an integral portion, of every well-ordered state, and not an external something with which that state is in 'connexion,' whether necessary or unnecessary. Your lordship takes a middle course between the theories of ecclesiastical dependence and independence; and so you entangle yourself in an inconsistency, which you may find as perplexing in practice as untenable in theory.

The nature of the change which the diffusion of intelligence produces upon governments has now become pretty evident. They originated in force, to end in freedom. All are destined to the transition from despotism to republicanism. Not less clear is it that originally the strongest or the craftiest became the monarch, than it is that eventually enlightened communities will be self-governed. How far regality is consistent with that self-government, will be a problem for posterity to solve, in a period, the remoteness of which may greatly vary in different

countries, but the arrival of which may, for all, safely be predicted. There seems no reason why we should mystify this matter, which it quite as much behoves the king, the statesman, and the legislator to consider, as the contemplative philosopher. The recognition of it is essential to all political philosophy, and consequently to all sound political principle. We may think the advance to be practically too rapid or too slow; we may hold it useful to retard or to accelerate that advance, or to let it alone altogether; but, in any case, our recognition of it will be alike essential to the claims of wisdom or of consistency. The middleman, who overlooks a tendency as striking as it is important, and as resistless as the progression of the seasons; who strives to manufacture fixed and everlasting principles out of the phenomena of any particular moment of that progression, is the last man who has any claim for attention either on those who sympathize with, or those who deprecate, the great but undeniable movement.

The 'Morning Chronicle,' which, with all its ability, is too often indisposed to look deeper into a subject than just to ascertain whether the Whigs can be pushed up, or the Tories can be pushed down, took your letter under its especial patronage, giving it 'general publicity' as 'clever and important,' on another ground of confidence in the dicta of half-and-half politicians. 'The opinions and public demonstrations of *middle* public men, of any political section, are entitled to especial notice, because, although such intermediate characters rarely act on public opinion, they resemble by-standers at chess, and usually discern the result of the checquered contest.' It was a 'clever and important' discovery of the 'Chronicle,' that a class of persons who do not act upon public opinion must be particularly deserving of public attention. The chess-board analogy is a more ancient argument. We thought it had been demolished by Mr. Bailey, in one of those lucid paragraphs with which his work on 'Representative Government' is so replete. Certain we are that your lordship does not in this case understand the game, either of Conservatives or Reformers, half so well as those who are playing it. If you had, your letter would not have been recommended by Whigs to the attention of Tories. Nor is your lordship a by-stander. You have your own game to play, and rather a ticklish one. Your position may require clear-sightedness, but certainly is not favourable to it. With the policy of the Tories you profess to have but one point of agreement, and yet you are their forlorn hope of office. With the Whigs you profess to have but one point of difference; and yet it was only by your hostility that their triumph in the House of Commons was endangered or delayed; while, out of doors, their blossoming popularity has chiefly to apprehend the deadly blight of your adhesion. Seldom has any man earned for himself so much aversion. Philosophers pity

your inconsequential mind, and gentlemen cannot tolerate your consequential manner; party leaders despise, even while they seek, the egotistical trimmer; the people loathe the insolent aristocrat; and the Court has its natural grudge towards one of the authors of the Reform Bill, notwithstanding his forwardness as a champion of Church and King. It is well that your lordship sees little attractiveness in public life, and thinks it likely that that little will be less. There is probably but one man whom every friend of his country would not rather see in office than yourself. We would take even you to save us from the deep debasement of being ruled by an ignorant, self-willed, haughty, military dictator; but in any contingency short of that alternative, your return to power would call forth from the population groans as loud as were the cheers which hailed, in the House of Commons, the announcement of your secession from the Grey and Althorp Administration. There is not much danger; but meanwhile we have not sufficient faith in your avowal of an indifference, which does not exactly accord with your position and movements, to concede your moral claim, barring the intellectual, to be a Sir Oracle on the subject either of Reform or Conservative associations.

Your lordship is probably correct in anticipating that, should the present tendency to form societies lead to the organization of the whole country in 'two rival sets of political associations, engaged in a deadly struggle with each other for the maintenance of extreme principles,' you would yourself 'be part of the lumber thrown overboard in the first process of clearing the deck for the general action.' Each would dread the danger of your support quite as much as that of your hostility. You have been the 'evil genius' of a Whig administration; in your present capacity of counsellor to Conservative clubs, your advice is that of an Achitophel. You warn the Tories against the only chance which remains to them for the recovery of their position. I trust they have lost it for ever. They certainly have, should they follow your guidance. By their own determination they will at least die game; your letter recommends them to die dunghill. They will spurn the advice; and the Reformers must prepare for them that fatal and final reaction with which you threaten them, and which you deprecate far more than this last united and desperate onset of the Conservatives.

Toryism lived and fattened upon the corruption of the House of Commons. The legislature was the machine for screwing out the heart's blood of the nation, that it might nourish a faction. The Reform Act (thanks to your lordship for all your share of its useful portions) stopped this process. How is it to be revived? Direct action upon Parliament is at an end. The sanctuary of borough property is desecrated. The electors must be subjected to corruption and intimidation. A seven years' Parliament would repay to the party the purchase-money of a

general election. But there is not yet a purchaseable majority of seats. Try club law. Put forth all the power of influence. Shake the whip with one hand, and the purse with the other. Much of the old enginery is yet capable of action. The Church, the magistracy, the army, are still intact. The sentence is gone forth upon corporations, but not yet executed. 'Organize, organize! A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together' for the Tory ascendancy, which enabled so many to revel in the fat of the land, conveyed by taxation to the indolent from the laborious. Such is the obvious policy of the party; obvious alike to friends and foes; not the less obvious for being desperate.

However much to be lamented, it is little to be wondered at, that stupendous exertions should be made to bring back the reign of corruption. Whether in accordance with, or in defiance of, the principles of the British Constitution, it boots not now to inquire, but it is certain that the practical working of that Constitution has been to generate a class interest in the misgovernment and plunder of the community. Under the pretences of preserving peace and order, of defending the country, of teaching the people religion, and other like plausible pleas, an enormous tide of wealth has long been steadily flowing in one direction. Was it likely that those towards whom it flowed would quietly see its course diverted, although such diversion was for the common good, and accompanied by the transformation into realities of these old and plundering pretences? Could we expect of an entire faction the rare magnanimity of relinquishing such golden advantages and prospects, merely on account of their injustice? Of that they have perhaps but a very faint perception. They have been trained to what they are by the working of our institutions, and morality itself has been warped by the same process; they will make fight, and this alone would render necessary the counter associations of Reformers.

That the latter should be anything more than defensive is much to be deprecated, but it may very possibly happen. The excitement of party spirit, roused in keen conflict, may be provoked to repel influence by influence, and intimidation by intimidation. There is not so much reason to apprehend this on the Reform, as on the Tory side, because, while the Tories are banded together by a party interest, the Reformers are only leagued by their portion of the common interest. The selfish and party principle is as much feebler, as the benevolent and patriotic principle is stronger, in the one case than in the other. But it may happen that the rights of individuals, the free exercise of the franchise, will be invaded on both sides. Nay, more; should the Tory aristocracy persist in the exercise of that power by which individual wealth may enable them to command the votes of dependants, the fearful but not astonishing reaction may follow, of non-dealing resolutions, by their more numerous opponents. The tradesman depends on

the many customers, as well as on the rich customer. Antagonist influences may place his livelihood in equal peril. It will not be a little that can sufficiently excite the many to this species of retaliation or counteraction, nor will it ever survive the nefarious proceedings which shall call it forth; but it may be produced: and for this worst result of the club system that can ensue, you, my lord, are, to the full extent of your influence and authority as a statesman, responsible.

Where would be the occasion, or the excuse, or the opportunity for exertion, of these associations and counter associations, but for those deficiencies in the Reform Bill to the remedying of which your lordship is the most decided opponent? Simplify the right of suffrage; extend it to all householders; get rid of the eternal complexity of the present plan of registration, if that indeed can be called plan which is altogether 'puzzled in mazes and perplexed in errors;' make voting free by making it secret; and to a large extent the clubs would find their 'occupation gone.' The defence would be superseded by the attack being rendered impracticable. The Barrister's Court would dissolve before the ballot box, together with all the expense, chicanery, vexation, disappointment, and party bitterness, of which it is the occasion.

And to this it must come. Until it does come to this, will the Tories, though defeated, still combine; and Reformers, though victorious, will not be so strong but that they will find it needful to associate. Large bodies of men are not to be diverted from the pursuit of great interests, whether party or public, by such logic as that of your letter. Nor, even had your immediate and professed object been attained by it, would your ultimate and far more earnest purpose have been thereby realized. Your arrow is not long enough, nor your arm sufficiently nervous, for the shaft to reach the vitals of Reform association, through the sides of Tory clubbism. Until the security of common interests shall be attained, by the recognition of common rights, the principles of Reform will combine the exertions of those by whom its worth is appreciated. Your lordship ought to be grateful to Reform clubs, even under their most offensive designation: the Political Unions of 1832 enabled you and your colleagues to redeem those repeated pledges to the nation, that the Reform Bill should pass, which you had yourselves become impotent to realize. Whether you deceived yourselves, or whether the King deceived you, certain it is that in May of that year you were bankrupt to the people, whose united zeal and energy, which you had so often tried to damp, alone discharged your voluntary and solemn obligations. The Reform Bill was promised by yourself and your colleagues, but it was carried by the Political Unions. You had told them to be quiet, as you now tell the election clubs to be quiet. But the lesson is not lost. Your advice rather deters than stimulates. The good of it consists in its not being taken. It has superlative

merit negatively. You shine as a beacon upon your solitary rock. The pamphlet edition of your letter, if it have one, should be mottoed from the schoolboys' sport,—'When I say hold fast, let go; and when I say let go, hold fast.' The Spirit of Reform replies, 'I will, my lord; and young Liberty shall not slip, or be torn, from my grasp, till I have nursed her to maturity.'

When once the possession of the suffrage is general, and its exercise free, it will be desirable that Reform clubs should cease; and I doubt not but that they will cease, whatever may have become, meanwhile, of those of the Conservatives. The nation will then be itself the one great Reform Association, and the Tories, dwindled in numbers and importance by the continued failure of their natural aliment, will only be in the position of a squad of refractory members, easily kept in order. The rapidity with which that consummation advances will be materially affected by the great measure of municipal reform now in progress. Your lordship's exertions have not been wanting to infuse into that measure as much as possible of the old corrupt and poisonous leaven of aristocracy; nor will you be wanting to the last effort of Oligarchy, when the time is ripe for it, the combination of the worst portion of all parties against the popular cause. The attempt, no doubt, will be made to form a government out of such materials as yourself, Peel and Wellington, and the more aristocratic Whigs. A strong government you will fancy yourselves; a slight interruption you may give to the movement of that mighty wheel which you dream of turning back; and then, the more majestic and resistless, from the feeble pressure and the momentary check, will be its continuous and accelerated revolution.

Rightly has your lordship enumerated not only your 'principles,' but also your 'education, birth, position in society, and prejudices,' as amongst the elements of your claim to the confidence of the Conservatives. In the following passage from your letter the operation of these influences is very evident. 'I do not deny that the present is a period at which great interests are at stake. I do not deny that the Reform Bill itself, necessary as I believe that measure to have been, and called for by the deliberate opinion of the country, may have had the effect of stimulating the desire of political change, and of exciting in men's minds an overweening anxiety for alterations in our institutions, and an unreasonable expectation of advantages to be derived therefrom. I am far from denying that to correct such exaggerated expectations, to reason away such overstrained desires, nay, even to expose the sophistries of ignorant or mischievous quack doctors in politics, who impose upon the ill-informed, by persuading them that the benefit to be derived must be commensurate with the strength of the dose administered, may become the duty of those whom Providence has placed in a station to give them the means of forming a more dispassionate judgment, and the influence to add weight

to that judgment on the minds of others.' How far your lordship's advocacy of the pecuniary interests of the Church may have been rewarded by supernal light on the ways of Providence, it is not for me to divine; but common observation has not noted it as any part of the Providential plan to designate by '*station*' those whose judgment ought to have weight with their fellow-creatures. The New Testament tells a very different tale with reference to religion; and so does history in regard to politics. Persons of your order, my lord, are the least likely to form a dispassionate judgment upon questions, some of which involve the extent of their own privileges and their prospects of emolument and power. 'Quack doctors' have found as much support in the ranks of the aristocracy as in those of the multitude. Nor is it always a symptom of ignorance or source of mischief to expect that the benefit should be 'commensurate with the strength of the dose.' In the reform of abuse, in the curtailment of irresponsible power, the proportion does obtain. Indeed, it is only the strong dose that is effective in such cases. Had only a third of the boroughs which appeared in Schedule A been inserted, the Reform Bill would never have accomplished a hundredth part of the good which it has already realized. Your metaphor savours of quackery; and it is obviously defective. Your apprehension of strong doses may have prejudiced you against 'expectations' which are *not* 'exaggerated,' and 'desires' which are *not* 'overstrained.' What to you presents itself as an evil result of the Reform Bill, to other minds appears one of its happiest consequences. It *has* stimulated the desire of political change. And when the origin of our institutions in a comparatively barbarous age, and the length of time during which they have been corrupted by being worked for party purposes, are considered, together with the immense advances made by the people in wealth and intelligence, who can doubt that change had become absolutely necessary? Moreover, if there be any truth in the doctrine of human progression, which is, in fact, the doctrine of a Divine Providence, change in the forms and institutions of society must be always needful, until they have arrived at such perfection as to accommodate themselves to all further advances in knowledge and civilization. Ours have not yet manifested any such character of excellence and expansiveness. They are still, in too many respects, only shackles forged by the past for the future, which must either yield or break; and which, until they do, will be productive of suffering and discontent, and act as impediments to the improvement of society. A philosophic statesman would rejoice in the desires and expectations which herald the coming of a better social organization. Foolishly called destructive, they are the manifestations of a creative power at work in the political and moral world; the power of that Providence which, operating by laws throughout the whole extent of its dominion, has made progressive

improvement the law of social humanity. But, although a smart and ready debater, a good House of Commons' man for the times that are gone, your lordship is not a philosophic statesman, nor ever will be. Sir T. D. Hesketh has written to decline your advice on the part of the Lancashire Conservative clubbists; as a Reform associator, and one of the public whom you have favoured with your admonitions, I cordially concur in that portion of the baronet's reply, and remain, my Lord, &c. &c.

July 1, 1835. W. J. Fox.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. 5.—The Sentimental.

'Come here, Maria,' said a lively brunette, addressing a little plain orderly person who was examining the contents of a bookcase, 'you have looked at those books a hundred times before, and I can assure you I have made no new additions to them. I want you here at this window.'

'Well, here I am,' said Maria, looking into the street. 'Really, rooms for *me* might be furnished with a skylight, for never by any chance do I go to the window.'

'Then let me tell you that in consequence you lose a great deal of what I call bird's-eye observation. I am going to tell you about a neighbour of mine. How is it that you never quiz your neighbours? You may be sure that they quiz *you*.'

'So let them.'

'I do not recollect ever hearing you say anything against anybody. Now that must be all prudence or hypocrisy.'

'I assure you it is not either.'

'I told you what your friend Mrs. Treacle said of you the other day. Ah! I see you are piqued at the mere recollection. There is a little malice dilating the pupil of your eye,—a little revenge tingling in your cheek. Now I am satisfied. I cannot bear your over-good people. Now, if you will but swear and stamp a little, I'll love you for life.'

'My dear Pauline,' said Maria, after she had indulged her laughter, 'when *compelled* to see the wrong side of human nature I sigh, when *forced* to feel that a friend can be unjust, a relation unkind, I am hurt; but I do not long surrender myself to sadness from either causes.'

'Because you despise the causes; because, with all your seeming humbleness, you have the pride which was reproved in Plato; you trample upon the pride of the world through a greater pride. There must be some retaliating principle to keep you at the equilibrium you preserve. *Apropos*, the homæopathy system is no new discovery in malice, whatever it may be in medicine: minute doses of spite have long proved particularly effective, if

well followed up; but *I* have not patience for such a process; whenever *I* give moral arsenic or prussic acid, it is in *decidedly deadly* doses.'

'You have a most incorrigible tongue, Pauline. I wish every one knew how pure that issue keeps your heart; yet I fear it will be fatal to you. The matter-of-fact people take you at your word, are half disposed to go to a magistrate, swear that you put them in fear of their lives, and have you bound over to keep the peace.'

It was now Pauline's turn to laugh, which, though a very graceful creature, she did most riotously. 'I fancy,' she resumed, 'something of this sort must be the case with Elliot, our magnificent iron-worker, when he rushes along the heights of poetry, shaking his axe at social iniquity, and bringing the hot branding-iron of his indignation to bear upon it. Yet would I answer with this little head of mine, that the lion, who so shakes the forest with his roar, is in the homestead a very lamb, around whose neck children may hang, wreathing the flowers they resemble.'

'The strong expression incident to *such* minds,' said Maria, 'is moral evaporation; it cools the hot brain it quits, and fires the cool brain it meets. *Such* minds are mighty agents appointed by Providence to carry on the work of human progression; they stir into motion the sluggish multitude, which, wanting them, would remain a stagnant mass. But we have strangely wandered from my object in coming to the window.'

'Truly,' cried Pauline, 'I might almost say,' like Juliet,

"I have forgot why I did call you back."'

'And truly I can say, like Romeo,

"Let me stand here till you remember it."'

'Aye,' exclaimed Pauline, finding in the poet's words an echo of her feelings,

'"I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company."

But do you see that pale woman opposite, peering over the parlour blinds, looking like Death waiting for doomsday?'

'I see a very sad-looking sad-coloured person,' said Maria. 'The poor thing must be in bad health, perhaps in affliction. What is the matter with her?'

'She is the wreck of a Sentimental: her history will afford you matter on which to moralize. When a girl, could she have chosen her position in life, she would have preferred being a pining princess to anything else in the creation; next to that a duke's daughter, dying of a consumption, fair as a lily, and, of course, as fragile. Now, mark the perversity of fate: she was, on the contrary, a little plump person, scarcely four feet high, with a florid complexion, and her father—what do you think her

father was? Oh, that there should be such things in the world! Her father was—A BUTCHER!

'All her sorrow over this circumstance neither reduced Miss Bullock's bulk nor blushes; and the first serious indisposition into which she succeeded in throwing herself was on the occasion of her father's marriage with a worthy woman, who became his second wife soon after Selina Bullock had completed her seventeenth year. She attributed the fits and fever from which she suffered to the sound of the marrow-bones and cleavers, with which characteristic music the newly married pair were duly honoured; but I cannot but believe that what she considered her father's fatuity, in making such a woman "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," was the real thorn in Selina's side.

'Hitherto she had suffered from few annoyances but such as she created for herself, which were not half so efficacious as those which were created for her by another. Such a salutary love of self is implanted in human nature that we never voluntarily give unto ourselves any very serious hurt.

'Mrs. Bullock was an honest homely woman, with as much coarse common sense as her daughter-in-law had fastidious refinement; this sense was a hard rough-flavoured fruit, a sort of wall-fruit, cased in a sturdy cover, which, when cracked, afforded a kernel difficult of digestion.

'"What a fool your father has been," said the bride one day, addressing Miss Bullock, "to have let you be brought up in all this here idleness, which makes you go moping about all day, with more megrims in your head than he has meat in his shop."

'Selina drew forth her smelling bottle: this attack upon her nerves was made near dinner time, and, unfortunately for her sentimental character, she felt an appetite, and no disposition to postpone its gratification, or she would certainly have retired to her room, wept over her uncongenial destiny, and perhaps penned some stanzas under the title of "Delicate Distress." As it was, she swallowed her sufferings and her soup in silence; while her sire, between the pauses of a very arduous mastication, regaled his helpmate with the history of his morning occupations in Smithfield market, to which she listened with lively interest, and which she rewarded with many a hearty laugh, many an incidental remark or exclamation.

'This was the tenour of their life: to the obscure and toiling portion of society one day is like another; as in the same way, in a different field of action, one day is like another to the votary of fashion and pleasure. The sweet spirit of variety is present to none but the moral and intellectual worker, who, with one purpose, has a thousand prospects; who, with one source of light, has a thousand beaming tints.

'Selina, continually disgusted or offended by the manners, habits, and expressions of her parents, adopted a system of silence,

in addition to her other injudicious habits, and the effects of their combined influence grew gradually apparent in her declining, or, as she liked to call it, her delicate health.

"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

And nothing spoils without spoiling something else, especially that with which it lies in contact. Had Selina possessed a healthy instead of an unhealthy sensibility; cultivated real instead of a sickly sentiment; she would, nevertheless, under *her* circumstances, have suffered pain, but it would have been partial, and it would have quickened her sagacity to discover a shield for herself, and a cure for the faults by which she was offended; while affection would have induced forbearance, and forbidden selfishness.

'Selina's silent contempt effected a sort of moral distillation, converting all her feelings and impressions into poison, the corrosive action of which working on her mind, affected her temper and her frame, and she became a melancholy invalid.

'The concern and anxiety of her parents increased, and they made new efforts to induce her to change her habits, to which they justly attributed some share of her malady. But she, who loved to read and talk of the yielding nature of the female character, was unconquerably obstinate. It was in vain that she was urged to take walking exercise; she could not do it, though she could occasionally dance all night in the heated room of a subscription ball, or at a dancing master's academy. She was too delicate to walk; besides, it was so unladylike; the sight of the least mud shocked her; the people in the street were rude or rapid; the carts and other carriages noisy; the dust and dirt insufferable. It was impossible to deny the existence of all the annoyances which she enumerated; the wonder seemed to be how other people supported or said so little about them. Selina solved the difficulty—they had no sensibility. Occasionally she would condescend to avail herself of the convenience of a hackney coach, but never without expressions of disgust at the vehicle, and lamentation that she had not a carriage of her own. On the sabbath her father usually hired a conveyance for the day, to carry himself and spouse a little jaunt into the country. Selina would never join them in these excursions, because all the vulgar and working world were abroad on that day. Hence away went Mr. and Mrs. Bullock of a Sunday; Selina sighed, staid at home, and sat looking through or over the venetian blinds.

'Everything in and about the house was active and cheerful but herself; two women servants were kept, who were ever unconsciously reading her lessons of wisdom; for Sally would sing as she twirled her mop, and Betty would bandy jests with the baker and the brewer.'

'You love to dip your pencil, Pauline, into the colours of the caricaturist. It is highly delightful now to you to sketch this sentimental daughter of the shambles; but such a character is as ridiculous and as pernicious in a less antithetical scene. How do the daughters of men, conventionally above the butcher, such as the more opulent trader, the manufacturer, the merchant, the professional man, spend their time and employ their talents? Those among them who cannot afford to enter society or to entertain it at home, pass their days in that listless idleness which the *lady's* privilege, to do nothing, admits,—almost enjoins. So they stand, like your neighbour yonder, half the morning, and perhaps all the evening, looking over the parlour blinds, and deeming the sight of a passenger, who varies the vapid minutes, and excites their slumbering faculties, a boon. In fact, were I asked what expression of countenance is most frequently absent from their faces, I should say the brightness which is incident to a mind full of some energetic and happy purpose.'

'Take care, Maria; when we speak of the expression of a populace, or a part of a populace, we ought to consider the many causes in operation to create discontent and despondency; there is the struggle to live, to ward off, to sustain, or *conceal* distress.'

'My dear Pauline, the people who feel public evils or private exigencies *acutely* are not the people who remain listless or appear apathetic. They do not sit down to repine; they rise up to repair; for they know that repining is but another make-weight in the scale of calamity. No, the women to whom I allude, so far from thinking about public ills or general distress, do not think of the evils or distresses often existing in their own homes, and which their inert habits and unhappy ignorance must tend to aggravate. All these women, and especially the more opulent portion of them, are united by the most endearing ties to men who are daily expending great personal toil, often intense mental exertion or anxiety, for the support of circumstances and style which does not yield them one hour's rational enjoyment out of the day. Did these women think and feel as human beings ought and might think and feel, would this slavish subservience of mental and moral properties to the accumulation of pecuniary property, its protection and display, subsist for another month? No, not for another hour. Were women those *unfeminine* things, politicians, philosophers, and political economists, in the best senses of those words, instead of being the pretty pets of gilded cages, with collars and chains of diamonds or pearls, they would, like the free bird, voluntarily help to build up the nest, and not admit into it an atom that was wrung from the excruciated energies of their mates; they would be animated by the wisest views for their offspring, their country-people, their species. *Then* man, instead of being, as he is, the slave of the slave (for men domestically are something like kings politically, flattered

with the show of power, and defrauded, if usurpers *can* be defrauded, of the substance; for beneath the edifice of despotism subterraneous passages have been planned, and secret recesses sunk; and the tyrant, who treads his polished floors in fancied security, often falls, or is drawn through the traps connected with the hidden machinery created by folly, whim, or worse offsprings of suppressed or misdirected intellect and sensibility); men, instead of being as they are, the slave of the slave, would be elevated into friends and fellow-workers with beings full of active intelligence and open honest tenderness—attributes of universal human nature, but which the offices of wife and mother are perhaps most especially calculated to heighten and increase—attributes which, when developed under the influence of freedom and knowledge, will present images which the pen of the poet has never yet pictured, his fancy scarce conceived.

'Oh, that I could pour my heart out to humanity, as of old they did libations to the gods, if that might propitiate those now supinely slumbering on their energies, or mischievously perverting them!

'The false position of woman has created a world of wild mischief among mankind; her taking her true position only can repair it. Oh, that I could call her, and see her come forth like a redeeming angel—see her shut the dazzling casket of her *cruel* vanities, and open that which contains the resplendent spirit that God has given her—given her, not to be drossed by diamonds, but to be kindled by the bliss-giving power with which love and intelligence can endow it!'

'Never, Maria, do you and I get on with a story,' said Pauline. '*You* are too fond of the moral, *I* of the graphic; thus the mere incident is smothered or lost sight of, between us. Pray dry your eyes, and come down into the every-day world again; to assist your descent look across the way at Miss Bullock, now Mrs. Button. From the period of her becoming marriageable, till her marriage, she passed her time to as little purpose as a dormouse, and thousands of women do the like.'

'Then who shall wonder,' interrupted Maria, 'at the unions they form. Why *liking*, let alone love, must be so welcome an excitement in the stupid scene they occupy, as to be hailed with eagerness, and little embarrassed by inquiry. Love, they say, is born of idleness; then it is that son of Nox and Erebus who so ill deserves the name he bears, and it is no matter of surprise that he takes wing after wedlock, when some of the business of life necessarily begins. The *real* god is born of sympathy, the offspring of intelligence and knowledge, and he grows in vigour in proportion to the beauty, excellence, and variety of pursuit in which he succeeds in uniting two congenial spirits.

'But to your heroine:—her bridal could have been no ordinary business; the white robe, the orange-flower chaplet, the

post-chaise, and departure through dusty roads for a distant and strange scene, must to *her* have been indispensable; or did she prefer a poor lieutenant's love, and a cottage, and an elopement?'

'Now do not hurry me on, Maria, in this uncomfortable manner. I listen to your moralizing, and I expect you do the same by my descriptions.

'Miss Bullock became a sort of willow, bending beneath every blast, moral or physical, which passed over her. Mrs. Bullock remained a kind of sturdy oak, refusing to bow before even a storm; but death, the "tremendous shadow," which extinguishes the giant as easily as the glowworm, swept her away with a force as sudden as unseen!—once again he passed through Selina's home, but less hurriedly, and her father fell!

'Here let me pause to note a point of conduct peculiar to sickly sentimentality and morbid sensibility. Selina, who loved to weep over a pathetic fiction, was deficient of feeling and fortitude in the *actual* scene of sorrow; while the circumstances, which tell the proudest piece of humanity that it is *but* humanity, moved her with disgust and impatience. Not because she understood and appreciated the higher portion of human nature did she cherish this irritability, but because she did *not* understand, did *not* appreciate *that* portion. *Her* feeling was like the love that lives on mere personal beauty, and which falls away, like the caterpillar, when the leaf loses its freshness. If we properly love the nobler part of human nature, like the goddess who chose a mortal, we cast a veil of so much beauty over the common clay, as to create for it a charm even amid infirmity; and thus it is that enlightened love lingers at the chair of age, bends over the couch of disease, and casts itself upon the sod, where sleeps, at last, all that of the being so beloved could die.

'In fact, Selina was not "affected by the reality of distress touching her heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking her imagination—she pitied the plumage, but forgot the dying bird." She wept, alas! too little at the couch of vulgar pain, though the sufferer was an affectionate father; but when he was dead she wore deep weepers, and melted over his memory.

'The time of sighs and sables passed away, and Selina stepped forth in virgin white, the possessor of a much more considerable fortune than she had expected. The vanity inseparable from such a character, which courts the gaze that it affects to shun, soon blazoned abroad the important fact, and Selina grew proportionably interesting in the eyes of many who had hitherto overlooked her.

'Not butchers, but bankers and barristers, were upon the muster roll of the circle which she called her friends. The weaknesses of her character, the habits which she had acquired in solitude, or from vulgar association, were subjects of ridicule which gave a relish to the breakfast of many a lounger who

afterwards treacherously lavished upon her compliments and courtesies. Men, who should have put from them such thoughts as they would the fetid vapour of pestilence, suffered her guineas to gild her character, and sought her hand:—looked upon her imbecility not as a drawback upon the value of a wife, but as an addition to it.

'This has been the policy of all who desire to govern according to their own corrupt inclinations, instead of the broad principles of justice. Wisdom, elected by love, acts like the Creator, who gives light and air unto all, that all may grow glad and vigorous, happy and capable, to the utmost extent of the powers given: but craft, which has crept into power like a slug into a hive, through some reptile-gnawed chink, loves darkness, that his unsightliness in person and practice may not be seen.'

'Who is moralizing now?' said Maria.

'It is all *your* fault,' replied Pauline. 'I catch the tiresome habit of *you*. Now to return to Selina—

'"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove,
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talked of love."

Yes, Edwin, fortunately for him, he had been christened, and Mounteagle he was commonly called. What a combination for her fancy to feed upon! The pastoral and the powerful—the lover and the lord. She adored him by instinct—sighed deeply to think that her own name was not Emma—the union of two such pretty names was so important an item in the article of happiness.

'There was something foreign in Edwin's accent, which was "*so nice*," "*so interesting*;" then his dark eyes and long black lashes, and a sentimental sallowness in his complexion, all suggested to her delighted fancy that he was not a common Saxon compound. At length, modest as he was, following her like her shadow, worshipping her with looks, not language, she learned from him that he had had an Andalusian mother.—Ecstatic discovery!!! And his father—she trembled lest that father's origin might break or abate the spell which the fair Spaniard breathed upon her son. But no, his father had enriched his veins with the blood of the ancient kings of Ireland!!

'I have heard talk of the seventh heaven, I much question whether any ever inhaled its ether but Selina, when her Hibernia-Andalusian lover declared himself, and endowed her with his heart, his honour, and an inheritance, which, though then hovering, like a vision, in the vista of probability, might, he told her, at no distant day, drop a coronet upon her peerless brow!

'To conclude a conversation which has run on too long.—In

two years after Selina's marriage, her fortune of fifteen thousand pounds was dissipated. Feather after feather had long been falling from the jackdaw who had plumed himself upon her fortune, and palmed himself upon her credulity; but, when the last guinea was gone, he stood before her in the unadorned dignity of his real character and name, which were Benjamin Button, a journeyman tailor, the son of a travelling tinker and a gypsy fortune-teller.

'Notwithstanding all this, Benjamin was a genius in his way; and, had any sense or any strength of character existed in his deluded wife, their affairs might have been retrieved; at least utter destruction averted. But such an issue to her visionary hopes overwhelmed her; her husband forsook her to seek his fortune on the Continent, and she, many years his senior, mortified and aimless, sunk into a consumption. A relation of her despised mother-in-law offered her, from motives of the purest pity, an asylum, and there the sentimental is dragging out the remainder of her days a miserable dependent.'

M. L. G.

MUNDI ET CORDIS CARMINA.*

The appearance of this volume will be warmly greeted by all those of our readers whose poetical appreciation has been made a source of pleasure by the poems which have appeared in the 'Monthly Repository' under the signature of *W*. The greater portion of it is original, but it includes, amongst others, the 'Phosphor and Hesper,' 'The Copse,—to Alphonse de Lamartine,' 'The Glowworm,' 'To a Water-Drop,' 'Nymphs,' and 'The Life of Flowers;' and to these we may refer as specimens of its contents which will at once decide its character to all by whom they are remembered. Those who see nothing in them need look no further, for they will see nothing more. Let them and the author shake hands at the threshold, and part with a friendly *de gustibus*. Others we invite onwards to the gratification which awaits them in the expanse of the 'Templum Mundi,' or the recesses of the 'Adyta Cordis,' not pretermitting the occasional stimulus of the 'Temporalia.' Under these titles has the author distributed his effusions; and, bating that we think the English language might have served his turn for the inscription over the portal of the temple, as it does for the service within its gates, the classification commends itself to us as made in a poetical spirit, and giving a promise which is amply redeemed.

To the further division, into 'Poems' and 'Sonnets,' we decidedly object. Although many of the author's poems be not sonnets, it would be difficult for him to produce a sonnet which should not be a poem. There is a rare felicity in his compositions

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* 'Mundi et Cordis: de rebus sempiternis et temporariis, Carmina; Poems and Sonnets; by Thomas Wade.'

of this description. He does not construe its laws in their utmost strictness, but it still presents impediment enough to display a graceful power, only surpassed amongst living writers by that of Wordsworth.

The 'Templum Mundi' is a poetical philosophy of the universe, exhibited as a poetical philosophy is best exhibited, not in the regular arrangement and with the technical details of system building, but by varied views from different points, fragments, particular objects or impressions, and sometimes momentary glimpses of the entire structure, opening upon the vision like the enchanted castle in the Valley of St. John.

Although a brick may not serve as a specimen of a house, any more than a quotation of a work of science, yet of such a temple as that whereof we speak, with its towers, and pinnacles, and clustering pillars, and rich tracery, and delicate foliage in eternal marble, there may be a specimen, even perchance in some minutest ornament, which shall by its peculiar beauty convey distinct notice of the artist's skill; and such we find in this quaint fragment of fretwork:

'BIRDS AND THOUGHTS.

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
The winter is around ye;
And ice and snow
Wrap all below;
Above, the air
Is cold, and bare
Each bough,
And the frozen breezes wound ye;
That, wherever ye fly,
On the earth, or on high,
Ye find no rest,
Nor food, nor nest,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
Our thoughts like ye must ever,
In this cold world,
With wings half furled,
Make voyage bare,
Till by despair
They're whirled
Around, and peace find never;
And, sinking or soaring,
Earth or heaven exploring,
They still must flee
Joyless like ye,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
Ye must wait till the spring unfoldeth
The sun and earth;
And then in mirth
Ye may rejoice,
And with clear voice
Her birth
Chant to the sphere which her beauty holdeth;
And our thoughts must await
The great life beyond fate,
To soar and sing,
Like ye in spring,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!'

p. 55—57.

That the author is an admirer of Shelley might have been certainly inferred, had he not put it upon record. The congenialities of spirit are obvious. There is no imitation nor blind homage, but a strong affinity of quality and tendency. The same addictedness to creations of mist, and rainbow, and filmy frostwork. The following sonnet shows how a poet is appreciated by a poet:

'SHELLEY.

'Holy and mighty poet of the Spirit
That broods and breathes along the Universe!
In the least portion of whose starry verse
Is the great breath the sphered heavens inherit—
No human song is eloquent as thine;
For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,
Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof singing,
With all the madness of a sky lark springing,
From earth to heaven, the intenseness of thy strain,
Like the lark's music all around us ringing,
Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain
Our primal life etherial!—Men profane
Blaspheme thee: I have heard thee *Dreamer* styled—
I've mused upon their wakefulness, and smiled.'

p. 120.

The last two words were better away. He 'mused upon their wakefulness,' but we doubt whether he 'smiled.' The conclusion jars more upon the mind than would the unfinished line upon the ear. Short measure is better than false fact. If the smile did come, it must have been a slow and melancholy one; such as might not have misbeseemed Jacques, in the Forest of Ardennes, encountering there some intolerant and conceited interloper from the city. To this sonnet succeeds another, from which we cannot separate it, inasmuch as it is, perchance, an amplification of the aforesaid smile's meaning, as excited by one class of objects:

'SHELLEY AND KEATS, AND THEIR "REVIEWER."

'Two heavenly doves I saw, which were, indeed,
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair
That waft the Cyprian chariot through the air;
And with their songs made music, to exceed
All thought of what rich poesy might be:
At which a crow, perched on a sullen tree,
Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,
Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness.
And cawed dire sentence on these sweet-throat turtles;
To which his fellow flock of carrion things
Croaked clamorous assent; but still the wings
Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles
Of every grove, where culled they nectared seed,
Whilst still on cold dead flesh these carrion creatures feed.'

p. 121.

In the 'Adyta Cordis' there is a redolence of beauty which must place the author high amongst erotic bards; yet with something too much of mere sensation, and too little of that true power of love which he professes to celebrate. It seems as if, with the author, love had been the offspring of poetry, rather than poetry the offspring of love. His descriptions are of the phenomena of sense, passion, and the general perception of beauty, rather than of that strong and permanent individualization of them, in which consist the power and purity of love; of that love which refines and elevates the best natures, and is the motive and the recompense of the noblest actions.

In Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology,' we are taught that the final cause of the passion of love is the perpetuation of the species, and such would probably have been the purpose assigned to it in the calculations of Jeremy Bentham; yet may the Utilitarian philosophy and the theology of nature yield a better oracle to the inquirer, and indicate its proper and noble agency in those impulses to the exertions of the poet or the patriot, which no other stimulus can so well supply. The author's perception of this agency, and his want of an entire, consistent, and uniform recognition of the power which exercises it, may perhaps both be illustrated by the poem entitled 'Pain and Solace, a Vision.'

'PAIN AND SOLACE.

'*A Vision.*

'With her I love I enter'd a proud chamber,
Festooned with golden lamps, of many dies,
Illumed, with pendants of rich pearl and amber;
And on the walls hung ancient tapestries,
Storied with many tales of smiles and sighs.
There, in the midst, on a low ottoman,
Sate she I loved, gazing with weeping eyes
Upon a woven mythos of old Pan,
And Syrinx, piteous nymph! transformed as she ran.

'"Thou hast destroy'd me, traitor!" wildly turning
To greet me as I passed, she cried aloud;
Her fine eye flashing, and her fair cheek burning:
"Thou seest me here to mine own sorrows bow'd,
Thou dreaming Falsehood! of thy falseness proud!
Still thinking how to use me for thy lyre;
And out of my dark passion's thunder-cloud
Lightning to draw: ay, like yon shepherd sire,
A living song to make of thy most dead desire.

'"Begone!—I shall not die!"—she said, and faded,
Like to some form of mist in evening dim,
When the true vision of the eye is shaded,
And all around with spectral face and limb
The fields and woods seem ghastly. As a hymn
Of God long sounds within the sinner's brain,
After the airs have tomb'd its notes sublime,
Those words still shook my heart; all pierced with pain—
As haunt a slayer's soul the last sighs of the slain!

'But with the solemn echoes as I quivered
Of that prophetic voice of her I loved,
Deep phrase of solace she I love delivered
Which the infection of their grief removed—
That phrase—"She shall not die!" Let it be proved
By entranced songs of living minstrelsy;
Which lark enclouded, nightingale engroved,
May pipe sweet concord to from earth and sky,
Whilst the world's loving hearts in chorus soft reply!'

p. 141, 142.

The 'Temporalia' contains a glorious lyric burst of feeling on 'The Three Great Days of France,' with some spirited 'Reform Bill Hymns,' and two or three minor poems of various merit.

The most characteristic and sustained flight of the author's fancy is the 'Ode to Poesy,' which stands at the commencement of the volume, the lofty-pillared porch of his 'Templum Mundi.' Some fragments of it must conclude this very imperfect notice; they will be its most efficient portion to all poetical spirits.

'TO POESY.

'Thou "wine of demons!" by dull flesh abjured,
But the true essence of all things divine!
The incense that perfumeth Nature's shrine!
Nectar of the heart and brain!
Spirit's sun-unfolding rain!
Deep Poesy! I come to thee, allured
By all that I do hear, scent, touch, or see;
From the flower's delicate aglet, where the bee
Makes music, to the depths of sea and ether,
Where winds and waves in fierce love leap together,
And storms are thunder-voiced and lightning-plumed,
And worlds, Creation's sparks, extinguished and illumed.

'The mysteries which the dreamers of old days
Did gird thee with, in many a solemn strain,
Are buried in the grave of our disdain:
Men now no altars to Apollo raise;
And rich-brained Memory's glorious daughters
Sink in Oblivion's Lethe-waters:
The mount whence Eros shot his golden arrow
At jeering Phœbus' heart, revered by none,
Hath less advertence than a war-left barrow,
And every spring mates that of Helicon:
The blood-engendered horse, the winged vision!
With the child's steed, becomes the man's derision;
Round poet-brows no laurel crownlet clings,
And outward symbols all are scoffed as idle things!

'But life and death remain unread;
And by the same
Aspiring flame
Their poor inheritors are fed:
And thou and thy sublime rewards,
Deep-dwelling in the mind's regards,
Unchanged, are now as when dark Sappho writ,
Or Carus' wisdom on the world alit.

'Some idle voices are gone forth of late,
That thou art fading from the dreamless world;
But darkness cannot yet decree light's date,
Nor thine imperial flag by slaves be furled!
* * * * * *

'Deep cell of honey! evermore unclosed,
But filling fast as feasted on: thou flower!
That on the steep of life ay overpeerest
The ocean of eternity, and rearest
Thy beauteous head beneath Time's hurricane power,
In which, though shaken, thou hast still reposed:
Even as a green bough waveth o'er a tomb,
Thy glories float above the old world's doom;
And, as sweet blossoms beat to earth by rain
Rise with fresh beauty in the morning sun—
When barbarism hath thy grace o'errun,
Thou with a most tender
And more perfect splendour
Hast blushed reviving o'er the world again!
* * * * *

'As many wander by the wondrous ocean
Only to gather pebbles, thou to millions
Art but as vanity; but that emotion
Which of the hearts who feast in thy pavilions
Is the ripe-gushing fruit and foaming wine,
Is deep as Bacchus' vat, or Mammon's mine.

Those who despise thee and thy dreamy glories,
Because they know thee not, are dreamers vainer,
Who sleep through their dark life, and think it light;
Reality their spell-word; but thy sight
Out-glanceth dull day-life; thy lofty stories
Are clear as their fond creeds, and thy religion plainer.
* * * * *

'As the eye, eastward fixed afar,
Plucks from the dawn a paling star,
Seen but by a striving vision;
Thou, with a sublime decision,
Forcest from the universe
Many a dream and secret golden,
In its depths of glory folden,
And weav'st it into soul-essential verse!
Like the storm-presaging bird
In the van of thunder heard,
Thou prophesiest of eternity;
And from the great To-Come clouds roll before thine eye!
* * * * *

'I dedicate my transient being
To thy great altars, thou All-seeing!
Lead me in tumult to thy sovereign peace;
And print thy kiss of love on my soul's brow!
Suffer my footsteps in thy places holy;
And sanctify me with the melancholy
Born of that exaltation!—Lo! I droop;
And from thine ether to dim silence stoop—
Yet musing of thee: as the lark, descending,
Stills in the lower airs his gushing song;
And on the quiet mead his voyage ending,
Sits hush'd, as his deep thought did the same strain prolong.'
p. 5—12.

Mr. Wade is the author of two dramas, entitled "Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience, a Comedy,' and 'The Jew of Arragon, or the Hebrew Queen, a Tragedy.' Both partake of that rich mingling of poetry and passion which characterizes the old English drama; and the latter especially, although a division of interest impairs its dramatic effect, is fraught with a power to which we yield but poor praise in saying, that it may be long sought for in vain amongst the most successful of modern plays.

W. J. F.

'How sadly your brother neglects Flora's education,' said Sir James Brandon, as he looked from the newspaper, in which he had been reading a florid advertisement of a fashionable school, and addressed himself to his lady who was drawing at a table near him; 'it is lamentable—lamentable indeed!'

'It scarcely deserves the name of neglect, I think,' replied Lady Brandon; 'for he is constantly with her, joins in her pursuits, and permits her to share in his, whenever she feels disposed to do so.'

'Yes; but what are they? reading plays and similar useless books; idling time in writing others; letting her run riot in his library (a most improper thing for a young girl to be permitted to do, especially in such a mixed library as his) or anywhere else she may choose; allowing her to use the freedom to express her opinions, whatever they may be; and, by not putting her under the judicious restraint of some respectable person, preventing her from acquiring those quiet correct notions which every young woman, who has to live in the world, ought to possess.'

'Yes; but do you not think that up to this time my brother's plan has succeeded? She is one of the happiest girls I know, and one of the warmest-hearted; always active, and perfectly free from the most ungraceful fault in the world, that of being selfish.'

'All very well, Lady Brandon; but those warm-hearted people are very imprudent, and, by thinking too much of others, we are often brought into difficulty. I have contented myself with endeavouring to maintain a distinguished respectability in the world; and, if your brother were to take a little more pains to instil the same policy into Flora, it would be far better for us all.' Lady Brandon was about to reply, when the colloquy was stayed by the entrance of the Flora in question; and never was an argument in a person's own favour more captivatingly embodied. As she entered she held up a wreath of white wild convolvulus, and another of the same kind was twined round the large straw hat which shaded her brows.

'See, dear aunt, I have brought you the wreath you wanted; it was such a beauty, and I had such a scramble for it, and you must begin to draw it directly, for the flowers fade in an instant; bless its poor little life! Oh! how it did beg not to be torn away from the family of white faces it has left behind; but I told it that you would make it immortal, and then it came directly; now, do not disappoint its hopes.'

'Flora, how can you talk so much nonsense?' said Sir James; and then Flora's brows looked worried, but she quickly recovered. 'Good morning, uncle; when does Emma come home? do let her come and see me soon. I have a new garden, and papa has given me a nice arbour for the miranda to twine over; and I have

hung Dick up, and he sings as if his soul were constantly coming up his throat and going down again.'

'Hung Dick up! what are you talking of child?' said her uncle, who had imperfectly heard the last sentence.

'Why, my Dick, the canary; poor dear, it is one's duty to make them as happy as one can. I long to open the door and let it fly; and should, only they say it would die. But, uncle, you will let Emma come very often; we will sit there so pretty, and do our lessons together.'

'Lessons! I thought you had never anything to do with such things.'

'Oh yes, sometimes; for papa never obliges me to, and——'

'That *to* is a vulgarism,' said Sir James.

'Oh, is it?—well, where was I?—it is, however, right to do them as often as I can; and when I take pains, papa is so kind and smiles so; and then he reads to me out of "Macbeth" or the "Merchant of Venice," or anything else I ask him; and I have learnt so many speeches by heart. Oh! do let me say "the quality of mercy."' And she threw off her hat, shook down her hair over her shoulders, caught up a shawl that was lying on a chair, wrapped it around her, and was soon lost in her sensations of enjoyment; went fairly through the whole trial scene from the 'Merchant of Venice;' guessing at and personating Shylock and the other characters, which had usually fallen to her father's share, but giving her own part of Portia perfectly, and with all the truth, grace, and spirit which had been impressed into her both by nature and cultivation. Meanwhile Lady Brandon, who had begun to sketch the convolvulus wreath, now relinquished it, to gaze on the other and more exquisite child of nature before her. Of a form so fragile that it seemed scarcely sufficient tenement for the spirit that dwelt within it, and replete with that native grace which waits alike upon the unconsciousness of youth or the refined and cultured taste of later years; with every feature enriched with the music of expression, waking up a beautiful and universal harmony, the little enthusiast, her eyes brightening, her cheeks now red, now pale, as each successive emotion thrilled and vibrated through her frame, stirred not until the scene was near its completion. After the words, 'Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke,' she seemed suddenly to recollect herself. She hastily threw off the shawl, and gathering up her hair said, half-archly, half-timidly, 'I see, uncle, you are thinking it high time that I should "down and beg mercy" of you for carrying my folly into your library.' Sir James Brandon, somewhat mitigated by Flora's extreme artlessness and grace, softened towards her. 'No, my dear, no; it is all very well here; but let me warn you against the cultivation of a very dangerous taste, very dangerous, indeed!'

'Why *very well* here, uncle, and not very well anywhere else? Why dangerous? I am sure it always makes me feel better and

happier. I wish you would ask me to do something very difficult for you; I am so strong; I feel I could do anything; could fly, almost.' And she threw her arms back, and seemed, like Ariel, to 'drink the air before her;' and you felt that with a very little less of the mortal coil in which she was wrapped, she might have taken her flight home on 'a bat's back, after sunset merrily.'

'But tell me, uncle, why is it dangerous?'

'I wonder a girl of your sense (here was condescension!) should ask the question; dangerous, because it might lead you into temptation.'

'Into temptation! I do not know what you mean, uncle.'

'Why, tempt you to become an actress, to be sure.'

'Oh! is that all? well, I never could see why it should be very well here, as you said just now, and very bad at a theatre; to me it seems much better, because there are so many more people to whom you are able to give pleasure.'

'Flora, I am shocked to hear you express such a disgraceful opinion,' said her uncle.

'My father would not think it so,' said Flora, colouring to the temples.

'Possibly not,' said her uncle, with perfect coolness.

'And I—but we shall never agree, and it is absurd to waste feeling in this way,' she said, half speaking to herself; and she turned to her aunt to receive the kiss that had been awaiting her so long, and the test of affection from eyes that were always either filling with fresh tears, or parting with old ones; while Sir James was remaining inwardly shocked at the impertinence which could make a girl of fourteen commit the indecorum of not agreeing with a man more than three times her own age, and of much longer standing in society. 'Dear aunt, how beautifully you are sketching the little drooper! Pretty one! do you think me very cruel for tearing you away from your home?' And, as she kissed the dying convolvulus, a passing shade came over her, while Lady Brandon looked at the fragile girl and the fading flower, and sighed she scarcely knew why, though its interpretation might be found in the fleetly-vanishing beauty and freshness of fair youth. 'There! look at your futurity before you die,' continued the girl, holding the flower to the page on which it had been preserved in many a graceful curve; 'you will live longer than the companions whom you have left on the hedge-bough; but that is poor comfort; and here is so much life gone!' And the rapidly-dying wreath was again pondered over, and a resolve half-formed never again to pluck another. At last she threw it gently from her, as if that were the only way to end her doubting. 'And now, dear aunt, I must go, for papa was to come and meet me at the gate at the end of the wood,—this end; for I love to walk through a wood with him, and he will be there before I am. Do let me know as soon as Emma comes home, for we are going to give the school children

a treat, and George is planning all sorts of things in the garden; and you will let some of the servants come, and Emma and I will sing to them, and teach them all sorts of games; and you will come too, my own dear aunt;' and she coaxingly threw her arms round Lady Brandon's neck, while Lady Brandon kindly turned her eyes towards her husband, who was looking as coldly objective as heart could *not* wish. 'Your father allows George too much licence,' said he; 'servants ought to be kept at a proper distance.'

'Yes, uncle, but I never think of George as a servant; and he is not, he is our friend; I am sure all that he does is because he is happy to do it for us; and how well he talks, and how much he knows; and how intelligent his face is, and how it lights up when he listens to the conversations and tales at table! I do like to see his quiet laugh when anything is said that he enjoys.'

Sir James, more shocked than ever, looked colder than ever, while Flora, who knew well each change of a thermometer that never rose above *temperate*, continued: 'I shall put you out, uncle, so rather than *you*, let it be myself—good bye!' and she hurried hastily away, brushing her aunt with another kiss as she passed. Much conversation followed her exit; Sir James's usual cold, dry objections, and Lady Brandon's tearful palliations; we prefer to omit both, choosing rather, while Flora makes her way to the stile, to give a slight outline of the character and history of the two families.

Walter Brandon and his sister had been early left orphans to the care of a bachelor uncle, a country gentleman of great wealth but small learning. His leading passion was to make his name great, to distinguish himself and everything belonging to him by any lawful means that came within his reach. He had made many fruitless attempts to connect himself with some family of rank; and now, despairing of any further advancement through his own person, he determined that his nephew and niece should be the achievers of this long-coveted exaltation. He saw how much the want of a complete education had impeded his own fortunes, and accordingly he determined to give the little Walter all the advantages himself had lacked. As for the girl, it was of less consequence; she could pick up the crumbs that fell from the ample provision which he determined to furnish for her brother's mental table. He neither was, nor pretended to be, a judge of character, was ignorant of the different means necessary to effect a desired end; he acted solely as the thought of the moment prompted, and in nine cases out of ten worked hard to produce the exact contrary result to that which he desired. He was a sufficient judge to detect a spirit in Walter that, if properly managed, might, as he emphatically termed it, 'make a noise in the world;' and, accordingly, he began to look out for means by which he combustible matter might be concentrated, and go off with a loud report, to the glory, honour, praise, and power, of the

family of the Brandons, and to him, Humphrey, who had been the first mover in what seemed to him a mighty plan, in particular. Accordingly, he looked about in his neighbourhood, and in every newspaper where advertisements could be found, for a tutor likely to suit his purpose. At last, one appeared which seemed to promise all the requisites. 'A middle-aged man, who had had an university education, &c. &c.,' 'earnest desire for the advancement of his pupils,' 'acquisition of true power,' 'strength,' 'progression,' 'elevation.'—'That's it!' and he read over and over again the catchwords, each time imbuing them more strongly than before with his own especial meaning. The advertisement was answered, the references exchanged, and in a few days the new tutor was installed in his office. And a blessed one it was. The sanguine high-hearted spirit of his pupil, which was already running to an extravagant and ill-directed luxuriance, was timely placed under judicious training. Channels were daily made for the noble torrent of enthusiasm, which, for want of guidance like his, would else have rushed headlong in mad impulse, have wasted itself in overleaping its banks, have brought desolation where it should have ministered to beauty and happiness. Meantime the bachelor contented himself in the choice he had made of deputy guardian to his nephew, and renewed his old habits of visiting amongst the adjacent families, frequenting all places of public resort within reach, races, county balls, &c., to see what new scions were growing up who it might be advisable to graft on the Brandon stock. A husband for Emma was the first thing to be looked after, as she was two years Walter's senior. Many and many a regret did the old man waste over her want of beauty; for the sweet, quiet, gentle expression, which dwelt in features that would have approached to insignificance but for that added charm, was too unobtrusive to flatter the hopes of her ambitious uncle. He would have had the girl heir to a face that would have been of itself a fortune, and then have left Walter all the concentrated wealth of the family. As it was, he feared lest he should be obliged 'to serve her as I do you,' and he looked at his gun as he spoke,—'load her, to make her GO OFF.'

Meantime, all unconscious of the plots and manœuvres that were making the brain of their uncle so busy, nephew and niece were progressing according to their different natures. Though totally unlike in character, they possessed for each other a strong and undeviating attachment. Walter's noble spirit of romantic enthusiasm, noble because it was wholly untinged by self-interest, led him to look upon Emma's gentleness as something to be sheltered and protected by him, a treasure to be so carefully tended that no rude influence might come in contact with her to shock the sensitiveness of her nature; and, though his tutor would frequently remonstrate with him on his excessive indulgence, his unconscious ministering to a morbid sensibility, which prevented

her acquiring a strength so necessary to her character, yet the pleasure of seeking her present ease, made Walter blind to future consequences; and he still continued in the same course, often at the expense of his own comfort, and—what he was so anxious to promote—Emma's future happiness. Time was meanwhile working a thorough change in their circumstances. The bachelor was beginning to be tired of waiting for the result of all his plans for the future greatness of the family. Walter was now in his eighteenth year; 'quite time that he should be looking out.' He *had* been looking for a long while, but it had been *in* to the depths of things, sounding the shallows, discovering the quicksands, diving deep into the ocean of truth, bringing up treasures which he placed within the storehouse of his mind, there to remain till time and circumstance should call them from their recesses. Yet he was unconscious of all this. His tutor was the directing spirit; he it was who had harmonized the noble elements, which he had found a chaos, into a world of beauty and order.

And now Bachelor Humphrey came to another period, when he determined to bestir himself; and accordingly, as five years before he had consulted his oracle, the newspaper, and it had seemed to answer so well that it had given him what he wanted with little trouble, again he applied for help to the source which had found him in tutor, to find him in profession. At the time of which we are writing, the public prints teemed with an account of promotions in the India service. India had always been a sort of El Dorado to him; and now that his imagination was in a newly excited state, it seemed so more than ever. All consideration of his nephew's fitness, (of the necessity of a previous military education,) all consciousness of the lapse of time that must take place before his hope could receive fruition, (of course, affection never having had any part in his feeling towards him, the personal separation was as nothing;) all was lost in the distant vision of coming glory, at first dimly seen, but now advancing with phantasmagoric fleetness and increase of dimension; and, to pursue the metaphor, it finally ended in his being 'Walter Brandon, Lord Brandon, Governor General,' close to his nose, and there was no longer doubt upon the subject. Accordingly, one morning, Master Walter was summoned to attend his uncle in the library. He was not a man of many words,—a good thing for those who were compelled to listen to him.

'Sit down, nephew, sit down;—hem! I have been thinking, nephew, that it is high time you should be seeking your future profession.'

'My future profession, sir?'

'Yes; is there anything so very extraordinary in that, that you start as if you had been shot?'

'No, uncle; only profession is a word I hate, and hope never to have anything to do with.'

The bachelor looked up and stared in utter astonishment. 'I don't quite understand you, nephew, and I think you have misunderstood me; I mean that you should be thinking what will be the best thing to help you to make your way in the world; or, perhaps, it is better to say at once that I have thought for you, and saved you the trouble of deciding; and that, as I see by the papers that many young men have gone to India and risen in the world, (he did not dare hint at the whole glory of his anticipations,) and as you are as likely a young man to do this, if you choose to try, as any one I know, with your own attainments, and the property I possess, and the interest I can make, I have settled to purchase a cadetship for you at the earliest opportunity; and will give you a capital outfit and everything needful. And as I have no doubt that your tutor has instructed you in good staunch principles, that you will be prevented from getting into any extravagances which might otherwise hinder your doing all you can to add to your own honour and wealth, I have also no doubt that eventually I shall look upon you with pride, as one who has added fresh lustre to the name of Brandon.'

For a moment the bachelor forgot everything else in wonder at his own eloquence; it was for him a momentary gleam of inspiration. The next instant he paused for answer, or rather approbation, from his nephew. Walter, during the harangue, had had time to recover from his first astonishment, had gathered enough to understand his uncle's meaning, and had determined to answer coolly and courageously.

'I am sorry, my dear sir, to disappoint you; I have long made up my mind that it would be impossible for me to go into the army. I never will voluntarily enter into a service that stamps a man a slave; that obliges him to wear a livery, and *that* in a service that at times appears to me little better than murder; that compels him to draw his sword and sheathe his conscience; and all at the *command* of another whose order he dares not disobey.'

'What folly is this, sir?'

'Truth, uncle, simple truth.'

'What, I suppose your tutor's been making you pious, and you want to go into the church?' and the bachelor thought of a prospective bishopric, but with such visible discontent that it almost amounted to actual dislike.

'My tutor has taught me a better lesson, uncle; he left the university without taking an honour, though his high talent might, with ease, have earned it for him, because he would not lay the guilt of perjury upon his soul by subscribing to articles which he did not believe.'

'The law! so it is to be the law, eh?' and then a splendid vision of future greatness uprose to the eyes of Humphrey's excited imagination—'Walter Lord Brandon, Lord High Chancellor of England, Defender of the Faith. No, faith; that's not

it—"Keeper of the King's Conscience;"—ay, now we have it! and a match for any earl's daughter. Well, my boy,' he added aloud, 'let it be the law, if you like; but you will have to work hard—very hard, and'—

'Dear uncle, may I interrupt you? The same notion that prevented my entering the army or the church, applies, with almost equal force, to the law. My tutor and my conscience together have long ago settled the question for me. The latter pleaded hard not to be outraged, and I gave her a promise, and that promise I mean to keep, that I never will voluntarily place myself in circumstances which will render me deaf to her voice. Some there may be who can stand the trial; but the temptation is hard to bide, and I for one will not run the risk.'

The bachelor was stunned, and it was some time before he recovered speech; at last it came.

'And pray what is to become of you? I suppose you would like to live a quiet lazy country life all your days? Never, sir, never, if I can prevent it!'

'Or I either, uncle; I mean to devote myself to literary pursuits, and'—

'Literary fiddlesticks; what will that do for you? do not all poets starve, or deserve to be starved? Who ever heard of an author's rising to distinction? Who ever heard of an author's being anything but poor? And do you think I shall be brought to consent to such a thing? never, sir, never!' and he walked up and down the room, boiling with rage, uttering a torrent of words, which, from the excess of his passion, could hardly be distinguished, except the expressions which, every now and then, coming with peculiar emphasis, arose like a beacon of warning, 'never, sir, never.' At last he stopped to take breath, waited a few seconds, and then made a final gathering up. Fixing his eyes strongly on Walter, he said, 'I tell you what, sir, I will give you your choice of the army or the law, which is as much as you can expect, and more than you deserve. I give you till to-morrow to consider of it, and if you do not then think proper to come to your senses, I shall'—here he paused, for he had not quite made up his mind as to what he should do;—'take measures accordingly,' uttered in what was meant to be a tone of threatening solemnity, concluded the sentence and the conversation as he turned hastily out of the room.

Though startled by the suddenness of the crisis, Walter was in no way dismayed, and he repaired to his best friend, his tutor, to advise with him as to his future course. He found his sister in the study, and, as she had ever shared his entire confidence, he proceeded as gently as he could to tell her all that had happened. Counsel he knew she could offer none; tears were all she could give, and entreaties that he would not leave her. Walter well knew that here would be his trial. He consoled her as well as he

was able, assured her of their separation being only a temporary one, and persuaded her quietly to listen while the necessary future arrangements were being agreed upon. By no personal affection had the bachelor ever endeared himself to his nephew or niece, he had adopted them solely to answer his own selfish ambition; and as this had been daily making itself more apparent to the increasing discernment of Walter, on his own account he was glad to be removed from what seemed to him so degrading a position. But his sister—what was to become of her? She was little calculated to battle with the world—weak health, weak nerves, abundant and ill-regulated sensibility, luxurious personal habits, made her completely unfit to stem the torrent that calls forth fresh energy in the strong, but too often drowns the weak in its eddies. To leave her dependent on her uncle for that affection which was so necessary to her, was a groundless hope; to leave her dependent on him for what he *could* supply, money, was gall and wormwood; to take her with him into the world with their limited means, limited when compared with their past style of living, would be to drive her to instant privation, without having the solace of his frequent society, as his pursuits would necessarily take up his time away from her. At last he determined that she should at least remain in the country until he had insured some way of adding to their income, half of which was to remain with her to save her from the humiliation of being entirely dependent on her uncle. Of its amount Walter knew but little; they had always been liberally supplied, always had ample provisions of every kind suited to their style of living. Walter knew that the cottage once, with some acres of farm land attached to it, in the neighbourhood of his uncle's mansion, had been his father's, but of what was the rental, or of what other property had been left with this, he was ignorant. This he was determined to ascertain as soon as possible; and, as he was willing to avoid another stormy interview, he wrote a repetition of his former determination to his uncle, accompanied by the desire to know what his real circumstances were, and that matters might come to a speedy termination. While Walter had been busily occupied in forming his future plans, the bachelor had not been idle. Walter's decision of manner gave him little hope of his intentions, and he determined from henceforward to banish him from his presence, and not only that, but what others would have thought a far more objectionable proceeding, to shut him out from all future remembrances of any kind. He now turned his hopes to his niece, determined to retain her as his playing card; and, though he felt how much he had lost in not having his nephew as an auxiliary, he resolved to waste no time in regrets, but to look about him. He returned a mere business answer to Walter's inquiry, telling him that his entire dependence, and that of his sister, was on the rent derived from Uplands, the cottage and farm above-mentioned,

which did not exceed £150, enclosed him notes and cash to the amount of the whole rent received since his father's death, with the interest, and a year in advance, and added that this would be the last communication between them. Walter begged to depart from this last injunction in one particular. He retained half the yearly advance of rent, and enclosing the rest in a blank envelope, left it with his sister to place in her uncle's possession after he had taken his departure. The following morning he bade an affectionate and hopeful farewell of her, bidding her look forward to a speedy reunion, and promising to write often; and with his tutor set forth to enter that world whose fiat he had so uncompromisingly defied.

We must pass over very briefly the events that happened ere the brother and sister again met. For some time Emma bitterly lamented over her brother's absence; but time, which heals all grievances where the heartstrings are not absolutely cracked asunder, soon quieted her into an uncomplaining submissive girl. She was now looked upon as old Brandon's acknowledged heiress, and there were not wanting many of the neighbouring scions of the adjoining estate-holders, who seemed to think the connexion a desirable one. But old Brandon's views were far too ambitious; for Emma had not the beauty which could attract for its own sake, nor sufficient wealth to tempt rank to the condescension of marrying beneath itself. He had the mortification of seeing her dance with half-pay officers at county balls, while the sons of earls passed her by with utter indifference. He was beginning to despair of success, when chance threw into his way a Sir James Bingham, a son of an old friend with whom he had formerly been intimate. He decided, at last, that a baronet would be better than nothing; and Sir James deciding, at the same time, that money was a thing which, if weighed in the balance, would be found wanting in him, and consequently very acceptable, it was finally resolved that for a con-si-de-ration Sir James Bingham should be soon Sir James Brandon, taking the estate that bore that name, and a wife into the bargain. The father of Sir James had sprung from low origin, had made a fortune by government contracts, had purchased his baronetcy, and had since lost the greater part of his wealth by linking himself with an insecure banking establishment. His only son, meantime, had grown up to be ashamed of him, and to make the only principle through life that of standing well with the world, and supporting his name with dignity. With a handsome person, cold as an icicle, with manners too evidently the result of study to be those of one of nature's gentlemen, with conduct squared to what some called the strictest rules of virtue, but which was, in fact, only strict adherence to worldly policy, he continued to gain a reputation for being one of the most 'respectable' men in the county; and when Walter, soon after having parted with his sister, heard of her approaching marriage

with one who was accounted so worthy a man, he felt relieved from an anxiety which had formed the only drawback upon the life which had lately opened before him.

We must pass as briefly over Walter's life as we have done over that of his sister, though it would make a volume in the history of the mind and heart of man. To the great city Walter came, with a somewhat more chastened feeling than would have been his had the visit taken place under less uncertain circumstances. His tutor, who now considered him more in the light of a son than a pupil, determined to continue to watch over him with the most affectionate vigilance. The adopted father and son engaged a quiet lodging, and began to take the steps that would best ensure them against the attacks of the only enemy they had to dread—poverty. The tutor had little fear on his own account, and he soon succeeded in raising a small class of daily pupils, to whom his mornings would for the future be devoted, leaving the evening of the day at liberty to devote to Walter. Walter's talents for literary composition, or rather his enthusiastic temperament, which appropriated the vast store of information of every kind to which he had had access, coupled with the most exquisite taste, led him into the expression of many an eloquent and imaginative effusion; and carefully did his tutor watch for the time when his powers should become concentrated upon the working out of some one mighty principle, that he might be identified as one of the leading minds of the age. The society of all the wise and good and gifted, at least as many as the tutor's limited acquaintance could command, was eagerly sought out for him; and it was here that Walter's real existence first dawned upon him. It was here that its fullest capacity for happiness appeared for a time to receive all that even so sanguine a spirit as his craved after. It was here that he was destined to find that other soul, which, when found, discovered to him indeed, that until that time he had been only half created. It was here that all the full heart-springs, which had as yet slumbered like imprisoned waters, were loosened from their captivity. The magic wand touched the rock, and they leapt forth in strength and brightness, gladdening and fertilizing all who came within their influence. It was here he first found that *one* sympathy which made the 'peopled solitude' to him a paradise of bliss. Walter loved; and oh that there were more with love like unto his! The treasure had never been lavished on unworthiness; he had never been fooled into the belief of excellence that did not exist; imagination had never played him false in first gilding an object with brightness, and letting him believe, in the unsuspecting credulity of his heart, that the brightness was the creature's own, till cold reality came too late to show him how deeply he had erred in attributing light to another which was but the reflection from his own soul. He had never heartlessly played with the feelings of another; never recklessly debased his

nature by the degradation of self-indulgence; he came with a heart filled with love, pure as an alabaster urn filled with the most precious flowers—no, not flowers; they have no immortality.

Amongst the few whom his adopted father called friends was one who had been an early college acquaintance. A similarity of principle soon ripened their casual interchange into enduring intimacy. They had both left their 'alma mater' branded as disobedient children, and both from the same motive—obedience to the laws that have been graven on the hearts of all who follow the dictates of their consciences, before alma mater, to use a homely phrase, 'was born or thought of.' They were alike principally dependent on their own exertions, and alike sought out for the means by which they could most efficiently employ their individual talents. While the one sought employment in the bestowment of classical and mathematical knowledge, the other, with equal earnestness, and with an utter contempt for a prejudice which then existed in much greater strength than it does now, devoted himself to the dramatic art. Not fitted to attain first-rate excellence, he had not the conceit to tempt him into a position beyond his powers. He placed himself in the ranks, a devoted follower, and, in a worldly point of view, a martyr to his belief in the high purposes and beneficial influences to which his vocation might be made to minister. The friends continued steadily in their different courses: at intervals they met, but it was too often, amongst other things, to compare the different struggles and difficulties which their opposition to the despotism of Mammon had entailed upon them. The actor married, while the tutor remained a bachelor. Many years had elapsed since Walter's adopted father had seen his early friend, and in the intermediate time the one had become a widower with one only girl, and the other returned to London with the youth of his adoption. Fate could not do otherwise than point them out for each other, and the hearts of the friends rejoiced, though with trembling, at witnessing their children in the possession of the most exquisite bliss this earth holds—pure and perfect sympathy. The girl had originally been dedicated to the stage, but delicacy of health had entirely unfitted her to endure the trials and fatigues of various kinds dependent upon it. It was a sad disappointment to her. She worshipped her father, and to have run a course by his side would have been what she would have chosen. All she could do she did. She turned her attention to illustrative drawing, and many of the best theatrical portraits of her time were the result of her sketches. In Walter she found all the high-hearted generous self-devotion which was the divinity she worshipped. In Walter she found that purity of which the world knows nothing, and too often ignorantly blasphemes: from Walter she learnt to controul a somewhat too impatient spirit, which would often break out in gusts of indignation that were almost more than her delicate frame could bear; and to

Walter she gave a whole heart, that, like his, was untenanted by one thought, one feeling, that would have prevented an angel making of it a tabernacle. And there *was* an angel dwelling within it—an angel of love and beneficence; and often would the celestial spirit visit her eyes and irradiate her features, till those who looked upon them almost deemed that one of the inhabitants of heaven had descended to bless the sons and daughters of earth. They were married. They knew well the only enemy they had to dread, but they felt that together they would be far stronger in resisting its attack: they had few artificial wants, and there was not one comparable to the want of each other's society. A house was taken that would provide for the domestication of the entire group under one roof, and they all continued to persevere in their accustomed avocations.

The theatre was a new world to Walter; and what a world!—With her for his guiding spirit, how did he dream—no, realize, all that he had dreamt—of a world of beauty and happiness far different from the one in which he had lived, and yet all fashioned out of the same material. And here it was; here was redemption from the formal petty detail of every-day life; here were thoughts that breathe and words that burn; here was scope for powers that had as yet remained undevoted; and, oh bliss! here was that other life within his life—that spirit who had opened this world upon him—all his own, to go through life with him hand in hand, soul in soul, to be his joy, his inspiration, his all. Daily, hourly, did he feel all his noble powers expand beneath her influence: he seemed to tread on air, rather to fly through it; daily he asked, 'What shall I render for all this?' and daily plans were made and unmade in the exuberance of his gratitude. He saw how sadly deficient was stage authorship for all the higher purposes which the art was calculated to achieve; and though far from assuming his own ability to attain first-rate excellence as a dramatic writer, he felt he could at least make an appeal to a universal human feeling, without its intermixture of low art or coarse vulgarity. Then to have what he wrote spoken by *her;* to write for *her;* to hear her, see her infusing her own exquisite nature into a thousand hearts; to support her, cherish her, through it all; to have such a home, to which they might come after their good work was achieved! oh what dreams they would have! 'Walter,' she would say, 'write much in praise of love, and when I speak it look at me, look at me well; for I shall be thinking of *you* all the time; and I must write, too. I *must* write a character for you; no, I must be some one to praise a character like you; oh, to tell them all what you are! what I feel you are!—my blessing!' and she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept out the fulness of her heart's love. Walter's fears for her health were fast vanishing; she seemed daily to gain strength; but he still determined on her not trying her strength for a year, until different circumstances

that would happen during that time might place her beyond all risk. 'Besides, you shall speak your husband's words, as you wished, my precious one, and I must have time for practice, that they may approach to something like worthiness to be uttered by those lips.' 'Then you must do another thing that I wished, my Walter; but that you cannot do, no, nor any one living—write your own praises as they deserve to be written.' Walter soon found that he did not need much practice. He continued to write, and his pieces continued to be successful; while her sketches were more greedily sought after, from the double interest which they had acquired. All cause of fear for her general health had vanished; and now he had but one, which was of an absorbing nature, and yet so mixed with joy at the prospect of another being like herself coming to dwell in such an atmosphere of love, that at times all fear was forgotten. She became a mother; she was safe—his own—quite safe, and there was the little helpless one, with a world wrapped up within it—a sacred trust—a part of her he worshipped, yes, worshipped too idolatrously; and he looked upon blossom and bud, and he wept over them; and then his heart laughed within him, and he wept again, and asked heaven what he had done that he should be so blessed—what he should do to continue to deserve such bliss. Mother and daughter continued rapidly to improve, and Walter began the eventful piece. 'You will not forget your promise of letting me have something to say about you, dear Walter; how I shall long for it to come!' 'Nay, love, I gave you no promise; I should not know what to write.' 'Well, then, find out some place where I may say what I like; just a blank space that I may fill up;' and the place was found, and the piece was written, and the day arrived. There were no fears of success; there were no tremblings at thoughts of a failure; they had sufficient power to keep them ahead of the world; they had high principle to carry them through all they did; and they had their own most secure treasure and comfort of love, of which nothing on earth could deprive them. Half the anxieties, half the tremors and fears and quakings that wait on any pursuit that brings man or woman a little more conspicuously forward than the multitude, arise from vanity and the excessive love to please—not to give pleasure; not from the intense interest in their object, but intense love of themselves; modesty, diffidence, bashfulness, are often, almost always, different words applied to that one feeling of self-consciousness which excites the fear to come forward lest all that the world exacts should not be achieved. Walter had not to endure the pain of seeing any of these weaknesses in her he loved. The only suffering he had ever known through her was the result of her precarious health, and even then the tender pleasure of cheering her when there were pallid looks, of supporting her when there were trembling limbs, far outweighed all anxiety.

At the requisite hour they went to the theatre. The two old

friends, one now a grandfather, the other trying to make himself believe he was one, and intending to put a like cheat on the little daughter, as far as teaching her to lisp him out as one could deserve the name, went with them; the former to take his prescribed part in Walter's play, the latter to witness the triumph of her who, despite of her acquired matronly character, retained yet her old, or rather young, epithet of 'the darling.' The house was full; the curtain rose; and all went well. The time came for the utterance of the speech on which the wife had set her heart. A girl, the heroine of the piece, (who was at the same time Walter's,) was reproached with being about to marry one beneath her.

'He is not worth thy love;'—the wife's colour rose—her chest heaved—her form dilated—and her eyes flashed as though they would wither the speaker; for awhile her feelings seemed too intense for utterance; at last she spoke:—

> 'Not worth my love! Hear this, ye blessed gods!
> Ye who have dowered him with your precious gifts
> So richly, that yourselves do feel a fear
> Lest he should show himself as one of ye.
> Oh! be not envious; take not part in this;
> Or rather lend thy lightning to mine eyes
> To scorch yon rude blasphemer into dust.
> Not worth my love! Were I the fairest fair,
> Had all the wealth of twice ten thousand worlds,
> They would be poorest dross compared with all
> The treasure that his love doth bring to me.
> Not worth my love! Come, come to me, my life,
> My star from out the darkness—hope in gloom.
> Come, let my soul leap through mine eyes to thine!
> Oh let me hear *that* voice whose every tone
> Comes like an angel to awaken love
> Within the deep recesses of the heart!—
> Look on me! speak to me! and let me live
> In learning how I may deserve thy love,
> Or let me die—so it be in thine arms!'

At the conclusion of the speech the audience rose with their enthusiasm. The blood which had rushed tumultuously to the face and neck of the speaker at the commencement, had now entirely deserted it. She remained some time motionless, and then gently turned her head towards the side scene—a thing she had been observed to do often during the evening—for why?—Walter was there. At last she was seen to totter, and the next instant Walter rushed on the stage, and caught her in his arms in time to save her from falling. The curtain dropped amidst the tumult of the house. This gradually subsided into a waiting quiet. No one stirred, for all were alike anxious for tidings. They waited longer—longer—yet no one came, and the stillness was again broken up, first by one voice, and then another, till at last there

was an universal clamour for the manager. Another minute they were hushed into stillness by his appearance. Pale as ashes, with trembling lips, three words were all he uttered, 'SHE IS DEAD!' A universal shudder ran through the house, but no voice spoke. Slowly, silently, each one, as if treading over a grave, departed; and nothing now remained save darkness and death!

S. Y.

(*To be continued.*)

NATURE'S MINISTERIES.

DOES thy heart bleed—has early grief
Planted its thorn within thy breast?
Oh! turn to nature for relief,
And she will soothe thee into rest.

From out her treasured flowers and dews
She will distil a healing balm,
And soft, into thy soul infuse
A heavenly and enduring calm.

Her voice, the voice of living things
Exulting in the bliss they share,
The murmur of the rippling springs,
The whisper of the summer air.

Yes, these, with softly varied tone
Shall win thee to the sweet belief,
That this wide earth is not alone
A scene of dark unmingled grief.

Dost thou, with tearful eye, look back
Through the dim vista of long years,
Where childhood's brightly-gleaming track
Like a last ray of light appears?

Come to the daisy broidered mead,
And where the cowslip hangs its bell,
Oh! these will sweetly, gently lead
Thy spirit with a mystic spell.

To those loved scenes where Nature first
Opened her living springs to thee,
And thy young heart, by feeling nurst,
Gave back its own sweet melody.

Is thy soul sick; does it recoil
From human guilt and human woe,
From sordid pride, and craft, and guile,
And pain that hath no hope below?

Oh! lift thy dim and aching sight
From earth to heaven, and let it rest
Amidst those far-off worlds of light,
The dwelling-places of the blest.

Gaze on, for holy thoughts are there,
And high resolves, and strength, and power;
The Spirit of the breathing air
Will bless thee in that hallowed hour!

C. P.

CORPORATION REFORM.

Onward rolls the movement, resistless in its progress, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, but still it rolls onward, gaining fresh impetus from every would-be impediment. The great Reform Bill for the purification of the national council has become a matter of history, and the lesser Reform Bill for the purification of the local councils has become the subject matter of public debate. The faults of the first are the faults of the last likewise. Rights are secured to the people, by law, but they are denied their exercise, by a system of private penalties over which the law has no controul. The people may vote for their representatives, but it must, in many cases, be as their taskmasters choose to direct, under pain of their taskmasters' persecution. The only remedy for this is to deprive the taskmaster of the knowledge how his dependent votes, by enabling the voter to vote in secret, *i. e.* to vote by ballot. At the word ballot rise a host of Whigs and Tories, denouncing all secrecy as unmanly, un-English, and cowardly. Let all these charges be made good, and what then? If the coward needs strengthening, and can be strengthend by the ballot, then the ballot is a good thing. A man's unprejudiced judgment is needed to choose the best men at an election; and all things which tend to unsettle his judgment should be removed. The real objection of Whigs and Tories to the ballot is not that it is in itself cowardly, but that it is a stronghold to cowards, and makes them as effective resisters of arbitrary power as those who possess more nerve. The dishonest ballot-opposers like cowards, they are thé fittest men to submit to their evil influence; they like slaves, and they hate all things, and the ballot amongst them, which tend to raise the slave into a freeman. There are honest opponents of the ballot who abhor it because it is secret, and secrecy is the opposite of frankness; these people would have all men brave and incorruptible; they would have a nation of heroic patriots, ready to enact every species of self-sacrifice for the pure love of country. These people argue upon false assumptions. They take it for granted that all Englishmen are Hampdens, that every shop-

keeper walks the street with as bold a bearing as an American woodsman treads the forest path. Were it so, the ballot would not be needed; but it is not so. In a country where the pressure of population, corn laws, and custom-houses reduces men to such a state of destitution, that large numbers of them consent to wear, for the sake of food, the badges, and liveries, and patchwork garments of their richer fellows—in such a country free and sturdy independence cannot be a national characteristic, and the rich will contrive to oppress the poor, unless insurmountable difficulties be thrown in their way. In the United States there are no badge-coated white servitors, yet even there the ballot is considered the only effective guarantee of independence. How much more, then, must it be needed in a country like England, a huge den of aristocracy, where every man below the King is master and dependent in his own person at one and the same time. Not the will of the Whigs but the will of the people has forced on Reform; the Whigs have done all they could to retard, and have yielded to necessity. In yielding to it they have taken all possible pains to leave open the sphere of aristocratical influence. Why such a man as Francis Palgrave, a mere curiosity antiquarian, and at the same time the most inveterate public jobber a jobbing government could find, why such a man should have been appointed a commissioner of Municipal Reform can only be accounted for by supposing the Whigs anxious to make as-little-as-need-be a reform. But his protest has not availed; antiquity is set at defiance, and reason is taken for the basis of future Municipal government without regard to prescription. All is fair on the surface, and it remains for the people themselves to defeat the sinister purposes for which the details have been improperly arranged. The people must bear in mind that the aggregate of town-governments serve to make up a general government, and that if the town-governments be corrupt, the general government will be corrupt likewise. If well managed, the local governments will form admirable schools for future legislators. If badly managed, they will merely be engines of more effectual misgovernment than the ancient corporations, inasmuch as the ancient corporations are glaring abuses which no one is deceived by, and the future Municipal governments will present a fair surface while all below is rotten—they will satisfy the sight and cheat the sense, a thing much to be deprecated, as the majority of human beings are but too apt to judge by externals, without using the radical test of reason. There is an anecdote told of one of the Guelphs, which, whether real or fabricated, is much to the purpose. Discussing the cause of Charles's head rolling on the scaffold, he remarked, 'Pooh! pooh! Charles was a fool; Charles was a fool; Charles should have governed by his (corrupt) parliament.' Let the people beware, lest the apparent liberality of Whig Corporation Reform be intended to cover a purpose of this description. Let them watch that there be no Lord Chandos

clause introduced to make an aristocratical tenant-at-will Corporation council. The apparent readiness of the Tory foes of human improvement to co-operate in this reform, renders it more than suspicious that they see prospects of sinister gain to their cause in modelling the details as it passes through the various stages of legislation.

But the principle is once more recognized that the people are the source of power; that government, whether general or local, is an institution for their benefit, and that the governors are merely their servants; the contest of brute force is given up, and the contest of chicanery will be the only struggle. The people, as far as the term is yet understood, meaning at present all those male human beings who have attained majority, and are not disabled by madness, idiocy, or crime, and who moreover happen to be occupants of a dwelling, shop, or place of business, are to be recognized as the employers, and turners off, of their local governors. The people are to be called burgesses, and those they employ as governors are to be called a mayor and council; the people electing the councillors once in three years, the councillors electing the mayor annually, from amongst their own body. There is, it is true, a provision made, that one-third of the council shall vacate annually; but this confused regulation only marks the unwillingness of the Whigs to give a perfect popular controul, a dread of annual borough parliaments, and at the same time a fear of the people which makes them temporize, and concede a small part as an excuse for withholding a larger part. And the exercise of the burgesses' suffrage is clogged in every possible way. Three years residence is required, accompanied by payment of rates, ere a burgess can gain a right to vote for his local rulers, and as often as he may change his locality so often must he undergo the same process. The mayor and councillors, too, are hardly dealt by. They are obliged to serve the respective offices if elected, under the penalty of a fine; and if misfortune should overtake them they are liable to be dismissed with ignominy. But mark the absurdity wherewith one clause contradicts another. The imposition of a fine in case of a burgess refusing to serve, is of course made on the assumption that the office is onerous, and, if possible, to be avoided; yet the next clause provides, that one month's absence from the borough shall ensure the dismissal of either mayor or councillors without a fine, thus assuming the office to be desirable. Therefore the plain course of the councillor who does not wish to serve, is, to accept the office by way of avoiding the fine, and then to quit the borough for a month in order to vacate his troublesome employment. The principle of compulsory service is a bad one. 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He who serves by compulsion will be as bad a servant as he who serves gratuitously. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the well-paid labourer is the one who will

perform the best work. Mere amateurs are not remarkable for being the most skilful workmen. Amateur lawmakers have done much mischief in the great national council, and they are not likely to do less in the local councils. Butchers, and bakers, and tailors, and carpenters do most justice to their customers when they have efficiently learned their trades; and surely the business of lawmaking does not require less study than the mechanical arts, whether it be lawmaking on the local or general scale. The proposed plan of electing a large number of persons, will serve to produce a mob of squabbling debaters, but not a body of wise councillors. It will be an assemblage of squads, each of which will have a particular interest to advocate without regard to the others, as is the case with the House of Commons squads. Where people are forced to serve against their wills, they will assuredly indemnify themselves in other modes, and if they seek for the office, without any apparent recompense, they will generally have some sinister end in view. The Scot in the story did not care for the 'pennie fee,' but just contented himself with 'the wee things he could peck up about the house,' which amounted in value to the pennie fee many times told.

The advisable principle is simple—elect just as many councillors as may be necessary to transact the business in hand, and pay to each an adequate salary, not so large as to tempt jobbers, nor so small as to expose respectable men to temptation or exclude them from office. The power of annual removal by annual election would be a sufficient responsibility for their good behaviour. Were the local governments thus arranged, in a very short time the most efficient men would be found to hold the seats of legislation. They would study the rationale of lawmaking; and as it would be their interest to be honest, so it would be the interest of those who employed them to continue them in their offices throughout their lives. Such a system once established, we might laugh to scorn alike the aristocracy of rank and of wealth, and triumph in the aristocracy of mind. The whole of the boroughs would become nurseries of future national legislators, the wisest men would have a career of usefulness before them, and legislative talent be advantageously appropriated instead of being wasted as is at present the case.

By the Act it is provided that the mayor for the time being, shall, in virtue of being a mayor, become also a magistrate or a judge so long as he may continue mayor. That is to say, he shall pretend to be a judge, by being the mouthpiece of certain dicta spoken in his ear as he sits, by a salaried lawyer, called a town clerk or city solicitor. It is too ludicrous for gravity to reflect on the 'Banquo's issue' of lord mayors, who have defiled through the London Mansion House as gilded speaking trumpets for the use of that legal oracle Mr. Hobler. What a lying farce has it been! Why not at once have made Mr. Hobler the legal as well as the real judge? It would have destroyed one of the beautiful fictions

of the law, which so loves the crooked path and eschews the straight one.

But the mayors are to be the chief magistrates, according to the Act, by virtue of being mayors. The Crown, like a cunning fox, knowing that it has not much to apprehend from the radical tendency of mayors, has taken care to secure to itself the appointment of all *salaried* judges: patronage must be preserved to it, it would seem, fall what may. But, however, so long as the 'crown shall hang on a bush' or a ——, we of the people can afford to let the ministers of the crown have the appointment, as, after all, some one must appoint, PROVIDED ALWAYS, as Acts of Parliament express it, that we the people shall have the power of removal upon showing cause in the bad behaviour of the crown-appointed judges. We want responsibility, and the power of removing inefficient or partial public officers is a far better guarantee to us than any power of electing them could possibly be.

The mode of voting proposed, by means of a written ticket, so much resembles the machinery of the ballot, though entirely distinct in its effects, that the nerves of Geoffry Lord Stanley were sadly shaken by it; he feared that the fangs of his 'order' were finally clipped by it. How truly Whiggish is the arrangement, to look like the ballot and yet not be the ballot! But we of the people neither fear Geoffry Stanley nor Robert Peel. They may perchance cut down the bill in a House of Commons committee, but they will not tear the purpose it is meant to serve out of the hearts of the people. 'God do so to us and more also' if we wrench not the power of misrule from the hands that have so long wielded them. Let our right hands forget their cunning, whenever our brains become dull or our hearts become cold to the high and noble cause we have espoused—the great cause of human freedom and human progression.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

June 23, 1835.

All who have the cause at heart will do well to peruse the pamphlet of J. A. Roebuck, and the pages of a most valuable periodical, 'The Municipal Corporation Reformer.'

HAZLITT'S FIRST ESSAY.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT'S first work was the 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action,' or 'An Argument in Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind.' The idea originated in his reflections on a speech which Mirabeau, the accredited author of the 'Système de la Nature,' has put into the mouth of a supposed infidel at the day of judgment; and the first rough

* Principles of Human Action. Second edition. Millar, Oxford-street.

draught or outline of the plan of his Essay was made at the age of eighteen, an instance of early developement of the reasoning powers that has few parallels in history. He had previously, however, written several brief metaphysical treatises as studies; and it appears from certain letters of remonstrance on his part, that his father entertained objections to his engaging his mind in speculations of so abstruse and important a nature at such an age. These objections seem to have been eventually overruled by subsequent letters, in one of which his son enters into an explanation of the plan and purpose of his argument in the projected Essay. But the work itself was the laboured production of eight years, and was not published till 1808, the author being then twenty-six years of age.

This work was read by a few friends, and here and there, perhaps, by some solitary abstract thinker, and was then no more heard of than if it had never been written. After remaining in utter oblivion, with the exception of a synopsis of it by the author in his Letter to Gifford, during seven and twenty years, some probability of its examination is now afforded by the announcement of a second edition, the first having been long out of print; and the admirers of Hazlitt's writings will be gratified in learning the fact, that numerous applications have already been made to the publisher. In the ensuing numbers of the 'Repository,' a disquisition on the genius and writings of its author will be attempted. With reference, however, to the present Essay, we are not aware of anybody having ever taken up the question in any way. It is, nevertheless, the only work to which the author ever adverts with satisfaction in his subsequent productions. One of the two instances occurs in the 'Essay on Great and Little Things,' after a deeply poetic impersonation of the spirit of concentrated human affections.

'The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul; it is on *that* I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see my heart as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brow, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough: but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel, and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No. Or if I did, would she understand it? No. I "hunt the wind —I worship a statue—cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty, is not to be beautiful; to pine in love, is not to be loved again.— I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of Love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to bind together the loveliest forms and fondest hearts; that none but those in whom his godhead shone outwardly, and was inly felt, should ever partake of his triumphs;—and I stood and gazed at a distance, as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng, and did not (even for a moment) wish to tarnish the glory of so bright a vision

by being myself admitted into it. I say this was my notion once; but God knows it was one of the errors of my youth. For, coming nearer to look, I saw the maimed, the blind, and the halt, enter in; the crooked and the dwarf, the ugly, the old and impotent, the man of pleasure and the man of the world, the dapper and the pert, the vain and shallow boaster, the fool and the pedant, the ignorant and brutal, and all that is farthest removed from earth's fairest born, and the pride of human life. Seeing all these enter the courts of Love, and thinking that I also might venture in, under favour of the crowd, but finding myself rejected, I fancied (I might be wrong) that it was not so much because I was below, as above the common standard. I did feel, but I was ashamed to feel, mortified at my repulse, when I saw the meanest of mankind, the very scum and refuse, all creeping things and every obscene creature, enter in before me. I seemed a species by myself. I took a pride in my disgrace, and concluded that I had elsewhere my inheritance.'

Immediately after this pathetic portraiture of adverse fate, which he requests the reader, with a mixture of self-contempt and proud refusal of sympathy, to look upon as a 'mere specimen of the mock-heroic style,' he adds, in the bitterness of wounded feeling, 'The only thing I ever piqued myself upon, was the writing the "Essay on the Principles of Human Action;" a work no woman ever read, or would ever comprehend the meaning of. But if I do not build my claim to regard on the pretensions I have, how can I build it on those I am totally without? Or why do I complain, and expect to gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles? Thought has in me cancelled pleasure; and this dark forehead, bent upon truth, is the rock on which all affection has split. And thus I waste my life in one long sigh.'

That no woman ever read the 'Principles of Human Action,' we can easily believe: that no woman would ever comprehend the argument, is by no means a fair corollary. Nor would it be impertinent to inquire how many men have read and understood it? Very few, we fear; for nobody has ever breathed a syllable of the matter. Though written without any of the usual jargon of scientific nomenclature, we confess that the Essay requires a long labour of patient thought. It may, however, be very feasibly assumed, that a book which is never spoken of, is scarcely read by anybody. But as to the author's allusion to women in general, in the other essay previously quoted, we plainly see the time advancing when a very different education will both render all those who possess the requisite germ of mind competent to understand the most abstract subjects, and induced to find an interest in the study for the same reason; choosing the direction of such studies according to the peculiar bent of feeling and capacity. Was not Madame Dacier 'as great a man' as Dr. Parr?—has Mrs. Somerville broken through a law of nature,

(in her works on the physical sciences,) or has she made the most of her nature? It is not improbable that an equal abstraction from the consciousness of sex, when different education, habits, and position in society shall supersede the self-reference which is the necessary consequence of being obliged to act, and even think, on the defensive, will be manifested by many women with reference to the moral sciences. It would appear, from Hazlitt's occasional remarks on this subject, that he had never met, in the course of his life, with any woman of superior intellect, whom he could place even as an exception to his general view; though his remarks on Imogen, and some others among Shakspeare's women, show how fine a sense he had of such characters in his imagination. But this much we know, that there *are* women living, on whom his abstract intellect, his impassioned love of truth, and his uncompromised integrity and patriotism, have produced almost as strong and lasting an effect as his intense sensibility in appreciating all the deepest human feelings, and all the forms and idealisms of beauty.

Let us return, however, to the subject of this paper.

While nation wars with nation, and then, recoiling upon itself, strangles and merges the blessings of peace in the war of politics, consequent on its debts and losses; while the tumultuous scheme of society advances, retrogrades, and yet again advances, borne onward by the inherent impulses of human nature towards a better condition; abstract truth—which ought to *precede* all practical changes and constitute their philosophical foundations, as the only means of ensuring their value and permanence—comes struggling fitfully among mankind, after the longest intervals, by the slowest gradations, with the most arduous efforts, and accompanied by the fewest adherents.

In proportion as we undermine the matter-of-fact surface of a question, does the abstraction remove it from ordinary comprehension, because it is comparatively distinct from and independent of all the practical bearings. Hence it will be found that abstract truth in its purest forms, is almost always in direct opposition to the assumptions on which the common practice of mankind is founded. This is the case with society as to morals, (not with individual man, who often acts contrary to convention from a just feeling of abstract right,) and with mankind at large as to metaphysics. 'Ever since the beginning of the world,' says Bayle, 'all men, except one in two hundred millions, have firmly believed that bodies are coloured; and yet it is a mistake.'* Now,

* It is a curious instance of the difficulty of establishing a theory, even in the physical sciences, that the doctrines of colour, propounded by Newton, have recently been disputed and repudiated by some of the most eminent scientific men in Europe; such as Professor Airey, Dr. Young, Arago, Fresnel, Brewster, &c. After all the indignation showered upon Hooke and Huygens by the Newtonians, it induces an equally grave and ludicrous reflection, when we find the theories of these two early antagonists in a fair way of being established—for a time.

in all that relates to practical action, the millions are quite right in following natural impressions, and taking the objects of the five senses for granted, *i. e.*, believing that positive appearances are positive realities. Philosophers are of course compelled to do the same, but this does not in the least affect the abstract principle. In all profound metaphysical speculations we can scarcely avoid arriving finally at conclusions very similar, with reference to the ideality of all impressions, to those of Leibnitz and Berkeley, tracing them back with various modifications, which occasionally take a step 'beyond the sublime' to the days of Carneades and Protagoras; discovering the same opinion in the 'ideas' or images of Plato, and in the 'numbers' and mathematical mysticisms and symbols of Pythagoras. Mind is the only criterion of all things; the only type and proof of reality; the only measure of creation. The arguments of the realists and materialists always proceed, directly or indirectly, on a *petitio principii*. The only fixed datum for metaphysical speculations, is consciousness. Even this principle has been 'put to the question' by some philosophers, but in vain. The best analysis of identity, however, we believe will be found in 'The Principles of Human Action.' 'Some persons,' says the author, in his letter to Gifford, 'who formerly took the pains to read this work, imagined that I wanted to argue them out of their existence, merely because I endeavoured to define the nature and meaning of this word, *self*; to take in pieces, by metaphysical aid, this fine illusion of the brain and forgery of language, and to show what there is real and what false in it.'

But although the millions are quite right as to the beneficial result in believing the reality of physical appearances, as in the instance of bodies being coloured, a very different result must ensue from acting on erroneous impressions as to the fundamental principles of mind and moral being. All the force of habit from the cradle upwards, is brought to bear in favour of various debasing and superficial notions, which are not less opposed to practical virtue than to abstract truth. It is the business of the above Essay to demonstrate that the human mind *cannot* be exclusively self-interested in its elementary principles.

Our consciousness, whereon our identity depends, does not extend to the future (which is the only field for the contemplation of practical action) with any degree of reality. And in truth, it requires a considerable effort of abstraction clearly to distinguish and separate the objects we frame for the future, from those we have been conscious of in the past; so much are our imaginations mixed up with memory. In some cases this almost amounts, speaking abstractedly, to a solecism. I contemplate a statue or figure, in imagination, having heard of it only: a few days after, I contemplate as near as possible the same idea, *i. e.*, the memory of a former or past imagination. Is it not then a reasonable paradox, that the future is often unconsciously identified in the mind with the past? Perhaps I contemplate the

idea of the statue a third time, with quite different impressions as to its form and expression. When I actually see the statue, however, the reality is probably quite different in form and expression from all my previous imaginations. What *real* interest then could I possibly have had in the statue itself? My interest was imaginary only. We take the same kind of interest in forming ideas of good for others in future, as for ourselves, and our imagination redresses their past wrongs (and thus the past is unconsciously projected into and identified with the future) by the exercise of the same faculty that enables us to contemplate and mentally redress our own. But as to reality 'we certainly do not know, and we very often care as little, what is to happen to ourselves in future: it has no more effect upon us in any way than if it were never to happen;' for how can a thing which *is not* affect us in reality? But the probability, it will be said, may alarm the imagination. True, it *may;* which is a *petitio principii;* but we know from sorrowful experience that it very seldom does; and when it does, how often the fact turns out quite differently, thus proving the fallacy of the assumed principle, and showing that we possess no faculty giving us a real present interest in the future. Man stands like a speck upon a progressive point, between two eternities. Our present self is 'rounded by a sleep;' but the only fixed stars that illumine man's dreamy system, shine from the past, and penetrate a portion only of illimitable space, which our thoughts can reach with no more certitude than the atoms that compose our bodies. We have no sensation and no knowledge of the future; the sun of hope is a fiction which the wisdom of the Creator has implanted in our minds with all the force of anticipated reality. But we have no sure mental warning of any coming reality. The objects of the future may be as I imagine; but it may contain no real objects for me. Until I am practically conscious of them, the objects of my future have no actual existence; and if they become realized, they cannot be the same I contemplated, for that would be to confound the thing with its ideal semblance. My future may have real objects; but if I die before they are actually impressed upon my senses, they are proved, so far as I am concerned, to be mere fictions of my brain. And thus we all die; for our imaginations ever precede our present identities, and herald us onward towards the bourne of this 'phantasmal scene.' The imagination is the only faculty referring to future action. Man is practically selfish, more or less, according to individual nature, education, and circumstances; and mentally so, as to the past and present, by reason of the exclusiveness and circumscribed powers of memory and sensation; but there is no necessary and exclusive self-interest in the imagination, which is the common property of all humanity—a prevision for benevolence in the human constitution.

The Author of 'The Exposition of the False Medium.'

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

William Cobbett.—The House of Commons has killed Cobbett. Bad air, late hours, and long speeches, which he could neither stop, endure, nor overbear, have proved too much for the sturdy old man. He is gone. His influence died away before him. It almost seems as if his memory were to follow. He is little missed for a man so extraordinary.

The quietness with which the world loses him, is ascribed to his not having been linked with any of our great parties. The solution is as untrue as the moral would be pernicious. It should rather have been said that he had not linked his name with any great principle; if he had, his power would have created a party of his own. His comparatively few disciples, at the last, seem to have been strictly personal ones. They followed William Cobbett whithersoever he might lead. They swore by the Register; so would millions, had it been the consistent vehicle of sound principles.

Cobbett was no philosopher. He has been very absurdly compared with Paine, whom he excelled as much in fertility of popular illustration, as he fell short of him in the faculty of generalizing, and in the condensed yet imaginative expression of abstract principles. Paine's merits as a writer are scarcely yet appreciated; those of Cobbett render themselves felt instantly.

Cobbett was no martyr. His popular influence never recovered his flight to America in 1817. He might be perfectly justified, by the measures which the Government had in contemplation, and the probable direction of its new and atrocious powers against him; but his departure gave a sudden chill to those popular feelings, which he had himself so strongly excited, and the effect was never reversed.

As an advocate Cobbett never had a superior, upon paper at least; nor could there be a more formidable enemy. The only deduction from his importance in either capacity was the prospect of another of those changes which so frequently occurred in him. The immense accumulation of facts in his memory, the readiness with which he produced them, the tact with which he selected them, the clinching force and humour with which he told them, the hard stones (nicknames and else) with which he pelted all who stood in the way, his wholesome, racy, stinging English, and his identification with the masses for whom he wrote, all made him a champion whom one would have devoutly desired should be always on the right side.

And Cobbett was self-taught. It should never be forgotten that all his various information, all his great powers, were self-acquired under the most formidable difficulties. The energy which raised him from the ranks to Parliament, and which might

have raised him so much higher, almost makes one forget his egotism.

Cobbett was not only an example of self-instruction, but of public teaching. He said, on some occasion, many years ago, 'It is certain that I have been the great enlightener of the people of England.' And so he was. The newspapers have not, that we are aware, adverted to our deepest obligation to him. He was the INVENTOR OF TWOPENNY TRASH. Let the title be inscribed on his monument. The infamous Six Acts, although they suspended the machinery for awhile of cheap political publications, could not undo what had been done, nor avert its great, immediate, and far greater eventual utility. If only for that good work, honoured be the memory of old Cobbett.

W. J. F.

The Times and John A. Roebuck.—The 'fourth estate,' 'all and sundry,' so far as I have observed, is in universal dudgeon with John Roebuck for his sweeping anathema pronounced on it in his place in the House of Commons. It would almost seem as if John Roebuck and the 'fourth estate' were henceforth to be enemies, *à toute outrance*. The 'fourth estate,' or some of the members of that body incorporate, wish to make out that they are all but universally immaculate. John Roebuck, on the contrary, declares that they are universal miscreants without a single saving clause, 'stock and block.' As common in such disputes, both parties are in the wrong. The editors of the public journals are not all hirelings, not all self-seekers; like other men they have their living to get by their occupations, but that living does not necessarily depend on their pursuing either a dishonest or otherwise immoral course. John Roebuck has been wronged by newspaper writers, and naturally feels indignant under his wrongs; but he can scarcely hope to right those wrongs by confounding innocent men with guilty, good men with evil, in one wide censure. He cannot designedly mean to class the high-purposed Albany Fonblanque, the keen and just analyst, with the poor self-seeking beings who compose coarse sentences of mingled ignorance, malice, and worldly trick, for the polluted columns of the tradesman-sold and Tory-bought 'Times' newspaper. The mind of John Roebuck is too essentially logical to permit us for a moment to think he had any such design, and the rash sweeping accusation was not the result of his brain's deliberation, but of an irritable digestion. It was done in bad taste, as all unjust things are, and it is the more to be regretted, as with the majority of mankind an error in taste usually weighs more than a positive crime. There are not many men of the high intellect of John Roebuck, and we of the people would not willingly see him damage the cause he has in hand by an injudicious lessening of his own dignity. It is beneath his powers to

suffer himself to be stirred from his calm mood, by either the coarse falsehoods of the 'Times,' or the supercilious insolence of the Tories. The character and public estimate which must ultimately rest upon any individual, is not decided by what others may *say* of him, but by the *acts* he himself may perform. At the outset of his political career, John Roebuck offended the petty importance of the 'Times' by becoming M. P. for Bath in spite of the editor's denunciations; and, as he could not hope for forgiveness any more than Daniel O'Connell or Joseph Hume,—for petty men never forgive,—he should have disregarded the mock thunder altogether. Even in its palmy days, there was nothing in the 'Times' writing to stir fear in the breast of a patriot man; and now, nothing that others can do can render it more degraded, can heap more obloquy on it, than the conduct of its conductors has done. The editor of the 'Times' affects to treat John Roebuck with contempt, as a man of neither power nor influence, but it is only the writhing impotence of malice. John Roebuck has power, great power; he is a sound logician and a jurist of no mean repute, and these are two matters for which the 'Times' editor is by no means remarkable. The debates of the House of Commons mark John Roebuck as a sound politician and a firm friend to the freedom and advancement of the people; more than that, an efficient advocate of their progress. The 'Times' editor carps at him by means of his one-sided journal, but he is no match for him in intellect, and not comparable to him for honesty or morality. But the editor of the 'Times' has tact, he knows the weak side of John Roebuck, and, with crafty calculating malice, he bestirs himself to excite his irritability. He writes paragraphs which convey charges in inuendo, and rivals the worst vehicles of low scandal in personal abuse. When John Roebuck suffers these things to stir his temper, he loses much of his power, and this his crafty opponent knows. At the Bath election the squabble with Blake Foster was unworthy of a legislator, and the 'Times' editor exulted in it, and, so long as John Roebuck shall continue to evince an irritable temperament, there will be no want of mongrels, both of the press and also of the legislative mob, to urge him on to unworthy controversy. John Roebuck paints Geoffry Stanley to the life, as the creature of aristocratic *morgue* and petulant irritability; let him beware that he imitate not the man he condemns. Petulant irritability is not a vice of rank alone; and wherever it may chance to exist, it destroys the feeling of veneration alike in the possessor and beholder.

John Roebuck has established a system of pamphlets for the instruction of the people. He being an M. P. does well in this, to show how legally to defeat the immoral objects of unjust laws. He is doing more. He is exposing to the knowledge of the working classes the unprincipled conduct of their legislators, who

speak one way and vote another. This is as it should be. The working classes estimate morality in public conduct; and when political swindlers are exposed to discovery and contempt, they will cease to swindle—but not till then. It is pleasant to see working men walking the streets with these tracts in their hands; and it is also pleasant to read the ravings of the 'Times' on them, for it shows that the political swindlers feel their importance. Much abuse has been showered on Joseph Hume and John Roebuck for the part they have taken on the Canada question. The cant of their opponents should be exposed. The talk of the dismemberment of the empire is a farce. If it can be shown that the Canadians can be more happy under their own government, and thus save England the expense, then on all true principles of philosophy the dismemberment ought to take place. We should profit far more by Canadian allies than by Canadian subjects, and this the working classes will in time comprehend and bring to pass. Meanwhile, it is desirable that the pamphlets of John Roebuck should occupy the place of 'Cobbett's Register.' They will convey far sounder instruction to the people, they will disseminate principles and not party squabbles; they will speak to the conviction of reason, and not seek to excite blind passion.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

POWER AND THE PEOPLE.

How amazing, how amusing a study does the progress of humanity present from the time when man first looked forth a fierce, yet fearful, savage from his forest refuge, to the time when, with cunning craftiness, he based his political strength upon his brother's weakness!

Perhaps, amid all the progression perceptible in the world, the human species itself may be said, in many respects, to be degenerated. As social refinement has advanced, moral magnanimity has receded. Human nature, when rescued from mere animalism, and preserved from mere conventionalism, has a magnificence to which not merely imagination, but reason, clings.

The strong feelings, the calm endurance, the impulsive expression, the flexile frame, the fine action of the savage, are all natural beauties, which, instead of being regulated by refinement, have been surrendered to it; in obedience to its cold, dull, senseless rules, the human being, like a copy taken from a copy, has departed farther and farther from his original characteristics, and passed into the tame automaton of civilization.

I am no advocate for utterly untutored nature, any more than for merely tutored nature. Nay, if compelled to choose between being scalped and staked by an Indian foe, and being libelled and backbit by an European friend, I should decidedly prefer the

latter process; possibly upon the principle on which the girl defended skinning eels alive—being used to it.

When speaking of refinement and magnanimity, I had, perhaps, better endeavour to make myself clearly understood.

The legitimate purposes of refinement are to rub off asperities, to subdue exuberances, to harmonize the thing it touches into a general whole of concordant beauty. But to do this successfully requires a high sense of truth and taste. When we rub down rough edges, we must not obliterate characteristic outlines; when we abate excess, we must not reduce the measure meet for expression; when we harmonize, it must be after the manner of nature, in which concords do not preclude contrasts, nor unity, variety.

Refinement, as it exists in social life, is little other than a moral cosmetic, substituting a fleeting appearance for an enduring reality. Have modulated voices any necessary connexion with regulated tempers? Are smiling faces the inseparable concomitants of sunny hearts? Are the honeyed words of praise the produce of sincere admiration, or the caustic censure the conclusion of reflective judgment? Is propriety of language and demeanour always the index of purity of mind and conduct? Is sentiment an evidence of sensibility, or etiquette of hospitality? There *are*, happily, cases in which these questions can be answered in the affirmative, but they form the exceptions to general society, not the rule of it.

We are now, it is true, rarely shocked by rudeness; but when are we charmed by earnestness, by flashes of irrepressible feeling, those bright outbursts of unquenched humanity, which constitute, when carried into action, magnanimity; the daring courage which defies danger in behalf of faith, of friend, or forgiven foe; the passive courage which endures serenely unto death, outlasting the torture that racks the feeble body to make it false to the firm spirit? All this, whether exhibited in the sectarian or the soldier, whether for a creed, a country, or a creature, however erroneous the aim, or insignificant the object—all these are instances of magnanimity, proving the high and mighty things of which humanity is capable; the principles for which it, in many such cases, contended, may have been false, but the principles which sustained it through these conflicts were true; though its power was misapplied, power was still present, and of the highest order—the burning energy of *innate* power, which cultivation may increase, but cannot create.

The records of the past, which exhibit the exercise of human feelings and faculties, and are the real treasure of history, cheer us onward; because, if human power has thus bulwarked the false and ephemeral, what may we not yet hope from it, when acting under clearer lights in the cause of truth?

Truth! that misused word! men sneer as it is spoken, because they find it blazoned on the flag of every faction; because it is

the puff-word of every pretender. But truth is, nevertheless, as holy and as untouched as ever, and as discoverable to the touch of the truth-seeker. Facts are the impressions of the footsteps of truth, while the inferences to be deduced from facts form the light of her track, along which the eager intelligence of human nature is tracing its way. Every science smiles with serene confidence on many facts, and looks forward with well-grounded expectation for more.

Does moral science lack these guiding aids? If any being want sufficient or suitable nourishment, physically or morally, does not annihilation of his powers ensue, and does not a similar effect follow if he be surfeited? It is one fact, then, that all excess is evil. With that knowledge, why do we doom any to privation, or any to profusion? Are any beings on this earth, or any class of beings, independent existences? On the contrary, are not all so inextricably linked and involved, that injury or distortion to one, effects, immediately or remotely, all others? It is another fact, then, that individuality is an evil. With the knowledge of this, why are separate, exclusive, and consequently opposing interests so sedulously cultivated? Because our moral optics need to be couched; because, shut within the narrow pale of family, sect, class, or party, we deny, or are indifferent to, the existence of the same elements beyond our own immediate sphere. But the tide of circumstances is ever circulating, and contact and concussion are incident, often inevitable, to all who float upon its surface. Woe, then, to the porcelain pots when urged against those of iron; in vain shall they bemoan their constitutional fragility!

It may possibly be urged, that if magnanimity, like the mammoth, be departed from the earth, it is because the affairs of the world no longer afford opportunities for its exercise; and that, in the moral as in the material market, when a demand ceases the supply falls.

Upon a superficial view of the subject, some ground for this observation may appear. The alpine difficulties of the ruder ages do not strike the eye on the level surface of more civilized times, and, with the Alps, the Hannibals seem to have vanished also. But if mountains have been levelled, pits have been dug; and there is as much, if not more, heroism necessary to endure being sunk to the depths of the one, as is essential to surmount the acclivities of the other. Upon a nearer examination it will be seen that the notion that magnanimity is of *necessity* at a discount, could only arise from the want of a due recognition of the principles of magnanimity.

A short time since, a fearful accident occurred by the breaking of machinery which was raising some people to the mouth of a mine: they were all precipitated to the bottom, with the exception o f youth and an old man; these caught by a rope which hung down into the mine. The first person to whom succour came was

the youth; he refused it, saying, 'Go to so and so (naming th man beneath him), *I* can hold on a little longer, *he* is quite ex hausted.'

Was not this magnanimity—pure, naked, magnanimity, owing nothing to the trick or the trapping of station, catching nothing from the hope of reward or renown? Verily, amid all the gems that mines have yielded, *this*, to my imagination, is the brightest of any. That youth, whoever he be, has a moral power which education ought to cultivate, and the voices of his fellow-countrymen call into activity. He holds the freehold of a fine nature, the only rational qualification for a delegate *from* national power, or a representative *of* it.

There is a young member of one of our Mechanics' Institutions, who, after the punctually-fulfilled duties by which he wins his daily bread, acts as a gratuitous teacher at the Institution, to which he has presented a piece of work equally honourable to his ingenuity and industry. How much does this man give to society out of his little; gives it, too, without hope of reward, save that reward which is inherent in the work itself! Let us contrast this young mechanic with the supine possessor of thousands, with the woman who carries a pair of diamond pendants in her ears (a barbarism just one degree removed from a ring in the nose), or with the man who carries a star upon his breast, and who trusts to these gewgaws for distinction—AND GETS IT!

I was a few days since in the shop of Rundell and Bridge, looking at the silver model of Eton College, which the King has presented to that college; and I felt that I could not have stood acquitted to my conscience to own the idle wealth I there beheld, or any portion of it, amid the existing want which racks so many millions of my fellow-creatures. Oh! to have converted those brilliants into bread, and to have called the pale and perishing to the banquet; to have converted those shining mockeries of grace and grandeur into sources of real goodness and greatness, into schools for the young and asylums for the old! Then many an eye, now destined to the 'ever-during dark' of ignorance and its consequent vice, might be kindled with the diamond light of intelligence and virtue; and many a toil-worn spirit, destined to depart in pain, might make its transit in peace.

Surely the time is fast approaching when the present degrading masquerade of pomp, amid surrounding masses of misery, will one and all pass away. The spirit in which we must regard all that has existed, is that it has existed of necessity; but now, with better knowledge and accumulated experience, that it need exist no longer. Error is the concomitant of human production, but improvement of human progression. Improvement will press steadily on; antiquated pretension, bloated and pursy as it is, will fall out of the line of march, which practical knowledge and universal love will lead. Thus shall conquest be achieved without

conflict; for the few remaining antagonists of equitable honours and well-earned happiness, already blush, and are prepared to bend before the power of a people, firm, informed, fitted to have influence and hold it.

It cannot be too continually and forcibly impressed upon a people, that the work of their improvement, independence, and happiness, *depends upon themselves*. Let them deserve power, and who *will*, who *can*, dare deny it to them? Such a circumstance is impossible. They have put their hands upon the old fabric of abuse, and it already shakes; let them bring their moral strength to bear upon it, and it falls! When a people understand the strength of union, the sweets of unanimity, and that the controlling power of moral feeling is indispensable to the right direction of every kind of force, they *cannot* be enslaved. The *numerical* power of a people is in itself a great power; aided by knowledge and its right application, it is impossible but that its incumbent force must be felt. In such a case the aggregation of wisdom and virtue must govern; not, as heretofore, the aggregation of craft and coin.

There is a breadth and strength in English nature, calculated to form a base for the noblest structure of human character. If less impressible than that of our continental neighbours, it has a singular tenacity for *retaining* impressions when they are *once* made. To such a material let us bring the graver of radical reform, and what must be the result? That we shall strike an imperishable plate, from which proof impressions may be taken worthy of such an empire. From the cameleon character which a 'breath can make,' little permanent good can be derived; it is a moral kaleidescope,

'Everything by turns, and nothing long.'

But the English, I fear no imputation of partiality when I declare it to be my conviction, may be cultivated into the finest people upon the face of the earth. Oh! that they could immediately be made to feel that this may be,—to resolve that it *shall* be; that the omnipotence of unconquerable will would wake within them. 'For a nation to be free,' said Lafayette, 'it is sufficient that she wills it.' Let the echoes of every home catch the sentence and repeat it again and again, until men, aye, and women, too, ask, Why are we *not* free? WHY! Because you have *not* willed it. Will consists not in the word. Will is the impelling power of action—and what have hitherto been the actions of the mass of men? A blind subjection of their moral capacity to their animal propensities. Vainly were the slough spread, did not men go and roll themselves in the mire. This they have done, and, to a great extent, are still doing; and thus they furnish their oppressors with pretences for the harness in which they hold humanity, and the lash beneath which they make it smart.

It is very true that vicious institutions act upon the people, but now let the people turn round and act on the institutions. Let the rapidly-augmenting numbers of enlightened mechanics, the heart-head-and-hand men, come to the rescue of the rest. Let them stand as the bulwark of their important class, and turn back the recreant members who would desert its standard; let them snatch their little children from the contagion of evil example and the branding-iron of crime-producing ignorance; let those children's 'not speaking, speak for them;' let their mute eloquence plead now for themselves, that when their voices awaken they may be able to plead to man for man, and tell him to bid the school, the college, and place of social and improving congregation rise, where now the gaol, the gin palace, and the pawnbroker's, blast the scene.

Service rendered *to* society ought alone to give estimation *in* society, and purchase recompense *from* it. This fact once recognised, we should bring the axe down upon the heads of the hereditary hydra; it would in vain lift its many hands, (which, though they grasped sinecures, are no sinecurists, *for they have much to grasp,*) and the pocket and pedigree qualifications would partake the monster's annihilation.

Universal education will make power, like water, find its level; it will never rise so high in any as to overwhelm common happiness, nor fall so low as to strand it. Education, the grand lever of humanity, must not be applied to the infant only, but to the adult also—not to men merely, but to women as well. Let those who ask for it, have it, and to those who cannot or will not ask, let it be given.

The history of human progress teems with proof that the most important results have originated in the simplest causes; let us not, then, neglect the humblest babe that breathes. Wisdom bids us waste nothing—least of all let us waste human power. By what process does an acorn become an oak? and how, without planting and cultivating the moral germ, can the human being become the agent of human happiness?

There is a mighty evil to be met, and a mighty good to be called forth, as regards women of all classes; but more especially in the highest and lowest classes, as they are called, because it is in those classes that mis-cultivation and non-cultivation are most exerting their destructive influences. In the first, if there be not elevation, there is at least levity, and advice is, I fear, of too dense a character to be admitted to such an atmosphere. The best hope I entertain for that class is, that some strong-minded woman will rise among them and make it *fashionable* to have good sense and right feeling. There is more hope for the humble, even the very humble; nature is among them smothered by ignorance, not by art; it is the character of the former to yield to the light of intelligence; of the latter, to elude it. If, therefore, the light of

knowledge be permitted to fall upon the humbler class of women, much is to be hoped.

Whatever may be imagined by those who object to the absence of '*hair-strokes*' in my writing (and I will just observe, *par parenthesis*, that 'hair-strokes,' like hints, have, from their ambiguity, done much mischief—insinuation and subterfuge form no part of the plan of a lover of truth,) I have no desire to withdraw woman from the sphere of domestic life. I desire but to add to her domestic influence, the highest influence of all,—that interest in the general affairs of the world which is essential to preserve her from being the dupe and disseminator of narrow and exclusive prejudices—which will induce her to be the agent and encourager of generous and universal objects. To aid in effecting this is man's highest interest. It is utterly impossible in the course of human events that she can be for one moment neutral—she must either advance or retard the progress of society; to do the former she must be animated in the cause, and informed upon the interests of the human race.

She may not at all times go into the field, but she may assist to buckle on the armour of those who do, and sustain and inspire the high heart that beats beneath it. Besides we are now striking the tents of the battle-field, and gathering spirits for council instead of conflict. In the *moral* arena, the inquiry must be, not *who* brings power, but *what kind and degree of power* do they bring.

The annals of history show that in all great emergencies women have never been appealed to in vain. They had not the brutality which invented war, but they have ever had the heroism which nobly sustains its worst evils; and have given ample testimony that physical and moral courage, like every other good and great quality, is of no sex. The common cant, that woman only shows power under circumstances of great trial, rests with those who do not perceive that it has been *at those times only that she has been permitted the free exercise of her powers.* It might as well be said that birds only fly when their wings are not cut, or when they are not caged.

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, female talent is lying dead or dormant under the paralyzing influence of *presumed* inefficiency—under unqualified, not incapable, faculties—under restrictive suspicions, ungenerous usages and institutions—under imperfect and pernicious education.

There is a very general paradoxical opinion, that woman loves to gain power over man, and to feel her dependence on him. How are these two feelings compatible? *That* has never been inquired. Man, as ignorant of *her* nature as *his own*, indulged his idle fancy on the subject of the female character, and then, upon the procrustean principle, endeavoured to make it according to his crooked conception. As it is unfortunately more easy to

spoil than to perfect, he has to some extent succeeded in his foolish design: a weak desire of specious power has grown out of a vile state of dependence. It is the moral fungus which has sprung up amid the social refuse.

All beings love power, and loathe dependence. These two feelings are in constant action in every breast, and create what may be called the friction of the human machinery. There is but one sole case in which the lover of liberty can endure dependence —that case is love—a case as applicable to one sex as to the other. A woman can bear dependence on the man she loves, not on man; a man, on the woman he loves, not on woman. This aberration from an essential state of feeling rests with the nature of the passion, which, prone to excess, will induce the lover to bankrupt himself for the sake of being made solvent by the beloved—for the sake of giving to her the bliss of creating that solvency.

The wholesale state of dependence of one sex upon the other, the established system of society, is one of its grand cankers. In the *moral* state, the only state in which humanity can stand erect and call itself humanity, such dependence need not, and ought not, to exist; it belongs exclusively to the brute period of the species, when physical strength had its full sway, because it was a sole power.

Every moral being has rights; having rights, duties; since to respect and sustain the rights of others form the duties and interest of the being who has rights of his own. Duties have been abundantly and severely decreed to woman, while rights have been narrowly and barbarously denied her; for the paltry immunities secured to her by law deserve no such name. Man has acted by her as all conquerors have acted by him, and she has acted by him as all the enslaved act by their subjugators. The gibbet and the gaol have been everywhere the necessary and inseparable accompaniments of the sceptre and the crozier. Man has desired and endeavoured to erect every home into a monarchy, often an inquisition. But, like all inventors of tortures, he is himself the first to suffer by them.

Mr. Canning, when he stood for Liverpool in 1818, on one occasion observed, 'I have been guilty of a great omission. It too often happens that those who receive the greatest benefits, are, so long as they are continued in the uninterrupted enjoyment of them, unmindful of the hands from which they receive them.' (How true this is!) 'I state this infirmity of our nature, not as a sufficient apology, but as the best I can offer, for having, during this election, omitted to ascribe due influence to the female part of your community. * * * * * * * * But, however remiss I have been here, I have not been forgetful elsewhere of the claims of the female world to a due participation in matters of election. Of the plans of parliamentary reform, on

which, in my place in Parliament, I have had occasion to comment, I have commented on none with more indignation and rebuke than on that which, admitting the whole male population to a vote, presumptuously excludes women from a right of suffrage, falsely denominated universal. I do not mean to say that even the association of the softer sex would entirely reconcile me to an extension of it, which I think would be full of mischief. But there is one pledge which I am quite ready to give, that I will never consent to any plan of suffrage in which *they* are *not* included.'

This was, of course, an electioneering flourish—a stumbling-block thrown in the way of reform; for such is the state of morals that public and party dereliction from the right line of truth is one thing, and private mendacity another. But Mr. Canning's words may suggest a reflection worthy of some consideration; that is, how far the absence of all public and universal feeling and principle, all power of forming opinions of public men and measures, all aim and interest in the general improvement and well-being of the nation and the species, in one half of a people, are likely to affect the whole.

The lovers of liberty, like lovers in general, have in general desired to keep her exclusively to themselves; hence freedom has been but a name. Real liberty can alone exist among them who are too equitable to inflict on another that to which they would not submit themselves. Among the properly informed, the properly feeling, the words 'command and obedience' need have no existence. I fear the moral millennium, which will reform our theory and our practice, our language and our conduct, is more remote than some imagine; yet in the mean time we may modify, if we cannot remove, existing errors and evils. It may be unceasingly and anxiously urged upon people to choose, in all associations, any means of operating on their fellow-creatures rather than coercion: necessity may induce submission, but nature will produce a reaction; nature *will* have her indemnity, whenever it is possible to obtain it, and the rebound is ever proportioned to the force of the original blow.

I exult to feel that nothing can now check the stream of knowledge from flowing free and wide as the beneficial waters of the ocean. In consequence, the chances are as one to a million in comparison to what they were, that new discoveries and improvements of every kind will be made, and that happiness will be more perfectly and permanently realized. No longer does it need the lucky chance of being born to move in a cloister or a court to insure access to knowledge. The goddess now walks abroad, sits down on the shopboard, and tarries in the cottage. Blessed be her advent and her stay! It may make solitary stars of genius more rare, for they ever shine brightest amid surrounding darkness; but it will make practical intelligence and its concomitant, happiness, general, and that is everything.

The highest object of human aim is good to all,—an aim towards which all may assist, however variously endowed. Human beings, everywhere essentially the same, demand as the condition of enjoyable life (which alone *is* life) a healthful exercise of all the properties which constitute their nature. Amid all the disputation which disturbs the world, this is a fact which none deny; not denying it, they will surely direct attention to the 'ways and means' by which this natural and necessary condition, essential to the usefulness and happiness of each and all, may be attained. Can too many be qualified for this inquiry, and, being qualified, is there any pretence of sex or station on which they ought to be denied admission to it?

M. L. G.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the Advantages of the Study. By Henry Lord Brougham.

While this volume is more remarkable on account of its author than of its contents, the latter are far from being of an every-day description. Nothing about Lord Brougham is common-place; not even the abuse with which he is assailed, and which has not only produced a strong recoil of popular feeling in his favour, but, of late especially, is directed almost exclusively against whatever in his conduct is most honourable and useful. His noble exertions for the repeal of the stamp duties have earned the envenomed hostility of all who trade in falsehood, and would sacrifice the intellectual (and with that the physical) well-being of a nation to their own tax-created monopoly. The ambition of Lord Brougham, like that of Napoleon, seems just to have missed its mark, and perhaps from a similar error in taking aim,—that of making too large an allowance for the wind of expediency. Both might have hit by firing point-blank. The former has yet another chance. It is yet within his reach to be the greatest man of his time. We fear that a regard to temporary expediency is too deeply infixed in his moral constitution to allow his winning this glory. But we cannot utterly despair of him. Meanwhile, all the manifestations of his versatile mind excite lively interest.

Just as the Grey ministry entered upon office, in 1830, the Diffusion Society advertised an edition of Paley's Natural Theology, with Illustrations by Mr., now Sir C. Bell, and the (new) Lord Chancellor. The plan, however, seems to have been abandoned by the Society, and adopted by the authors individually. The Society must not meddle with theology. Its 'fundamental principles' (save the mark!) would be endangered. Of this edition, the present volume is the Introductory Discourse. That he could write, and has written such a treatise, we should think a marvellous and a glorious thing in Lord Brougham, did we only

know of him as one of the herd of lords, of lawyers, and of what by courtesy are called statesmen. Considered with reference to himself, the subject is the chief peculiarity. The originality and the triteness, the logic and the sophistry, the solidity and the showiness, the learning and the ignorance, and the fluctuating appearances of deep earnestness and of mere advocacy, are the characters of this work, as they are of his lordship's intelligence generally.

The most original, striking, and well-reasoned portion of the treatise is that in which the author argues the claims of natural theology to a rank amongst the inductive sciences. The most eloquent writing is that of the second part, which treats of the advantages of this study. The most illogical and unsound are those passages, in both parts, which relate to the nature of the thinking principle. All natural theology is made to rest upon the doctrine of the immateriality of the human soul. Neither the arguments of the sceptical Materialists, nor those of the religious Materialists, are done justice to by his lordship. To our apprehensions, the moral proof of immortality is far more impressive and conclusive than the metaphysical argument, even supposing the latter to be valid. We make no extracts from this Treatise, because we assume that all who are interested in the subject will go through the volume.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night. From the German of Goëthe. By John Anster, LL.D.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this book the best means by which the English reader can become acquainted with Faust. It represents both the letter and spirit of the original, and is a remarkable compound of freedom and fidelity. The metrical construction is preserved, and many passages might be quoted as beautiful specimens of versification. The translator says nothing of the continuation of this extraordinary drama; but we hope he will, in due time, complete his work.

The Boy and the Birds. By Emily Taylor. With Designs by Thomas Landseer.

There is in this little book something of the spirit of the beautiful and memorable 'Story without an End.' It will not, indeed, delight so deeply, but it will please more generally; for, while the resemblance will endear it to some, there is an unlikeness which will recommend it to others; and those who complained of that as unintelligible and aimless, will value this as an instructive and interesting fragment of Juvenile Ornithology. The birds tell their own story to the boy, and, while the peculiarities of their habits, &c., are clearly presented, the narrative has, with kindred felicity to that of the artist by whom the work is illustrated, been rendered so characteristic as to provide a fund of amusement, and become the vehicle of some playful and delicate satire.

Memoirs of John Selden. By G. W. Johnson.

This work is dedicated to Lord Stanley, 'by one who admires his talents, moderation, and integrity,' and is avowedly intended as a memorial of what the author considers the 'moderate party' of the times

of Charles the First. We demur to his historical parallel, and to many of his political tenets. But he has evinced great diligence; and the facts and characters of that period are so strongly marked, that only very unfair dealing can prevent their speaking for themselves with a voice more loud than that of any narrator. In the personal history of Selden, the author has well chosen his leading topic; and the execution is very respectable.

Autobiographical Memoirs of Miss Macauley. Nos. 1 and 2.

It is difficult to judge of a work from so brief a specimen as this; but from the indications it affords, and from what is generally known of the author's history, we may anticipate that it will combine two kinds of interest which are not often united; the amusement, so generally relished, of theatrical anecdote and adventure, and the interest of tracing the exertions, conflicts, and privations of benevolent enthusiasm. The letter inserted amongst our advertisements for the last two months will have apprized our readers that Miss Macauley's continued endeavours to benefit others have not left herself beyond the occasion for assistance. The publication of her Memoirs, in threepenny numbers, is adopted as a means, in addition to that more direct aid which some will prefer to render, of supporting her, and enabling her to return, with happier prospects, to the accustomed exercise of her talents. To promote the success of the work may be expected of those who regard even intended benefits to society as entitled to grateful recognition.

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies; with Comments for the Curious. Part I.

A little jewel of a book. It contains four beautifully-executed engravings, of which the subjects are 'The Meeting of the Waters,' 'Inniscattery,' 'St. Kevin's Bed,' and the 'Wicklow Gold Mines;' and they are accompanied with comments of the most amusing description. The exact spot in the Vale of Ovoca on which the poet is supposed to ejaculate, 'There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,' about which it seems there has been as much contest as concerning the birthplace of Homer, is discussed with all the gravity and earnestness of an investigation of the Troad, aided by a map of the locality. With topographical disquisition there is a pleasant intermixture of legendary story and modern anecdote. This publication is an excellent model of illustration, both graphic and literary. It is brought out by Power; and the cover bears the appropriate device of a harp, with the motto, 'the power of melody.' The publisher will of course be called before the House of Lords, for the colour of the cover is green, and the harp is not surmounted by a crown.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Paper on 'Female Education' is declined, but it shows ability which well deserves cultivation.

W. R. is also declined; but not, therefore, 'worthless.'

To 'rap the knuckles' of a 'fast friend' would be very ungrateful of us. Some of his suggestions have been under consideration.

WARNINGS TO THE TORIES.

ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

From time to time, my Lord Duke, the rumour comes abroad that you are about to play over again the game of last November, and that we shall soon have another dismissal of Ministers, and another dissolution of Parliament. For the sake of those institutions of which you profess to be the champion, for the sake of the party that looks up to you as its leader, nay, for your own sake, it behoves you to beware. You have the power, no doubt; but it will be exercised the second time with far more peril than it was the first. Repeated offences against even that tame and forgiving creature the British public, are not now to be committed with impunity. It may be that whenever you so please there will be a renewal of that anomalous exercise of the royal prerogative, by which the King's responsible advisers have once been changed, with no adviser who was responsible for the change. Or it may be that, at your Grace's signal, a majority of Tory Lords and Tory Bishops will confer a more decorous form on such a change, by rejecting or mutilating one or other of the great and beneficial measures now in progress. But in either case the mischief will lie at your door. The people will know whom to curse; and accursed you will be held by millions of your countrymen: by the millions of Great Britain; and the yet more deeply injured millions of your native island, fierce in the bitterness of blasted hopes, the moment after those hopes began to brighten. It is well for a man to calculate carefully, before he makes himself the object of such feelings as will fix themselves on you should there be another counter-revolution in his Majesty's councils. Moral offences have ere now become legal ones *after* their commission. There are provocations so great that they reconcile men's feelings to that *ex post facto* judgment which in ordinary cases is abhorred as injustice. This may seem an unworthy consideration for a hero; but your Grace's laurels have been won rather by wielding the baton of the General than the sabre of the soldier, and Generals are often men of calculation. I believe you to be so, according to your ability. I wish to assist your calculations.

Suppose Lord Melbourne and his coadjutors again kicked down stairs, the question will instantly occur which you yourself put, on the Reform Bill; 'How is his Majesty's Government to be carried on?' Do you intend to govern with the present House of Commons? Truly that seems an heroic undertaking. A tolerable trial has been made already. Beaten on the Speakership—beaten on the Address—beaten on the London University Charter—and finally and decisively beaten on the Irish Church

question—there is little reason for your party to expect anything but more beating until the dose shall be sufficient. There are no middle men to win over; you have had them, and much good they did you. The time has been, since the passing of the Reform Act, when you might have cajoled some wrong-headed Radicals into a temporary cooperation; but that time has gone by for ever. It would have ended then with the turn-out of the Whigs; it will not now begin with that. With the Whigs themselves you are in a position which is fortunate for the country. Your quarrel with them has gone too far to be patched up.

> 'Never can true reconcilement grow
> Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.'

Between them and you there is now a gulf fixed, which no sacrifice of a patriot, or of a host of patriots, can fill up. To them your touch is disgrace and destruction. What then do you dream of doing? You must dissolve Parliament.

But there is the Corporation Reform Bill, my Lord Duke; what will you do meanwhile with the Corporation Reform Bill? Will you pass it in the vain hope of purchasing popularity for the elections? Why, the enforced and hollow boon will augment the strength of the Reformers arrayed against you. Will you reject it? The consequent excitement will give them yet greater strength. Any way your party must come to the poll under less favourable circumstances than they did in January last. The Whig and Radical coalition was then only in embryo; now it is firm and compact. Another election will go far towards absorbing Whiggism into Radicalism. The last contest was chiefly fatal to the undecided and temporizing. The next will be yet more so. Even should you gain a few more votes, you will have to encounter an Opposition of a more stern and vigorous character than that which so recently wrested the reins of government from your hands. You cannot rule the country by means of a House of Commons chosen under the Reform Act, provided the people be in a state of excitement; and into that state they will assuredly be put by the prospect of your return to power. It might have been done with a little more patience. You should have allowed the Whigs to go on a few years longer, supporting them in every unpopular measure, but leaving the odium to fall on their heads. They might have been caught in that snare. They had begun themselves to think of the possibility of your partial return to office. The blue and buff feelers had been put forth. The germs of corruption in the Reform Act would also have ripened rapidly. The little constituencies would yearly have become less, and in the inverse proportion vendible. Your time would have come fast enough; but, thanks to the rapacity of faction, you could not wait. You have thrown away your chance of again ruling, for a time, through a corrupt House of Commons. What then will

you do? Govern without one? Supersede representation—put the press under a censorship—and reduce the country to a proper monarchy? Aye, there the boldest of your tribe must let 'I dare not wait upon I would.' And yet to that, or to convulsion, must the nation be inevitably brought by the revival of Tory domination. If you have any insight into futurity, my Lord Duke, this is the prospect you must contemplate. You once shrunk, or professed to shrink, from civil war in Ireland. This would be a more fearful struggle. The fortunes of your party were not then so desperate. Have you become desperate with them? Will you risk your own revenues and station for the tithe tax and the pension list? It is not wise of you. In the dread convulsion you would occasion, thunderbolts would fall against which laurels would be no protection. But it will not come to this. The approaches towards military despotism would be too closely watched, too promptly encountered, for there to be any danger of the blood-shedding and violent revolution which must be its result.

There is another way of looking at this subject. Suppose the elections got over according to your most sanguine hopes; suppose a House of Commons, thoroughly corrupt and easily managed, let Sir Robert Peel lead it whithersoever he will, with a majority of two to one at his back and beck. Has it ever occurred to you to inquire what the effect of such a state of things would be on public opinion? To what points it would be directed, in what course it would flow, and what changes it would eventually realize? It is not difficult to predict. In the first place, there would be a general conviction of the necessity for another and more sweeping measure of Parliamentary Reform. This conviction prevails now to no very limited extent. It has been rapidly extending, even while there was not much apprehension of Toryism. A year of your Parliament would not pass before petitions for Triennial or Annual Parliaments, Household or Universal Suffrage, and the Ballot, would be pouring in from all quarters. The active advocates of these measures, or at least of Triennial Parliaments, Household Suffrage, and the Ballot, are even now as formidable as was the whole body of Parliamentary Reformers in 1830. A single Tory Parliament would give them the preponderance in the next Parliament. They would carry the first election which took place. And the first session would carry these measures. And where would you then be, my Lord Duke?—With the Peers, your compeers. And where would they be?—'Echo answers, *where?*'

Certainly they would not long *be*—in opposition to the Commons. Another effect of your brief reign would be to bring the privileges of the House of Peers into lively discussion as a practical question of immediate interest. The subject is afloat already. Hereditary legislation is a broad and standing mark, which the shafts of those who 'shoot folly as it flies' could not have

failed to hit long ago, had it not been veiled by the corruption of the Commons. So long as the born legislators had a commanding influence in the appointment of the chosen legislators, there was little to bring their own aptitude into question. It is a very different thing to have to endure a permanent contrast with the objects of popular choice. It is still worse to be regarded as a fatal obstacle to almost all the public good which is aimed at by those who are so chosen. The return of your party to power will be the death-warrant of the House of Lords. The people have made up their minds to be efficiently represented in the House of Commons; and they will then learn that they cannot realize that desire while the House of Lords exists as an independent branch of the legislature. The inquiry will promptly be entered into, in a business-like manner, how long your Lordships are to be allowed to stop the way? It is not wise in those who identify wisdom with the security of class-interests to provoke such an inquiry; because the reverence for hereditary legislation, like some people's religion, rests on faith rather than reason, and requires a considerable 'prostration of the understanding.' The notion is become popular that law-making is a work requiring no small share of ability and information to do it to any good purpose, or even to avoid the production of great mischief. It is thought that the needful talent does not come by inheritance. It is seen that even created lords do not always owe their privileged being to the wisdom manifested by them in their pre-existent state, but to some of many thousand circumstances, quite independent, acting on the mind of the King their maker. It is strongly doubted whether some be born with a capacity which any education whatever can manufacture into a useful legislative capacity; and it is also strongly doubted whether the course of instruction at the Universities be at all adapted to train the very best capacities to fitness for the public service in the functions of legislation. There is also a disposition to speculate on moral influences, and inquire into the disqualifying effect of sinister interests upon those whose task is professedly the promotion of the common good. It is asked whether the Peers, as a body, have a perfect identity of interest with the community. All this is certainly *theoretical*, and as such very likely to have been let alone by such a matter-of-fact people as we are: nevertheless, ever since the rejection of the Reform Bill by your House, the question has been allowed to possess a mixed character; and there wants nothing but another Tory restoration to make it entirely practical and very urgent. The arguments, my Lord Duke, are all very simple and ready made; they are piled up in heaps like cartridges, and are as easy to handle. There is only to distribute them; 'prime, load, present, fire;' and there you all are, logically, blown to atoms. Now the universal logic of a people has some force in it; as much, it may be, as the *ratio ultima* of kings. Are you prepared for

this consequence, which will certainly follow should you persist? Could you face the disbanded Peerage coming out, some afternoon, from the hall in which they had been cashiered, each one shrugging his shoulders and saying, 'For this we may thank Wellington!—Would he had died at Waterloo!'

You are the champion of the Church, my Lord Duke, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford. To be sure there is something in this of what Bentham would have called the risibility-exciting aptitude. There are those who doubt whether you can construe your own diploma without your chaplain's help. No doubt they scandalize; and I think it may safely be averred that your religion is equal to your learning. The theological exhibitions which you have thought it your official duty to make since your instalment, are perfectly amazing. You first detected the atheism of the Dissenters, and announced the Thirty-nine Articles to be the articles of Christianity. Your name alone excited as much enthusiasm at Oxford as did 'the Bishops' and 'the ladies' together, on a recent occasion at Cambridge.* And no wonder; for in the visions of the holy and hopeful sons of clerical expectancy, you appear like Banquo's ghost with a glass, in which they behold bishops and ladies in long and beautiful perspective. Now it can scarcely be doubted that the reinstatement of your party will sharpen the edge of the controversy on Church Reform to an unprecedented degree of keenness. You turned the Whigs out before on the Irish Church question, and so converted them, practically, to the appropriation principle. You will convert them to something more next time. Depend upon it that if there be any attempt to go on without realizing some practical good for the Irish people out of the revenues of the sinecure Protestant establishment in that country, without conceding to nearly their full extent the claims of the Dissenters, and without a broad measure of English Church Reform, the cry of separation between Church and State will become a popular and enduring cry, and one which eventually must prevail. In no other way can that cry be hushed, even for a brief period. Nothing keeps it down but the confidence of the Dissenters in the present Administration, combined with the earnest desire of all enlightened politicians that the ecclesiastical funds should be turned to account for the good of the community, and not be sacrificed in the scramble and confusion of the abrupt destruction of the alliance of Church and State. To see your party again in power will make both these classes desperate. They are not to be trifled with. You will bind together the Radicals and the Dissenters out of the House, as fast as you have bound together the Whigs and the Radicals

* 'Whenever the tenants of the southern gallery (occupied by the under-graduates, in the Senate House, at the installation of Marquis Camden) were at a loss for a subject on which to exercise their lungs, they fell back upon the Bishops and the ladies, as, in theatrical phrase, good stock pieces.'—*Morning Chronicle.*

in the House. You will direct the one power against the Church, and the other power against the Peerage. You are a blind Samson, my Lord Duke, pulling down the pillars of the temple which you purpose to uphold. The mischief of it is, not that you must fail to sustain them, but that you will occasion their precipitate fall in the worst way for all parties.

Nor is this all. You will bring into discussion a topic which has yet been scarcely touched. Not a twelvemonth can you remain in office without stirring up men's minds to think, and their tongues to talk, and their pens to write, on the utility or inutility of monarchy itself. It will not do again, and so soon too, for a great public calamity to be ascribed to the irresponsible volition of the sovereign. It will not do again to make the throne a shield for Toryism against public reprobation. The royal veto on acts of Parliament has long been practically defunct. No one doubts that any attempt to revive it would be perilous. And yet the royal choice of ministers had become as completely a mere form as the veto. It had, substantially, devolved on Parliament. To call it into exercise as a personal, irresponsible power, is to raise a thousand questionings that would have been dormant for generations to come. Personal caprice will not be endured as a preponderating element in the government of a great nation. You will make the tongues of millions demand why the partialities of one man should prevail against their desires, their interests, their prospects. You will create a republican party. O'Connell was praising hereditary monarchy to a multitude the other day, and telling them that the security of the cottage was preserved by the stability of the throne. You will make the O'Connells of next year, or the year after, speak a different language. You will make them demand whether cottages be more secure in England than in America; and you will hear the response in thunder. Oh if the king understood his own interests and those of his successors, (if, indeed, the condition of royalty be a real interest to its possessors,) he would shun you, your counsels, and your party, as a pestilence. He would recall, if possible, the days when all voices were loud in the laudation of William the Reformer. He would revive the feeling of the time when it was said, that in France a man had been exalted into a king, but that in England a king had been exalted into a MAN. Take pity, my Lord Duke, on monarchy. Deprive it not of its best lustre. The twenty-first of August is approaching; blot it not in the people's calendar. Your minions have announced it for the day of your restoration. If it be, the birth-day of your new power will shine on a formidable twin. The spirit of republicanism will come into this our British world at the same moment. Its rapid growth will soon defy your bayonets and cannon, your laws and prisons. The present conflicts of parties will seem a petty strife to the war of opinion which will then ensue; and when opinions become republican, it will not be very long before the empire will become a republic.

Whether the placing representation on the broadest basis, abolishing the aristocratical privilege of hereditary legislation, entirely disconnecting the Church from the State, and even modifying the executive power, would be the good which many think, or the mischief which you suppose, is not the question. That to force on the premature and heated discussion of these topics would be an enormous evil, there can be no question. And forced on it must be by the success of your party. Let us then go on quietly. We know you are a great man and a wonderful conqueror. We know you beat Napoleon, and that you are a Duke and a Prince, and have had prodigious estates given you both in this and other countries. We know you are a great favourite with the Bishops, and the Universities, and the despots of the Holy Alliance. You have adventured most successfully in the great lottery, and been a marvellously fortunate fellow. Sit down in peace, and leave us in peace. You are not qualified for a statesman. The career which commenced with the convention of Cintra ought to have closed with the capitulation of Paris. We know you have the power. We know you can act upon the Sovereign. We know the Court and the Aristocracy are with you. We know you are backed by the mighty interests of that ecclesiastical corporation which, for the sake of decency, is called a Church. We know you have the House of Lords, and above two hundred members of the House of Commons. We know you are supported by all the possessors and expectants of public property throughout the country. We know you have all that is selfish and servile in the corrupt sections of the middle class, and that you can buy the purchaseable rabble of the lowest. We know that the army is yours; horse, foot, artillery, 'pioneers and all.' We know that against this formidable array we have but two things to oppose—our arguments and our numbers. But we also know that these are an opposing force by which you and your faction must eventually be overwhelmed. You are warned against the destruction of the present Administration, the dismissal of which you can perhaps any day procure, simply on account of the mass of mischief, profitless even to your party, which it would occasion, and which would be beyond remedy. The country is in a favourable mental state for improvement; alive to the necessity for further changes, and yet disposed towards patience and confidence. The machinations of your faction are the chief disturbing force. Drive us not to extremities. The more frequently changes occur in the government, the more hastily will changes be wrought in our institutions. You will only render the destruction more wide, and the renovation more questionable. The organ of the philosophic Radicals* already complains of the Whigs, that 'the destructive part of their measures is almost always good, but the constructive part bad.' It inculcates the

* The London Review, No. 2, last article.

important lesson, in a season of change, that 'to destroy is easy—but to rebuild is a work of science; it demands a comprehensive survey and philosophical analysis of means and ends.' And who shall stay to make it, when the very next day may see the chance of abating a nuisance destroyed, and those who uphold that nuisance again lords of the ascendant? We must snatch the moments of reformation as they pass. You are reported to have once said, my Lord Duke, 'The people will be quiet if they are let alone; and if not, there is a way to make them be quiet.' You spoke truth, though you meant falsehood and bloodshed. They will be quiet now; they will proceed in a peaceful, rational, and deliberate course of improvement, if you and your faction will let them alone; and if not, the way to make them and you quiet is to seize the first opportunity for realizing such an extent of organic reform as shall effectually preclude any future attempt to force upon the country a government which is alike despised and hated. It might be a good thing in military conflict not to know when you were beaten; it will not do in political conflict. Make the move you threaten, and from one end of the empire to the other will resound the cry of 'Down with the Tories!'

W. J. F.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF ISAAC TOMKINS, GENT.

Since the days of Bruin in the fable, no bear has ever so unconsciously fly-flapped Tomkins's face with most disastrous claws, as—no matter who, he will scarcely prove again so awkward an ally. Since that publication we have ourselves been hooted as an aristocrat while on a visit of *Radical* importance to a neighbourhood, in which we were better known before our first appearance in that new *Stulz* and those Nugee inexpressibles; rosewood tables and grass-green note paper are universally denounced; and we know more than one case of new furniture countermanded by one of the Jenkinses, lest his villa at Clapham should be taken for a branch Carlton Club. All we know is, that this has been felt: the mechanics will know the author of their disasters, and black-ball him at the Institute.

So it is. Well! what next? Ask yon gentleman entering that gin palace. Why, Tomkins will begin re-action to elbow the son of the 'Cotton Spinner,' and when they go arm and arm into the Carlton Club, of course the Aristocracy will have been demolished, and no more thoughts of it.

But after all, it was ill-judged to go to a lady's drawing room for the bugbear Aristocracy; he should have fetched it from Venice, with its lion's mouth fatal even to nobility; from the Sublime Porte's exclusives the Janissaries, with the prospect of the bowstring; from the *ancien régime* of the privileges of France in all its

lustihood, with (the shadow thrown before) the bloody revolution. He should have brought back the dark ages, that long tumult of the freemen of the counties sinking beneath feudal lords; and then the tug of war for ages between king and baron; then petitions of right, charters, impeachments, scaffolds, and Pitt, the strangest institution of all, its cost 800 millions sterling, its duration thirty years, a period of postponement, of ignorance, and oratory, and large fortunes, and high rents, one flare and then a flicker, then a stink and all out. The natural extinction of the wick has been postponed by these means; are we to vent our rage on the poor gilt clay movable, erst used for candlestick, and now a gaud shelved in great state among other antiquities?

And do we treat the Aristocracy so? What do you mean, my dear Mr. Simpkins? You are, I know, not always in your apron; and on the Hampstead stage your neck is far less supple than behind the counter; but I do not know the quality of the luxuries of your 'At home.' Do you break gold wax seals of grass-green envelopes over rose-wood tables? Well, it is not with your or any other happy housekeeper's comforts I would interfere, though you rifle the Indies and task our upholsterers to please my lady. No, Simpkins, Good morning. In ages of ignorance, idols dead or living are set up and decked in the best of the loom and brightest of gold, and in times of ignorance the idol is kicked down in any case of public failure and disgrace; but the Goths were not the only people who set up religion and the state. There have been people who have borne their own sins and provided for their own occasions; for instance, the Spartans with their Senate and Ephori, the Athenians with their council and ostracism, the Roman Senate at its birth, the Italian republics for ages; and yet all had their noble families and heirs of larger census or fortune. What does it matter whether Peel be in the first or the hundredth descent from the 'novus homo,' the builder of a fortune, if he have a patrimony sufficient to bribe and attract all the Tomkinses—and be a member of that Carlton Club?

You never heard Cobbett taking these silly distinctions. Attack the mischief that shows itself, in whatever shape, and give it a name which signifies mischief, and not some class word which has lost its meaning. What signifies the descent of a lord, (I must not do a libel,) except that, like that of a stone, it falls heavier when it does reach its end the higher the point from which it fell? Why, mortgages in noble estates, like the scrofula in the blood, work rottenness, if not in one, in a few generations. Let them go. They have done for themselves in this wealth-loving country, only let it be known they are insolvent. The laws of debtor and creditor, as altered, will have this effect: the failure of sinecures will be conclusive. Now, Tomkins, prepare for your turn; forget the shop, cut the extra glass and the 'Times,' get up early and study Locke: you'll do for a legislator yet, but you have not metal. I doubt

whether we shall go on a generation with you, but with him it was impossible, it was 'a sell,' the soul of the peers was lost in the pension list. Now for knowledge and the middle orders. I wish I had known you younger, Tomkins; you are now so fixed in the ways of trade, I fear you will sell your vote, or edit a newspaper. *Apropos;*—have we not an Aristocracy of the press? We talk of the republic of letters, but the stamps and other duties (especially expensive puffs) have made that a monopoly. I wish, Tomkins, you liked Milton, (except his Heaven and Hell,) and Cowley, (except all his poetry,) and Byron, except his notes and innuendoes, and Scripture read backwards, and Shakspeare altogether, and— But you only read the 'Times,' and the Sunday paper, the 'clever' *Age*. You are not worth canvassing; you are not fit to vote; you are a tyrant at home, and a cat's-paw in Merchant Tailors' Hall; you are on the Clapham stage a cloud or a bore; in the coffee-room a twaddler; in the market a monopolist; in the counting-house a trickster; in the hiring of labour an extortioner; in the sale of commodities— I would sooner thresh acorns than have you to cater for me; I would sooner live in the woods than have you for a neighbour. Am I abusing the middle orders?—no; only the generation that have the patrimony catered to them by Pitt, and that would apply to Peel for a renewal of the Treasury custom, and another loan to be funded. Reform, Reform! Dare you echo me? Know thyself, Tomkins, and become a good citizen; in the mean time your only safety is in ultra-liberal institutions; your journeymen will be the honester voters; it is of that class come soldiers who fight while you snore, and sailors who reef while you adjust the nightcap; thou art a younger brother of the Pharisee; truth is with the humble fishermen; go, read and consider, or England may rue it.

THE FACE.

I.

THE 'joy for ever' of a beauteous thing
Is effluent from its beauty's memory:
Itself and all its loveliness take wing,
And only fixed in the thoughts they lie,
A worshipped, but unseen, Divinity,
Like GOD himself! I never shall forget
That lucent face, but for a moment met:
Itself and all its loveliness must die
In death, or deathward life's maturity;
But, ever young and beauteous, in my dreaming
It shall contend for immortality,
Till o'er my dust the grass and flowers are teeming:
Nor perish then, if aught in this true page
May feed a dream thereof from age to age.

II.

It was a face that on the eyesight struck
Like the clear blue and starry arch of night,
When suddenly we quit a narrow chamber,
From the world's dust to teach our thoughts to clamber
To that invisible ether of delight
Which atmospheres the planets in their flight!
With lips, and brow, and eyelids that did pluck
The gaze from all the circling flash of faces,
And fix it on its beauties' combination;
So interflexed, that, star by star, its graces
Were noted not; but still, in constellation,
A harmony of grace, such as embraces
The innermost spirit with its concord fine,
But which sense cannot note by note define!

* W *

OPINIONS OF A MODERN CATHOLIC UPON TITHES.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Knowing the general and intense interest that is felt, at the present juncture, upon the important subject of tithe; and feeling the necessity there is, that every one possessing an opinion should express it, at a time when meditated change challenges public discussion and universal advice; and considering, moreover, how imperative it is upon every class of religionists thoroughly to know the estimate of every fellow class, upon a political question of such immense magnitude—a question, not of religion and the kingdom which is not of this world, but of property and of this grosser and present world which we inhabit, and which the philosophic say 'is too much with us;' feeling all these things, and with them that tithe is *really* an affair of discipline, and not of faith,—a bond of love for brotherly uses, and not a chain of bondage—that its legality, its justice, its expediency, are all either confirmed or abrogated by changing circumstances and their conjunct, changing opinions; I have imagined that the views of a modern Catholic upon a prescriptive usage of his forefathers would be neither useless nor uninteresting to his differing brethren.

From one who professes himself a Tory and a Catholic, some of my sentiments may, perhaps, surprise you; but as Toryism, except with tithe-owners, is a political, and not a religious distinction, it has not in itself any hostile bearing upon a free discussion of the present question. With respect to Catholicity, although I cannot help perceiving that tithe and Catholic Christianity are contemporaneously prescriptive; yet I am equally convinced that the soundness of Catholic principles is in no wise infracted by maintaining the injustice of enforcing tithe (in its

origin a free gift) from those who disclaim its validity, deny its justice, appeal from the authority, and contemn the society,* of the body that claims it as its property.

Mr. Cobbett, in examining the right of the parsons to this objectionable source of revenue, (in the last vigorous effort of his manly pen,) has very truly said, 'that as far as they are concerned, it is of no manner of consequence to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the opinions upon which its *early* foundations rest;' it is sufficient to trace its *Protestant* beginnings, to prove that as far as regards them, tithe is an imprescriptive, unjust, unconstitutional, and impudent exaction, usurpation, and tyranny. But as it is *my* intention to say a few words explaining why tithe in its *Catholic* origin was just, and why, from growing and altering circumstances, even in Catholic countries it has *ceased* to be so, it is necessary that I should briefly allude to its origin, which I thus do:—

Every one acknowledges the duty of obedience that the members of a club or associated body owe to the rules which protect and constitute that society. Such an exclusive body was the whole Jewish people; and all owning the divine origin of their laws in every iota, and, which is a natural consequence, feeling, therefore, the necessity of obeying them, no one was injured even by a compulsory gathering of the tenths then established, had this been necessary; but on the contrary, any disobedience in this respect would justly have incurred upon the perverse member excommunication, or a cutting off from the society and its privileges. Thus much must be acknowledged; but now let me ask a question—When the Jews established themselves as a people, and that by divine command, with even a *divine right of conquest,* did the Jews demand this tribute of the disbelieving nations around them? The answer must be—No! it was required of those only who were born of their family, or who voluntarily sought its society, and took upon themselves its laws; and from those no longer than they chose to conform to them,—they might drive off their substance, and leave the land and the society they abjured. Similar was the origin, and similar the practice, of the early Christians; and whether we consider *their* tenth as a continuation of the earlier prescriptive practice of their Israelitish progenitors, or, more correctly, as a foundation and institution of their own, as a new and separate body, it was exercised after a like manner; they never dreamed of demanding it of their pagan brethren, or of claiming it as a usage of which they had robbed their forefathers of Palestine, and now wielded over them. Few in numbers—weak in power—at first they could not had they willed it: for many centuries when they *could* they *did* not; and *when* they did, (although it invalidated not the truths or sanctity *of their religion*) yet I will not hesitate to say, that it degraded the purity

* As to communicating with them, in a religious sense.

and integrity of its discipline, and was, and ever must be, considered the act and the era of usurpation. As long as it was exacted only from those who voluntarily joined their community, taking upon themselves its pains and its privileges, it was salutary to its own body, and at least innocent to its native legislation: as long as this order of things had continued—professing one belief, conjoined in one body, and under one head,—had it been to the 100 millions of the present day, it had not been unjust (had it been necessary) to have enforced from a disobedient member the fulfilment of the laws to which he had bound himself; or, in default, to have deprived him of their protection and immunities.

Providence has *not* permitted that so happy a state of things should continue—that a spirit of *divine* unanimity should animate the whole Christian world—that it should be one fold, having one shepherd; it has not allowed such brotherly love to draw close the social bond: but, divided as we are, reason, the practice of the Jews,—who constrained not the stranger and idolatrous nations that surrounded them—of the early Christians—who pretended not to coerce the pagans, the Jews whom they succeeded, or even the members of their own body, but received only voluntary gifts—in fine, common justice, that requires people to be bound but by the laws of nature, virtue, and of God, *without* their own consent, but in laws of *human* institution by their consent alone—all attest that tithes should be enforced only upon those who acknowledge the right, and reverence the claim. No one who has not blinded his reason, or warped the affections of his heart, but must feel that God, who demands the *voluntary* offering of our hearts and souls, must look with abhorrence at the forced oblation of our bodies and goods to those who are, or profess to be, His ministers. Neither can *I* help approving the tenth offering as a most wise and equitable exemplar to be followed by all classes of religionists, to be collected of their own particular members, for all those laudable purposes to which they were anciently applied: for raising and repairing churches, maintaining the clergy, succouring the poor and infirm, &c. &c.

Man is a religious animal—and where is the monster that has no religion? Every man ought to be a member of *some* religious community, if he hope for the society of his fellow men, or the favour and protection of his God: if he wish not, indeed, to outlaw himself to men, to nature, and to heaven. Each man would then have a body to whom voluntarily to pay his tenth, even to trade-gettings and earnings, brought freely for the best, most humane, and christian of purposes: for who, having a love for religion, which is a love of God and one's neighbour, would deny his willing share of assistance to the great ends of society—the welfare and happiness of his brother men? What then hinders but that every man in this realm pay a free and willing tithe for the benefit of his fellows—each to that religious community to

which his conscience, his opinion, or his *honest* prejudice, may bind him?

Do not imagine, my dear Sir, that I for one instant compromise my own religious principles by any of these remarks. How many orders of the Catholic church are supported by the benefactions of the charitable—giving their charitable *offices* for charitable *alms?* That *my* religion is not built upon tithe heaps, its three centuries of existence in this country, in all its spiritual membership and hierarchy—and likewise in the unfriendly realms of Asia, and the republics of America—triumphantly attest. That Dissenters need it not to perpetuate their faith, by acts of Parliament, or otherwise than by common consent, is equally clear. Let those whose church dies with the dying tenths, advocate their forcible and legal exaction from strangers, from paupers, and perhaps from enemies themselves. If they have but the virtue of the serpent, they will relinquish, though unwillingly, by degrees, that which they cannot hold, and which will, perhaps, else be wrung from them at once by the hard hands of revengeful and pitiless, because injured men: let them slide gently down the hill, and not wait to be thrown over the precipice: let them stoop meekly who cannot long stand—that their end may have a requiem from a few, and not an execration from all!

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

J. A. G.

THE ACTRESS.

(*Continued from Page* 475.)

It would be in vain to describe the bitterness of Walter's agony. He lived through it, but its violence gave a shock to his whole being which he never wholly recovered. After the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, he remained in a state of utter listlessness; his friends left no means untried by which he might be aroused, but as the capacity for happiness seemed totally to have left him, and as all their efforts only tended to awaken him from indifference into agony, they ceased from inflicting what so many with less judgment, though with equal goodness of heart, are in the habit of doing,—kindnesses which far more deserve the name of persecutions. His child was studiously kept from him, for the sight of her never failed to bring on one of those convulsions of grief over which he had no control, and which at times seemed to threaten his dissolution. His usual manner was that of complete apathy to all about him. His movements seemed merely mechanical; he would stroll through the streets, he would stand still till he became an object of wonder to the passers-by, then, as if a sudden thought flashed through his brain, rush from the spot and shut himself up, though not so closely as that the sounds of his agony might not be heard by those about him. These

paroxysms became less frequent, though their ravages were still visible in his pale, wasted, trembling frame, which seemed as if a breeze might scatter it into fragments. Day after day did he continue in this state; day after day did those around him trace the marks of visible decline. What was to be done? There was no selfishness in Walter's grief; there was no hope from an appeal to his reason; he did not voluntarily yield to grief—she had suddenly come upon him and crushed him; and to have expected him to have made an effort to recover from the shock, would have been as reasonable as to have expected activity of brain in a man on whom a heavy weight had fallen. The only chance of his recovery seemed to rest on a complete change of circumstances, choosing those which were the best fitted to restore the tone of his mind, when once a consciousness of externals came back upon him. Accordingly they determined to remove him from London; and as the cottage which we have formerly mentioned was vacant, and its nearness to his sister made it desirable, she was urged to prepare it for his reception as speedily as possible. Lady Brandon, whose anxiety and affection for her brother had increased by time, and the eventful circumstances it had brought with it, needed no second hint; and with all the promptness of which her nature was capable, and with unceasing activity (rare, from the indolent habits she had contracted), exerted herself to prepare a new home for her brother's reception. With the instinctive tact which is so frequent and so beautiful a characteristic in woman—the kindness which almost deserves the name of Genius, in the suddenness and refinement of its inspirations,—the externals which she contrived to place around him were such as could only bring with them pleasant associations; at the same time she carefully removed all those which were likely to awaken the memory of past misery. Books of a lighter kind,—such works of art as were within the reach of her private purse,—flowers,—all placed in twilight rooms where no glare might break in upon the aching eyes of the sufferer,—even to the murmur of honey-bees in the garden and the contrivance of a fountain on the lawn, where the cool drip of the falling shower on some water lilies beneath might lull the sense of the sufferer into repose. Nothing was forgotten that her hands, head, or heart could achieve, to aid in restoring her unhappy brother to life, for his present mere existence scarcely deserved the name. To Uplands he came; and it was not long before the blessing they so earnestly desired waited upon their efforts. The peace, the freedom, the freshness, the beauty, the old familiar interchange with nature, the careful introduction of the gentle excitements of a country life, all came like mild sunshine upon the chilled soul of Walter. The long locked up springs were unloosened, floods of tears descended, and, where there had been a dreary desert, gave hope of coming fertility.

Oh Nature, what a gentle nurse art thou! Oh kind Nature, that takest the sufferer to thy bosom, cooling his burning brow with thy soft breezes, or speaking peace to his restless heart in the quiet voices of the whispering leaves; thou canst cheer him out of idleness by the clear deep song of the happy busy brook, or beguile his weary eyes to rest on thy blue hills and airy distance, thus leading his onward thoughts to a far country where all shall be love and peace. Thou art indeed a mother to thy children. There comes no disappointment with the love of *thee*, thou ever rich fulfiller of ever constant promise! Thy very change is beauty—change in thyself, but constancy to those who love thee; and though for awhile we may desert thee in quest of fancied good, which too often proves reality of evil, like a tender mother again thou takest the poor wanderer to thy bosom, soothest the eyes that have wept a world of tears since last they parted from thee, with thy healing beauty; lulling the quivering nerves with the silent music of thy wondrous harmonies, and repeating o'er and o'er again thy never-forfeited promises of peace!

The first and most important result of Walter's altered condition was shown in his change of feeling towards his child. In his agony of grief it needed but a glimpse of her to produce one of those earthquake shocks of emotion which all were so anxious to avoid, from the excessive state of exhaustion which they induced. In his state of apathy his eyes had rested on her fixedly, but hopelessly, as though the power of affection had died within him. Now he clasped the little creature to his heart, as though she were his dearest treasure—wept out that heart's agony,—and when the frightened child received his almost convulsive caresses with a wondering fearfulness, he would suppress the violence of his emotion, that he might calm the heart of the little trembler.

The love of children is one of the most beautiful events in the history of human progression. It is a continuation (with some the commencement) of the great work of redemption from self-love, the one great enemy with which man has to grapple. By its agency those who have never felt a single emotion, save for themselves, are taught to find their happiness in ministering to that of another, without seeking a return; and although much of the selfism of pride, love of power, or the gratification of its own peculiar objects at the expense of feeling to others, may mingle with and alloy what should be the purest feeling on earth, yet its ultimate tendency is to lead man a step nearer to the Divine nature, by cultivating within him the spirit of universal love.

Walter's recovery was now certain; his heart and intellect were once more at their beautiful work; no longer lying in chains, at the mercy of a set of rebel nerves, which had so cruelly held him in subjection. Gradually he could look with melancholy complacency on the world around him, and though at times this

would be broken up for awhile by a return of one of his former paroxysms—though a suddenly roused memory, a breath, a tone, the sight or even perfume of a well-remembered flower, might be sufficient to place him as it were beyond the reach of his own mastery, yet these sudden starts of memory became more and more remote, till at length they disappeared altogether. He could now bear to look into Flora's eyes, and see her mother there, and imprint on them kisses more exquisitely tender for her sake; and dearly did he delight to trace the awakening image of her whom he had lost—no, not lost—for a change had come o'er him; the spirit of her whom he had loved seemed near him wherever he went; his soul still seemed to hold communion with hers. In his solitary wanderings in the calm moonlight, and in the silence and darkness of the night, she was ever present with him; he was no longer alone; and it was as a blessed promise to his soul that there shall be no ultimate disunion hereafter for those who have loved here 'in spirit and in truth.'

We must pass briefly over the events that happened during the time that elapsed from Walter Brandon's return to Uplands, and that at which our history commenced. Lady Brandon's restoration to her brother's society was the most heart-easing sensation she had experienced since parting from him. The thought of her having been left sole possessor of their uncle's property (he had died shortly after her marriage) had often been a very painful one to her, and now she hailed the opportunity that Walter's coming into the neighbourhood would give her of rendering a thousand little services, which would be to her a constant source of pleasure. Walter's renewed intimacy with his sister, on the contrary, was far from being unalloyed by pain; he had long since discovered Sir James to be other than the worthy, high-motived man that he had supposed, though, until he came into immediate contact, he had not felt the full amount of sacrifice his sister had made in yielding to the circumstances around her. Sir James looked with an evil eye on the coming of the new tenants to Uplands; though externally he preserved an air of studied civility, the hollowness of which, detected as it was by Walter, effectually prevented his becoming a frequent guest at the Hall. Time had deepened the Baronet's defects; the want of energy in Lady Brandon preventing all chance of his redemption from them. His whole life was one degraded act of prostration to the world, its forms, its external observances, its prejudices. His house, his gardens, his grounds, were in a continual state of alteration, not from the progression of his own taste, but because Fashion had waved her wand, and commanded 'old things to pass away.' His conduct to his wife was regulated by the same arbiter; no one had ever heard him utter a harsh word to her; and, on the contrary, no one could record against him the indecorum of an expression or of a sign of endearment. To his child

he was scrupulously equable in manner; never betrayed into irritability by the commission of a fault; seldom heard to approve, and never seen to caress. His guests were all selected and assorted with the most scrutinizing care. Before admitting a new acquaintance, his pedigree was searched into as carefully as that of a racer about to be purchased of a jockey; and wherever he could read a 'title clear,' it was sure of a welcome, with all due state and decorum, to Brandon Hall. The house was conducted throughout after the same formal fashion; doors were opened and shut by rule; the very dogs seemed as though they had been whipped like the Westley infants, and taught to bark, as they were to cry, softly. In conversation the words were marshalled, like Indians walking one after the other at equal distances; and if ever such a wonder as a natural emotion made its appearance, it was instantly chilled into apathy by a look from the Baronet. Brandon Hall became the resort of all the *ennuyée* cold-hearted worldlings of the neighbourhood, as it possessed certain valuable and costly externals, which made a sojourn there advisable to those who had tired of a London life, and the responsibility of an establishment in full play.

With all Sir James's faults, or rather absence of virtues, he had gained a high character throughout the country as a 'gentleman,' a good husband, father, and master. His servants were richly liveried and plentifully fed, and gave him in return all he asked,—an external manner that said, 'My master is a gentleman, and I am his servant!' No word ever passed between them but such as the most scrupulous exclusion to mere service required. Though a genuinely hearty laugh seldom awoke the echos which led such a quiet life at Brandon Hall, if by chance a stray wit found his way into the cold circle, and continued to astonish the respectable, highly polished 'table,' by provoking a 'roar,' the master's eye turned from his guests, whom he dared not control, to his servants, whom he dared, to see how far his household was infected; and a titter, or ill-concealed giggle, was instantly checked by doubly black gravity in himself. The effect to a stranger who lived in the unfettered enjoyment of all his powers, on entering the house, was as if there were a funeral, or a fever, or the perpetual performance of a puritan Sunday, which is anything but what its name pretends to typify.

As Flora's childhood ripened, with it ripened that vitality which, rushing through her veins like lightning, made her, as she endured the cold, dull, formal magnificence of Brandon Hall, come like a sungleam to the heart of its mistress, who looked forward to the time when her own girl, who had been chilled by the atmosphere into which she had been born, should be warmed and brightened by the cheering influence. It was a part of her plan that, in due time, Flora should share the advantage of Emma's governess; and her father, although able to give her that better teaching

which is within the peculiar province of a parent, was yet glad of the opportunity to procure for her the benefit of instruction in more external accomplishments. Sir James was in terror (at least as near to terror as his cold temperament would permit him to come) at the proposed plan. He saw the coming chaos of all his stiff, angular, and yet card-house, morality, being upset by the new comers; and he looked with fear and trembling to the result to his daughter; and not without reason, at least the reason by which he was governed. Emma soon ran unbonneted through the garden; was in danger of becoming as brown as a gipsy, or her cousin Flora; clambered a tree to sit in its boughs at her lessons; rode a little wild Shetland pony without saddle or bridle; became Flora's disciple in her work of redemption for all the oppressed dogs and donkeys that were victimized by the young tyrants of the adjacent village; and committed a thousand other misdemeanors quite inconsistent with Sir James's pre-conceived notions of young lady decorum. It was impossible to order Walter Brandon and his child from their own home,—equally so to forbid the interchange of the families. Accordingly he resolved, before any further mischief was done, upon dismissing the governess, and sending Emma out of the mischievous influence. An opportunity was not long in being found. High terms offered for an external education are sure to find their market; and accordingly Emma was soon domiciled in a family, where, in return for their condescending to give her an opportunity of not being contaminated by the beauty, sweetness, grace, and freedom of one of nature's own children, Sir James was to give them sufficient to maintain the carriage and horses which unfortunate circumstances had obliged them for a time to relinquish. Lady Brandon, accustomed as she was to yield to circumstances, made two or three efforts to retain her child, but Sir James's stronger will carried the day, and Emma left her home to be educated, *i. e.* to become a slave to the follies and forms of the heartless world to which her father rendered such devout homage. Flora gradually ceased to lament the absence of her cousin, who had never been sufficiently a companion for her; while Lady Brandon's attachment continued to strengthen, bound as she was by the double tie of sisterly devotion to the father to whom she was attached more strongly than to any other being, and affection for his child. Though Flora's manners were at times somewhat exuberant, yet the earnest warmth of her heart more than repaid her for any slight shock she might receive; and often would she delight to quit the cold magnificence of the Hall to warm her heart at the welcome that always awaited her at the cottage. To that cottage we will now make our way by the side of Flora; and we must not refuse to follow her 'over park, over pale, thorough bush, thorough briar,' as she makes rapid way towards 'the stile at this end of the wood,' where her father already awaited her arrival. He watched her as she came bound-

ing along the path, with her heart springing through her eyes, towards him, till his own heaved with emotion.

'My darling, you are late,' he said, 'and you have hurried, and you are very warm; a little farther into the wood, and we will sit and rest under the old oak.'

'Have you waited long, papa? It is my uncle's fault—no—mine, for ever talking with him. He never *will* feel; and while I have such trouble to keep my temper, he will look so cool, as if he had no more blood than one of his own gold fish—I am sure he has not more brain; I do wish he were as brilliant!' 'Gently, my Flossy,' an accustomed term of endearment; and as he used it, he ran his fingers through the silky hair that had just been released from its prison-house of straw, 'gently—you might borrow a little of his coolness now with advantage.' 'No, never, papa! never! I would rather be in a fever all my life—provided it did not make me quite mad—nay I would rather be mad, so that I were not mischievous; so that I did not, as they say mad folks do, try to harm those whom they had loved the best—so that my madness would let me love you,' (and she threw her arms round her father's neck and kissed him tenderly,) 'I would not care. I am sure my uncle's *reason* has never let him love any body.'

'Well, and what was the argument about?'

'Oh! the old thing—plays and acting.' Walter's brow darkened. 'What is the matter, papa?' 'A passing pain—it is gone, my child. What beside?' 'There was a hint for you about George, that you give him too much licence: I wish there were more Georges in the world, and fewer uncles—not that I want any harm to happen to my uncle, but I do wish he would show something like feeling for any thing or any body.'—'Well, but what mischief does he do?'—'Oh! a great deal; he makes people contented with doing nothing; he makes them call that virtue which consists in having a fine house, and a fine park, and a fine carriage, and fine servants, and going to church regularly on a Sunday, and looking very solemn, especially if you should see a poor man's child playing with a daisy. It is only necessary for people to seem happy to make him look so solid, and speak so freezingly, that the very heart's blood is chilled within you. And so he goes on living and thinking that because he does not murder my aunt, or beat Emma, or get tipsy every day, or swear at the servants, he is the most virtuous man in all the world. What does his virtue consist in? Why it is like his coachman's lash, a thing only used to inflict suffering, and made out of a string of *nots*!' and she paused to take breath, while her father, smiling at the mixture of truth and vivacity in her harangue, continued, 'My Flora, this is not the way to rest you; leave your uncle for awhile; and remember we are all the creatures of the circumstances that have formed us: dislike selfishness as much as you will, but beware of

cherishing a personal antipathy to those who have the misfortune to be cursed with it.' 'Yes, papa—but he is so very cold.—But see! there is sunshine he cannot spoil. Do look at that light playing amongst the nut bushes; could you not fancy they were creatures sporting? How they flicker and whirl about and about like large fire-flies, only so much more rapid; and the wind, how it whispers—how it gives a being to the trees! what would this beautiful world of a wood be without the wind? Why one vast, rich, deathly stillness—like Brandon Hall!'

'Still Brandon Hall, Flora.'

'I could not help it just then, papa; but I do love the wind; and it is so nice to sit with you here and watch the light and shadows; and do you not like those deep recesses like caves amongst the trees?—Now that the shadows are deepening, you could fancy them the homes of the Fauns and the Dryads. Papa, do you not feel as though there were spirits all round you when you are in the woods?' At that moment a gush of melody came from the throat of a bird: 'There it is on the bough yonder, look at its pretty eyes; it seems singing to us as if it loved us.' Walter had made no answer to Flora's last question; a gleam of expression lighted his face as the bird's song had flashed through the branches like a sunbeam, but for a moment—he then sank into one of those deep reveries to which Flora was accustomed and which she seldom disturbed. This time he remained longer than usual. The sun went down and the shadows deepened, and it was only the chill of the evening acting upon the external senses that recalled him to the external world. He started up hastily: 'My child, it is late; we must return home,' and he drew Flora's arm within his own, pressed it tightly to his side, and walked briskly forward.

It was now Flora's turn for reverie, which her father was in no mood to interrupt. He had of late given rise to her conjectures as to the causes of his moods of abstraction, or rather she had become of an age to take more thoughtful cognizance of them. He had never spoken to her of her mother, and she had carefully abstained from all questions on the subject, since the slightest allusion never failed to bring a painful expression into her father's countenance; and Lady Brandon had been anxious to keep her in ignorance of all the circumstances of her mother's history, lest in the enthusiastic devotedness of Flora's character it might lead her into further collision with Sir James.

Both father and daughter continued their way in silence. They came within sight of their cottage home. It was in a sheltered valley, the lands that rose immediately behind it belonging to it, and giving it the name by which it had been designated. The last gleams of the departed sun were lingering in the west, the mists were rising, the sounds of labour had ceased and given place to universal quiet, only broken by the barking of dogs in

the distance, or the near cropping of the dewy grass by the cattle in the meadows. The lights began to twinkle in the farm-houses, and the stars came out one by one as heralds to a countless multitude. George was at the garden gate on the watch for them; he closed it after them with a satisfactory twirl of the key which said—There, I have you safe home at last, in for the night. Tea was soon over, and passed, by seeming consent of both father and daughter, in silence. Walter went to the sofa, while Flora stood at the window seeming intent on watching the rising moon, but holding a debate within her own mind. At last it was decided and she turned to the sofa; kneeling by her father's side she said, 'Papa, I am going to ask you to tell me something: what were you thinking of in the wood to-day?—nay, what do you think of very often when you look into the stars and the clouds, and yet do not speak to Flora? Do tell me!—I tell you all; I will do all you wish, I will love you, I do love you more and more every day,—and when you look sad, and your eyes seem to shut me out from you, it makes me think and wonder what it is that makes you so; dear papa, do tell your little Flora what you were thinking of in the wood to-day?' The time, the stillness, the peculiar state of Walter's feelings were all favourable to the wish; he half raised himself from the sofa, made her sit beside him, and with his arm round her, and her head resting on his bosom, he began;—but why recapitulate? He told her the history of his life—of his love, of her mother—of her death, of his bitter, bitter agony at her loss, of his newly awakened hope in herself, and the joy which filled his heart upon thinking that the precious trust that had been bequeathed him was all that heart could desire. In silence Flora listened, and in silence went the time long after the tale was told. The morn shone full into the room; there was the ceaseless drip of the fountain; there was the melancholy breeze wandering amongst the trees in the garden without, but no sound was heard within. Walter was the first to move: 'You must go to your rest, my love.' She rose like an automaton, but it was instantly to throw herself into her father's arms, convulsively to weep out the emotion which had been created within her; she tried in vain to speak—no words could she utter; she threw herself at his feet, clung to his knees with a feeling of self-devotion, while he, fearing the effect of such a state of strong sensation, gently disengaged himself from her and bore her in his arms to her own chamber. After soothing her into comparative quiet, he kissed her tenderly and bade her good night. The moment the door closed, her words found vent; 'My mother, my own beautiful mother, why didst thou leave us? Why was I not permitted to see thee? Oh let me be like to thee—Oh teach me to make my dear father happy! My mother, canst thou still behold me? Look upon me—love me—I will be thy child—I *am* thy child—Oh bless me, my mother!'

From that night a change came over Flora. The exuberance of her spirit seemed compressed into purpose; the somewhat abrupt impetuosity of her manner subsided, and the gentlest and most solicitous tenderness characterized her whole bearing towards her father. She seemed to have grown at once from the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman. Her visits to Brandon Hall became less frequent. The 'old subject' was now seldom alluded to; once when it was mentioned, a sudden flash of lightning from her eyes darted at Sir James, succeeded by a heavy fall of tears, made him doubly objective (after her departure) to 'Flora's eccentricity.'

The two cousins met to find each other divorced from companionship. Emma quieted into a cold external conventionalist; Flora, with increased strength of impulse, repressed into gentleness by newly awakened tenderness. It was impossible that such elements should mingle; and accordingly, to the great delight of the Baronet, there was little interchange between them. But the time came round for the school *fête*, when rich and poor, far and near, were to mingle together in one of those blessed states of forgetfulness of all party feeling, which sometimes are to be found at a country festival. The whole affair had originated with Walter, who had a strong desire to restore some of the old games and merry-makings that made a chief part in the enjoyment of the old English peasantry. He had endeavoured to influence Sir James to open his park on May-day, but without effect. This was less annoying to Walter, as the May season had set in rainy; it determined him to find some means to indemnify the people for their loss, and in future to rely on his own more secure, though less abundant, resources. At last it was agreed between himself and Flora, that when the roses were in blossom, and the cherries ripe, they would open their little domain to the children of the village school, and invite their parents to come and see them make merry amongst the flowers and fruit of the cottage garden. What at first was the thought of a moment soon progressed into a well-arranged plan. Flora and her father found a ready auxiliary in George. As fast as their heads imagined, his hands executed; and before a month had passed over, the fame of the intended festival had spread far and near, and many a note of request came from those who lived in the surrounding neighbourhood, to be permitted to witness the Rose Fête (or the Cherry Feast, as the more substantial termed it) of Uplands. Amongst these was one dispatched from Percy Court, an old baronial residence about two miles distant. Mrs. Fenton and her son Percy were the sole residents, and had been so for many years. The lady boasted relationship with the Northumberlands; not so they of the name she had united with their house. A girl of strong affections, glowing imagination, but little judgment of character, Margaret Percy, had married early, entrapped by a captivating

exterior, and apparent warmth of heart, into a union with a man far below her in worth, and no less so in rank. This latter only added to her desire to elevate him to the station she held, a thing which neither her influence, nor his own qualifications, were fitted to command. She discovered her error when too late, but was saved from excess of bitterness by the birth of a son, to whom she transferred all the hope which disappointment had left to her; and it might be added, all the strong affection which had often suffered from a want of return in her husband. In two years Mr. Fenton died; and she was left to undivided possession of her son, a thing she had always coveted. To him she now devoted herself with a constancy seldom surpassed; and beautiful would it have been had this devotion resulted from pure, unalloyed affection. But so much of ambitious pride was mingled with her affection, that it would have been difficult to decide which had the stronger mastery over her. The first thing she did after her husband's death was to sell all property associated with the name of Fenton, and with an enormous sacrifice to purchase her present residence of a poor and distant relation, for the sake of its name, and its having been long in the possession of the Percy family. Here she had remained devoting time, thought, feeling to the education of her son, seldom mingling in the society to which her rank entitled her; and who *in the country* seemed inclined to forgive and forget her 'disgraceful marriage,' and never condescending to those who had an inferior pedigree to her own. To the astonishment of the neighbourhood she came to Walter Brandon's. Her motive for so doing was partly a benevolent one, as she had interested herself in the welfare of the school, and partly to give her son the advantage of the few spectacles the country afforded, without any danger of compromise. She was the more anxious to do so, as, from the retired life they were accustomed to lead, (or, perhaps, from the fact that she had so educated Percy as to create in him the need of a higher sympathy,) he had contracted a listless, indifferent manner, the reverse of which she, with all her ambitious views, desired him to possess. Walter Brandon or his daughter knew little either of mother or son; they were too courteous to refuse a wish courteously asked, and accordingly Mrs. Fenton and Percy made their appearance amongst the other guests at Uplands. They came upon the lawn as the whole assembled crowd had formed a circle round a high pole, which was twined round with roses, and from the top of which garlands made of roses were floating on the air. At its foot was placed a chair or throne made of green turf, and covered with moss, a coronet of roses on the top, and numbers of the same, which were now indeed converted into moss roses, peeping out in all directions. In the foremost rank stood the school children, who all wore rosy coronets, and who were about to proceed to the election of their queen. It was understood that whoever they

chose to select had no right to refuse; and though the dignity might be accounted small by those who were accustomed to a wider sway, yet the love of power, so strong in the human heart, made some that were there beat more quickly than usual at the thought of an election even by these simple village children. At the moment that Mrs. Fenton and Percy entered the circle, the choice had fallen upon Flora Brandon, and a universal shout of acclamation filled the air. The coronation procession then formed, and began to move, to the sound of music, round the circle towards the throne. The foremost children bore the regalia on a cushion of greenest moss; the crown of freshest, brightest roses, and the sceptre the long stalk headed with its large white cluster of peerless garden lilies. For a moment there was a pause, when Percy Fenton, suddenly advancing from the circle, offered his hand to Flora, to lead her forward. They reached the mossy throne; he seated her within it, and while another loud shout resounded, he placed the crown upon her brows, and the sceptre in her hands, and hailed her 'The Rose Queen!' Seldom had eyes looked upon a lovelier group. With Flora there was none of that shrinking self-consciousness which, by whatever name it may be designated, says, as distinctly as possible, 'I am wrapt up in my own sensations too much to sympathize heart and soul with those around me.' Flora's heart *was* with those around her, and her heart was in her eyes to tell them so. She was her own sweet and radiant self, in all save a slight assumption of what is supposed to be queenly dignity, which was sufficiently atoned for by the smile of arch humour playing about the corners of her mouth. Percy looked like what he was—a man inspired. He had come into the circle with listless gait, with an air of indifference, partly induced by the excessive warmth of the weather acting on a languid temperament, and partly from dislike to leave his accustomed retirement, which, with the abundance of books of every kind, and every other external his heart could wish, he seldom exchanged for the society his mother led him into without regret. For a few moments he had stood like a statue, entranced by what he saw; the next instant he darted forward, and found himself by Flora's side, carried thither by an impulse strange and bewildering, inasmuch as it was one he could not resist. To those who were accustomed to sights and scenes of a somewhat similar kind, and to whom Percy's peculiar character and habits were unknown, such a circumstance appeared only as one of the customary forms of the world. To Flora it was simply regarded as an appropriate dramatic action to the scene; by Mrs. Fenton—who, though deeply impressed with the beauty of the scene, was still completely engrossed by her son, and those future prospects which, strong as her affection was, she could never entirely forget—it was hailed as the awakening of that spirit and energy which she felt to be absolutely necessary to his future ad-

vancement. She watched his kindling eye and flushing cheek, and whole form trembling with emotion, yet so powerful in its expression, as he stood with the crown uplifted in his hand; and her imagination darted forward to the time when the energy which she now saw for the first time lighted up within him, should earn for him what to her seemed a nobler coronet; and a name and fame amongst the worshippers of rank, which would indemnify her for all the past hours of bitterness which her pride of birth had entailed upon her. Blind ambition! why reject affection's wreath of roses to choose a crown, which, when obtained, is nought but glittering dross?

The next instant Percy had returned to his mother's side. He had withdrawn himself from his suddenly acquired position, to wonder at the impulse that had planted him there. The whole thing seemed like a dream—a passage into a world which he had never before entered, and he stood with hushed breath, almost afraid to speak, lest he should dissolve the spell-work which was conjured up around him. Meanwhile the Rose Queen received the homage of her rustic court. Each child came forward, knelt at her feet, and presented to her each a differing flower—the treasures of the garden paying tribute to their queen's representative. Flora still preserved her arch assumption of dignity, yet tempered with so much sweetness, and so much tact in encouraging the advances and covering the awkwardness of her somewhat unpractised little courtiers, that every other feeling of the beholder was lost in admiration. For each one she had a word of greeting. 'Thanks, Willie! a sweet william! I shall keep it in remembrance of you!' 'What, take all your *heart's ease* from you, Nellie? No, no, we will share them;' and she tendered back to the giver the greater part of the dark blue beauties she had proffered. 'What, my little sprite!' (to a spiritual, delicate-looking child who stood at a distance, with a sprig of jasmine, half fearing to come forward, more from a feeling of veneration than any little vanity,) 'Come, give it me, sweet as yourself as it is;' and as the child tripped hastily forward, a kiss on her forehead (she was evidently a favourite) called a blush of pleasure to her cheek; she had just made her retreat from the circle, when it was broken up by a little urchin, who, out of breath and with a face glowing with heat, forced his way towards the throne. He wore no coronet of roses like the other children, but had in its place a large round straw hat, from beneath which shone out a pair of extraordinarily fine black eyes, and a quantity of hair of the same colour fell about his shoulders. He seemed by far the *best boy* of the group, when once the offence of a short, stout, and somewhat awkward figure was forgiven him. He bore in his hand a magnificent stalk of foxglove, which he presented to the Queen with a shyness of manner that quickly wore off as he spoke; 'I have nursed it in Brandon Wood; I have carried water to it when the hot

days came, for I heard you say that you liked it, and I have seen you look down into the flowers and smile; and now I have been to the wood to gather it, and have run all the way back that it might not wither; and now will you have it?' and he added in a lower voice, 'some day will you sing the song again you once sung to us in school, about the fairies who went to sleep in the cowslip bells and rode upon a bat's back?' Flora's eyes glistened as she nodded an assurance which satisfied the boy, and he passed on. The day went on as it had begun, in uninterrupted harmony and beauty; which seemed to wait upon the inmates of Uplands, as though its master had the wand of Prospero to summon him at his pleasure. The cherry feast succeeded to the feast of roses, and the guests prepared to depart; Lady Brandon, with eyes swelled with the many tears that had rolled over the ineffectual barriers, gave Flora an affectionate caress, pressed the hand of her brother without speaking, and went to her carriage, while Emma was paying her elegant congratulations on the entire success of their 'very clever and tasteful arrangements.' Mrs. Fenton in her best manner—really her best manner, where perfect good breeding went hand in hand with a thorough heartfelt appreciation—paid the tribute due to 'the most perfect festival she had ever witnessed,' and with a warmth of feeling which Percy had never seen his mother show to one so much a stranger, she kissed Flora's cheek, saying as she did so, 'She is the first queen I ever took so great a liberty with; she must forgive it, as she is the queen who has made the deepest impression.'

From that day Percy was a frequent visitor at Brandon Hall. His mother saw him acquiring all the life and energy of manner which she had wished for him, and she trusted to his perfect openness to her, and the high feeling of filial reverence he entertained towards her, to ensure him or herself against any ultimate (what she would have considered) disastrous consequences. Neither Percy nor Flora had any idea of love. The one had too high a reverence for love—which, thanks to his mother's really pure nature, he had always regarded as a divinity to be worshipped rather than as a child to be trifled with—to begin, as it is emphatically termed, a flirtation; while Flora had none of that petty desire for conquest, that excitement about every new object, which always distinguishes a second-rate nature, to make that sort of interchange anything but despicable. Accordingly they entered on their new intimacy, with, as they thought, a perfect understanding of each other's feelings. Percy talked about his mother, Flora of her father,—they compared their past lives, the different books they had read; found themselves meeting in favourite passages in Shakspeare, in favourite engravings, in favourite flowers, favourite skies, and naturally would often meet in the same *favourite* walks. When they became, as Flora said, like 'brother and sister,' she no longer withheld from him her

mother's history; their tears mingled at the account of her death, and it ended in her inspiring him with the same feeling for her art which Flora had once felt, but which had now become to her a religion. In this state they continued for some time, when it was suddenly broken up by Mrs. Fenton's usual visit to London. There was nothing unlooked for in this, as they both knew it would come; as 'brother and sister' they bade each other good bye—as 'brother and sister' they looked forward to a renewal of their communion in a few months. But Fate had other work in hand!

Not long after Percy's departure, one morning, while Flora was busied with some of her garden pets, the gate opened, and she was surprised by seeing her uncle enter somewhat hastily. 'Where is your father? I must see your father,' he said, in a manner, for him, unusually hurried. 'He is not well, uncle,—what is the matter? do not alarm him; is any one ill, any one dead?' she said, death being to her the greatest evil that could happen where there is affection. 'No, child,' he said pettishly, and made his way to the house. 'Do not follow me; I prefer seeing your father alone.' Flora had half a mind to disobey; but feeling confidence in the impossibility of Sir James's being able to have aught to communicate that could touch her father nearly, she remained where she was. In a few minutes she heard her uncle's carriage drive off, he having made his exit by another way. She ran instantly into the house. She found her father seated at a table, with a number of papers and deeds open before him. He was very pale, and his whole form trembling with eager emotion, as his eyes rested on an open parchment before him. He raised them as she entered, and before she could ask a question, he said, 'I must leave you for a short time, my child; I doubt not all will be well.' She interrupted him,—'Not if you leave me, my father: nothing can happen to harm us if we are together; nothing can be well while we are parted. Where is it that you would go? Why not take your Flora with you?' Walter paused an instant. 'Be it so; and this moment let it be done, for this suspense is agony. Stay not to question farther, I will tell you all during our journey to town. Go, my child, and make what arrangements are necessary. But stay; the first thing must be to send George for a post chaise.' George came to wonder at his master's paleness; he received the order, mounted his horse, and rode off to execute it. He returned long before the expected vehicle, and made his way to his master: 'If you please, sir, I hear you and Miss Flora are going to London; perhaps, sir, it will not be for long; and as you do not look very well, and London is strange to you and Miss Flora, I might be some help to you. I could sit upon the box (George had taken care to secure a chaise with a box), and take care of the trunks and things, and pay the turnpikes, and all that, and I used to live in London when I was a boy, and know my way about, and—' 'You shall go, George; be as speedy as you can;' and the delighted George

withdrew. Within an hour the party were on their road to London, and long before the journey was finished Flora was informed of the occasion. A relation of a former possessor of Uplands had called upon Sir James, who still held the title deeds that had been left in his possession by the bachelor uncle in trust to be given to Walter. A flaw had been pointed out in the conveyance; and not only that—the right to make such conveyance was contested, and, as Sir James had declared to Walter, with very strong grounds against him. Walter felt the whole exigencies of the case. To Uplands he had always looked with confidence as a firm resting-place, even should declining health prevent his making his income what it now was by his still continuing in the pursuit of his literary vocation. Here all seemed to fail; the indisposition he had been labouring under seemed in the present exciting circumstances like coming death, and he looked at Flora with a face full of the agonizing anxiety he felt, and which he was ill able to conceal. By the time he reached London he was almost in a state of exhaustion, but he could not be prevailed on to take rest until he had achieved, as nearly as depended upon himself, what he came to do. He selected such papers as were necessary, and sat down to write to an old friend, on whose honest legal opinion he might rely, as to how far the matter was gone on either side, or whether a contest would be necessary. While her father wrote to the lawyer, Flora wrote to Percy, giving him an account of all they had to expect, and telling him the state of health in which it found her father. She was going to say, 'Come to us quickly;' but no, she would not write what would imply any doubt of his doing so on the instant. It was late, and they retired for the night—not to rest. Walter's haggard face haunted Flora's imagination; and the father himself slept not, but paced his room in a state of nervous agitation which did not allow of a moment's repose. They met the next morning at the breakfast table. A packet, secured with red tape, was laid upon it. Walter's face blanched, his hand trembled, his fingers were already upon the seal, when Flora sprung forward and arrested his hand. 'A moment, my father!—touch not that packet till you can look with calmness on the worst. What is the worst? What is house, what is land, what is wealth, compared with the possession of your own untainted honour? what is it compared with the love of her who now throws herself at your feet, and implores you for her sake—for the sake of the mother who first placed her within your arms—to bear with fortitude the trial that awaits you? What is its amount? Why the whole valley, the whole county, the whole world is not worth that pale face, this trembling hand.' 'My child, my noble child, it is for thee that the face is pale, for thee that this hand trembles!' 'Hush, hush! my father. You wrong me; you wrong your own love—my mother's love. Were you not each other's in the

purest, holiest, strongest sympathy that ever linked two noble hearts together? Am I not the child of that love; and think you I am as the weak, dependant, soulless offspring of a selfish, degraded, unhallowed passion? I feel my nature's strength; it is you who have given it to me. Oh! weaken not the blessing of that precious boon by deeming me other than I am; torture me no more by that pale face and quivering lip. Though in years a girl, I am in strength a woman—strong in mind, strong in heart, strong in love, for thy sake to bear all, to suffer all—nay, not to suffer—to *triumph* through all! Now'—and she released his hand as she spoke—'open the packet!' The blow came! Walter rallied with the energy of Flora's appeal into a state of excitement, which sufficed him to read through the note which contained the certainty of his loss, and then sunk insensible at his daughter's feet. S. Y.

(*To be continued.*)

CANADA.

EMIGRATION goes on prospering and to prosper, in spite of the ignorance of statesmen, and the folly of journalists and their correspondents, who would dispute the title of our Canadian fellow-subjects taking under grants from the Crown, and who would concede to the squirearchy of the woods the privilege of fixing the period of limitation of claims to the day in which they severally became 'squatters,' or 'backwoodsmen.' Commissions, reports, and the information, not 'by authority,' of novels, tours, notes, and other narratives, have been lavished to little purpose on the public and their rulers. How loud has been the outcry against public commissioners, when monopolies, ecclesiastical and civil, were the matters of inquiry!—but a debate is got up, an attack upon a branch of the administration is made, a Tory minister has no reply, his predecessors were to blame, and Canada may be in want of a commission, and the thing is done; and in another twelvemonth there will be another debate, and papers promised, and in due course produced; then a report, and there it will rest till another commission is required by a new debater.

As tests of the sufficiency of the officials, take the selection of the metropolis of Upper Canada. It was told them in Downing Street, by some disinterested landholder of the locality, that a harbour fit to contain the whole navy of Great Britain was just there; York was built, and the unfathomable basin was discovered to be a swamp, so that the first ship which would make that port got a-ground in mid-channel, and few have attempted it since; and Colonel Bouchette, or some of his family, take great credit in having discovered something like deep water-way of a breadth to navigate one frigate, if she be careful in taking her soundings, and it be fair weather. Again: many tons of shipping were sent

out to the Canadian lakes, during the late war, with a supply of fresh water for the force afloat upon them. Item: let it be known that when the boundary-line between Canada and the States was fixed by commissioners, where one part of the water-way was unnavigable, and the other favourable to navigation, the British frontier was carefully excluded from the line where navigation begins to be practicable. Then the 'North-East Boundary:' when is the award to be carried into effect? But why particularize misconduct? The timber of Canada had been cut to the full extent that was practicable for the purposes of traffic in that commodity, (until the 'lumberer' turn to the Ottawa,) and the traders wished to turn a penny without being troubled to look for a marketable commodity. They apply for exclusive patronage,—the Colonial Office are confronted with tables showing the magnitude of Canadian exports in this particular, and have no means of ascertaining when this had passed its maximum, and why; but astounded by the magnitude of the protecting duty, they give the order for its discontinuance, in order to square a theory of free trade, (had they asked the dealers what quality of timber they had to sell, they would have silenced remonstrance,) and giving a rebuff, and 'it is no mistake,' they drive the monopolists to Parliament; and members get away from debate after the hour of usual repose, but not before they had snored loudly on the question; then there is a division in which Whig and Tory tremble for place; and then no more is recollected of Canadian timber.

With such leaders it is not to be wondered at that the British public are misinformed on Canadian statistics. They are not much assisted by what has been published by private hand on the subject. Mr. Bliss's tables display much industry; but who can fail to discover an advocate for the monopoly in the framer of a schedule headed the *Timber Trade*, or, *Produce of the Forest*, which includes every mill and other building in the interior of the province, all the new ships, all the peltry, in fact, almost every article of commerce or wealth which is not born in the sea, (there is also a display of the decrease of the fisheries on the coast since the peace and free competition,) or the produce of arable land?

We have also surveys of the surface of the land, if we could rely upon them; but land agents and land proprietors are not apt toweigh their own localities with others in an even balance. When London and York (of England) were a fortnight's journey apart, the two cities were in a happy state of ignorance respecting each other's pretensions; we suppose that until steam has contracted the transit across the Atlantic, and Englishmen have seen the province with their own eyes, they will still doubt, like the Secretary of Downing Street, whether Lake Erie contains fresh or salt water.

Ignorance is ever associated with pride. The old country assumes the airs of a pedagogue, *poh, pohs* the new, and sympa-

thizes with the author of 'Cyril Thornton,' whose visit to Canada has taught him that that province is but 'a feather in the eagle's wing,' and bids us 'let it go.' On the other hand, some speculative haberdasher is taught, by a public advertisement, to believe that Canada is the veritable land of Cockaigne, and ships his family, some fine morning, at the London Docks; arriving in the St. Lawrence at 'the fall,' he is surprised to find that it is cold, and that he has been wofully deceived, like that correspondent of a 'planter' in Nova Scotia (see Dr. Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides') who was assured by his friend 'that the climate of that transatlantic region reminded him of the South of Italy.'*

We can recommend the perusal of Galt's pleasant story of 'Lawrie Todd,' and if there be leisure, his 'Bogle Corbet' may be consulted: Dunlop's 'Backwoodsman' also is replete with agreeable information. The more detailed matter in Howison, Picken, Pickering, M'Gregor, Martin Doyle, the first number of 'Chambers's Information,' and the issues of the Canada Companies (gratis) are also valuable advisers. And do we, as the result of our reading, advise emigration?—decidedly. That the ruined or nearly ruined commercial and professional men should turn farmers in Canada?—expressly so. 'But farmers do not succeed *here*.' But farmers *there* have no rent, no tax, no poor rate to pay, no manure to buy. It is a virgin soil. 'But to farm without the science of a farmer.' This is quite practicable where the farms have no obstacles which puzzle our European

* We have heard absurd speculations on the softening of the climate of Canada by the 'clearings;' but, according to barometrical observations, the clearing of the forests appears to have had the contrary result, if any, but to have made very slight appreciable alteration in the severity of the frost. The climate of Canada is severe. This severity may be accounted for on general principles. Firstly, it is on the east side of America; the eastern sides of our continents are colder than the west, (Pekin is visited with severe frosts in winter;) secondly, the prevailing wind, north-west, blows over land, instead of being softened by its progress over water; thirdly, it is not protected by mountains to the north; fourthly, the polar ice is locked in Hudson's Bay, making a frozen Mediterranean. Baron Humboldt has made extensive experiments and inquiries, confirming most of the above rules of climate. Most of the above circumstances tend to produce a dry atmosphere: this is the counterbalance for the coldness. Captain Ross informs us that in their winter quarters his crew condensed the vapour of the apartment, collecting it in an inverted vessel of metal, placed over the hatchway or aperture in the ceiling, and thus drying the atmosphere, they were able to endure the apartment at a comparatively low temperature. These circumstances bear out the reports we have of the Canadian climate. Therefore a cold climate needs no apology to home-seeking men, if its coldness be salubrious, and that of Canada is so in a remarkable degree, so that catarrhs are almost unknown; and in a congregation of 3000 people at Montreal not a single cough is to be heard. The cold north braces no less the body than the intellect of man. We know but one 'republic of letters,' meaning a free people of whom each individual is learned, that is Iceland. The first Greek poet was from their north country; the southern taste, in modern days, has been taught to look beyond the mountains, and has learned to respect the names of Milton, Shakspeare, and Byron, and to close her book of wondrous tales to listen to the 'Ariosto of the North;' and our own effeminate disrelish for the drama, and the higher walks of poetry, is a sign welcome to barbarous luxury, which squats on the banks of the Thames; while poetic fiction of the highest order watches the career of the northern lights, and chooses her Parnassus amid the highlands of the Hudson.

ploughs and disappoint our harvests; where, in fact, the soil is frequently prepared with no more delving than as a hen would scratch a dunghill, and the crops are gathered as carelessly as you would make a haul with a casting-net, as much escaping as you gather, and the hogs coming in for an equal participation of profits with their master. Yet we do not promise a farm to every poor labourer who emigrates: like too early marriages, the hurried investment with the rank of landholder will lead him to embarrassments; he has to provide himself with supplies for a year, and to pitch his tent near an accessible market. By a year's labour for hire (at 3*s.* a-day besides his food) he will become capitalist sufficient to undertake then a 'clearing,' but not before. The Report of Colonel Cockburn on this matter is highly satisfactory, ensuring the labourer returns if he combine the character of landholder with that of servant in the mode just mentioned.

But this is not the department of the subject of Canadian affairs which we at present enter upon. We would rather listen to the quavering notes that accompany the feathering oar on the inland lakes which feed the Richlieu and St. Francis, or drive our sleigh over the rail-road of snow that bridges the St. Lawrence, or float without thought amid the channels of the deep dark water in the 'lake of a thousand islands,' or steam it on the Hudson, or hear the Niagara mock all the artillery that presumes to roar upon the ocean which he caters to—aye, we have no stomach to persuade the unsettled to become settlers, the thriftless husbands to set their houses in order instead of leaving as a heirloom the bills of tailors, upholsterers, and coach builders who contributed to the establishment in 'the square,' or of calming the discontent of the unpaid mechanic, and telling him there is a land where labour is property. We have read, as they may read, the shilling and penny knowledge on these heads; we perceive in Canada a new and amended edition of Old England, and the freedom and plenty of the ninth century revived in the nineteenth. We agree with Cowley that 'we may talk as we please of lilies and lions rampant, and spread eagles in fields d'or or d'argent; but if heraldry were guided by reason, a plough in a field arable would be the most noble and ancient arms.' But we must show that we are aware how our remarks on the subject of this article will be perused We must prove that we do not expect a quiet audience—we must tell them that we know their prejudices, that compass the little all they have ever vented on this subject. They will break away to discuss whether deportation as a substitute for transportation be advisable; there will be sundry objections from place-wrights of sessions and pensioners upon the 'gaol delivery,' who will be wroth to lose poverty before it has ripened into crime. Then the hundred-branched 'unproductive' of this halt of tavern-like additions to the prime cost of articles supplied to whoever boasts himself a subject and denizen of old England, its rents, and rates,

and the taxes, that burnish the sign-board 'glory,' will accuse us of an intent of robbing the Exchequer. Then we shall be asked, (or we may start the inquiry,) whether a great and proud city, where individual character is almost lost in the reigning fashion, and pre-eminent worth smothered in the pretensions of a crowd, is all that it assumes to be: or whether 'the cloth' in the bale might not be as fair a representative of wealth and importance as when it is paraded, as we see it from our window, the envelope of many-shaped caste and calling. We might similarly stumble on an inquiry whether the adding house to house be always a multiplying of happy hearths; or if not, how many lazar-houses, 'hells,' bagnios, gaols, usurers' dens, surgeries, with their appendant dispensaries and drugs, saws, screws, and wrenches, should be thrown into the shade when St. James's would smile its contempt on lowly hamlet of the forest side, or thriving township on the river's margin. We might be led to doubt whether Fashion and Pomp are the magic bases they pretend to be, setting forth in grace the ugliness they support—hollow friends, false mistresses, treacherous partisans, backward-looking bachelorhood, *ennui* passing the ivory knife through the pages of the newest novel, and every disease flourishing under the very nose of all that can add lustre to the healing art. When we had satisfied ourselves on these topics, we might set forth the value of 'Hail fellow,' in the woods, the merriment of a 'clearing,' the comforts of a 'shanty.' We might then prepare a homily on emigration, omitting to address all who are doomed to attend the rise and fall of stocks until capital has ceased to float on to the port of London, and all who by the instinct of an artist's immortality must spend a life in chiselling a stone that has been for centuries the corner stone of arable acres, and all whose necks ache if not bowing to a customer across the counter, or whose palms itch in the golden expectation of a 'refresher.' How deep we might proceed in our argument, how many turns it might make about the doctrines of Malthus, or how profound a reverence it might vouchsafe to M'Culloch, we have not fully considered. But without answering all who would be our opponents on this theme we make bold to say, that all who profess to wish to preserve their home are not in our apprehension animated with the Swiss passion, nor would they be the last to fly to foreign ports if the tide of exchange should warn them that commerce was preparing to mark her ebb in the port of London or Liverpool. *

* A work entitled 'Colonial Policy, Military Colonization, &c.,' deserves consideration, (published by Cochrane and Co.) though many prejudices are apparent. Why should the writer make the case of one successful military township in Canada a ground for blaming all other plans of settlement? Colonel Cockburn's Report shows that civilians were equally thriving in their townships; and the Canada Company (the writer has a feeling of hostility to public companies) has, under its own civil establishment, sown rather densely a whole province with townships. The case of the married soldier in barracks, and the system of enlistment for life, are blemishes in the administration of the Horse Guards. If the writer had restrained his theory

We must, however, claim to break through any more formal introduction to our notices of Canada, leaving prejudice to his own dark corner, and enlightening our readers in our own way. That there have been, and should continue to be, blunders in the Colonial Office, will not be doubted. For what magic can there be in the place-giving majority of a debate in Parliament, which shall make some winner in an argument on a point of etiquette, or some wielder of oratory from the schools, suddenly possessed of all the particulars of the history and statistics of the East and West Indies, of all the British Isles in the Pacific, and all its cities and townships across the Atlantic? But, as we have exemplified in the outset, there has been more than the usual share of statesmanlike ignorance in the management of our relations with Canada. We have, however, to warn our readers that they be not misled in reading a catalogue of the grievances of the French Canadians since the fall of Quebec, as a statement of those at present complained of; nor the promises of extinct Tory ministers, as contracts to be enforced without a re-claim of all that State owes to England; nor the indefeasible rights of a sovereign state, as things to be surrendered until a re-conquest has pulled down the British flag from the forts of the Saint Lawrence.

The question is how we are to govern the colony of Lower Canada,—how to dispose of above half a million of British subjects. Have they not a charter? True; but when that was granted, Canada or Acadie was a united province consisting of 300,000 square miles; but now two-thirds of this quantity, with a population of about half a million, have a separate legislature from the remainder, who, (the Lower Canadians,) as it is well known, are generally a French community, (though emigration to the eastern townships in the inland portion of Lower Canada is rapidly diminishing the preponderancy of an anti-national caste); so that, admitting a case of general discontent at our administration under the charter, (which, for the sake of argument only, we do allow,) the question remains, how is Lower Canada to be kept quiet? We should be answered by their neighbours of the surrounding British provinces, (as we have frequently heard those provincials express themselves,) 'Bring the militia down the Ottawa, let the New Brunswickers pass their border, and we'll soon make a settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen.' Again: we shall be answered by a tourist, an officer now or late in the British service,

of military colonization to draughts of the married and sober soldiery, sent with their adjutant or quarter-master, and subject to the 'orders of the day,' we should not object to such a nucleus of civilization; but heaven forefend that a province should be spread with a flock of wild recruits, 'warping on the east wind,' making the land one camp, and permitting the monopoly of the commissariat, instead of thronging to communities of market towns, and cities with free harbours.

Many very useful hints, independent of the prevailing theories, are contained in the above work. The postage from Canada, which is the principal medium for communicating healthy views on emigration to the classes most to be benefited by it, should be placed on a very liberal footing.

'Let it go.' We do not see the necessity of this surrender of fruits of victory: and as to the bloody work of the former respondent we should say, 'The widest province of our empire were too dearly purchased at your price.' We will shape the question in another form.—Here is Lower Canada, an extensive country, as you well know; a portion comprising about one-fiftieth of its territory is at present peopled, and partially cultivated; we have given this portion the exclusive legislative powers over the whole, and this legislature would absorb the executive. 'Would absorb the executive,' we say; for there 'constitutional privilege' of refusing the supplies is become, not the exception, but the rule of their conduct: for a period of five years successively they have acted up to their constitution, and now they are disposed to offer a like period of rebellious sessions. We apprehend an answer might be returned in this form: 'You have given to one county out of fifty, not a charter of old customs, as was accorded to Kent by the Saxon and Norman conquerors respectively, (we say 'Saxon and Norman' advisedly, but will not farther enter here into the antiquity of gavelkind,) but you have given them their ancient dominion, where the forty-nine other counties were unprovided with a population to secure the law of the land as paramount, and to secure the integrity of your kingdom or viceroyalty. There are only two alternatives: the one is to re-unite the two provinces of Canada under one legislature, (to which both will say, No,) the other to fill up with a British population the forty-nine parts of Lower Canada which remain untenanted. This is the common sense view of the case; in this way were the old and new population of Europe, upon the overthrow of the Roman empire, united in the several states; we see this in the state of landed property in England, the common tenure, (first soccage, then military services,) pervading the entirety, while isolated manors, boroughs, and gavelkind districts point to the remnant of ancient proprietors. And we are of opinion that this plan of following up civilization in the Canadian province, subject to the British Crown, should be immediately put into active execution, notwithstanding the reluctance of the French minority to its adoption.

But the question of grievances is not to be thus abruptly dismissed, although their remonstrances point to results which must be provided for, we submit, according to the above recommendation. The principal grievance of the French Canadians is that of indemnity for losses during the American war, withheld though promised, ascertained by a royal commission, of which Lord Stanley was a member with Mr. Galt an active coadjutor, but not liquidated, nor in progress to be paid. They have been cheated of a large part, not of the pay for the services of those gallant and noble subjects and allies, but of the restoration of property deteriorated or destroyed by the havoc of war between the English and the American states upon the Canadian frontier.

Now, with the 'United States' bearding us in respect of the 'North-Eastern Boundary,' which they will not condescend to determine, (it has already been concluded by the award of the sovereign to whom it was referred) we do not think our Government can afford to insult the whole (almost) of the population of Lower Canada by the refusal of a demand equally just, at least, and similar in circumstances (except that this is for losses sustained by allies, that by neutrals or enemies) to that which has so fiercely agitated the legislature of the 'United States,' and so recently divided the 'Chamber of Deputies.' And, if the tone of remonstrance in the present case be one unsuited to subjects, we have the concurring testimony of Colonel Cockburn, Commissioner Richards, Galt, and others, that the mass of the French population, exclusive of their agitators, the supporters of Papineau, are well affected. It would be painful to see 'that simple contented family of Jean Baptiste, the best disposed and best bred community in the world,' spirited to feel with his seigneurs, insulted as they without doubt have been, and to revenge insults, as they no doubt would do, even to their own extermination. We would rather see true British faith and feeling carried into our provincial relations, than witness a stubborn, stiff-necked support of policy as wrong, and politicians as ignorant of the subject they were attempting to deal with, as ever led to the loss of provinces and the dismemberment of an empire. The Duke of Richmond can tell whether we speak in terms of unmerited reproach of Tory governors in Canada; he may know what state of feeling existed at Quebec when his uncle took up his residence in the castle of Saint Louis, and how that feeling was excited, and why it was necessary to present then the ribbon of the Order of the Bath to the chivalrous and right loyal Canadian seigneurs. If we have reform at home, let us not cook the discontents of a province over the embers of Tory mal-administration. The conquest of Quebec was the immediate precursor of the three-quarters of a century of the Tory dynasty within the British dominions; let us return to the scene of our ancient glories with thegenerous feelings of the liberal Government that achieved those glories. We have purged that leaven of corruption from our constitution; let the remotest extremities feel the invigorating principle which now stimulates the life-blood of our nation. We cannot imagine that the Canadian seigneurs would nourish a feeling of discontent towards the order of things, to the preservation of which their noble cooperation has materially contributed during an era of alarm; their Church (the Catholic) is recognised (by 14 Geo. III. c. 83); their revenue, in their own keeping, is raised without any burden to individuals, consisting as it does of very moderate duties on imports, and of the produce of the sale of public lands; they pay tithes to their own clergy, while the Protestant Church is supported upon reserves made on

new inclosures of the forest; their administration of justice is confessedly on a system which infinitely surpasses that of the *ancien régime,* where judges were multiplied to an unlimited extent, their responsibility being proportionably diminutive. During a war of thirty years they proved their attachment to this order of things by feats of gallantry in the field; and those veterans, or the successors in their present militia, are hampered by no English authority, marching under their own banners, following their own officers, and conquering according to their own tactics.

We have treated this question respecting the Lower Canadians as we should have discussed it in their presence. The Norman conquerors, of eight centuries past, left in this country their customs and property to a portion of the conquered population; we leave theirs to all; the form of legislature, which after two centuries we recovered from the successors of the Norman, has been accorded to the Canadians from the beginning (after thirty years from the conquest of Quebec). We left an extensive domain of forest; this we are about to reclaim, by providing it with hands which shall subdue the soil. We will introduce to a territory, which is in the state of savageness met with partially in the territory of the Anglo-Norman people, the civilization of our own era of refinement. Do our fellow-subjects listen incredulously to this boast? True, there has been less attention shown by Government and capitalists in locating the British settlements than was exhibited in the settling the French seignories. The seignory had at its commencement a chief and subordinate members, and a charter, or scheme of co-operation, binding the whole together: thence have resulted attachment to the home thus provided, and respect for him whose head and heart planned and upheld their associated hearths. This happy tenantry are as the constituents of which the resultant is a lord of the soil, living on his rents and the homage of the roturiers. He is proud when comparing himself with the new comers whom he meets at the capital: he sees them loaded with cash, which they are ready to lay out in purchasing seignories, or in locating townships. He does not scruple to meet their purse-proud rudeness by telling them, 'What! you have sold your country, and are come now to buy ours.'* We must not expect to find a squirearchy very ready to surrender their dignity, or to acknowledge the respectability of the stranger who shoulders them at church and at the county ball, and is preparing to break up an adjoining farm, or to spoil a favourite prospect. Yet, contrasting the French and English success in colonization, even in Canada, can there be a doubt that we have the preeminence? The French were continually squab-

* Such expression in the Assembly in 1833 led to severe misunderstanding between an English and French senator.

bling with the Indians; the abortive attempts of their missionaries only converted the civilized exile into a half-savage, despised by those he would reclaim; while we have a whole province (Upper Canada) reclaimed from its savage state, free from its savage tenants, and pushed, in half a century, to a state of civilized wealth which Lower Canada, its elder by two centuries, has not yet attained, nor will until British enterprise has taken deep root there.

To conciliate the Lower Canadians, as co-tenants with the British emigrants, it is only necessary that the scheme of emigration should be so conducted that squalid pauperism should not be glaring as the basis of new townships, and that blustering barbarous neighbours should not be the result of a new township's success. The Yankee manners must be kept wide aloof from the polite Frenchman,—the notions of 'turning a penny' must not be backed by contempt and insult to the less thrifty Jean Baptiste. What a blessing would it be to the world at large had Reform in its widest extent been implanted deeply in the British population instead of the demoralizing system of war prices, and the preposterous pretensions of national supremacy, accompanied by a national debt, grinding down individual happiness, till character, varied talent, mutual courtesy, and every feeling above that of self-preservation, are lost! With those means of advancing civilization, which existed here when bloody wars and moody suspicions of our neighbours enrolled England in the 'Holy Alliance,' we might have exhibited to the world Britons worthy to lead empire into new channels. Alas! the poor's rates have unfitted those who should emigrate from occupying the position in a new colony which they should hold. Brutality would produce an outbreak between 'township' and seignory. Government must read the Reports of commissioners and committees, and undertake the responsibility of locating the rich province of Canada with a due consideration of the interests at stake, and the circumstances of settlers. Or rather, were patriotism a working principle, we should say now is the opportunity for the rich and the idle to turn from parish and district vestries, clubs, and unions, from half-acre allotments to the poor here, and look to the advantage of corn-lands inexhaustible in their supply of labour and food to our surplus population. We do not despair of seeing emigration conducted, even under the present untoward circumstances, with the most complete success, as a measure of relief to this country, and of benefit to Canada and the Canadians. We expect the benefits we anticipate to be worked out by the simplest means; when we call for the supervision of Government, or of wealthy individuals, we only see their aids necessary so far as introducing to each other the sturdy day labourers and their respective families. It is already laid down as an axiom in Canada, that 'a man with a large family cannot be poor;' this experi-

mental truth results from the quick and sure returns of labour and the nature of that labour, which is such that the skill of a boy of ten years of age can be almost as serviceable as that of an adult. Where the processes of agriculture are so simple, and where there is no fund, no resource, except the bountiful soil, we cannot contemplate any other case than that of an industrious community arising in the location of even the poorest settlers. We would depend too on the elastic virtue of human feelings, relieved from the pressure of hopeless want which stares the poor labourer in the face too frequently in this country, exerting themselves in every direction towards the spread of intelligence, mutual kindness, all the charities of domestic life, and all the graces of civilization. The straggling plan of the English townships in Canada opposes obstacles to this bettering of society, which, as we have said, we expect to arise from social intercourse under the circumstances of competence and healthful employment. The townships, cut up into little parallelograms, each of which is only partially and progressively cleared, present interstices of forest and waste between neighbouring homesteads; the frontage is thus lengthened beyond immediate demand, and the road which runs along this frontage is longer than the cultivated plot, and consequently neglected. We would press the allotments together; clearing should radiate from a centre, and the central circle should comprise the village, leaving the uncleared land in the rear. We think if the homesteads were thus kept together, a school, a store, and the necessary handicraft trades (the smith and carpenter) brought within the central area, that there would be little left for supervisors, and that all the domestic feeling which is so evident in the seigniories would be contemporaneous with the birth of a township, instead of remaining in anticipation to the next generation. Eight passage ships were lost in the passage from this country to Quebec last year: this has been the subject of inquiry, and we trust that the measures proposed for the prevention of a similar calamity will be effected. Such oversights as this speak volumes against emigration. There is too much truth in 'Bogle Corbet,' where the author remarks, 'The colonial system is only to send troops to keep possession and to make civil appointments for the exertion of patronage.' Since the publication of 'Bogle Corbet,' there have been Government agencies appointed to supervise the emigration. Should not the loss of eight ships in one season lead to an inquiry as to the cause? It is fully in the spirit of a Tory Government to grasp, and grasp at more, instead of securing what they have and might enjoy. But what are conquests if, when ripened into colonies, they become a curse and reproach?

Are we to be ever the dupes of partisan reports? Now 'treason in Canada' swells the columns of the 'Times,' and liberalism is to suffer throughout our dominions: the timber question is to effect

the destruction of a ministry, and, behold! the deserts of the good Canadians are magnified, and the deals of the St. Lawrence float triumphantly on the stream of a majority. We have, as we before stated, examined Mr. Bliss's tables with some pains, and should be startled by the appearance of a falling off in some branches of Canadian exports there set forth, did we not know that the more accessible forests in Canada have already been cleared of their serviceable timber, and did we not find that a reduction in the exports of the United States, comparing later years with 1806, has taken place to the amount of one-fourth of the present total; facts which only show that capital has flowed into different channels and the working hands obtained new employment, that the United States and Canada have ceased to command the bulk of raw produce in timber and peltries which they formerly possessed, and that the cultivation of the soil has taken up the occupation which formerly fell to the lumberer. Similarly of our North American fisheries, where the French vessels work under the press of a Government bounty of £60,000 annually, while the annual grants of the Canadian treasury all look to the improvement of the soil and of internal communication.

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It is very easy, by confusing items (*e. g.* by introducing peltries and ship-building as produce of the forests), to falsify tables intended to influence votes in Parliament (we do not ascribe this intention to Mr. Bliss, but speak of it as a thing of common occurrence); but the rapid progression of Canadian prosperity is manifest by the authentic reports of the annual imports and exports, which now exceed two millions respectively, and employ nearly 300,000 tons of shipping. Comparing this with the proportion of our West India and East India commerce (the latter having a population of 70 millions), we cannot miss seeing the mighty and growing importance which these former provinces are of to the British Crown. As to any factious outcry, echoed in Parliament, presuming to interdict our meddling with the soil for the purposes of farther colonization, there is this plain and ultimate answer: England has purchased the soil by her blood and treasure, the latter annually lavished, as will be seen by inspecting the appropriate item in the Supplies. Every labourer who sets his foot on the Canadian soil will have paid, by his contribution in this country towards the direct or indirect taxation, the full value for the fee-simple of all he can occupy in the province.

If theorists refuse to consider our ruined labourers as constituents of the British empire, we will represent the case in another point of view, and introduce the aggregate of national power, the State. Does the waste land of Canada belong to the proprietors of the seignories or settled portions, without any contract or compact by which the seignors were made grantees of the entire territory? We tell them No. For all the states of modern

Europe, according to documents contemporary with the events, (see authors cited by Von Savigny's 'History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages,') were settled by the division of the conquered territory between the conquerors, reserving a proportion of the farms under cultivation at the time of the conquest in the possession of the ancient Roman or Romanized proprietors, giving a large proportion to the king. The territory not claimed by title founded on that division at the conquest, as well as the lands to which no rightful heir or successor could be found, and the farms deserted and allowed to fall to waste, and, lastly, the waste lands or woods over which the original grantees had not, for some generations, exercised rights of ownership, became the property of the State or Crown lands. By this ancient scheme of proprietorship the King of France was proprietor of the waste land of Canada prior to the conquest in 1760, and the French Crown, but for that conquest, would have been entitled to the Jesuits' Estates in Canada, on the abolition of that fraternity. If our Government were so weak as to yield the right of property to the French occupiers of the seignories, Louis Philippe would have a fair claim to the waste lands, as representing the State which our Government had consented to consider as still subsisting in Canada. A writer in the 'Courier' uses some phrases of Latin text writers and French law unadvisedly, but to his mistakes we need not refer; the very subscription to his correspondence (Fecialis) betrays his party. What! do the seignors array themselves for battle against the State? the sooner they are made a cargo for the Tower the better. But the paltry opposition of the Quebec and Montreal orators must not be dignified with the consideration of rebellion: we shall proceed as if they had fairly brought the question to trial in a civil action. If they are not lords of the soil, they claim to have all its revenue for the public service. There is a letter of William Pitt according this. Pitt had no power to cede the *ordinary revenue* of the Crown; it is inalienable, except by Act of Parliament. And if the French party of Papineau were determined to have their bond, in the case of any inconsiderate surrender of the ordinary revenue of the Crown having been made by a corrupt Administration or an unreformed Parliament, there would be a fair case of lien on this fund for all the outgoings from the British customs, and other branches of the extraordinary revenue (in Britain, for in Canada, as we have stated, the customs and other supplies have been, year after year, withheld), in support of the establishment of Lower Canada, particularly its canals, bridges, fortifications, and military expeditions, which were in Europe payable by the land generally from the earliest era of the modern States. We see, therefore, no ground upon which the exclusives of the Richelieu and St. Francis can support themselves in denying bread and a home to the British labourer. Much, however, in these days is

to be feared from the cowardice of politicians; a few votes in the House of Commons are worth a province: so that while the Cape of Good Hope is overrun by savages, for want of sufficient garrisons, and the troops at Cape Town are almost deprived of the benefit of divine worship, from the deficient supply of a Church Establishment, a frigate and a Lord Commissioner are yielded at the first breath, suggesting disaffection at the head quarters of Mr. Papineau.

We shall take the liberty of supposing that the weakness of their rulers does not influence the British public at large—that they will throw healthy blood into the representative system of that British territory across the Atlantic, and leave Mr. Papineau in a minority, and 'Fecialis' without a salary. We hope to see the British capitalist also as active in setting up nations, as he has been eager to contribute to their overthrow. Much gold is not wanted in the present undertaking; fire and water are mighty elements to clear forests and work timber-framing mills; the progress of wealth, founded on labour and an abundant soil, in an untaxed country, and in neighbourhoods of simple manners, is certain—certain in its returns for the outlay of capital,—certain in the building up houses for labourers who take to Canada only their personal exertions. They have only to proceed on a cheerful understanding with the genius of the place: at the North Pole snow and ice, as building materials, were found an efficient substitute for the masonry of more genial climates; and in Canada the stout timber wall makes as comfortable a homestead as brick-work and stucco, or what is more costly in the fabric of our modish villas. There is a noble field for philanthropy, a wide area for speculation, a certain home and sufficient fortune for all who are contented to seek the reward of labour in the comfort and happiness of their families. The savage of the woods has disappeared from the shores of the Atlantic; the posterity of the tenants of the German forests, having spread over Europe their free institutions, and advanced civilization there to its height, are progressing westward—freedom in their hearts, strength in their arm: who shall resist?—how shall happiness elude their search, or wealth escape from their exertions?

WILLIAM COBBETT.

(FROM A CORESPONDENT.)

WE had always intended a criticism on Cobbett, but this should not have been an epitaph. Light lie the earth upon him, and lighter be the monument of criticism! If the synod critical heap mountains upon him, they will quake with his efforts to resist, even in the grave, impertinence and vain pretension. Besides, Cobbett has buried himself long ago, if 'Peter Porcupine' ever

meant 'William Cobbett.' We cannot even venture to weave a pall for the occasion, lest we should hear his voice exclaiming that it is not black enough; for he would contrast it with Castlereagh and the 'Six Acts,' 'the Manchester massacre,' 'the bloody old "Times,"' and the 'hell-featured' object of his latest attack. We are, moreover, scarcely assured that he is really gone: a ride among the Sussex cottages, or an acre of Indian corn, a Hampshire farm, or even a gridiron, will recall him among all the public life that is so busy around us, and that is all nothing without the shadow that used to attach to them. 'William Cobbett a shadow! well, that's a pretty particular d——d lie, I guess,' exclaims a voice from the Hudson. True, he had more 'blood' than the Guillotine, more 'hell' than the Montgomery-Satan; but still what would he have been if Ministers had always been honest, Kings' speeches grammatical, the 'Times' gentlemanly and consistent, and the Manchester people as sleek and as well to do as the Manchester cottons, or 'the son of the cotton-spinner?' He did hang upon these particulars of bad government, and reposed upon his Hampshire farming, and sample corn, and his Grammar, and every thing he had done,—aye, as a *shadow*—we are tenacious, you shall have it—or the gridiron. Nay, we insist on it, no corporal is more a slave to his drill than Cobbett to his topics and himself. Some writers have attempted, or will attempt, to define or circumscribe the attributes of Cobbett, but let them beware: could they succeed in picturing a Sancho Panza without the knight-companion, the valorous Don Quixotte? could they extol a *bass* without giving us the air? Oh, ye *doctrinaires!* Vanity—all is vanity! Ye may sift and sort, and sort and sift, but when will you collect the elements of character? Be modest, and avow that, without such and such occurrences, you know not how the 'Weekly Register' would have lived half a century of weeks. And with such and such things happening, the gentlemanly Castlereagh succeeded by the polite Peel, and the sharp Canning by the peppery Stanley, and the Manchester massacre by the uprooting of our rural population and farming wealth, and the 'bloody old Times' by the 'weathercock journal,'—how can Cobbett be spared? Ye morning journals, increase your double sheet by advertisements; ye Monthlies, swell your wrapper with puffs; when will you gain a character like the 'Weekly Register,' which never puffed but 'ourselves,'—never was tempted by the vulgar egotism of the common advertisement? And, with all your attempts, what do you achieve? to bandy explanation and contradiction from day to day, or month to month, with 'our contemporary,' until your readers begin to think you may be all wrong. Cobbett had no such shuttlecock game in hand. 'Swear by my gridiron! do you think that it has been there since 1819 for you to grin through? Now who could touch up "*Heddekashun*" like me?' And so we

read and tremble, and through the loopholes of terrible expressions we see William Cobbett studying the humanities, or tending his farm, until another week call him forth to put the hook in the nose of the monster, the many-headed public. But this is holy ground. When we read such precepts as we remember with delight on domestic duties, and know they were backed by so exemplary practice, we regret that such a man should ever have been taken away from those high duties to earn the cruel retaliation of our late (Heaven grant that it have passed away!) dynasty of oligarchists, and to deal out vengeance at those publishing periods. If for cruel insults offered to those dear relations Cobbett's periodical invective have been called forth; '*if*'! has he not been cruelly attacked in those dear and holy interests, and do the Doctrinaires discover that Cobbett's writings had the qualities of (see 'Times,' June 20, 1835) 'coarseness, brutality, and tedious repetition?' Why, against such tyrants and against their successors, or against all governments, if all balance between cowardice and cruelty, what could he utter, but that they were cruel and cowardly and the vilest of their race; how could he be coarse and brutal against such monsters who wield a giant's power to do wrong? How many an injured father and husband have pined in the impotency of their revenge, and died in the hope of meeting their oppressor in more equal field, and, like Ugolino (of Dante), gnawing the skull of the detested in their imagined hell! And those who have not waited for the posthumous consummation of revenge, what have they done? they have unseated kings, and sat on their thrones—aye, conquerors have grown out of 'the ranks' before now. Our soldier lived in the age of press-prosecutions and Weekly Registers: has he not wielded his weapon well? One of the race of the Tomkinses, who have 'to do' for their families, did he not boldly step up from his hearth at the call of humanity? And that prosecution which followed, and that fine which was exacted and paid—one thousand pounds from a journalist who did not live upon advertisements, one thousand pounds from a father of a family of small children, with a wife on the puerperal crisis, one thousand pounds and his personal liberty from a man beginning life, and only not so borne down with the hard task of building up his house in this taxed country as not to hear unmoved the cries of the outraged militia-men flogged by, or under the surveillance of, our foreign mercenaries! If there be poetry in the passions, was there none in Cobbett's vindictiveness? Shall servile editors and simpering critics wonder at the Register and its plain-speaking? What martyr to a passion is nice in choosing his attitude, or hesitates to take up what weapon is at hand? Detestable is the partisan's faint praise to a buried rival!—outrageous all that has appeared in the 'Times' and its followers on this subject since the melancholy event!

This is not intended as criticism, it is sympathy with the spirit of Cobbett; may it be near us, in its most terrible attitude, if ever, like him, I have cause to speak the vengeance of a man. But shall it ever happen again that an Englishman at home shall suffer from systems of government adapted to the meridian of Persia?—if so, the English language must strain itself for expression of such injuries.

THE ROEBUCK PAMPHLETS.

LARGER and more rapid grow the daily strides which are making towards that desirable goal—free and untaxed knowledge. The iniquitous laws which have so long impeded the free circulation o. opinion, without which human progression lies stagnant, are daily becoming more powerless; long have they been objects of hatred to the people, but that hatred is fast changing into contempt. The ruling Whigs, like the ruling Tories, are fond of such laws, are determined not to destroy them, and will only suffer them to become obsolete when they cannot maintain them longer; when the majority of the nation make known their determination to resist them, to do battle against 'knowledge taxes,' even as Hampden resisted 'ship-money.' I am not an advocate of law-breaking in general; I think it far better to alter a law by the force of opinion, than to break it by the force of will. But in this case a most barbarous and unbearable tyranny is exerted. The means of knowledge, the means of instruction, the means of understanding the very laws themselves, and the means of expressing opinion, all are alike denied, with stupidity equalled in nothing but wickedness. A man with a starving body, if he take food to appease the pangs of hunger, even though that food be the property of another, is not held criminal; the laws against theft were not intended to apply to such cases, and if they had been so intended, common sense would have negatived them: and even thus the common sense of the nation negatives the laws which tend to starve the human mind. Laws made expressly to prevent the dissemination of opinion are ever a blighting mischief, tending to defeat the progress of truth; they are utterly untenable by any reasoning process, and the friends of freedom and improvement are justified in warring upon them as they would war on pirates. No quarter should be given to an enemy who denies his adversary the freedom of speech, and cuts out his tongue for talking. The Inquisition could not exceed this atrocity.

The unstamped press have fought the battle, as all battles of the kind are fought by the public, with untiring purpose. 'Their name is legion, for they are many.' The public never tires—of any really good thing. The matter published by the unstamped press has assuredly not been distinguished so much by philosophical disquisition as by furious resistance; but what then? It is not

while the battle for freedom is raging that the combatants draw plans for future public edifices. The speech which is intended to arouse the free-born warrior to the lion-mood, is not as the debate of the council-chamber. When it may be definitely settled that opinion shall be free, it will be time enough for opinion to throw off the helm and cuirass of the warrior, and don the flowing robe of the philosopher. When we have won our land fairly, we will debate how to cultivate it in the best manner. Time was that William Cobbett was held to be a prophet by large numbers of people, because he was the first in the field to fight the opinion-battles of the poor man; but as intellect expanded, and knowledge advanced, it is remarkable that some of the keenest criticisers of his unphilosophic effusions were the writers of the unstamped press. They detected and followed him up, exposing the errors in his writings which militated against the welfare of the people, and combated the sensual doctrine he advocated, of making beer, bread, and bacon, the acme of a labourer's longings in return for hard labour. Simultaneous with the period of his decease appeared the first of a new series of pamphlets, edited by John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., having for their object the instruction of the people on all subjects of political and social importance; and at the same time, the exposure of the machinations of their open enemies and false friends. If these pamphlets be carried on in the same spirit with which they have been commenced, they will play no mean part in the elevation of a people second to none on the round globe for their capabilities, and only hitherto kept back because their rulers conceived themselves interested in their ignorance. My opinion of the powers of J. A. Roebuck has been given before. There are not wanting those who decry him as 'an adventurer,' ready to side with any party for the sake of ambition; as one not to be trusted; one who will make of the people a ladder, and who, having climbed on their shoulders to power, will forthwith kick them away. It is a most detestable spirit which so commonly seeks to decry superior ability; which seeks the miserable equality of pulling others down to its own level, instead of raising itself to theirs: but let the objectors have the benefit of their argument, and what does it amount to? The word 'adventurer,' in their vocabulary, means a man who without riches contrives to attain influence over his fellows. Riches are in their estimation the only security for honesty; they hold them to be a sort of bail for good behaviour, or, as they phrase it, 'respectability.' There certainly have been examples enough of poor men rising to eminence by advocating the cause of the poor, and then betraying them by selling their political freedom. William Pitt, and Edmund Burke, and George Canning, all began with what is called 'opposition,' and ended with being time-servers. But rich men also have done this, as witness one Francis Burdett, in our own times. There are other

bribes besides riches. The fact is, that riches have nothing to do with the matter. Whether a man will continue honest, or not, depends mainly on his habits of proportioning his wants to his means: one man is poor with a rental of half a million, while another is rich with half a thousand. Now it happens that report speaks of J. A. Roebuck as a man of exceedingly frugal habits; and, therefore, one not likely to be placed in circumstances of necessity, or to sell his birthright of honour for a mess of pottage. But the people have a better security than this in his intellect, which is of that strong analytical kind that does not trust to the representations of others, but refers all to the test of sound logical criticism, and thence draws its inferences. Such an intellect will assuredly tell him, that, even in a worldly point of view, the people's cause is the winning cause; up hill it may be yet awhile, but not the less certain on that account; while the cause of their foes is as the position of a drunken man on the edge of a precipice. Even on this showing the people may assuredly repose their trust in J. A. Roebuck. But they have still better security than this. For years he has pursued the same course. He began his career as a writer for the people; and whatever errors in taste he may occasionally have committed, he has never swerved from the path of an earnest advocate of the people's welfare, working by means of the people's freedom. He will not lightly throw down the good repute he has won by consecutive exertions. He is too wise, as well as too earnest, a man to commit such a political suicide. He, a member of the National Council, has taken upon himself the task of speaking bold truths to the people, through the medium of his pamphlets. By so doing, he has raised a host of enemies, who spare no charge or vituperation: and all who, without personal objects, have the people's welfare at heart, are bound to uphold him in his work. Those who are exposed to his animadversions accuse him of saying things and bringing forward charges in his pamphlets, which he would not dare to make in the House of Commons; but before we of the people can give these angry persons credit for truth, it is necessary for them first to show that he can get an opportunity of saying in the House what he says in his pamphlets; and next, that the newspaper reporters report correctly all that he does happen to say. Meanwhile, his pamphlets wear the stamp of truth and conviction. Interested clamour will not raze this seal from off the bond which links their purpose with the cause of the people.

The first pamphlet, 'On the Means of conveying Information to the People,' sets out with a general summary of the process of taxing political knowledge in England, and the endeavours made to avert the evil by patriotic men. The objects sought to be attained by public instruction are thus clearly defined. To those who may have heard the charges of the friends of bad

government against the democratic leaders, we quote the following words:

'Hitherto the ruling cry in England has been, "that those who think must govern those who toil." And thereupon it has been assumed, that all those who do not toil necessarily think. We deny the assumption and the conclusion drawn from it. They who toil may think, and be so instructed as to be capable of taking a useful as well as active part in politics. I do not mean by this that the mechanic is to turn legislator, though I conceive him far better fitted for the task than the idle, ignorant, extravagant, demoralized, high-born, and self-constituted legislators that have but too often been our rulers. But I seek to make him an instructed and careful witness of the legislator's proceedings; to give him, in the last resort, a control over the legislator's conduct; and, by instructing, render him capable of truly appreciating it,—approving where the legislator is right—blaming where he is wrong. It is because we seek this, that the cry will be raised against us; it is for this that we shall be called lovers of anarchy and confusion.

'But we are accused of wishing to destroy the influence of the rich. * * * * If this means the influence that a rich and really instructed and benevolent man would attain by the beneficial employment of his wealth; if it should mean the love and esteem voluntarily offered to the powerful when good and wise, we then say, that our efforts will in no way tend to diminish it. An instructed people would bring to the good man an obedience of the heart and of the hand. His influence would be that of his understanding over theirs, not of his imperious will over their slavish ones.'

The man who writes thus, and acts up to his writings, may well deserve to be called the people's friend. There is an Appendix to this Number, with a needlessly long account of the in and out of office changes of the opinions of John Cam Hobhouse, Henry Parnell, and William Henry Ord. It tends to prove that the political morality of official people is of a very low standard.

The second pamphlet is on the subject of the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, which is thoroughly analysed and commented on in a clear, forcible, and simple style, adapted to the plainest understanding. Stripped of its verbiage, the subject is open to the comprehension of all men capable of understanding the rules of a benefit society. The defects of the bill are as plainly stated as its advantages, and only one important subject is left unnoticed—the annual payment of the town councillors. The public are not yet sufficiently alive to the importance of paying for the maintenance of their legislators. They pay the executors of the laws enormous salaries, and leave the makers of the laws to exist as they can. Thus we have amateur lawmakers instead of men of business, and the public have no right to complain that bad laws are made. It is not yet an established axiom, 'to look the gift-horse in the mouth,' as well as the purchased one.

Pamphlet the third is entitled 'The Stamped Press of London

and its Morality.' This appears to have grown out of a speech made by J. A. Roebuck, in his place in the House of Commons, in which he passed a sweeping condemnation on the whole body of newspaper conductors and editors, as a corrupt race. He made no exceptions whatever, and therein he was unjust; but no further unjust than the Whigs have been in calling *all* the corporation freemen corrupt. The accusation was made against the general body, and many of the individuals of that body thought it incumbent on them to deny the charge individually. The style in which it was done rendered their attacks on J. A. Roebuck for the most part harmless; but Albany Fonblanque plucked his shaft from the stores of keen satire, which never yet failed him in fighting the freeman's fight, and, likening the vituperations of J. A. Roebuck against the Press to the vituperations of the Tories against the Press, he barbed his weapon with the epithet 'scold.' Napoleon, it is said, feared ridicule more than vindictive threats or plots, and his judgment was sound. Simple-minded men alone are proof against ridicule, for they have nothing to conceal; and ridicule, to be effective, must operate by holding up to the public gaze those imperfections in character which the owner usually endeavours to veil.

This criticism on the Press is excellently well written, and would have been still better, but for the tone of personal indignation which appears in it. A teacher of the people should be a philosopher; personal feeling he should hold in abeyance, and never be stirred from his calm mood, save by the torrent of indignant patriot passion, which resents the wrongs done to his race. Something of an irritable personal temperament there is in John Roebuck; let him train this petty irritability into the magnificent passion of patriot eloquence, and his power will grow broader and deeper, unchecked by mean obstacles.

The following extract is a correct statement of the condition of most newspaper writers.

'The consequence of this combination of circumstances is, that half a dozen nameless, obscure, and often very unworthy persons, assume the direction of public affairs, and deal as they list with private and public reputations. Another necessary consequence is, that the temptations to which these persons are subjected become too great for their unaided, irresponsible virtue. They allow themselves, from mere private pique, to assert the gravest and most unjust charges against individuals; for party purposes they hazard the most outrageous falsehoods; and for money they sell themselves, consciences, abilities, and industry. There are one or two exceptions to this statement; some few of the editors do really consider their duty a great and responsible one, and are scrupulous as to their assertions; but the great mass are such as I have here described them.

'There is another circumstance connected with our manners which also contributes greatly to degrade the morality of the writers for the periodical Press. In our aristocratic country a newspaper editor is not

deemed a gentleman; and, if any person be generally and avowedly known to be the editor of a paper, he would lose *caste* if he were previously considered of the class gentleman. This renders it incumbent on gentlemen, who become editors of newspapers, carefully to keep from the circle in which they move all knowledge of the fact; and, though it may sometimes be whispered that Mr. A. is the editor of such a paper, men avoid alluding to it, as they would avoid alluding, in the presence of his brother, to a man who had been hanged.'

Thomas Barnes and Edward Sterling are then set forth as joint editors of the 'Times' newspaper; and matter follows which led Edward Sterling to tender a cartel of defiance to John Roebuck.

The silence of Thomas Barnes would seem to indicate his acknowledgment of the truth of it. But Edward Sterling, feeling himself aggrieved, or at any rate annoyed, indited a long epistle to John Roebuck, containing, amongst other matter, the following sentences:

'I have never been technically or morally connected with the editorship of the "Times," not possessing over the course or choice of its politics any power or influence whatever, nor, by consequence, being responsible for its acts.

'My first purpose is to contradict, in distinct and unequivocal terms, generally and individually, one and all the assertions which the author of the pamphlet has made with reference to myself.'

The error committed by John Roebuck was in asserting that Edward Sterling was an *editor* of the 'Times,' and of this error Edward Sterling seems to have taken advantage, for the purpose of special pleading. He was not, strictly speaking, an editor; but what then? He does not deny that he was a writer of leading articles, and that he constantly used the editorial '*We*' in his writings for the 'Times.' He was not an *editor*, but not the less an *employé*. I do not believe that he wrote the 'blackguard articles;' there is but one man who, to use his own phrase, can 'pitch into' the public in that particular style. Edward Sterling is a grave old gentleman, a beau of the old school, one who would not for the world commit a solecism in politeness, but still one who would think plain-dealing in political matters the very height of absurdity. He seems to be one of those men who possess no capacity for inductive logic, and are therefore given to prosing, but who nevertheless run down a hackneyed subject tolerably well. It seems odd that John Roebuck should charge him with being *editor* of the 'Times,' when his own knowledge of his character and capabilities must have convinced him that he was devoid of the necessary shrewdness for such an office. True or false, the general understanding in the newspaper world as to the position of Edward Sterling has been, that he was one of his 'Majesty's' captains bold, who, in addition to his half-pay and private means, had no objection to receiving a thousand pounds

per annum from the 'Times,' in which he was also a proprietor; and the consideration was, that he, being a 'gentleman' and a member of Brookes's, should take the department of news-caterer in the purlieus of St. James's-street, he being, in his vocation of 'gentleman,' admissible to coteries not penetrable by the regular known reporters of the journal. If the facts be not so, Edward Sterling can contradict them, and thus disabuse the frequenters of more than one bookseller's shop of their errors. But Edward Sterling has given evidence, if report speaks truth, that he has more respect to principle than Thomas Barnes, for, when the 'Times' was sold to the Tories, he resigned his office and salary. In an honourable spirit he refused to sanction with his pen the nefarious violation of principle, which his coadjutors had not boggled at. But he is still understood to be a proprietor of the 'Times.'

Edward Sterling, in his letter to John Roebuck, having denied *all* the charges made against him, John Roebuck withdrew them agreeably to the modern cartels of 'honour.' This was done by the advice of William Molesworth, one of the patriot band, whose youthful efforts betoken a spirit which in mature age will marshal on the people to higher objects than they have hitherto sought. He must have smiled at the absurdities in which he was constrained to be an actor. These duel farces surely are on the eve of extinction.

The letter of Edward Sterling is a sample of 'respectable' bombast. It seems to me that it did not require so apologetic a letter as was sent in answer. The simple mode for John Roebuck would have been to reply by questions to Edward Sterling, something as follows.

'Are you a proprietor of the "Times?"

'Do you write in the "Times," and use the pronoun "we?"

'Do you receive a salary as a writer of editorial articles for the "Times?"

'If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then I have done you no wrong. If the firm you belong to is infamous, you must be a sharer in the infamy.

'If you answer them in the negative, then I have done you wrong.'

Such a letter as this would probably have been replied to by a challenge, but what then? If John Roebuck has not the moral courage to refuse to fight a duel at the bidding of every angry bully, then he is not fitted to be a leader of the people.

John Roebuck, in the pamphlet on the Stamped Press, rather unnecessarily applies hard words to Albany Fonblanque, and Albany Fonblanque as unnecessarily 'calls him out.' Mutual retractations are made, and there the matter ends. Now surely this was not needed. Albany Fonblanque! he whose pen cuts like a sharp lancet, tires of his good weapon, his skill in which all the

world acknowledges, and offers an appeal to coarse leaden balls! This is surely derogatory to the dignity of a teacher of the people, to put himself on a level with the weapons of 'Blackwood's Bullies.'

In this same Number there is a rich treat of extracts from the different journals, showing their mutual abuse of each other.

The fourth pamphlet is on the subject of the 'Dorchester Labourers.' It is a clear and masterly statement of the iniquity practised towards poor men, and hitherto with impunity. Will the same people transport the Duke of Cumberland, should Joseph Hume make good his charges against him of fostering Orange Lodges in the army? It were indeed a sight more conducive to morality than all the sermons all our bishops ever preached, to behold a royal criminal imitating Prince Harry, and dutifully submitting to the sentence of the judge to pass the remainder of his days at forced labour in a penal colony. The same law for rich and poor, and the same administration of it, would soon entirely supersede the necessity of soldiers. The rich would make humane laws when exposed to their operation themselves, and the poor would hold such laws in respect. This will be called by 'respectable' people, shocking, radical, and revolutionary language. I will not vituperate them in turn, but simply ask, Is it the language of justice? It would be a droll sight to see our royal Ernest hunting bushrangers and tending sheep, week about, and 'fain to fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.'

The fifth pamphlet is a very temperate and judicious article on the 'Amusements of the Aristocracy and of the People.' The style of the writing is admirable, plain and simple as Cobbett, and truly philosophic. It has not the exquisite polish of the 'Examiner,' it deals not in the terse allusion, but it speaks to the people in words which all will comprehend. In the same Number is an article on the 'American Ballot Box,' by H. S. Chapman, which exposes the absurdities talked against the ballot system, and describes the advantages gained by it. The member for St. Ives, whose name is Halse, is also held up to public exposure.

The sixth pamphlet is on 'The Persecution preached by the Parsons of the State Church in Ireland,' and, under the signature of Thomas Falconer, is a most useful exposition of the costly absurdity of maintaining the expensive regiments called Guards, while the money is wanted for more useful purposes. Twenty thousand pounds are voted towards the education of the people, and upwards of two hundred thousand are wasted on the childish folly of 'playing at soldiers.' And it is the 'Reformed House of Commons' which does this! Go on, John Roebuck, and, with as many of your friends' assistance as may be, continue to put forth such pamphlets for the instruction of the people. If their sale be as

great as their desert, it will not be many years ere we shall have a House of Commons truly representing the people, in a state widely improved from the present one.

I lay down my pen well pleased to have lent such aid as I can to increase the circulation of a work which in my judgment is calculated to produce great good where instruction is so much wanted,—in the dwellings of the poor, who bid fair to be well 'helped.'

July 23d, 1835. JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. 6.—THE COQUETTE.

THE prettiest villa in the vicinity of London belonged to Isabella Hervey. She was brilliantly beautiful, the possessor of an ample independent fortune, and the idol of a bachelor brother, who, many years her senior, had long supplied to her orphaned youth parental care and protection.

The crimson glow of a summer sunset burnished all the windows of her boudoir, gleamed through their light and graceful draperies, and made the sumptuous carpet, couches, and ottomans dimly visible; from this apartment, over which the spirit of enchantment seemed to preside, the eye passed through a beautiful vista formed by two consecutive drawing-rooms, in which the lights were being kindled for a throng of expected guests.

Just at this interval—this pause which was not peace, but seemed like it—Isabella glided slowly into the scene of which she was the sovereign. As she passed, the splendid mirrors reflected her form—a form fair as woman ever wore; a thousand odours greeted her with a voice of silent fragrance; and her harp, half hid in the recess of a window, through the gauzy veil of which gleamed clustering roses, whispered of melody as she went by.

But Isabella had now been many years a fashionable coquette: though still young, still, to the common and cursory eye, beautiful, still rich, still flattered and followed, she was not happy. All the freshness or rather all the sweetness of feeling was gone; little susceptibility was left her but to the impressions of pain.

This is one of the penalties that humanity pays for the abuse of the human powers; sensibility to pleasure it *must* surrender, sensibility to pain it cannot.

Isabella entered her boudoir with a letter in her hand—that letter had disappointed her. Her satiated mental appetite now required the *hyperbole* of praise; she could not do without it, it was a condiment essential to the savour of all that was said to her; yet it did not give her pleasure, though its absence gave her pain.

Conscience, never utterly destroyed, and judgment, in *her* naturally acute, would each continually add something to rankle the wounds from which she suffered. Deficient flattery suggested fears about default, and then conscience would ask, 'Do you deserve faith, fealty, or firmness?' Excessive flattery suggested suspicions of sincerity, and then judgment would exclaim, 'Is this daubing meet for a classic eye like your's?' But conscience, judgment, every high and noble thought, were flung aside as she hurried to the accustomed crowd, as if she had set her 'life upon a cast, and *must* stand the hazard of the die.'

Perhaps beauty is of all human power the most perfect; effortless, instantaneous in its action, it may say, with Cæsar, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' Yet perhaps it is also the least fortunate kind of power, since it is most subject to corrupting influences during its rise and meridian, and suffers most intensely from moral reverses during its decline. But nature had not dowered Isabella merely with beauty—the mental jewel was worthy of the material casket; energy and fine spirits also formed a part of her gifted nature, and these, in co-operation with a high, free, diligent cultivation of her powers, might have carried her to some point of greatness where she might have lived blessed and blessing as well as brilliant—whence she might have been exhaled to other heights in that region to which, rapt and reverent, imagination rises.

The principal characteristic of Isabella's mind was concentration: born in circumstances which strictly confined her to the woman-sphere,—vanity and wedlock,—she chose the field which the first offered her. With feelings free from every sordid taint, when she first entered the paltry arena in which art forms the means and marriage the meed, she was like a young Arab barb put upon a mill-wheel, who would circle it again and again like wildfire, till he destroyed himself and the dull instrument of his torture.

Virtually, not actually, her plan of action was prescribed to her, but the poisonous policy inculcated could not shape *her* course to mercenary conquest—her quarry was the heart. But, with the conqueror's ignorant and insatiable thirst for dominion, to win and waste was her bent:—like him, reckless and destructive, she remorselessly left to desolation the region she had invaded and subjugated.

War is called a noble science—the soldier an ennobled being: the ambuscade, the surprise, the assault, the carnage, which is the consummation of the whole, are all arrayed in the pages of history—in the columns of the 'Gazette;' and people, perverted by false impressions, see nothing but glory and greatness: now be the same compliment paid to the coquette; let her have, at least, one leaf from the soldier's chaplet.

It is constantly observed that we cannot say to the passions,

'Thus far thou shalt go and no farther;' but we say this to the intellect, and, strange to say, we are obeyed; how many minds do we see arrested in mid career, and coming to a stand at some point at which it is more difficult to pause than to pass onward!

As Isabella sunk upon a couch in her boudoir, she felt the wooing of the evening breeze, and she leaned her uneasy head towards the window to catch that gentle caress of kindly nature. A sweet inartificial song was warbled at the moment; Isabella looked out and saw a young peasant girl passing home from a neighbouring hay-field with an apron full of the new-mown grass. Isabella was touched with admiration. Taste, one of the diamond-sparks of spirit, is indestructible; it may be burned with us in the crucible of passion; it may be shattered with us by the mallet of misfortune; but let the calm hour come back, and there is taste bright as ever; let the day of prosperity return, gather up the fragments, and taste is still essentially the same.

The wide scene, the sweet scent, the happy songstress, the contrast presented to all within by all without, was gaining some influence on the mind of Isabella, when the prolonged summons of the pealing knocker induced her to draw in her head, and sink again upon the couch.

To a lady with spirits as much below par as were Isabella's, the kind of visitor who first arrives is of infinite consequence. Some come, like an essence-box, with a reviving influence, with a pleasing smile and playful sally; others appear as if they had a portable fog in the waistcoat-pocket, and there is no telling at what moment it may not burst forth. Some, possessed by a ceaseless volubility, discharge a cataract of words with the rapidity that Mr. Perkins's machine does bullets—only fortunately they are not all *hits*; while others again speak so slow that they seem to wait for a *Habeas Corpus* to bring up every syllable they say.

Isabella's first visitor was unfortunately one of the latter description—you might put in a parenthesis of any length during a pause of *his*; he had lately returned from the continent, whence he had brought a foreign title, the better to enable him to catch a rich native wife; but he had left none of his tediousness in exchange, so that he had still plenty at the service of society. Isabella, when in conversation with this worthy Count, was like a rapid chess player engaged with a slow one; the former anticipates every move, and thus becomes a sort of sentinel at the board, rather than an antagonist at the game.

But Isabella was a disciplinarian, and besides she had not passed seven seasons in London without having learned how to manage *bores* and *lions*. By-the-bye, a strange sort of metamorphosis occurs in our metropolitan exhibition-rooms for the display of rare animals, for the *lion* of one season often becomes the *bore* of the next.

New arrivals soon rapidly succeeded each other, and, as the business of the evening called upon her, Isabella rose above the vapid tone which had possessed her. Still her restless spirit, craving for exercise it could not find, looked forth like an eagle for prey worthy of her power.

Many of such guests as 'come like shadows, so depart;' who are pledged to produce themselves at so many places the same night, and say nothing *at* any of them—for the sake, I suppose, of saying something *of* all of them,—had floated away, when a pale spectral person passed Isabella: rapidly he passed; but he left the spell of his dark deep-seated eyes upon her. She lost him immediately in the crowd; but though others surrounded her, and continual claims were made on her attention, she could not banish the stranger's image.

The evening passed as such evenings usually do—the rooms got warm, if the people did not; some ices were carried about to other ices which sat still. There was music, and singing, and talking in the midst of both, excruciating the nerves and feelings of the musician, and mortifying the vanity of the musical exhibitor. One exception to that rule occurred on that evening, towards the conclusion of the entertainment. A rapid prelude, which appeared a voluntary, was followed by a voice of so deep, sweet, and thrilling a tone, that the crowd became instinctively hushed, the spirit of passionate melody appeared present, and even the babbler dare not break the spell.

> 'Forgotten quite—forgotten quite—
> The pang I *cannot* bear!
> Oh, feel my brow; the death-drops now
> Are there'——

The musician fell from the instrument. Full of power as that burst of song had been, it seemed his last, for he lay across the arms of those who had raised him, as if life were extinct.

'This way, this way,' exclaimed Mr. Hervey, Isabella's brother, 'bear him into the ante-room.'

The crowd passed; Isabella was alone, and, as if petrified, in the attitude in which she stood when those heart-searching tones had reached her ear, even unto *her* heart, callous as it was become, they had pierced, and seemed to congeal her into marble.

She had been some time in her dressing-room when her brother came to her there. She had never before seen him look so sternly. With all her faults, she had redeeming points; proud, tyrannical, cruel as she was, she loved that brother, honoured him, cherished him, would have sheltered him from suffering as the mother-bird does her callow young, and been regardless of injury to herself, so she but spared it to him. She looked up; and her beautiful face, so usually expressive of imperial power, had all the meekness of the unweaned lamb; her form, generally so full of haughty grace,

approached him, all ease and sweetness, ready to fall upon his bosom, or hang about his neck.

The purpose of reproach with which he came melted away before the power of her presence—before the moral power of the beautiful feeling with which she was animated.

'What moves you, Robert?' she asked, placing one hand on his shoulder, as with the other she caught the breast of his coat.

He did not immediately reply; but at length he said solemnly, as he gently disengaged himself from her hold, 'You know who was carried from your boudoir just now.'

'Yes—yes,' she stammered, 'I recollected him afterwards,'—and her eye sunk under the reproachful gaze of her brother,—'poor Hubert Walton.'

'Isabella, Isabella!' exclaimed Mr. Hervey, sinking into a seat, 'well may the poet describe your sex as

> '"Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
> And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair."

'Love traces impressions on *your* hearts with some such pencil as paints the butterfly's wing: upon *ours* he works with a graver, and breaks the mould before the image that he has marked there can be marred.'

Isabella burst into a laugh at this estimate of the relative impressibility of the sexes. All her brother's sternness returned, and anger flashed in his eyes as he exclaimed,

'Forbear, unfeeling girl, forbear! Walton is dying—the victim of *your* caprice. Do not let *your* laugh be his death-knell.'

'I cannot believe you,' she rejoined, subduing her levity, yet still affecting more than she felt, 'for

> '"Killing eyes, and wounded hearts,
> And all the artillery of darts
> Are long ago exploded fancies,
> And laughed at even in romances."'

'Then let me tell Miss Hervey,' said her brother, 'that you are likely to have, not a romance, but a tragedy, in this very house. Dr. Bassett has just left the unfortunate Mr. Walton, and gives little hope of him; he says he never beheld a being so reduced, except by famine.'

'But why attribute all this to me?' said Isabella.

'Seek no shelter in subterfuge,' rapidly replied her brother; 'I know all, from his mother—from his sister—from himself. I have gained my information piecemeal, but it is perfect and conclusive. If Walton dies, *you* are a murderess. Yes,' he continued, eager to work on her awakened feelings, 'he saw you; that you could not help. You caught his fancy—captivated his heart; neither, perhaps, was that your fault. But, when aware of your power, to go and hold the intoxicating cup of hope to his lip; to soothe him with the voice of love; to gladden him with its

smile; to let all this be with a predetermined resolution to dash and darken all with despair, was fiendish—devilish!'

A silence followed this burst of indignation, which Mr. Hervey first broke.

'How,' he added, 'will you repair this wanton mischief? how atone for this vile cruelty? for the sleepless nights of lacerated feelings—the revulsion of disappointed hopes?'

'What *can* I do?' she exclaimed. 'Indeed I had no idea of such results as these.'

'Tush!' ejaculated Mr. Hervey, 'do not tell me this: the incendiary who fires one house, and brings down a whole neighbourhood, has just as valid a plea. No, Isabella, what I ask of you is to receive this as a lesson;—to reflect and reform; and if Walton *should* recover, and you *can* do so without violence to your own feelings, reward his love. I know he is a poor man; but all the mines upon the globe could not *purchase* you *such* a heart.'

The tears rushed into Mr. Hervey's eyes, in spite of his struggle to master his feelings: some compunctious pangs, but yet more sympathy with her brother, called answering tears into the eyes of Isabella. From that hour she joined her brother in nursing Walton; she watched with him beside the bed of delirium; heard the wild outpourings of thoughts, visions, feelings which had been too long pent under the condensing force of silence, secrecy, and unparticipated anguish, till, bursting forth like electric fire, they shattered the brain and bosom they had already ravaged, almost to dissolution.

Isabella closed her house, and had it given out that she was gone to a remote part of the country, thus to keep off the insects of idle curiosity. She invited Walton's mother and his sister to her house; and all that tenderness and care could suggest was essayed.

The patient's youth, the doctor's skill, and last, not least, the co-operation with him of intelligent nurses, slowly effected a triumph. Health came like a timid vestal and kissed the fever from Walton's brow; but strength, shaken as he had been, was slow of returning. When conscious light again came forth from his languid lid, his mother was the first to meet it. Never had the endearing name been sweeter to her ear, when first lisped forth to her by her first-born, than now when it reassured her she had still a son. In low murmurs, at intervals, he talked with his mother, till, leaning forward, he fell asleep upon her bosom. Dr. Bassett appeared the moment after. 'Tis well!' he exclaimed softly; 'if he can sleep in that position, 'tis a sign he is getting strength.'

Isabella's ministry now ceased at the sick bed; but she still played the gentle and attentive friend to the afflicted relatives. This was the first lesson upon moral duties she had ever received,

and a mind like hers needed but have a new region open to her to explore it—the walls of circumvallation, which she could not overleap, removed, to walk beyond them. Mrs. Walton was a high-minded woman, and soon impressed Isabella with respect and affection; who in return won upon the anxious mother's heart, making her half forgive the ruin she had caused.

'Mr. Hervey,' said Mrs. Walton one day, as leaning on his arm she walked round the garden, 'I have somewhere seen it said that it is a dangerous thing to employ a steam-engine to turn a lathe at a toy-shop. Some such dangerous thing has been, and is being done, as regards female talent. Waste power *will* employ itself—if not for the purposes of good, for those of evil.'

'We see *that* every day,' said Mr. Hervey, 'in the misapplied energy and ingenuity of untaught, half-taught, and mistaught men.'

'Do not confine your views exclusively to *men*,' resumed Mrs. Walton.

'To women?' he asked with a smile.

'Neither so. Direct them to human nature, of which one sex is as important a part as the other. Human nature can only be understood by a perfect knowledge of both: human nature can only be served by an equal advancement of both. Much has to be put from our literature, institutions, laws, customs, and manners, to redeem man from the degrading marks of his own ignorant pride, as well as to raise woman from her miserable vassalage.'

'All this is new to me,' said Mr. Hervey, 'but I listen to you with pleasure.'

'To aspire is the privilege of humanity,' resumed Mrs. Walton, warming with her subject. 'The erect attitude, the perceptive powers, the reflective faculties, all attest how much man has the privilege of looking far beyond, far above himself; but the first aspiration of this sentiment (capable of illimitable expansion) was ignorant self-esteem—a vulgar desire of superiority, *relatively*, not *really*; finding it difficult to raise himself, he thought of the expedient of sinking woman, and so holding a comparative elevation at a safe and easy rate. Pitiful was the idea, and wretched have been the consequences! The same notion is present to the religious fanatic who fancies that he raises the Creator by the vilest abasement of himself. How little *he* knows of elevation who thinks that any crouching wretch can, even by contrast, increase another's altitude!—to *know* that there *is* a cowering, grovelling reptile is in itself lowering.'

Mr. Hervey smiled; as people are wont to do at those who feel strongly, and express themselves so. He felt acutely the miseries which women bring on men, but never paused to look into the causes for these inflictions; if he thought of remedy or relief, it was some such reproof as he had given his sister, fol-

lowed by profound reflections and pathetic lamentations over the weakness and vileness of that unhappy compound—woman. It was, in fact, the dame-school business done in the drawing-room; the lecture and the lollipop, and leave to do mischief again.

'I suppose,' said Mr. Hervey, taking the 'Paradise Lost' out of his pocket, 'in future editions of Milton we must strike out this line of the book, in which he speaks of the condition of the sexes:

"*He* for God only, *she* for God in him."

We must expunge from the character of Eve the flattering humility which makes her say,

"God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise."'

'No, no;' said Mrs. Walton, 'touch not a line of John Milton's. I love him as a poet and a republican; but be there notes appended to the text, to enlighten the purblind as to the defects of his moral philosophy. Let every being go for himself, or herself, as much as possible to the fountain-head of knowledge—seek, and accept no mediums, if they can help it; the further from the fount the less likely is the stream to be pure; and, I assure you,' she added with a playfulness that reminded Mr. Hervey of her youth, 'I assure you, whatever you and Milton may think and say, *I* do not deem *you* the most transparent and speckless medium through which *we* may look "through nature up to nature's God."'

The first day that Walton left his room, he was placed upon a sofa, and his mother had fondly contrived, in case he fell asleep, to fasten a curtain to a picture which hung over it. Gradually every prop to which he had been accustomed, or from which he could draw support, had been gathered round him; and he was become resigned, serene, and grateful. Emma, his sister, had taken her seat near the sofa to read to him: when she observed a reverie, into which he had fallen, melt into slumber, she gently drew the curtain and left him.

One hour of deep refreshing sleep was on him, and he woke with that sense of strength which sometimes visits the convalescent. He opened his eyes widely and suddenly; a figure as suddenly glided behind the curtain; he felt that he was awake, yet the figure of his dream had just flitted by his couch; he tore aside the curtains—Isabella stood before him!

The colours of the May-time morning sky are less beautiful than were those which emotion threw upon his face. His luminous and dilating eye, his extending and collapsing nostril, alarmed her; she advanced to him—she put her hand into his. 'Hubert! I come to ask your forgiveness: to thank you for the love I have lost—lost deservedly.'

'Lost!' he repeated. 'When I am lost to all, and all is lost

to me, then—only then——' He could utter no more; he would have sunk at her feet, but she forbade the effort, by folding him to her bosom.

Walton's silence about Isabella had deceived even his mother. It was thought that he had conquered his passion, and assurances to this effect perhaps piqued Isabella; yet a sweet, a holy feeling had led her to his couch, and, before she quitted it, she pledged to him the tenderest vows. The probation she had suffered had not restored all her early acute *sensibility*, but it had opened her mind, and made it seize on true principles, and, what cannot be said of every coquette, she did not carry that character into conjugal life.

M. L. G.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

You ask if I love you;—
Listen!
The sun is above you;
How the leaves glisten!
How the flowers glow with his cheering ray!—
Love is the sun that lights *my* way.

You ask if I love you;—
Yonder!
Where trees crowd above you
At noontide wander—
With woodland voices the depths are stirred—
You are my breath—my shade—my bird.

You ask if I love you;—
Hearken!
When night comes above you,
And shadows darken,
Gaze on the heavens in their starry light—
You are the heaven to bless my sight.

S. Y.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Picture of the new Town of Herne Bay. By a Lady. London: Macrone.

This little volume is from no common guide-book manufactory. Accurate and ample in its details, it combines with them indications of taste and acquirement such as are usually appropriated to works of a higher literary grade. Every species of information required by the traveller,

steam-boats, coaches, vans, hotels, routes, fares, lodgings, &c., will readily be found in it, and intermixed with such other information as may tend to gratify a taste for the pleasures of a watering place, a love for the beauties of nature, or an interest in the remains of antiquity. The incidental notices of Canterbury and Reculver, and the historical story of Augustine, and the legend of the sisters, introduced in them, are amongst the pleasantest portions of the volume. The introductory narrative of the rise of Herne Bay at once shows the reader what an agreeable guide he has had the good fortune to meet with. The illustrations are executed with remarkable neatness. All who go to Herne Bay should take the book; and those who look at the book will be very likely to go to Herne Bay.

Men and Manners in Britain; or, a Bone to Gnaw for the Trollopes, Fidlers, &c. By Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York.

We scarcely know whether to take this book in jest or in earnest. Grant Thorburn, supposing his personal existence, is a most ignorant, conceited, vulgar, and altogether disgusting personage; a compound of the worst parts of the Scotchman and the Yankee. If the book be a joke, it is a long and dull one. A few pages of retort on the Trollope tribe might have been very readable, but four and twenty chapters are beyond enjoyment or toleration. There was too much even of Knickerbocker.

Cowper's Life and Works. Vol. 6. Saunders and Otley

To this volume is prefixed an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham. It is a pleasant introduction to the poems, not marked by much originality or acuteness, but presenting a sort of synopsis of the received criticisms on the bard of Olney. Although one of the quoted critiques be ascribed to the pen of the late Rev. Robert Hall, and another is from the Lectures of James Montgomery, we apprehend that a just and complete analysis of Cowper's poetical character yet remains to be made. The subject is worthy of an accomplished critic.

This volume appears out of course, the publication of the concluding volume of the Life and Letters being postponed. It presents us with a specimen of the style in which Cowper's poetry will be brought out, which is such as to reflect great credit on the taste and liberality of the publishers, and confirms the claims they had previously established on the public generally, and especially on those religious classes whose admiration of Cowper's poetry is enhanced by their sympathy in his religious views and feelings.

Noble Deeds of Woman. Hookham.

A collection of Anecdotes arranged under the heads of maternal, filial, sisterly, and conjugal attention; humanity, integrity, benevolence, fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, hospitality, self-control, gratitude, loyalty, eloquence, patriotism, and contributions to science. Like such collections generally they contain good, bad, and indifferent. The first sort largely preponderates; and many of the narratives, brief as they are, will be read with lively interest and strong emotion.

Dr. Channing's Discourse before the Fraternity of Churches. London: Kennett.

THIS Sermon was delivered at the anniversary of a Union of several Congregations in Boston, U. S., associated for the purpose of supporting and extending the beneficent institution of a ministry to the poor, originated, some years ago, by Dr. Tuckerman. It traces the influences of poverty, and enforces the claims of the poor, as moral and spiritual beings, with the well-known eloquence of the author, and in that spirit of Christian philosophy and philanthropy which imparts to his eloquence its peculiar charm and power. We hope its circulation may promote similar institutions in this country, where their introduction is at once more necessary and more difficult.

Sir R. Phillips's Letter to the Schoolmasters and Governesses of England and Wales.

IT is our own conviction that education is a science, or at least capable of being made a science; we therefore object to the proposition of the author of this pamphlet, that 'education is not a *theory*, but a PRACTICE; and in regard to particular children a *mere experimental practice*, which can be reduced to no general rules.' Equally far are we from coinciding in his general praise of the existing race of teachers, and his suggestion that any governmental extension of popular education should be conducted exclusively or mainly through their agency. But the 'Editor or Author of the Book of Education on the Interrogative System' has well earned his right to be heard 'on the new theories of education, and on the plans under legislative consideration for reforming or altering the systems of public schools.'

Little Fables for Little Folks. Van Voorst.

A VERY pretty and useful Selection, re-written so as to avoid long words, and simplified in everything but the *morals*, which must often be beyond the comprehension of the infantile reader.

A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament, and ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster. By J. Britton and E. W. Brayley. Nos. 2 to 6.

THIS publication proceeds in a manner corresponding with our anticipations, on the appearance of the first Number, and is replete with architectural, antiquarian, and historical interest. The information collected by the authors is always curious, and often of much worth and importance. To the sixth Number some remarks are appended, on the resolutions of the 'Rebuilding Committee,' which well deserve attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks to Speranza; and to R. M. The *second* paper of N. W. is unavoidably postponed; as are some Critical Notices.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS—REFORM OR ABOLITION?

THE impossibility of governing the country by the Houses of Lords and Commons, if each of those bodies is to continue as at present constituted, has received not only ample proof, but a most inconvenient surplusage of demonstration. That the Peers would either mutilate or reject the Municipal Reform Bill, was generally anticipated; that they would transform it altogether, so as to fashion it into a machine for augmenting and perpetuating the local evils of oligarchical domination, was beyond the compass of expectancy. While people were exclaiming that they could not do it, and dare not do it, the fact comes upon us that *they have done it;* there is the Bill—as perfect a Tory Bill, as pretty a contrivance for legalizing all sorts of local oppression, corruption, peculation, and misrule, as ever was invented. We trust that before these remarks have passed the press, the Bill will have been indignantly rejected by the Commons; will have been trampled in the dirt; and care taken of the public purse for the recess, if recess there is to be: but its final and fatal testimony against the Aristocracy is never to be obliterated. They have reduced the question between themselves and the people to its simplest elements. We thank them for this unequivocal exhibition of the *animus* of their body. The mask is dropped. The gauntlet is thrown. The nation's cry is 'to the rescue.' The inquiry is not, 'what is to be done with the bill?' but, 'what is to be done with the House of Lords?' And one point at least is distinctly understood, that whatever change be necessary, the country shall not be baulked of that most important step towards peace, justice, civic order, and local and general improvement, which would be gained by the Municipal Reform Bill in its original state; but which requires, that it may be safely and permanently gained, the abatement of not one jot or atom of the popular provisions of that measure. Much, indeed, is it to be desired that those provisions should be made yet more extensive and efficient. We hope the Bill will never again leave the Commons without at least the optional introduction of the vote by ballot.

The principles avowed in the late discussions, and sanctioned by so overwhelming a majority that we may fairly note them down as the principles of the privileged order, are such as must deeply affect all future speculations upon the mode in which it is practicable for the people of this country to secure the blessings of good and cheap government. It is contended that no corporation should be interfered with, unless there be proof of malversation. Proof enough there is, in most cases, as all the world very well knows; but suppose there were not, what then? Is a parish or town to be permanently deprived of the best regulations and agency for its government, because the present corporators cannot

be convicted of fraud or felony? A whole district may be distracted by feuds, may be plundered by mismanagement, may be injured by partialities, may be subjected to a thousand annoyances, from the very institutions that should be the safeguard of its comforts and the means of its improvement, without being able to bring home proof of criminality. Sheer uselessness is a nuisance that ought to be abated. No guilt was ever proved upon that venerable civic authority, the Bear of Berne; and yet the Bernese were perfectly justified in saving the cost of his food, cage, and keeper. It is put in proof that the constitution of existing corporations is not well adapted for the purposes of municipal utility. That is enough. Let another be framed more in harmony with the dictates of observation and experience. 'No,' say the Lords, in effect; 'there is something of greater moment than doing the best for the inhabitants of a town; and that is, securing the emoluments, gratifications, and influence of the present corporators, who are, like ourselves, one of the great class-interests of the country.' O, the strong affinities of corruption! The Reformers are well lessoned on the necessity of close union and active co-operation.

The introduction of a property qualification for municipal offices, even for the town council, which is to constitute the only check and control of the people upon mismanagement, is alone sufficient to settle the question of aristocratical legislation for ever. Our readers will observe, that the object of these remarks is not to illustrate the present condition of the Bill, but the character of the legislation by which that Bill has been reduced to its present condition. Why should the Peerage insist on a property qualification, or, what comes to the same thing, the belonging to the highest class of rate-payers, for town councillors?* Not from any abstract veneration for the wisdom which belongs to property, and is by some presumed to be naturally associated with its possession. Their lordships would demur to a property qualification for their own House. Their lordships know what numbers of their own order are as poor as rats; they know the muster-roll of a hundred and seventy pauper Peers; but they know also that the sinister interests of an impoverished Peerage are leagued with the predominance of the propertied classes over the industrious classes throughout the country. Their objection is not to a poor man, either in a corporation, the Legislature, or the Peerage; but only to a poor man who is identified with the honest interests of the class to which he belongs. Who but the Peers used to practise the wholesale evasion of the qualification for the House of Commons? They were always ready to open its doors for any poor boy, provided he were a clever rascal, whose talents would help them to carry on the war against the 'adverse faction;' whose wit and rhetoric would be the 'life, grace, and ornament'

* Their lordships have vibrated; on the recommitment a property qualification was adopted, and the bankruptcy of an alderman was allowed to disqualify.

of their party; and through whom they could make the system 'work well.' On similar grounds they propose continuing the present aldermen for life, without regard to property, although the pauperism of many of the 'order' is notorious. The poverty is no objection, so long as there is no responsibility to the people. The poor and irresponsible manager of public property naturally belongs to the Tory party; he may be reckoned upon; by all means make him irremovable. In this connexion poverty is precious to the Peerage; it touches their hearts with the tenderness which softened the Whig poet to the sufferings of the exiled Stuart:

> 'A wretch to misery 's still a sacred thing;
> How much more sacred, then, a wretched King!'

And hence, by analogy, the sacredness of a pauper alderman. There is in him the very essence of Toryism. Beautiful fellow-feeling of the Robe and the Gown, the Coronet and the Cap of Maintenance! Is the *fur*, which is their common adornment, only a sly specimen of punning Latinity?

It is, then, abundantly obvious that the division of the rate-payers into six classes, and the exclusion from the town council of five of those classes, so as to create a municipal oligarchy of the highest-rated, was not meant simply to keep out poor individuals. The aim was to proscribe the natural representatives of the middle and lower classes. In many cases, this arrangement would reduce the election to a mere form, or rather a disgusting farce. In all cases, it annihilates freedom of choice: it excludes those on whom civic burdens fall most heavily, and whose activity, stimulated by the direct interests of their class, would be of the best service. They are not the highest payers who have the deepest interest in parochial or town government. No class, except the very lowest, has generally so little motive or so little aptitude for civic business; but they would serve as a barrier against 'the democratic principle.' They and the life-holders together would do admirable duty in keeping out responsibility and representation. They would preserve the harmony of oligarchical government, from the top to the bottom of society, till the great mass of the community should have nothing it could call its own, except payment and submission, and the chance of now and then one of its members slipping out of the ranks of the bees into those of the drones; a chance so often boasted of as the glory of our country and Constitution, by which 'the son of a cotton-spinner' may become Prime Minister.

Aptly does the restriction of (elective) office to the wealthiest harmonize with the preservation of the franchise to the most wretchedly poor and notoriously corrupt. No comment is necessary on this barefaced patronage of vendibility. The conduct of the freemen has left but two courses open for an honest Legislature to pursue; either to disfranchise them altogether, or to swamp their votes by making the suffrage universal. The last

is, to our apprehension, by far the best; especially in combination with the ballot. There would then be a stimulus to instruction, where now there is only a temptation to corruption. But a vote is regarded by the Peers as property; a something for the poor man to sell, and the rich man to buy. They have endeavoured to provide for the permanency of this most degrading of all kinds of traffic. They, who clog the borough-suffrage of respectable inhabitants with all sorts of vexatious restrictions—they, who fought so desperate a fight against the very limited franchise conferred by the Reform Act—*they* cherish, as the apple of their eye, the poor man's property, forsooth; his property in the misgovernment of the entire community: and they are equally careful of all other *property* which is capable of being turned to similar account.

Never before have the poor been favoured with such a court of guardians. Loud was the outcry for the freemen's property; their hereditary property, as sacred as the hereditary estates of their lordships themselves. Now, as to the present possessors of these common lands, charity-endowments, &c., be it observed, there was no question. They were secured, or an equivalent assigned, by the Bill. The only point at issue was the future enjoyment of such property by freemen *in posse*. To continue the existence of a vendible class of voters,—to endow its future members with the matter of corruption,—these were the objects of the vaunted stand which has been made for pauper property. For these was the public interest to be sacrificed, including that of the individuals themselves, whose share in that public interest would be an ample remuneration. But the peculiar attachment shown for this species of property is not surprising. It is precisely that with which certain fingers are most familiar. Church property, as it is called, is of a similar description.* It is neither earned, nor inherited, nor heritable; but consists of public funds, which are divided amongst those who can possess themselves of the government of the country, and their dependents and supporters. Church reform is resisted, because it would diminish the amount of these funds, and change the principle of their distribution. Law reforms are resisted for analogous reasons, although in that department the competition is more open, and the service to the public more substantial. Of such property it is that the Peers have constituted themselves the peculiar guardians; property, neither fairly won by individual industry, nor ministering to the purposes of public good; the property which Idleness pos-

* And is cherished by their lordships with similar tenderness. While writing the above remarks, we find they have rejected the *appropriation clause* from the Irish Church Bill. How will Ireland bear this? The first poor pittance of good for the people out of the Church is withheld; the crumbs of educational advantage from the table of Protestant Episcopacy are refused. Church or no church, congregation or no congregation, still, say the Lords, the clergy shall have the money. The spirited conduct of Lord Melbourne, through the very trying situations in which he has been placed, during the proceedings on these two great measures, entitles him to the warm respect and gratitude of the country.

sesses in abuse. If the property of humble Industry was dear to them, why do they not secure to the poor the full advantages to which they have a right from educational and ecclesiastical endowments? Why do they not repeal the corn-laws, which mulct the labourer of so large a proportion of the bread which he earns by the sweat of his brow? Why do they not promote a complete revision of taxation, and let it fall, where it ought chiefly, and, if possible, alone, to fall,—on realized property? Why do they not assert those rights of labour, the property in his own bones and sinews, of the man who toils; a property continually and cruelly invaded and restricted by the corporate privileges so vigorously upheld by their lordships? Why, but because the Peerage is the great sinister interest by which all the other sinister interests in the country are shielded and supported? And what reform can make it otherwise? The principles avowed in the late debates are of no accidental growth. They result from no individual peculiarities. They are the natural and necessary result of making the legislation of a great empire a private inheritance, instead of a public and responsible trust. They must ever flow from making a property of the enactment and administration of law and government. Occasional exceptions will be produced, from time to time, by various causes; but substantially the House of Lords always has been what it is, and always will be. A single generation of titled patriots would involve the institution in an act of suicide.

Very brief would be the good resulting from any creation of Peers, however extensive. Every body knows the effect of the alderman's gown, though it be not hereditary. Even life Peers would be a perilous experiment; and a creation of others would only cut out worse work for the next generation. Besides, the introduction of a hundred new Lords, and not less would now suffice, is equivalent to a revolution. So strong a measure would scarcely be more palatable to the Peerage than the simple abolition of their legislative functions. An elective chamber has been suggested, to be chosen either by the Peers themselves, or by the people. The cumbrousness of such a contrivance is much more evident than the utility. Supposing Peers the electors, the result would be merely a distilled essence of the present House. If the election were popular, we should only have a second and less perfect representation of the people. No intelligent nobleman but would, we apprehend, prefer a seat in the one representative body to any such position. To that he would, of course, become eligible; and it would be a much more honourable and efficient station for him to occupy.

It will be said that the abolition of the legislative functions of the House of Lords would be unconstitutional. Very likely; although the unmeaningness of the word constitution, as applied to anything really existing in the Government of this country

renders it prudent not to be positive on that score. The late Lord Chief Justice Abbott laid it down that the Constitution comprehended whatever was constituted. If so, the House of Lords is certainly part and parcel of the Constitution; so was the representation of Gatton and Old Sarum; so were many things which have been abolished whenever the abolition was desired by the possessors of power. It is true, these abolitions have been effected by certain forms, implying the joint consent of King, Lords, and Commons. But why should not the Lords be persuaded to give their consent to any change needful for the welfare of the community, by reasons analogous to those which obtained their assent to the Reform Bill? Or why might not the Constitution be preserved by some such legal fiction as that by which the appointment of a regency, in the reign of George the Third, became formal and authentic law? The point is a knotty one; but the old proverb says, 'Where there is a will there is a way;' and when the desire is once general and determined to do without the Lords, no doubt means will be found, peaceful, legal, loyal, and very constitutional, for its accomplishment.

Suppose the whole affair to have been quietly and harmoniously arranged; and a Bill for conducting the legislation of the country, in future, by means of the Sovereign and one representative body, (consisting, indiscriminately, as the people might elect them, of Peers and Commoners,) to have become the law of the land with all the due formalities of assent by King, Lords, and Commons; would not the Aristocracy itself be in a much more comfortable situation? It is not possible for them ever to govern the country in their separate capacity as a Peerage. They can only make a long and unavailing struggle, attracting to themselves all ill feeling from the community. The country must be governed in and by the House of Commons. The Peers must exercise their portion of the government in the House of Commons. They did so before the passing of the Reform Bill. They must do so again. Not, as they did then, by means of nomination and corruption, but by being themselves placed there, those of them who are qualified, as representatives. Almost all the county representation would fall to their share, as a matter of course. Their influence on all questions of home or foreign policy would be more prompt, direct, and effective than at present. Now, the utmost exertion of their power only stops the wheels of the State; then, they would have the proper share in giving the impulse, and indicating the direction. As independent bodies, the two Houses have manifested principles and feelings so dissimilar as to ensure constant collision; and yet neither can move without the other. We have only the prospect of ceaseless agitation. There is a constant tendency towards a violent convulsion. The Peers, if they reflect at all, can only look to governing the nation by force, or being themselves the victims of

force. Such a state of things cannot last long. Its speedy and peaceful termination is alike essential to Peers and people. But there seems no prospect of its termination, save in the absorption of hereditary legislation in universal representation. We should then have united councils, and a happy triumph of nationality over classification. No little good would be effected by all the great officers of Government being in the same House. There would be more of simplicity, unity, and dignity in the policy of successive Administrations. It would not have to shift its form according to the varying atmosphere of the two Houses. All that is good and great in the Aristocracy would always be found in that assembly. There would combine with it all that is vigorous in Democracy. The people's choice should be fettered by no restriction or qualification. It would be the grandest legislative body that the world had ever seen; and both worthy of, and competent to guide, the greatest and freest of nations.

W. J. F.

THE ACTRESS.

(*Continued from* p. 530.)

It may have seemed inconsistent with the lofty nature ascribed to Walter Brandon, that a mere reverse of fortune should have had power to reduce him to such an utter state of weakness; nor would this probably have been the case, had not a variety of other circumstances combined to shake a constitution which had never thoroughly recovered from its first terrible earthquake. He had been, for some days previous, suffering from temporary illness, the symptoms of which were aggravated by the suddenness and anxious nature of Sir James's communication. The return to London,—the grave of his wife and of the two friends who had not long survived her; the struggle to keep down the revival of past memories; the absence of any external aid on which to rely in the present crisis; the dread of dependence upon those who had never gained nor deserved his esteem,—all came upon him, and seemed at once to deprive him of the little strength that remained. The chance of Flora's dependence upon her own powers he had never calculated upon; and if the idea had ever crossed his brain, of her having to exert any extraordinary degree of energy, especially in the peculiar province for which she was so eminently fitted, he had turned from the thought with a morbid horror, easily accounted for by the untimely fate of her mother. Added to all this, of late a new anxiety had sprung up in his mind, and to which his nervous indisposition was partly ascribable. He had seen, with concern, the increasing intimacy between Flora and Percy Fenton; a man whom he respected and even loved, but whom he felt to be unfitted, both by circumstances and education, ultimately to ensure the happiness of his child: aware, as he was, of Mrs. Fen-

ton's prejudices, he saw nothing but a hopeless struggle as the consequence of the continued association of his daughter with her son. That all these considerations worked together, and not for good to poor Walter's health of body and peace of mind, may be easily imagined, nor is it to be wondered that they finally reduced him to the state in which we last left him.

Flora's shriek, as her father fell, summoned the whole household to her side. George was foremost in the group; he waited not an instant, but went in search of the nearest medical help. Meanwhile every possible means were used for Walter's reanimation, and at last a faint sigh relieved Flora from her worst fears. He unclosed his eyes, but no look of recognition came from them; vacantly they wandered from side to side. 'Father, dear father, speak to me! look at me! it is Flora! she will be your comfort! All is well! do you not know me? it is Flora,—Flora!' again she repeated; and, after each successive sentence had failed in its intent to recal him to his senses, in a sort of desperate agony she knelt down close to him, and whispered her mother's earliest name distinctly in his ear, but with a half-fearfulness lest she should rouse even a stronger intelligence than she desired. For the first time the one name remained unanswered by its accustomed thrilling response, and the lids again closed over his speechless eyes. George returned with the hope of instant succour, and by the time his master had been conveyed to his chamber it had arrived. Flora wisely felt the necessity of communicating as much of her father's previous state of mind as might assist in a decision. An overwrought system, which would require time and the most extreme care to restore it, was the verdict. He might remain a longer or a shorter period in this state of torpor. The utmost importance was attached to the speedy security of as hopeful a set of circumstances around him as his friends could command, that when his brain recovered from the shock it had sustained, he might not suffer a relapse from a continuation of the anxiety that had occasioned it. The medical man departed. 'Can I do any thing, Miss Flora?' said George, with a quivering voice and eyes filled with tears. 'Thank you, George, no; when you hear this bell ring, *you* will come; it is such a comfort to see your face, instead of a stranger's.'—'Thank you! thank you!' said George; and Flora was left alone. Quite alone she could not feel: the reliance with which she looked to Percy; the feeling that in him she had a brother; that he could advise with her as to the best plan of directing the energy she felt so strong within her, and materially help her in carrying it into execution; the recollection of the strong sympathy that had sprung up between them, gave her a feeling of trust and thankfulness even in the midst of circumstances unusually trying to one whose life had been spent in a round of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. She could arrange nothing till he came; in every thought for her father's comfort

she contrived in some way to link Percy with her in its ministration. She sat for some time, all ear for the sound of footsteps on the stairs; she went to the window; she walked gently up and down the room; returned again and again to her father's bedside, to watch his pale helpless face, listen to his moaning breath; adjusted the bedclothes more lightly; shut out the last stray sunbeam, that had contrived to make its way between the curtains: there was no more to be done. The minutes went by, ranged themselves into hours, and yet no Percy! The suspense became intolerable, and she summoned George. 'You are sure you made no mistake about my note last night?'—'Quite sure, ma'am; for, when they said Mr. Percy was out, I asked if they meant out of town; and they said "No, only out for the evening;" so I left the note, with particular charge to give it him that night, as it was of the greatest consequence!' Flora remained in thought. 'Shall I go again, Miss Flora?'—'No, George; you wait with my father; I will be back soon.' George had many entreaties to urge, and many warnings about her 'losing her way, and not knowing what sort of a place London was;' but she stayed not to listen, and in a few minutes was on her way. Her heart beat rapidly as she approached the house. She looked searchingly at it, half doubting if George's account could be correct. The balcony was verdant with plants; and a vase, which she recognized as one of the favourites of Percy Court, filled with fresh flowers, was on a stand in one of the windows. 'They are at home, and the note has been forgotten.' Her whole frame trembled with an emotion new to her, and she could scarcely bid the massy knocker do its office. A woman servant opened the door. 'Is Per—is Mrs. Fenton at home?'—'No, ma'am, she left town at nine o'clock this morning.' —'And Mr. Percy?'—'Is gone with her, miss!' and she eyed Flora suspiciously, as her hastily awakened colour gave place to excessive paleness. 'Do you know where they are gone, or how long they will remain?' The door and the post were brought into nearer companionship. 'None of us knows where they are gone, but for some time, I 'spose, as most of their things is to be packed up and sent after 'em.' By this time the aperture was so lessened that there was scarcely room for the two faces to see each other. 'One question more; was this a sudden journey?' The sub. *looked* 'what business is that of yours, I should like to know?' but the opportunity to an under servant of being somebody was irresistible. 'Yes, miss, very sudden indeed! Mr. Percy received a letter last night—a very important letter indeed! and they *do* say, it made some words between him and missuss; however that may be, I know for a *fac* that it positively obliged them to go into the country!' and the Jenny in office drew herself up with an air of dignified importance as if she were chief keeper of secrets to the establishment. Flora stood, how long she knew not, until the sudden and somewhat sharp shutting of the door

recalled her to herself. Till this moment the extent of her love had remained concealed from her, and now she was too much bewildered to analyze her own sensations: she only felt that the rock on which she had rested had suddenly sunk beneath her, and that she was alone, struggling amidst the waves of a wide tumultuous ocean. She reached home, scarcely knowing how, and made her way to her own room. She sunk on the floor, and a gush of tears relieved the bitter agony she had suffered. 'Is it come to this? have I loved? and must I wake from all those dreams, and upon such utter desolation? Were all those days that we have passed together, our walks, the books that we have read, the tears we have wept together, the looks of love—aye! it was love! at least, with me! I know it now, even from this dreadful torture!—was it nothing?—is it to be nothing? I *was* happy! I could be content even now, but for this ache—this dreadful ache! Why did you come across me? Oh what a child I was—a happy, happy child! What am I now? A miserable, heartbroken wretch!' and she grovelled and writhed on the floor in a paroxysm of agony. Such anguish was too strong to be of long duration: she lifted her head from the ground. 'Why is this? Flora Brandon, is this worthy of you, to be thus shaken by your own selfish sorrow, when he who has been always the kindest, the tenderest, the truest (and the tears again gushed forth), is suffering, helpless, dependent on your future strength for his very existence! Oh, forgive me, my father—my dear, dear father! Would that you could hear me—would that you could take your poor Flora to your bosom!—would that you could comfort this wretched, wretched heart! What, again? hush! hush!' and she remained for some time with her hands pressed tightly to her head and chest, rocking her body into rest, and uttering from time to time the low hushing sounds that nurses use to lull their children to sleep. She succeeded in becoming calmer, rose up and arranged her disordered appearance, composed her features as well as she was able, and made her way to her father's room. George was still there, and, with his finger on his lip, made sign that Walter slept. She gave George what tried hard to be a smile, and pointed to the door. George looked with wondering eyes upon her altered face, but was too good a nurse to stay to question. A look at her father's face again called up her emotion. 'Alone, now indeed *alone!*' and her exhausted frame sunk on the couch, her place of rest beside her father's bed. Her mind reverted to the one subject, and the tears rolled in heavy drops one after the other, as the thoughts came thickly and sadly. 'He never *said* he loved me; he knew not that I loved him; he knows not what I suffer! Gone! gone! Oh! what a beautiful nature he had!' continued her thought, as if he were indeed dead. 'Has still! Just Heaven! do not let me wrong him; a strange cloud seems to veil it from me now, but do not let me wrong him.

I will believe him just; at least, let me respect him. Oh! what a word for a heart like this!' she continued, as she felt that heart rushing towards him in a tide of strong love, that no barrier of word or thought could restrain. 'And yet it is much; any thing rather than the degradation of my idol—anything rather than to be the dupe of a childlike trusting love! No! no! I may still hold my faith; thank God for that. Nothing can tear it from me!—nothing but his own spoken word. Hear me, Heaven, and chronicle the words I utter; I rest my life on Percy Fenton's truth!' A peace came with these thoughts that did indeed pass her own understanding, and in a short time her wearied frame was wrapt in slumber. Not so her mind; dreams and half-waking visions came in thick succession: some vague and indistinct, others clothed in a frightful reality; all in some way taking the events that had so rapidly closed around her for their argument. One—and it was the last—came with peculiar distinctness.

She thought she was wandering through a wood with Percy; a beautiful wood! Each tree was in its prime; a blue sky over all; and the sunshine darting in and out amongst the green recesses. Percy was at some distance from her; but, as they went on their way, they approached nearer and nearer to each other. At last they came to a long vista; they entered it together. The sun became brighter, the trees greener; pleasant airs played amongst the branches; the birds sang, and the bees and glad butterflies sported amongst the wild flowers: innumerable sweet chirpings were heard from underneath the mosses, and all seemed instinct with life and happiness. At the end of the vista there seemed a garden. Delicious perfumes came upon the air, mingled with the sound of lulling waterfalls; dim glimpses of bright spirits flitted here and there; beautiful forms seemed to beckon them on, and a syren voice was singing in the air 'Come'—and a sweet echo answered 'come,'—'to your home!'—'Home!' again the echo answered, till the sound was heard in endless repetition. They were about to join hand to hand, and to enter upon the garden, when on a sudden the heavens were darkened, and a mighty and rushing wind uprose, and the trees of the vista waved wildly to and fro, and they bowed their tops to the ground, and hid the garden from sight. Flora felt her hand grasped tightly: she turned to look for Percy. He was gone! and a hideous demon was in his place. Suspicion lurked in the snaky eyes that darted sharp glances from beneath their pent brows. The fiend raised a long gaunt arm, and pointed to the leafy portal. Suddenly it unclosed upon where had been the garden; but how changed! Trees blasted, flowers withered, fruits rotten upon stagnant waters; forms of ghastly horror seen at intervals, but all fixed and motionless. The wind was hushed into deathly stillness; the sky coldly wrapt in one universal cloud. Enthroned amidst the ruin was a gigantic figure. Despair was written in power upon her sullen

brow, as she sat rigid, mighty, moveless, a Queen amidst desolation. Flora felt herself dragged forward: a horrible voice was in her ears. 'Come!' it said—'Come!' repeated a sullen echo—'to thy home!'—'Home!' echo moaned in the distance. Flora tried to call for help on Percy, but her voice failed her. Nearer and nearer she was drawn to that fearful garden. As a last hope, she turned to look back for succour; and there stood the pale spirit-like form of her father, who, with clasped hands, seemed to implore her to struggle against the destiny that was dragging her onwards. She concentrated all her strength into one desperate effort to free herself from the grasp of the fiend—and awoke! Her first impulse was to rush to her father's side. All was safe; and she returned to her couch, to recover from the state of alarm into which her dream had thrown her. She again tried to compose herself to rest, but in vain; and her thoughts began to turn towards the future. She soon found that her only chance was in a speedy formation of that future; in an instant severing the past from the present; in immediate exertion to free her mind from the pressure of this last and heaviest trial, and to remove as soon as possible the anxiety resulting from her father's state of sickness and destitution. Her own nerves were already beginning to totter, and, unless she opened for herself some immediate and engrossing pursuit, she felt the possibility of her being reduced to a state even worse than his own.

In the silence and solitude of the darkened chamber did Flora summon all her noblest energies; the gloomy twilight, the absence of externals, the low breathing of the invalid, coming at intervals, as if to remind her of his dependence upon her, all helped to concentrate her powers, and strengthen her rapidly-forming purposes. 'Yes, I will become an actress!' Quickly did the thought flash upon her; slowly and deliberately did she plan its execution. She recalled her father's conversations on the subject; tried to remember the names that had been associated with his dramatic life. To her great joy she recollected having seen, in a public print, one that had been in some way connected with the history of her mother's death. Once on the alert, her inquiries soon produced a result. The stage manager, who had announced the event to the audience on that memorable night, and who had shown an unusual degree of feeling for Walter's distress, was connected with one of the theatres. To him Flora at once resolved to apply; to tell him frankly her circumstances, ask as frank an opinion of him as to the proposed application of her talent, and, if available, entreat his assistance to procure its employment as soon as possible. Not a moment was lost in the prosecution of her plans. The next morning, she made the first step into her new world. The perfect simplicity of Flora's appearance, her undeviating frankness, the affecting earnestness of her every look and every tone, would have been sufficient to interest the most sceptical observer; but coming, as she

did, in the likeness of her well-remembered mother, the recital of whose melancholy death was an oft-told tale, that had caused many a moment's mournful rest even among the flippant groups that too often disgrace the green-room, and with all the added interest of the peculiar circumstances about her, no wonder that she called up the strongest and best feelings in the heart of her auditor. Unlike most managers, and even beyond himself, he encouraged her hopes; doubted not of the possession of a similar talent to her mother's; but would not allow her then to make a trial of it, owing to the morning's excitement having been already as much as she could bear. 'I have indeed found a friend, then,' she said, as the tears sprang to her eyes; and she held out her hand. 'Rely on me, and mind and take care of yourself, and we must take care of you, for your poor father's sake; and, to give a more selfish reason, for our own; not forgetting the public, to whom I hope soon to introduce you, and who, I doubt not, will find in you a valuable acquisition.' The words passed idly by Flora; the chance of her acceptation was all she required; she joyfully fixed on the morrow morning for her first ordeal, and, again thanking her new-found and kind friend, took her departure. The whole of the day was devoted to the recal of her past dramatic studies, or rather amusements. They came with added vigour and freshness; and a good night, won by the excessive exertion of the day and the hope that it had created, had restored her nerves to a somewhat firmer tone, and given her the power to realize all that she desired. Her trial passed triumphantly; access to the theatre, that she might familiarize herself as speedily as possible with the business of the stage, was immediately gained for her: she was introduced to the wife of the manager, herself an actress, a little, kind-hearted, active, cheerful woman, who, like her husband, was impressed at once by the interesting circumstances that surrounded Flora, and determined to do all in her power to procure her pleasure or prevent her annoyance, as the occasion might serve. On Flora's return home a letter from Lady Brandon was on the table; they were to arrive in town the following week. Flora looked to their coming with more of fear than hope: she loved her aunt, and the more she did so, she felt that the career she had chosen would be likely to add to the distress she had suffered from their other circumstances. Not that her aunt had any peculiar horror of the profession; her strong affection for her brother had secured her against that; but Flora's adoption of it would bring her into such constant collision with Sir James, if she attempted to keep up any association with her, that she saw no end of difficulty. But a greater fear than this was the dread of having Percy's name dragged before her; she was endeavouring as much as possible to shut it out, as its recurrence never failed to herald a troop of miserable and hopeless sensations—the most unfitting influences with which she had to contend. At the time mentioned, Sir

James, Lady Brandon, and Emma, came to town. The former had spent the interval that had passed since the confirmation of Walter's loss, in endeavouring to ascertain what were likely to be the feelings and opinions of the surrounding neighbourhood—his world—as upon their fiat would depend his line of conduct. Walter had seldom mingled with the visitors at Brandon Hall. Added to his disapproval of the master, there had been, in the first instance, an evident attempt amongst the guests to patronize Sir James's 'poor relation,' which spirit Walter had rebuked in a manner that had made certain cheeks to blush, and certain ears to tingle. Flora, too, had raised the spleen of many of the neighbouring gentry who had daughters (to say nothing of a little on the part of Sir James, for Emma's sake), at her having for a time engrossed such a prize as Percy Fenton; and, although all chance of final possession seemed over, they were not disposed to forget past grievances. Sir James was not long kept in a state of perplexity. 'Imprudence,' 'folly,' 'excessive carelessness,' 'extravagance,' were terms thickly lavished on the head of poor Walter. Others decided that it was 'very mysterious,' accompanied with certain what are called 'knowing' (and which are usually ignorant, and always vulgar) nods and winks, and shrugs of the shoulders; while some went so far as to shake their heads in awful condemnation at 'such a piece of glaring rascality!' Sir James was heartily (or rather heartlessly) pleased when he found himself relieved from the necessity of coming forward; so he *did* looking grieved, shook his head too, though after a different fashion, saying little, but just enough to earn commendation for showing a Christian spirit of forbearance to one who 'had brought disgrace upon the family!'

Flora was not long in making her way to her aunt after her arrival. It was a painful meeting; not a little aggravated by the presence of Sir James. Lady Brandon's reception was an agony of tears. Emma, who was trying on a new capote, was 'delighted to see her,'—and she turned again to the glass, far more 'delighted to see' how well the capote became her. Sir James looked something between coldness and arrogance, but began in a tone of condolence, which Flora, as soon as she could without positive rudeness, interrupted, to begin her history. She went through it rapidly and strongly, and with so much decision of manner as to keep Sir James silent. She entreated her aunt to be consoled; assured her that she was comparatively happy; that she was quite satisfied as to the wisdom of the course she was pursuing, as being the likeliest to bring eventual health and peace of mind to her father; that there were good hopes of his recovery, from the fact of his not having wasted away; that just now she was almost thankful to see him as he was, rather than in a racking state of anxiety. Lady Brandon's tears still continued to fall, while Emma stood by, not quite determined in her own mind whether it was proper to cry or not. Flora rose to go.

'Tell me again where you are, dear child, for I have mislaid your last letter, and my poor head is so bewildered.' Flora named the address; Lady Brandon took out her memorandum-book, but the tears would not let her write; Flora wrote it for her. 'And now, dear, dear aunt, good bye—do not be thus distressed—do not be anxious for us—I am sure it will be well with *him*, and that is all I want to make me'—happy she would have said, but 'content' was the word for her future. She hurried away. Sir James listened for the closing of the hall-door, and then addressed his daughter. 'Emma, if your cousin becomes an actress, I shall be under the necessity of requesting you to abstain from association with her.' 'Very well, papa,' said Emma, while poor Lady Brandon, who could no longer restrain her sobs, retreated from the room. 'Your mamma has too much sensibility, and allows it sometimes to encroach upon the bounds of propriety. You had better go to her, Emma; and tell her I shall order the carriage at three, and that I particularly wish, while matters are in this state, that your cousin may not be seen in it; and stay, Emma, I also must request that it may not be seen standing at the door of their lodgings; but perhaps it is better that I should speak to your mamma myself upon the subject.' The eternal 'Very well, papa,' which so often said so very *ill* for the daughter, was Emma's rejoinder, and she left the room.

As the day of Flora's public trial approached, a new life seemed to possess her. Conscious as she was of her being about to try the issue of beggary or independence, and, what was of far deeper importance, the restoration of her father, which she felt to be dependent on her success,—yet feeling, as she did for the first time, omnipotence of will in the employment of her own powers, and that those powers gained strength from the vigorous exercise into which they had of late been roused,—the immensity of the result but imparted new energy to all her actions. Added to her father's long-cherished feelings and opinions, which had become hers, the sanctity of her purpose elevated her far above the prejudices and impurities that still cling closely around and impede the progress of the profession she had adopted; and she prepared for her coming trial with a feeling of devotedness, and a power of affection prompting to strong purpose, that made her, indeed, seem very little 'lower than an angel!'

The day arrived! the former part of it passed in a profound quiet, that alone, to an acute observer of the different workings of human nature, would have been a sufficient voucher for her success. She left her father's room, to make what arrangements were necessary before her departure for the theatre. For a moment she hesitated whether to return, lest some circumstance might arise, some string be touched, the vibration of which might disturb her self-possession; but the old habit prevailed. He was seated, as she had left him, in a large arm-chair, watching,

like a child, the now departing sun-gleams, as they made their way through the window-blinds, and flitted across the wall. Of late this had been hailed by Flora as a blessed proof of returning consciousness; but now, when about to take the most important step she had ever adventured, and when her father's sympathy would have been so precious to her, the absence of all intelligence between them, at a time when there should have been so much, made the tears spring to her eyes. 'And is it thus, my father, I must go forth, and without a blessing from thee?—Better as it is; better than that thou shouldst suffer the anxiety that would be thine at this moment, couldst thou read my purpose; and yet it is for thee—for *thee!*' and she kissed him again and again, and folded him to her bosom, and lifted up her eyes and her heart in prayer to Heaven that he might be restored to her; and then, with more earnestness than usual, she gave her accustomed look into his eyes of wistful search after the intelligence that had so long deserted them. Surely his eyes recognized her? No; it was fancy! Another kiss, and she turned towards the door; his head moved, his eye followed her,—she was at his feet in an instant; but whether the violence of her movement had checked returning consciousness, or whether his change of position had been merely accidental, she could not tell, as he relapsed into his former state of indifference.

The manager and his kind little wife were waiting to receive her. In selecting a character for her first appearance, Flora had cautiously avoided taking one that might in any way act upon her own personal feeling. Juliet, the one so often selected, had at once been rejected by her. Often had she read it with Percy; often had she talked over improvements in its representation; and in her loneliness recalled a remark which he had made in jest, while regretting the want of spirituality in the fat middle-aged gentleman usually selected to play the gentle Romeo. 'If ever you were to play Juliet, dear Flora, I would stipulate that they should let you play it to your own Romeo!' 'Yes, Percy, I am indeed dependent on myself, but how little I then thought it would be through your desertion—no, not desertion—loss!' Accordingly Flora had selected her old character of Portia, as one little likely to bear upon her own peculiar history and feelings. The girlish heroine, who had years before uttered the apostrophe to Mercy, in the library of Brandon Hall, had lost none of her beauty; time had rather added a treasure of strengthened feelings, tempered by ripened judgment, the loftiness of her purpose giving her steadiness to employ both in their fullest exercise. Her story had been freely circulated amongst all those whom it could reach, and her greeting was unusually encouraging; but she was too much absorbed to remark it as anything else but the accustomed meed to a new aspirant. If the grace, and dignity, and delicacy of the earlier scenes, attracted and charmed her au-

dience, the celebrated trial-scene completed her triumph. Her own strong purpose communicated itself, and became incorporate with the lofty bearing of the high-souled Portia. Her entrance into the presence of the Duke and the assembled court was a moment that stood alone, to be remembered in the annals of dramatic history. She came armed with a cause just and holy, to redeem another from bondage, to free one most dear to her from suffering. She did as her will had prophesied, as her appeal to her father had promised, 'triumph through all;' and the whole house rose, as the curtain fell, to give vent to its enthusiasm in universal acclamation. She hurried from the theatre, not waiting to receive the accustomed shower of plaudits; her kind friend, the manager, speaking for her, in the words of simple and earnest truth, and, in alleging the reason for her absence, securing to her a further amount of popularity. Arrived at home, Flora was not long in seeking her father's room. As she entered, the lamp, which had been studiously placed so as to avoid the pillow of the invalid, flashed full upon her figure. She was habited in white; a long white veil floated over her shoulders. 'Ha!' said a voice from the bed, 'art thou come at last? Long years have I mourned for thee, long have I waited for thee.' Flora was at her father's side in an instant; 'Come, come,' and his head sank on the pillow. For awhile Flora hardly dared breathe to herself what was her fear; she listened, and soon it was to hear the low deep breath of sleep. She hastily divested herself of her stage costume, and again returned to her station by the bed. She continued there for some time, when her father changed his position. She arranged his pillow, took his hand, and gave his cheek that kiss of affection, which in other days had never failed of a return. His eyes opened; 'Flora' was the first word he uttered. This time Flora was guarded. 'Flora!' again he repeated. 'Yes, papa,' came for answer, but in a voice that from its excessive suppression sounded as from the depths of a sepulchre. 'My child, where are you?' and Flora's lips were fastened to his forehead. 'Where have I been? Why are you crying?' and Flora could no longer restrain her sobs. 'What is the matter, Flora? I have had a dream, I have seen an angel, your mother! she came to me; alas! she is gone—gone; but my child, my little Flora, I have *you*. Why do you weep? You are with your father, you are my dear, dear child,—we are happy!' From that hour Walter slowly recovered; recovered to hear and tremble at all the events that had so rapidly changed their mode of existence. Flora's complete and increasing success, her uninterrupted and improved health, and the gloom that never failed to gather on her brow when he spoke anxiously of her newly-adopted career, soon made him discontinue any allusions to it but such as were encouraging. One other subject was entirely suppressed, though often in each other's eyes they could read their unspoken thoughts. Percy's

name never passed their lips. Since her father's recovery, this was the one cloud that darkened Flora's heaven; and, in spite of all her efforts to remove it, there it remained. Though the melancholy it awakened was not of the deepest kind, though she was spared the excess of bitterness which a disappointment in the object occasions, though she felt it to be a fault of the circumstance rather than the individual, yet the want of the one sympathy, the deprivation of the interchange which she had enjoyed so intensely, made her heart at times, even with all the strong interest of her pursuit, an aching void. The feeling of reliance which she had once felt towards her father had completely changed; she felt his thorough dependence upon her, and turned with a shrinking fear from the thought of what the consequence of any failure in her might be to him. What might not Percy have been to her now?—And where was Percy?

We must return to the evening of Flora's arrival in town. On the return of Percy and his mother from the opera the note was duly delivered, and the 'great consequence' of George lost none of its emphasis by its transmission. Mrs. Fenton lifted her questioning eyes to Percy as he broke the seal. 'Heaven! she is here!' was his first exclamation. 'Who?' said Mrs. Fenton. 'You shall read,' said Percy, still continuing to retain Flora's note. While finishing its perusal, his mother watched his rapidly-changing face, which had blanched to excessive paleness ere he gave the note to her. She read it without comment, refolded it, and placed it on a table near her. The excess and suddenness of Percy's feeling held him silent; his mother was the first to speak. 'I have been wishing for a half-hour's conversation with you relative to Miss Brandon for some time, dear Percy, and, though I am aware of its seeming a somewhat ungracious period at which to introduce it, the necessity of the case must excuse me, both to you and herself. I have marked the impression she has made upon you, which up to a certain point was a desirable circumstance; to go beyond that point, my dear son, you must allow, would be a most objectionable thing for you, and consequently a bitter affliction to me.' Percy continued silent; his feelings were all in tumult, and, for the first time, they seemed to rebel against his power to command them. He knew not how to answer; and his slight confusion and hesitation of manner awakened the fears of his mother. 'Percy, tell me, have you ever given Miss Brandon cause to think of you other than as a friend?' The silence continued. 'Percy, you alarm me; let me know the worst at once; have you made a declaration of love to her?' 'No,'—came out like a murmur from a dreaming man. Shadow of a denial as it was, Mrs. Fenton knew she might rely upon it. The principle of truth and justice, which her son had received from her, would have made her, had the case been otherwise, at once have sacrificed her long-cherished ambition upon the altar of plighted faith.

And Percy *was* in a dream, or rather a strong and new reality was rapidly creating around him. His murmured 'no' was a true answer to his mother's question, but in its tone might be detected a deeper truth—the conviction that was coming upon him, that, though his love had remained untold, there it was, making his pulses throb, his cheek glow, his heart beat against his breast, to fly to her who, for the first time, he discovered that he loved; discovered it too in one of those strongly painful circumstances that sometimes elicit a truth suddenly, which the common course of events might have taken a much longer period to bring to light. Mrs. Fenton was at ease; all fear was over. Her reliance rested securely on two points in Percy's character—his high notion of filial obedience, and his belief that in a total abnegation of self consisted the extent of human virtue;—a beautiful error in its unselfishness, but one of the most fatal into which a being of strong sensibility can fall.

How often, as in the case of Mrs. Fenton and her son, have hopes been blasted, affections killed, the whole bloom and charm of a life sacrificed! and to what?—ambition, desire of possession, grasping after distinction, and many another cause, less unworthy, but equally mischievous, which, however it might assume the guise of parental love, was a cheat—was the love of its own wish, rather than a child's true happiness. The personal affections are a right with which no parent should interfere; they are the strongest stimulus to human action; and, as such, though everything may and should be done to direct them, their complete destruction is a crime which should lie heavily on every parent's conscience. We would rather see a child a pauper in a parish workhouse, beggared by adventitious circumstances, the result, as it is called, of 'a bad match,' than have the sin upon our souls of having made a heart bankrupt in its most precious wealth—its affections. What had been Mrs. Fenton's course of action? Strong as was her love for her son—devoted as had been every thought, every feeling, every act of her life, to what she called his welfare—she had allowed his intercourse with Flora, not only regardless of what might be the consequence to *her*, reckless of the suffering which the entanglement of her feeling might entail upon her, but now was about to devote the son she had so much loved—a martyr to his own heroic but mistaken sense of duty—a victim to his earnest, but unreasoning, self-devotion.

After Percy's 'No,' Mrs. Fenton again broke silence. 'Percy, you have made your mother happy;' and she held out her hand, into which Percy's found its way by a mechanical impulse. She was too happy in the assurance he had given her to feel annoyance at the coldness of the act, and continued: 'You know well I would not have you forfeit a pledge and dishonour your faith, though the breaking of my heart might be the result of its fulfilment. I am sorry that Mr. Brandon should be so circum-

stanced, and regret that it is not in our power to assist in extricating him from his difficulty.' This brought Percy to his senses. 'How unfortunate that we should have been at that provoking opera!' (his mother looked up; he had never seemed to have had greater enjoyment from the same cause than on that evening:) 'however, I can go before breakfast in the morning: where are they? You have the note, I think;' for it had disappeared from the table. 'I have, Percy. Listen; and do not account it strange when I tell you I mean to retain it;' (Percy looked somewhat possessive:) 'that is, if you will, after I have explained my reason, permit me to do so.' 'My mother! *I* permit *you!* What is it you mean?' 'All is safe,' again thought Mrs. Fenton. She continued aloud,—'Listen, Percy, quietly, for a few minutes. When I first saw your acquaintance with Miss Brandon, I felt that it would be a harmless pleasure, which I had no right to deny you. I had too much confidence in your prudence, in the kind consideration with which you have always regarded my wishes, (wishes, I may earnestly say, ever having your good for their object,) to fear, for a moment, that you would completely ruin the hopes I have so long cherished for you, by attempting an alliance with one so much beneath you.' Percy's brow crimsoned. 'Beneath me!' 'Do not interrupt me; I will not trouble you long.' 'Trouble me! Mother, why do you use this form to me?' 'Because your excessive impatience obliges me to do so.' 'Forgive me; I will not again interrupt you.' 'Before I left the country I observed that your feeling to Miss Brandon had become of too engrossing a character; and, since our return to town, your repeated reference to her, your constant linking the thought of her to all our pursuits, convinced me still further that it would be necessary, as far as I had the power, to prevent any further ill consequences to you, and consequent misery to myself. Mr. Brandon's unfortunate affair, happening at such a time, will, I fear, make what I am going to propose more annoying to you than it otherwise would have been; but the absolute necessity of the case must plead for me. My dear son knows my motive, and will not judge me unkindly.' 'Unkindly! You who have been so devoted to me, that my whole life can never repay you!—my true, my noble mother!—why say all this to me?' There was something in Mrs. Fenton's conscience that shrank slightly; but all was at stake, and poor conscience was smothered in a moment. 'Dear Percy, you must not answer that note of Miss Brandon's: we must leave this neighbourhood, that there may not be the unpleasantness of an explanation; and you must learn to forget that she ever existed.' The first sentence came like a thunderbolt; the next re-awakened him; and, by the time the third was finished, he had found his speech. 'What, now? now that she is in suffering?—now that she is dependent?—now that all those who have loved her should leap

to succour her, to cherish her?—now that she is without a home, and perhaps is soon to be without a father? And I, who am her sworn brother;—yes, her sworn brother! who have taught her to rely on me, to look to me! and well might I, in return for all she has done for me. What was I before I knew her?—a listless worm, a clod. Through her I live, I breathe, I move, and feel that I have an immortal soul, bidding me strive upward and onward, the more to be like her—the more to be near her; and, O, would to God I might say, the more to deserve to love her! Oh! not now—not now, my mother, let this blow come. I promise you I will withhold all knowledge of that love from her;—I promise you to be no more than I have seemed to be; nay, to be more guarded; but, O, force me not to the misery of degradation in my own eyes; and, what is far worse, scorn and execration as a heartless, worldly, contemptible wretch in her's!' Mrs. Fenton waited till the feeling excited by this outbreak had a little subsided. 'Percy, you are misjudging; you are supposing that Miss Brandon's feeling is stronger for you than it is; you are totally ignorant of its extent. The reliance upon you is that of a mere acquaintance; she has never realized the feeling, for she has never been in circumstances to require it. The grief you would give her by your withdrawal could not be half what would be that of your mother at your refusal to grant what she so earnestly implores. There are other reasons which make a continuation of your friendship unadvisable; which, when you know, you will be less warmly disposed for a continuation of your present intimacy than you are now.' 'What reasons?' 'Nay, Percy, is that look of defiance what I deserve?' 'Mother, forgive me; you know not what I suffer:' and he pressed his hands tightly against his throbbing brows. 'You do not know that Flora's mother was an actress. Nay, listen: you do not know that, in all probability, a reverse of fortune may tempt her, with the undoubted talent she possesses, to adopt the same disgraceful profession.' 'I do know it; I know all; I know that her mother was an angel, like herself. Disgraceful! I, too, had that feeling once: O, how I spurn myself that I could have it! Disgraceful! nay, it is a glorious one. Look what she could do, with her loveliness, her truth, her purity of soul, and her beautiful enthusiasm. How she might teach others to worship her; and, in worshipping her, to aspire, though at a humble distance, to be like her. O, what a bright example she would be to a world thirsting after beings like her to lead them on to that perfection which all might attain, if all had equal chance!' 'Percy! what means this infatuation? Is it possible that if Flora Brandon were to become an actress, you would take her for a wife?' 'Take her! O, were the hope but mine at this moment! To watch over her, to guard her, to cherish her, to shield her from every breath that could chill her, to help her as far as my

mind could help in her pursuit—*our* pursuit; for our minds would be linked together, our principles firmly knit together, our energies equally devoted, though after a different manner (for I, alas! have not her power;) and, the crown of all, her precious heart's love mine own through all—oh! it was too much bliss for earth; why did I hope it?' Mrs. Fenton was at a loss. The strength and truth of Percy's feeling impressed her, in spite of the prejudices so unaccountably interfered with. She was aware that to speak of Flora would be to exaggerate Percy's state of feeling, so she had recourse to argument. 'How inconsistent this is, Percy, with all I have heard you say. You, who have so often expressed a contempt for the profession of a barrister, because it obliged "a man to sell his brains for hire." Why what is this but a woman selling her brains, her feelings, her soul, for hire?' 'Mistake not; the lawyer, as a necessity, sells his conscience with his brains. The actress, at least she who is worthy to be one, gives brains and feelings in defiance of no principle, but for a public benefit; the hire is, or should be, a matter of secondary importance, only received because the present exchange throughout society makes the acceptance of remuneration a necessity to her existence. Oh! how much rather would I be an actor, than one of the many parish priests whom we have known about the neighbourhood of Percy Court, who dole out the knowledge which ought to be the freest gift under heaven, and who are paid for the scanty service they render, not by a voluntary offering, but by a compulsory tithe!' 'Percy, what is this you are saying? Where have you imbibed these dangerous opinions?' 'They are the thoughts of the moment, called up by the truth of an elevating passion—a passion that has given me true life. I, too, had once that selfish pride, that ignorant, false delicacy, which would have shrunk from the thought, as you do now, as contamination to the being I loved. Oh, how low! how mean! how injurious to her high and sainted nature, which no communion, even with the lowest, could taint, but which would elevate all who came within her sphere! It was *I* who would have contaminated her, by desiring other than the full and free devotion of her noble powers, which were not bestowed for utter uselessness, or worse—to wear away her own heart and brain by their unemployed energy. She it was who awakened within me the strong desire to help those who need it; to help them through her, and with her, who first taught me to long after the luxury of blessing others; who first lighted up the true spirit within me. Beware, oh, beware, lest you change that light into darkness!' There was something prophetic in Percy's manner; and this, added to the strong emotion under which he had been speaking, though it could effect no change in Mrs. Fenton's mind, involuntarily had its effect upon her feelings: only for a time; the object of years was not to be relinquished for the feeling of an hour;

and, for such a prospect, impossible! She had no argument left. The grey morning light was making its way through the shutters; there was much to be done, and Mrs. Fenton felt it was time to bring matters to a close. 'Well, Percy, I have nothing more to urge. My hopes are gone, my prospects for your happiness ruined; little did I dream that this fatal acquaintance would have the effect of destroying your devotion to her who has made you her one object through life!' 'It is not true; I am ready this instant to resign her. I have given no promise; nay, she may, she will, most likely love another;' and he buried his face in his hands. 'She knows not what I suffer; she shall never know, though my heart may break with its agony. Do with me what you will; go with me where you will; all that I ask in return is, that the name of Flora Brandon never again passes your lips!' 'My noble Percy! my dear, dear son!' But little enthusiasm was there to meet her own. Percy was exhausted. 'And now let me entreat you to go to rest.' 'Rest!' echoed Percy's heart in derision; but he kissed his mother, as had been his wont from childhood, and retired to his chamber. Mrs. Fenton immediately proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for their departure; the whole house were in requisition, with strict injunction to proceed quietly in their movements. The following morning, mother and son were on their way; Percy asked not, Percy cared not, whither.

In a few weeks from that time Percy Fenton was, to all appearance, dying. The effort to overcome his feelings, the mixture of remorseful doubt that would sometimes mingle itself with them, the absence of all hope, the deprivation of sympathy, a growing discernment of his mother's motives, the struggle between old affection and newly-awakening distrust, without the needful energy to redeem himself from its consequences, had reduced him to a state of weakness and depression that seemed to be making rapid approaches to total decline. For some time they had journeyed from place to place, in the hope that quick and repeated change might wean him from this dangerous dotage on the past; but Percy's strength would hold out no longer, and Mrs. Fenton fixed her residence on the coast, where she hoped the sea breezes and good medical advice would restore him. Blind mother! his had been no selfish passion; not the sensual, senseless worship of a pair of lustrous eyes, a perfect set of features, or a faultless form; the love whose light plays upon the surface of the eye, but flashes not within the deep recesses of the heart and brain. He had been no ranger from one to another, offering up to gods many and strange the devotion meant only for the true religion of the heart; nay, daring to take the name of the true Divinity in vain, by appropriating it as a representative for feelings polluted by their promiscuousness, and debased by their selfishness. With Percy love had been the enshrinement of one object within his

heart's holy of holies. Absent or present, there had burnt the pure, unwavering flame, by whose light every vivid emotion, every kindling thought, every new impression, was made purer, brighter, and happier. All the best and noblest powers of his nature had ministered to the awakening flame, nay, had seemed to be created by its agency, till it had burst forth in its strength an absorbing, but elevating and hallowed, passion. Time went on; no blessing waited on the change; the sea breezes brought no healing on their wings, and medical skill was of no avail. Mrs. Fenton began to doubt! She watched his weakening frame, his wasting cheek; and his sunken eye and patient smile were reproaches which were silently, but deeply, cutting their way to her inmost soul. Through the public prints and other means the whole history of Flora was known to them both, but her name never passed their lips. Percy would sit for hours with his eyes fixed upon the sea; his mother would have given worlds that his mind should have been laid bare to her; but gradually he ceased to write even a thought upon that waste of waters, and the last helpless, hopeless state of apathy seemed closing upon him.

On the afternoon of a day unusually sultry, during which Percy had shown new and painful signs of increasing weakness, his mother, after fanning his brow and wiping away the moisture that gathered on his temples, succeeded in soothing him into sleep. She darkened the room, and sat down beside the sofa on which he was lying. The quiet was intense. The memory of other days came upon her. She thought of her early love, of her ill-assorted marriage, of the little fount of love that had sprung up within the desert, of the happy, playful, loving child that used to come and nestle in her bosom as a home; her eyes rested in anguish on the pale hollow suffering face beside her. 'And is it thus I have repaid thee for all the joy you brought to me when my heart was sore grieved for love? Alas! it is I that have wrought this change. It is I who have sacrificed thee; yes, sacrificed thee to a cruel, heartless, mad ambition!' The blue curtain that partially shrouded the window cast a livid gleam over the pale face of the sufferer. 'Beware, lest you change that light into darkness!' wrung in her ears; she sunk on her knees. 'Oh God! do not blast me with such misery; let him be restored to me,—let but this dreadful agony pass away, and all shall be for his heart's happiness; I will forget all the dreams I have cherished; what are they compared to the desolation that would wither this heart if'—a cry of anguish burst from her bosom. Percy awoke; she knelt beside him: 'My son, my dear *dear* son, will you forgive me, will you forget all the misery I have caused you—will you try to be all you once were to me,—the hope, the life, the comfort of my heart; with all granted to yours that it would ask, all,—all,—only look as you once looked, only be again what you once were?' Percy gazed at her; and

the conviction of that moment laid the first step to his restoration to life!

Within a month of this day Percy was on his way to London; his errand need not be told. By one of those coincidences which are called strange, but which, if they did not happen sometimes amongst the separate number of circumstances that make up life, it would be stranger still,—he arrived in the great city the day before that in which Flora was to take her first public benefit. To her unqualified fame as an actress was added the popularity which her domestic history, now universally known, could not fail to call forth. It had been determined to mark her benefit by some public tribute to her worth, to grace it with a peculiar triumph, which her exalted genius, linked as it was with devoted and heroic virtue, richly deserved. Accordingly, after various plans, the following was agreed upon, the manager, in half jest, claiming from her implicit obedience in performing all that might be allotted to her. Amongst that part of the public who had yielded homage to her genius, she had obtained the name of 'the modern Corinne;' by those who preferred worshipping her in her other character, 'the modern Cordelia.' Accordingly, the play selected for the evening was Shakspeare's 'Lear,' in which she was to play her own part; to be followed by (with an adaptation to the present circumstance) the 'Triumph of Corinne in the Capitol.' The whole town was full of this approaching triumph; 'coronation of the modern Corinne' greeted Percy's eyes in all directions. He had wisely determined not to see her until the eventful night should be over, but it seemed strange that he who loved her best, who joyed most deeply at her success, should take no part in her triumph. He looked again and again at the play-bills; a sudden thought flashed upon him! He made his way to the theatre—sought the manager—gave his name, which was at once recognised; described himself as an early friend of Flora's, and anxious to occupy a favoured position on such a night.

The story of 'Corinne' has been universally read; but it may be forgotten by some, and unknown by others, that, after her coronation by a prince of Italy, an Englishman, who is present, replaces the crown, which had accidentally fallen from her head as she leaves the hall. This had been ingeniously taken advantage of, by the author of the adaptation, to reserve the right of Flora's coronation to her native country. The manager heartily rejoiced in the exchange of a somewhat material and unpicturesque hero for the graceful and spiritual Percy. The responsibility was slight; a few words were all, and he felt that those words might be safely trusted with one who seemed so exactly fitted to enact the part. Percy's romance will be esteemed unaccountable and extravagant by many; to those who have not a key to it in their own bosoms it is useless to offer explanation. Long before the day

had arrived every place had been secured, and long before the time of access every avenue was crowded. The heroine of the night displayed a power almost beyond herself; so true it is that a lofty spirit rises with the excitement that would sink one of less noble mould. The time for the triumph arrived; the pageant passed through the streets of Rome—Corinne had ascended the steps to the capitol—the eulogy of the prince of Castel-Forte had been spoken, and she had uttered a response; the crown rested on her head, the whole house rose, and showers of wreaths and clusters of flowers were cast at her feet. The voices of those who had joined in procession were uplifted in a triumphal chorus. She prepared to depart. As had been previously arranged, in turning suddenly to offer a last acknowledgment to the audience, the crown of myrtle fell from her head; the Englishman advanced—he touched her hand—he led her slightly forward—he lifted in triumph a crown of roses above her head: the rose fête of Uplands rushed back on Percy's memory but for a moment; he spoke:

> 'Nay, 'tis for me upon that brow to place
> The crown that borrows, more than lends a grace;
> Our own we hail thee, and thy power divine,
> And with the myrtle England's roses twine.'

'And with the myrtle England's roses twine,' sounded in tumultuous chorus. Flora heard it not. Another shower of roses and myrtle was scattered at her feet; she saw them not; one voice was in her ear, one glance was in her heart; her agitation became excessive, her head reeled, she tottered, and, had not Percy supported her, she must have fallen to the ground. The triumph was completed—the curtain fell—the spectators naturally attributing her emotion to the excess of excitement which the whole scene was calculated to call up. Though taste may condemn the practice, the audience were not satisfied without the usual *in propriâ personâ* appearance. Some time they waited, yet Flora came not; a profound stillness prevailed, and many, who had observed her fainting state when the curtain fell, had a feeling akin to fear, as the recollection of her mother's death passed across their memory. At last the curtain was seen to wave, and in a few seconds Flora and her father, grasped tightly hand in hand, were upon the stage. She was ashy pale, but there was a peculiar light in her eyes; and a discerning observer of the multitudinous expressions that had often played about her features, exclaimed in triumph that he detected 'a new smile!' Doubly redoubled plaudits rent the air, wreaths were again scattered, and, better than all, here and there an affectionate 'God bless you both!' was heard above the tumult. Walter tried to speak, but tears came to plead eloquently for his want of words. His hand trembled in Flora's, and she felt they had best not prolong what had already been an effort almost beyond her

strength: they passed slowly across the stage, and, while the enthusiasm was at an excess which seemed almost to threaten the walls of the theatre, they withdrew.

The cottage, the water lilies and their fountain, the rose garden and the cherry orchard, and, better than all, the village schoolhouse, are not deserted. It is now the secured property of Walter Brandon; Flora's gift to her father on the day of her marriage. The rose fête and the cherry feast are yearly celebrated, and every autumn Flora and Percy come to refresh themselves amongst the woods of Percy Court, and in the fields of Uplands; in the quiet, and freshness, and charm of a country life, again to live over their happy history, again to renew all their increasingly active plans for each successive season. On they move together in concert, like two sweet instruments attuned to each other; alike devoted, in heart and soul, to what is to them their 'good cause;' alike finding, in the equal strength, constancy, and purity of their love for each other, a stimulus to their continued exertion. Trials have come, and the world at times has been ready to work them annoyance; but, through good report and through evil report, they have clung closely to each other, and have never ceased to exult with the deep joy of their hearts in the fate that first led Flora to become an actress.

S. Y.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Well! what then? is my gun warranted? are my dogs staunch? No; that is not the matter. Oh! spinning a text! Well, why not? Some sorry wight who had possessed himself of yonder rope might have contrived of it a noose to hang himself; but see! that boy has only noosed an elm-bough, and, being a chap of the easiest-idlest, he is riding his hobby—so swing I upon this old yarn, and wish you as good sport.

No, ill luck to your cruel eye! What! is it not enough that you drive yon beast in your dog-cart, just as you yoke and drive every other animal that crawls but beyond these fellow creeping things must you —— Were you a creature of the same species you might try a rival wing; but out of pure spite you will make a piece of lead outfly a feather, and level to the ground the tenant of the upper element. Could you not creep on and over, could you not scratch, and search, and sift, until you finally sink and sleep *there*, the earth, that claims you as one of its clods? The air, which buoys their bulk and fills their wing-compelling bones, which nurses their song, which bathes their brisk youth, and wins them from the narrow cradle pilfered from the grosser elements, and obeys their every impulse, and leaves no track for the destroyer behind their path—the air is blasted to desolation by

your contrivance, and shuts out heaven from the heart that meditates the ruin, unpeopling the pure space; down, down the victims flutter; there are your spoils, count their wounds, pluck out the weapons of their defence, strip every feather, and see a naked wretched biped,—then think of Diogenes' definition of a man.

But, who are you that take all my invective to yourself? Oh! no, it was not meant for you, who only taint the air with sulphurous smoke to recall the dingy atmosphere of your London, and wish that birds would, like your customers, fill your sack for your courtesies of the counter; your bow and your hawking of your offices are of no avail, birds will not come to be killed to make a cockney's supper; he must apply to the poulterer for a fowl, and despatch it, per coach, with a lie; and so Tooley-street shall perpetuate the glories of the shooting-jacket. Vain pretence! the boy who scared the birds from the spring corn was a hero to you; the mole is the only animal who has an instinctive dread at your approach, and pursues more intently his dirty ways, feeling that a rival is plodding on the surface. Enough! Cruickshank, take up your pencil; here is sport for you in the uplands; sketch in a dozen shooting-jackets, and come here; you will fill them to your heart's most jocose desire.

'But how to spend the holydays in the country? You would not have us bring the ink-horn, the foolscap, and ——' 'O, by no means; here are herbs and trees.' (What have I said? The last new 'Botany,' got by rote, is tossed into my ears.) 'No, no; no books nor papers in the elm avenue.' 'What is to be done?' 'What to be done! What part of this province of earth holds you? Are you westward? wait a few weeks, you will find the hop-fair at Wayhill; count the sacks, and calculate the consumption of ale, and see what comes of it. Broad shoulders and bright cheeks, and a hand that never tires between sunrise and the glooming. Go home now, count the miles of your walk, call for the Cognac to restore your lost powers. But whither goes your sport? If north, steam it, and you will count a hundred miles a day, beside waves and gulls; and then ports, and the Gael, and lakes, and —— O, you would off by the Shrewsbury coach! Get down, you rascal! defile not the Vale of Llangollen; the Welch harps will be out of tune; the mountains will grow weary, and throw their weight from their shoulders. Indeed, I can advise you no further. Stay at home; you will have a dozen new 'Tours' on the library table at Christmas, including a leash from Biscay, with a portrait of Zumalacarreguy, and a speech of Colonel Evans on the first charge. I thought that would do for you. Down with your gun!—off to your ledger!—enter 'two pounds of gunpowder and a dozen ditto of patent shot, debtor to cash; *per contra*, creditor, by three brace of partridges, &c.' I did not think you would have made half so good a bargain. Now sell your new jacket of velveteen, and keep your

gun to shoot the cats when they grow clamorous, tearing the ear of night with all that is inharmonious.

Courteous reader, I beg your pardon; that impudent fellow with his sporting pretences, whom I met on the Clapham stage three weeks ago, would not from my memory. But I wish you would have let me go on or continue going off at that cockney. Stopping me is as awkward to my sensations as when you check the swing; there the white head in the sun, and now the little heels here in the shade, and a chirrup swinging to and fro in companionship with the hobby; and now that jolt, and the little fellow is nearly thrown on his face among the nettles—I mean the last word as a *simile*, and find myself nettled by the critics, who are calling 'question, question,' while you only, Mr. Editor, are liberal of voice, and bid me 'go on, go on.' Well, sport for the country is, to rise with the sun, to empty the scent-bottles of your toilet, and make them depositories of a cottage wall-rose, presented with 'good morrow' from little rosy-cheek; or if the fair hand have culled the roses of so many and ten summers, then raise thy wish to virtue, she may be a worthy wife for—— but you are *above* a farmer's daughter: then pray pass on and keep the flower, and remember that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;' and it was a gift from a maiden's hand, (or from any hand, if you are called to the wonders of its mechanism and the lecture of Sir Charles Bell,) and make that a text on the rights of humanity; or go on without a thought to the 'Hand and Flower,' and drink deeply of mine host's home-brewed, if you have not been by the way deeply intoxicated with the every-day sights and sounds of a country walk at dawn; the little children up three hours beyond the going-out of father and the elder lads to plough or reaping. If you have never before seen a joy sunning the countenance, look there,—the one who speaks, how freely part the pearly teeth-row! how full the voice comes, without a hint that the lungs procured a double gulp of pure air with that effort! And then the laughers —see! the quiet cheek as still as the sky before dawn; and now —travel not to witness a glorious sunrise, it is here; it is gone. Another word. See! again that countenance, without an effort, is all joy, bright as happiness, and easy as innocence. 'Very innocent amusement,' quoth my reader, repeating the question, 'what is to do in the country?' Do something, or do not wander from the nothing-doing of town. If you can use the pencil, or touch the flute, or tell a story, you will have enough to do, unless you would keep happy neighbours from you, for you will be in request wherever these accomplishments are beyond the leisure of your company. But cricket, or bowls, or quoits, are the classical sports of the green, and thus, while work takes his new title, and perhaps shows to the setting sun a different costume from that worn at his rising, you will learn that they are always *doing*

in the country. I hardly think they could fold their arms and fix their attention while you should pass the hours in telling all the *on dits* of the season, all the failures in the East, all the *faux pas* of the West; but you may find it otherwise; try, see how many 'Ages' and 'Satirists' come to the post-office, and whither directed; follow them, and take up the theme; your coterie may be as clever and their consultations as dark as the conclave of crows that blacken yonder acres; yet, whatever their mischief to the corn, they are catering for their species, and therefore speak more profitably than your neighbours, though they only say 'caw.' But, should you escape these corners, you may find a cottager who has been to the top of the highest hill in the adjoining county, or a yeoman who is learned in the rise and fall of markets, a lass who has danced at the assize town, or a mechanic who has been on tramp, or a wooden leg which bespeaks a son of Neptune or of Mars. Oh, that oak of Dodona, whose fabled bird-tone was (as Mitford tells us) an Egyptian emigrant, was not more eloquent than are yon elm-boughs that screen the cottage eaves. How cozily curls the blue smoke from amid the foliage! I dare say the Dodonæan oak was an old smoker too while giving out his wondrous tales.

But you despise my attempt to read these elm rows classical. Well! let the country speak to you in its own language of whispering boughs, of sunny uplands, of dark deep streams, of generous labour and unequivocal repose. Become a part of the healthful society, a spirit of the grand and beautiful, an echo of the silence that is eloquent as the mirror of heaven; then go in your strength to your hearth, and take down the old author from your shelves; you will meet him half way in his opinions, anticipate his imagery, cling round his meaning with affection, and meditate upon him in the hushing hour which precedes 'good night;' then thy dreams will be holy, slumber light, and thy morrow a new birth of creation, and of the creature who welcomes earth and blesses heaven. But this will come without recourse to old authors at midnight. Here a circle engaged in a talk of their crops, or a discussion of the game at bowls, or of the fighting at Waterloo, may hold you long in digesting their opinions, or analyzing their characters, while the evening clear-obscure shuts out all objects that excite the organs of sense; in the stillness, the *booming* of the gnat is loud in terrors, the waving of the boughs an intrusion; you turn your head, (perhaps at the warning of a gnat's wing,) there, above the boughs that have lost their day-hue in one sombre purpling blackness, the moon is up, a wonder of light, the seal upon the season of coolness, the fountain of rays that should thread the beady dews—or what you will, for you start from the long twilight as if these gentle beams and that silver orb were strange and new, and you are deaf to your neighbour, and his markets, or his politics; do you not bless the out-

of-door home, the country walk that gives the spirit room to mingle with the beauty and beneficence reflected on the face of nature?

G. S.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

POPULAR patriotism,—not the *love*, but the *boast* of country, a beating out of the leaf-brass of self-conceit,—is out of vogue. It seems to have been declining ever since the days of Dibdin, that poet-laureate of loyalty; then it was at its zenith. At that period the belief in the superiority of a 'true-born Englishman' over every other creature on the face of the earth, especially a Frenchman, might have swelled the thirty-nine articles to forty, for it was part of the universal creed of the country.

Such narrow and exclusive opinions have for some time been yielding to broader and better views; thanks to peace, a free intercourse with foreigners, and the power of a few master-minds, more or less in operation among us.

It is the tendency of these minds to think, as it were, in masses; to merge the petty details of connexion, class, and clime, in the grand circle of universal humanity. This is a sublime disposition of mind. The philosophy it inculcates cannot be too warmly cherished, too firmly fixed; it will furnish the lever which will raise England out of the mercenary mud into which she has been in a great degree sunk; already its electric power has roused many from the torpor of exclusive interests, wrenched open the double-locked doors of ignorant selfishness, and will in its irresistible course shatter the showy fabrics of specious power and pretension.

This philosophy has breathed doom upon the Aristocracy, not of England only, but of the whole earth. Aristocracy is a tumour growing out of the diseased state of the body politic; a tumour which will die away under the alterative administered to the public mind by this philosophy,—a better process for its extinction than any violent excision could offer.

The progress of this philosophy will create a new moral atmosphere, in which future generations, with their first, fresh, free energies, will awake at once, and take a character unknown to the cramped, crooked, contracted nurslings of past opinion.

Yet while I recognise with delight this enlarged and beautiful philosophy, the conception, comprehension, and acting upon which is the nearest approach man has made to the Godhead, I feel,—even while my reason and experience bid me perceive and acknowledge the inextricable, unalienable, universal, and eternal linking of the whole chain of being,—I feel so strongly within me the principle of independence, the sense of *oneness*, if so I may express myself, that I cannot forbear to take my stand for a moment with the atom in opposition to the universal, and endeavour

to see how far we have been wrong in the cherishing of individual and other exclusive interests, the *excess* of which a noble philosophy is now endeavouring to dissipate.

When speaking of atoms, I may, without being largely guilty of egotism, refer to self; it is the only grain of the grand structure, universal humanity, I have at hand; when, then, I feel that I would rather be broke upon the wheel by instalments than acknowledge the arbitrary control of any earthly power, I am made sensible of how strong a principle of unblending self-concentration is implanted in my nature; if in mine, more or less, in all; if in all, it is a primary principle of human nature; if a primary principle, incapable of extinction, an attempt it would be fallacy to make, and folly (if practicable) to effect. This principle is that which the phrenologists call firmness; they mark the seat of this organ at the crown of the head; there is to me a beautiful analogy in this, for I regard this principle as the crown of character, by which every man is monarch of himself, the only monarchy there should be on earth.

> 'For man should give a brother's hand
> To *all* beneath the sun;
> But the sceptre of despotic power
> And tyrant force to *none*.'

The human atom whose relativeness I acknowledge, and therefore desire for it a comprehension of that philosophy which I shall call universality, this atom has a *oneness* so distinct that, in an equal degree, I claim for it a recognition of a principle I shall call individuality. It can as little surrender the one as it can stand aloof from the other; and, were I disposed to impute error to some past and present moralists, I should say that their error consisted in making but one, instead of both these principles, the organs of human action. The perfect reception and comprehension of *both* appear to me all that is necessary to the perfecting human nature.

I utterly deny the so much talked-of notion of merging self in another or others; I entirely acknowledge the little understood tenet of the relativeness of self to all the created and the UNCREATED.

How, it may be said, feels this atom towards the UNCREATED? surely *there* independence were impiety and presumption. How feels this atom? Not as a wretch whose 'best righteousness is filth and rags,' as the Orange Catechism has it, but as a creation noble in its source and termination, as a creation flowing from perfect power and tending towards it, as a creation flung from the ceaselessly-revolving wheel of nature; a wheel which the INCOMPREHENSIBLE, the UNCOMPREHENDED, hath set in motion; why or for what purpose is it for them to inquire who see but a point, and pause but a span, upon the immense circle which it sweeps?

THOU art all, and *I*,—what thou hast made me—apparently insignificant as a grain of dust in the desert; probably as important as the more prominent agents of thy unfathomable designs!

Among the principles of creation I perceive that the thing originated is not perfect, but instinct with the principle of perfectibility. This principle, decidedly perceptible in the human being, is latent in all, and through human agency developed in all. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, are by culture carried forward into varieties and excellencies unknown to the original stock. The same may be said of all the lower animals.

I regard man as the youngest animal on earth, or, to speak more distinctly, as a species newly on it; that he is hastening towards a high and happy state, and will attain it by the working out of the principle of progression implanted in him. The work of the Supreme has its course; the accomplishment of that course is its completion; its completion takes it back to that whence it came; the circle is made, and the source everlasting. Instinct with the desire of progress, the human mind has an undeviating purpose of action, an unerring path of action, an unchanging object of action; the purpose is improvement, the path is power, the object or deity Perfection.

In the creations of God I perceive two things—the highest adaptation of means, and the utmost economy of materials: in the working of these creations two others, force and facility. None of these principles have ever entered into the machinery of State religions: on the contrary, the means have ever been clumsy and incompatible; the expenditure, whether we consider that of life or money, immense; as to its force, one strong mind has opposed a conclave, one high heart defied a hierarchy; while, for facility, we perceive nothing but clogged wheels from the pew-opener to the prelate.

Man, as a species, is only just entering into the stage of youth which immediately follows childhood: his early and barbarous habits of excessive selfishness, which, under various modifications, is still perceptible in all his plans, is analogous to the action of the infant, who, under the influence of a vague impulse, carries everything it can grasp to its mouth. As its perceptive powers expand, and its knowledge extends, it learns that it is only edible substances that can be profitably applied in that manner. In the same way man now begins to perceive that individuality has its limits for him, and universality a lien upon him; that he has faculties, the working of which is a moral arithmetic which must go forward in himself, but that the result is for society.

Individuality is in morals what the division of labour, or, as it has been said with more precision, the division of employment, is in commerce and manufacture. It continually concentrates the individual in himself, or on his immediate sphere of action; prevents his depending on extraneous aid or support; and thus forms

the base of the truest courage, the most perfect decision; for he looks to nothing, he trusts to nothing, relative or collateral.

The desire and endeavour to attain individual excellence should be coexistent and coactive with the universal philosophy; while we desire good for all, we should equally desire individual capability to aid in the production of general good. This is not the view which is present to the minds of *all* the admirers and disciples of this wide philosophy; they often seem rather to seek from it a shelter for human infirmity than a motive for vigorous self-exertion; they love to dwell on the sustaining strength of union, the pleasures of participation, and the power of numbers; they do not sufficiently feel that the key-stone of these great moral arches, the grandeur and beauty of which I freely acknowledge, is *individuality*.

In the new faculty of looking afar, they forget to look at home; but inasmuch as

'Sands make the mountain, and moments make the year,'

individuals make the human world; each of these, like the sand and the moment, have a *relative* value to the whole, but they have also a *real* value in their own person and place. In fact, universal power and happiness is only the aggregation of individual excellence; the whole can never be complete till the parts are in themselves perfect; the existing state of the world, abounding as it does in vice and wretchedness, sufficiently declares the condition of its component parts. We must think less of what we are to *derive*, than what we are to *bring* to the great whole, since *that* can only accrue by such individual contributions.

A watchful eye must be kept upon everything which has a tendency to generate sloth and dependence—the most fatal blights which can fall on human faculties, the most certain inlets to every vice which saps moral strength. Sloth and dependence operate as would the use of crutches to a strong man; his legs would soon lose the power of muscular motion: they are like the substitution of fanatic faith for good works, which surrenders the believer to sin and bigotry. We need but look at an army, or any organized despotism, to see what miserable machines the privation of independence makes men.

'Each for all' is a fine maxim, but let it not be inverted. To act up to it, there is but *one* way—that is, for each to pay into the universal treasury the quota of individual merit. As the grand exchequer is within no one's reach, the branch banks of home and country are positively necessary. The moral wealth emanating from good husbands, good wives, good parents, good children, good citizens, and good legislators, must yield the moral circulating medium which will dispense the riches of universal happiness.

Individuality, like an honest trader, takes stock, and ascertains

what we are worth: universalism, independent of that self-preserving principle, is like him who trades with the wealth of others; he is apt to draw too freely on funds he has no fear of exhausting, and to indulge in an expenditure often profuse and profitless.

The times and the triumphs of autocrats and aristocracies are passing away; let us not create a power less tangible and more irresponsible; let us not establish a sort of paper-currency in morals. The few *must* succumb to the many, but it can only be by the many holding *true* power with the same tenacity that the few have held *false* power.

Co-operation cannot create individuality, but may corrupt, even cancel it. Individuality is the power by which we grasp that which we would prove, and grapple that which we would possess; and there is much that we must prove and possess individually: by it we strike down opposition, and vault over obstacles; and much is there that alone we must encounter and overcome: by it the night of solitude and even of sorrow, and the waste of poverty, have blazed with song and science. If sometimes it leads us to stand aloof from our fellows, and rather owe all, however little, to ourselves, than anything, however great, to others, it also endows us with the power to serve, to save, to give; for of all the efficient, the faithful, the unflinching, *they* are the most so who are most perfectly possessed by the spirit of self-dependence.

It is that spirit which makes us say to tyrants, What would ye? and to tortures, What are ye? Everything sinks or shrivels before the self-sustained courage which can endure to live, and dare to die, any how but degraded.

Individuality is the pedestal of genius. Talent, science, skill, may co-operate, but genius is essentially concentrative. I have heard the lovers of the co-operative system extend their views to men of genius, and luxuriate in visions of joint-stock companies for the production of plays, poetry, and every species of literature. Beaumont and Fletcher certainly start to recollection, and tell us such things *have* been—*may* be. Would that we might call their spirits back and question them. I fancy that they would tell us that the partnership was a sort of sun-and-moon matter; that the one was always down when the other was up, and that it was only in the twilight passages of mediocrity that the poets worked together.

When Newton sat wrapped in the robes of abstraction, who could have borne to see them twitched by busy combination?

Abstraction is one of the luxuries of mind; blessed among men are they capable of its enjoyment. Let the aristocrat, with his poor pride, go look at them—see where they sit, conscious alone of God and his great gift, their heavenward genius!—heedless

whether they draw their blood from kings or cobblers. Let him who has coined his very soul for counters, periled all for

'So much trash as can be grasped thus,'

see where they sit—great without a groat, and grand though in a garret.

What power but the self-concentrating energy of deep individual feeling could have created that imperishable monument of passion and poetry, Eloise? Speak, spirit of Rousseau!—thou whose

'Love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was and blasted; for to be
Thus and enamoured, was in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.'

What power but this looked with Byron on the cataract of Velino, and poured the roar of its waters on his page? what but that empowered him to picture the dread imagery of 'darkness?' And Shakspeare—was not *his* spirit lone and wrapped in its own brightness when it gave itself to such creations as Miranda—'the gentle lady married to the Moor'—the love-lifed Juliet—and the true Imogene?

The strong action of individuality inseparable from genius accounts for its too frequent concomitant—egotism. It accounts also for the few instances of its happiness in wedded life.

It is fruitless to counsel those touched by the spell of love—where *that* leads, they *will* follow; but to those yet capable to receive, and willing to take advice, I should say, embark not on the 'ocean of wedlock' with a man of genius or a woman of genius. *They* have loves of their own, of which none know but themselves, and justly may their less ideal loves become jealous of the solitary leisure in which they delight to indulge.

Those who are 'never less alone than when alone,' love abstraction better than association—to contemplate rather than to converse. The most fortunate union does not present them with beings so much in harmony with themselves as the creations of their own minds. What, then, must *they* endure in an unfortunate union!

Men of genius, however, seem to have drawn a line between the faculties and affections, to the deep injury of both—one cause, perhaps, why so many men of genius have married women of inferior intellect.

It is said that Wieland's wife never read a page of his works. To me this is a fact the most *revolting*—no weaker word will express

my feeling. I might employ a stronger, without risk of exaggerating.

The sympathy of appreciation is surely essential to a union of affection or friendship; but *how* is this, still less the sympathy of affinity, to exist between beings so oppositely educated as men and women? Were they never destined to meet—were they never called on to co-operate in the business of life—some excuse for such a system might be framed; but when they *are* called to form the most intimate union, to co-operate in the most important duties, it is impossible not to brand the system with the name of insanity.

I cannot tell whether my disgust and indignation at the causes, or my distress and humiliation at the consequences of this system, are greatest. Alternately they lacerate me as might lightning, and paralyze me with the numbness of despair; it is the redeeming glow of hope, flowing from the spread of intelligence, the extension of a liberal philosophy, and the interests awakened in the cause of education, which come upon my heart, and save it from extinction or stagnation.

That striking differences have existed, and do exist, between the sexes, I admit; that they are natural or necessary, I deny. Variety is one of the beautiful laws of nature; by that law each being differs from all other beings—man from man as widely, in a thousand points of power and character, as woman from man, or man from woman. These are *natural* differences. The general differences which attach to sex *en masse* are *artificial* differences—as artificial as those of class, having their origin in similar causes, and flowing into similar consequences.

Women, like the aristocracy, have a specious elegance and an aimless indolence—a love of showy distinction and an indifference to sterling greatness. They are thus the gilt gingerbread of society,—nothing at the feast consisting of 'reason and the flow of soul,' still less, if less there can be, in the hour of political famine, when we want wheaten opinions, principles, and actions. It is the fault neither of women nor of the aristocracy that they each are what they are. Justly has it been recently said, by one of the ablest and honestest of our journalists, 'The Lords are what their institution makes them, and its vices, so long as they exist, must produce the same fruits.' This applies to the *ladies* as well as the *lords*.

The most elaborate arrangements, the most persevering endeavours, are instituted to create and confirm sexual differences; the most tortuous circumstances continue this dissimilarity, till, under every degree of mutual deception, men and women meet for an indissoluble union. Then, as if by magic, with scarce a thought or feeling in common, they are expected to become sympathetic and inseparable!

What can be expected from such a course but the consequences

which so commonly follow? The finest minds soonest feel incompatibility—are most conscious of the impossibility, under such circumstances, of happiness and usefulness, of the inevitability of wretchedness and injury;—they break the bond, and are branded as sinners against society; but it is society which has sinned against them—which has decreed that they shall be born and bred victims, and then carried to the altars of their country, and offered up as martyrs for life. Oh, where is the angel which in the land of Moriah stayed the sacrificing hand?

The days of miracles and miraculous interposition are past; man is now left to draw wisdom from accumulated experience and the deductions of observation;—when we know that fire will burn, and water drown us, prohibitions respecting them are no longer necessary. But the sources of female enslavement must be laid bare, that men may see and hate them; enormities exist in society, till, under the sanction of custom and habit, they are not merely endured, they are even adored,—as the child loves the black face of the negro nurse to which it is used, while it will turn from the most angelic face to which it is a stranger.

Would we put an antelope and an ox into the same team? Would we harness a hare and a horse to the same carriage? Yet, let me ask, when is the car of matrimony drawn by a pair more assimilant than these? What are the consequences to those poor innocents, seated, per force, in that ill-managed conveyance? They are the sport of weakness and wilfulness; they are cast at random upon the world maimed and distorted, instead of being formed and fitted for the work of life:—

'The Spartan mother made her son
A reckless warrior wight—
And an intellectual mother fills
Her son with love and light.
A patriot woman never gave
The state a recreant child,
And on the *great* of every land
Ennobling mothers smiled.
With equal truth the weak, the vain,
The slave of pelf or power,
May plead for pity, and exclaim
"*I* hold my *mother's* dower.
She loved the vulgar gauds of life,
Pledged honour—peace—for pelf,
And taught me for the sake of *that*
To even sell myself."'

Women, as do soldiers, as did the Jesuits, as, in fact, ever will any despotically drilled body, want individuality most lamentably. At first they are all girls,—a word which, in its conventional sense, gives me a confused compound idea of pianofortes, curl-papers, parade, and all that is most purposeless and specious.

Then they are all ladies; and now, quick as if Queen Mab had been with me, I see drawing-rooms and decorations, vanity and inanity, littleness and lightness, manœuvring and marrying. Then they are all mothers—petting, perverting, or neglecting their offspring. And all these beings might be—were designed to be—WOMEN—each instinct with the spark of individual power derived from the Deity, and capable of the agency due to the universe.

The beauty which women prize so much, do they apprehend it will be perilled by their coming from behind the curtain of conservative luxury, and quitting the degrading service of animalism—by meeting the broad disk of the sun of universal light, by serving at the altars of universal good? In truth they are mistaken. The finest transparency is nothing without a light behind it—the lamp may have form, but without light it has no lustre; in like manner, where there is no soul there is no beauty—where soul *is*, beauty there *must* be; it is the ethereal spark of celestial and eternal fire which permeates the human clay, making it transparant *with* light and love, and transmittent *of* them.

And power—do men fear that they will lose the whip-hand when women quit the harness of their present pernicious habits? First let them see whether they *have* the whip-hand, and, having it, *what it is worth*.

The avarice of power is ever ill served by the ignorant and secretive: it is thus that the blaze of ambition has so often gone out in its own fetid smoke, and conquerors, who lived amid corruption, lie at last covered by contempt, or the pity which is akin to it.

It is intelligence which renders homage to intelligence; as the astronomer's discerning eye knows the stars in their magnitude, so do the intelligent perceive *where* and *what* is power.

True power has no need to enforce itself—true power *never does*. Right onward lies its way, turning neither to the right nor to the left to court favour or follower. When intelligence meets and recognises this power, it is light meeting light,—the worshipped and the worshipping blend their beams, just as we may imagine some heavenward angels returning from a mission to this earth might combine their energies to cleave the cloud, baffle the wind, and meet the sun; the stronger spirit yielding support, the weaker feeling support, neither conscious of the cold, clumsy, vulgar, earthy moods of command and obedience, sway and submission, condescension and deference.

> 'The man
> Of virtuous soul commands not nor obeys.
> Power, like a desolating pestilence,
> Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
> A mechanized automaton.'

The universal philosophy is the good ship chartered to carry forward the whole human race—Heaven fill its sails, and speed its way! But, from the captain to the cabin-boy, individual zeal must contribute to the capital of general and united labour. INDIVIDUAL ENERGY—UNIVERSAL LOVE,—these are the fountains which education must feed;—either left to play alone make humanity vicious or visionary; both acting together will make it all that humanity can attain to; what that may yet be is as much beyond conception as is the cause which set this progressive particle—humanity—in action! When the first canoe was scooped, what thought its maker of an English man-of-war or a steamboat? When the first arrow was launched, what dreamed the archer of steam-guns or infernal machines?

But amid the brightest hopes, the grandest views, let us remember that our starting-post is self-improvement, and the first stages of action are home and country.

It has been observed that the sun never sets on the standard of England; 'before his evening rays have left the shores of Ireland, his morning beams have gilded the spires of Quebec: it is light on the blue hills of Australia before darkness has closed on Lake Ontario; and the reveilléo has sounded at Calcutta before the retreat has beaten at Sidney.' Would that, in like manner, moral light might everywhere attend the presence of the English! I do not the less desire that they should give the free frank hand of fraternity to all, that I desire that it should be the unexceptionable hand of high personal and national character.

What I would particularly enforce is, that so finite a creature as the human being must have definite aims, and decided actions:—the eye, according to its powers of vision, may survey a wide field, but the hand can only serve a small portion of that field—and surveyance without service is theory without practice.

I would willingly work for the world, but the limits of my powers and my position confine me to my country, and to a very small portion of that; but by an ardent devotion to this small circle I conceive that I more profitably employ the 'talent' that has been intrusted to me, than if, allured by the ambition of universal utility, I took a wider range. Gifted with commensurate power, gladly would I lead the vanguard of the universe; endowed but as I am, I put my hand to the plough in England.

Since writing the above I have read Professor Hamilton's eloquent address to the British Association, recently met in Dublin, and which Association he finely styles the Parliament of Science. His remarks on individuality, his allusion to the standard of England, are coincidences of thought which gratify me personally and on principle; but I chiefly allude to that noble address for the able and ample view it gives of the advantages of co-operation, which I, not having the fear of the good and great Robert Owen sufficiently before my eyes, have perhaps treated too lightly.

M. L. G.

THE VISION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.—*A spacious Chamber, faintly lighted by the dim autumnal twilight streaming through an open window, shaded by a vine-covered trellis-work. A single human figure is seen to rise from a couch, and pace the apartment, abstracted in meditation. Suddenly he pauses, and the light falling on him shows the face of a man of thirty years, browned with travel, and wearing an aspect betokening a mind ill at ease.*

STRANGER. Once more my steps are stayed, but not to rest;
Once more the weariness of travel stops
To give the weariness of spirit way,
Which feeds in the void caverns of my heart,
And thus gains strength to sap the springs of life.
How hard a thing it is to wear life out
When Hope's exhaustion shuns no peril's chance;
When danger's very recklessness restores
Elastic firmness to the unconscious mind,
And gives fresh tension to the pain-wrung nerves!
Fain would I die; fain would I pass away,
And sleep the sleep which knows no waking-time.
Lo! here are means: this scanty liquid drug
Moistens my fevered tongue or loveless lips,
And what *is* shall be *was*. This simple spring
But gently pressed, calls forth the latent fire,
And thought and all its organs lie dispersed.
This keen-edged blade—whose polished surface shows,
Like a bright mirror, Care's indented lines
Graved in my visage—gives but one sure stroke,
And Death in life-blood revels. But the space
Of time in which a meteor passes o'er
The face of yon blue heaven, and it were done!
Why do I stay my hand? I do not fear
The physical endurance, though it were
E'en a protracted torture. I have borne
More than the pangs that wait on Matter's death;
I have borne the Spirit's torture. In all shapes
Extinction has been braved, and yet it passed me
As one not worth its touch. Let me call back
The memory of the past. A dreamy void,
In which dark shadows flitted to and fro,
Served me in place of mind. The waking up
Of that unpurposed time was terrible
To all but me. The solid earth was rocking,
The rivers disappeared, the lakes were dry,
The ocean left its beaches and its cliffs,
And made a water-rampart with its surf
Heaped o'er its summit-level; the old hills,
Green and tree-crowned, shook off their verdant load,
And bared their rocky frames; the ancient mountains,

That knew no cover save the shattered fragments
Strewn o'er their giant angles, bowed their heads,
And stony avalanches downwards rushed,
While deep ravines in thunder disappeared;
All nature reeled, like to a drunken man
Who rends the workmanship his hands have made;
The earth danced like a Bacchanal; the dwellings
Based on the earth were crumbled on their heads
Who reared them up; the gorgeous temples fell,
And the salt wave, returning in its might,
Washed scornful through their ruins. A tall ship,
A toy in Ocean's arms, was laid athwart
The very basement where the altar stood;
The wild beasts left the forests, and the birds
Screamed in affright while rising on the wing;
The tamed horse joined the wild herd, and the goat
Lost his firm footing on the crags, and fell
Into the yawning chasms. The pale moon
Lighted the fearful scene; while crowds of men,
Shiv'ring in terror, left their wounded fellows
Mangled and crushed, and sought an open space
Whereon to kneel and mingle fearful prayers
With the wild shrieks of women and of children.
Awhile I laughed, as in an opium-fit,
For I had found excitement once again!
Then in that fearful scene, yea, on that spot,
Came deep analysis of human acts
And human passions; and, while thus I mused,
I was alone amidst a ruined town!
A shriek came on mine ear, a woman's shriek,
A deep and piercing solitary shriek—
'Save, save my child!' My heart was nerved once more
My strength was as a giant's. Strong to save,
I threw away my garments, and I toiled
As love alone can toil. Woman and child
Were rescued from the ruin; and I cast
My wearied body on the heaving earth,
Faint with exhaustion. By the pale moonlight
That woman pressed her child unto her heart,
And blessed me as her saviour. The hot tears
Gushed from mine eyelids.

* * * * * *

Once more the land was quiet—the worn earth
Had rocked herself to sleep; another soil
Greeted mine eyes from the wild mountain-peak;
A torrent ran beneath down the ravine,
Swoll'n by a thousand rivulets, which streamed
From the sunned snow-banks; by that torrent-side
The sure feet of my steed pursued the track
Till the sun cast no shadow. Lo! the ford,
Known to the mountain-trackers. 'Forward, ho!
On, gallant horse, and plunge!' He started thrice

Ere he would dip his fetlocks; and full soon,
Ere the mid current reached him, we were swept,
Rider and horse, along the rushing flood.
The torrent-spanning snow-arch had shut out
The light of day, and my wild shout arose,
Bidding farewell to life. * * *
* * * I could not die!
The mountain-trackers drew me forth again,
And warmed me back to life, and dressed my wounds,
And fed and cherished me, and taught me how
To chase the wild prey o'er the steepest crag,
And tread secure in peril. One bright morn
I stood upon a cavern's edge, and bent
Gazing in depths below my vision's ken:
The dropping pebbles from the black abyss
Returned no sound, and my impatient mood
Brooked not uncertainty: a craggy mass
I loosened from its bed, and as it fell
My unfirm footing followed. Death afar
Mocked at my peril,—for I could not die!
* * * * * *

Time passed away, and on a broad green plain
Two hostile troops of armed men were ranged,
Eager for murder. A bright lady came,
And spoke fair words of Freedom and of Right,
And bade me be a warrior. At her words
I bounded on a charger, and a blade
Weaponed my hand; the death-shots rang aloud,
And warm blood was poured forth. Then fell revenge
Grew stronger than ambition. Lances low,
And blades on high, and trampling hoofs, and spurs
Driven to their rowel-heads, and battle-shouts,
And volleying sounds, and clashing arms, and smoke,
And flames, and dust, and shrieks of rage and pain,
And crushing strokes, and breaking limbs, and wounds
Welling with blood; and steeds upon the earth,
Crushing disabled riders as they fell;
And o'er this scene of horror loudly rang
The victor's voices, 'Freedom!' 'Liberty!'
'Our Country and Revenge! No mercy, None!'
How my soul loathes itself! Throughout that field
My dark steed bore me, striking at, and stricken;
My hand against my fellows' lives, and theirs
Failing to slay me. Oh! I could not die!
Or I had perished, knowing the foul truth
That I had fought the fiend Ambition's fight,
And, like a hired ruffian, dyed my hand
In ignorant men's blood. That lady came,
And praised me for my work. I bade her look
On the piled carnage, and I turned away,
Breaking the gory weapon. Never more
Might blood be shed by me!
* * * * * *

A bark upon earth's watery girdle lay
Stagnant and sultry, gasping for the breeze
Which nursed her like a living thing, and failing,
Left her an ocean corpse. That weary time
Made quiet seem a hell. My spirit raved
Till matter's madness all but conquered mind.
I paced my narrow prison-house, and climbed
The lofty spars, and watched the wild sea-birds,
And marked the snow-white albatross, and longed
To curb him for an air-steed. His broad wing
Fanned me, while passing under, as I lay
On the outreaching spar. I sprang upon him,
Madd'ning for rapid motion. To the face
Of the blue glassy ocean downward plunged
The bird and his mad grasper. Through the deep
A silvery brightness tracked us, till the force
Of buoyant water checked our farther way,
And bade us mount again. The emerald light
Was darkened o'er us, and my feathered prey
Was rent from out my grasp. The tinge of blood
Had reddened the green waters. From the deep
The mariners redeemed me, and the fin
Of the voracious shark was seen to stir
The clouded surface whence my limbs emerged;
I could not die! * * * *

* * * * * *

Before the storm-blast on the vessel flew,
Hopeless of any shore. Her sails were gone,
And hunger-palsied men held no control
Over her course. She reeled and pitched at will;
All unclean things were eaten, and the men
Glared horribly. Then murder did its work,
To earn one draught of water. Lots were cast—
I could not die! * * * *

* * * * * *

The yawning timbers groaned upon the rocks,
And, one by one, the men were shaken off,
And swept away beneath the breaking surf,
Which wreaked its rage on its o'ertaken prey;
A boat was launched, but on the stern I sate,
And bade them leave me to my fate. That boat
The rushing waves devoured, and none were left.
The morning came, the storm had passed away,
The sun shone out, a yellow sandy beach
Gathered the fragments of the fated ship;
I could not die! * * * *

* * * * * *

All this has been endured, and Death to me
Is a familiar. Fear has no control
Over my purpose. What then stays my hand
From seeking Death? What makes me shrink away
From that which gives me ease?

My heart is love, my spirit
Loathes all destruction, and I cannot die
To pass away in killing! Sympathy!
Strong boundless Sympathy has been my search
Throughout a weary life, and love of Death
Has grown by hate of Apathy. I cannot
Pass out of life in violence. Away!
Away, fell instruments! ye shall not tempt
My spirit from its calm, although that calm
Be born of hopelessness. Oh! for the twin,
The spirit-twin, to whom my soul is tied
By Sympathy's strong link, though matter's sight
Cannot pierce through the intervening mist
Which shrouds her in uncertainty. In Life
I still will hold that creed, and, when Death comes,
I will believe he comes to lead me to her.

* * * * * *

Shadowy beings, who around us flit
Watching for human souls, as old tradition
Has taught us to believe—Beings of power,
Spirits of Good and Evil, hear me speak!
Show me the forms of Beauty; let mine eyes
Dwell upon all in turn, and where I choose
Make that form real, with a kindred mind
To dwell in it, then give her unto me,
And I will fall in worship of your power,
And know none other gods!
Vain are my words; no spirits hover round
To mark their import. Yet all things are spirits
To those whose eyes are opened. Tell me, Cloud,
Thou who art sailing o'er the blue expanse,
Dost thou not love the heat which nourished thee?
Dost thou not love the wind that kisses thee,
And guides thee on thy path? And thou, bright Star,
Does not the holy light which glimmers round thee
Betoken sympathy with other stars?
River of rushing waters, lov'st thou not
The many rivulets, whose mingling makes
The stream wherewith thou wooest Ocean's love?
And lov'st thou not, oh Moon! the glorious Sun,
Who lends the light to gladden human hearts?
And thou, oh! hoary Mountain, with thy locks
Of wreathed snow, dost thou not love the trees,
The ancient trees, thy children, who are clinging
Around thy skirts? thou patriarch of all time!
Plants of a thousand odours! your sweet lives
Are interchanging love. Flowers many-hued,
And woo'd of every insect, ye are happy,
For on your mother Earth's warm breast ye nestle,
And drain your life-blood thence. And thou, oh Wind!
Thou who embracest all things, who art wound
Around the whole Earth, clasping in thine arms

Her and her progeny,—oh! loving Wind,
Cool my hot cheek, and whisper in mine ears,
And bid thy spirits hasten to mine aid.
* * * * * *

What means this sudden blackness which shuts out
The sky, the stars, the moon, and leaves no light?
Or have mine eyes been blasted? Let me not
Be tried beyond my powers. There is a speck
Of vivid brightness where the chamber wall
Was wont to be; 'tis like a burning star—
And now it larger grows, a disk of light
Wider and wider, and an opening vista
Reaches to endless space. A shadow comes;
It takes a form like that we dream of angels!
Is then my invocation heard? It is:
Strong heart, be ready; strong brain, let thy words
Express all thy firm purpose. 'Tis a spirit,
But yet no more a spirit than this frame
Contains within it. Oh, how beautiful,
How glorious doth it show! yet my clear vision
Can read in those severe eyes discontent;
Does then that curse extend beyond this earth?
Is it a spirit of Evil or of Good?
It smiles, yet looks as though it would not smile,
And * * * * *
A son of Earth has called on thee for aid,
And thou hast come to him, is it not so?
Speak, Spirit; hast thou power to give me aid,
And will to work that power?

END OF SCENE I.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE-COMET.

As he who ever on the sky
Had fixed his astronomic eye,
Chanced one rich midnight to descry
A long-sought comet suddenly;

And doted so on that sky-elf,
He cared no jot for praise or pelf,
But laid his star-notes on the shelf,
And kept the wonder to himself!—

So I, who have been seeking long
A lost face in the heaven of song,
Have found it now, old lights among;
And mine it shall be—right or wrong!

I 'll watch its courses, night by night:
Tracking, with telescopic sight,
Its wand'ring orbit infinite—
But never tell the world its light.

* W. *

PEEL'S PENN'ORTHS.

Ye silly Whigs! ye won't sell penny news, though the public are craving for it, and Messrs. Roake and Varty's counter periodically groans with it; though the penny is paid for paper and letter-press not reaching a tithe of the cost of your own or your rival's 'Penny Magazine.' The penny politicians are not to be satisfied at your hands, but Sir Robert consents to cater to them. Unforeseen gratification! To whom? Is it not so to you, most thinking public? Then I am sure it is so to the publisher and to the vendors to boot at a thousand shops and stalls, to hawkers on trot and stationary, knights of the broad hand-bill, and eke to one else: yea, were the wig Ellenborough's temples and pericranium to lose their crisped tresses, ye would see the cheek and chin nourish the well-saved honours of long hair; and Peel cannot reach the unstamped politician in columns devoted to all the newest lies, he therefore consents to lie alone:

——— 'and still the wonder grew,
That one small head' ——

I forget the termination of Goldsmith's couplet; but let us see what fills the wondrous thing. There may be a secret ingredient or two in Morrison's pills, but in Wellington's Peels we have all divulged: so saleable a nostrum will never cease, till, by its administration, a sound constitution has been broken up, and an income destined for a better market has been consumed in this quackery.

But it cannot be so. The Baronet cannot be aware of his position: he has not an idea of the base purposes to which he is put by a faction; he relies upon their having supplied him with the full details for a speech of numbers (arithmetical); he was told, forsooth, that they had displayed all the points of their case, but they have only given him half the facts, and they have overwhelmed him with irrelevant particulars; they have fairly bothered him, and he, simple man, knows not how vast a multitude are admitted to see and consider his folly at the small price of twopence.

By the admissions of his speech, the number of Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland is 860,000; but, according to Mr. Sheil, this body of Protestants includes the Methodists: perhaps we may reduce the above sum to round numbers, and write down 800,000 for the total of Episcopalian Protestants in Ireland. Now, the point at issue in the twopenny book is whether there be any surplus of the ordinary revenues of the Irish Church, after allowing decent salaries to the officiating clergy. According to our orator, the total of these revenues amount to £377,779, comprising the item of tithes (exclusive of bishops' and the dean and chapters' tithes), and two several annual sums under the

head of ministers' money (a species of house-tax), and the value of the glebe, of which two latter values an arbitrary standard appears to have been fixed by the advocate's authority, and which Mr. Sheil says should be greater by £50,000 on one of the items, and a large sum, not put into figures by Mr. Sheil, on the other: we may set down the total of the three particulars at £450,000, instead of £377,000, as above. Now, dividing the total of revenue by the number of benefices, which, according to the *Penn'orth,* is 1,121 (exclusive of 264, which have not respectively a congregation of 50 persons), gives £401 as the salary of each incumbent. Now, what is the number of his congregation? For this result we must divide the 800,000 Protestants by the number of benefices, and we have 714 persons in each congregation. If, instead of the benefices, we take the parishes, we have their number, according to Sir Robert, about 1,600, the salary of each parish clergyman £281, and his congregation 500. And there is a Protestant church built for almost every parish, for the number of churches are given at 1,383.

Now, this revenue is admitted to be exclusive of all the tithes of bishops and of deans and chapters (in Tuam the bishop's revenue is £22,000 a year), and it further excludes a revenue raised under Lord Grey's Act (that of 'The Irish Church Temporalities'), by the sale of suppressed bishoprics, and other ways and means, calculated to amount to £155,000 per annum. Now, such is the perverseness of this partisan, that he actually glories in displaying the fact that the greater part or the whole of this is already diverted into the pockets of the old extortioners. Church building, forsooth, is to be one pretence for a seizure upon this fund, the repairs of churches another, and the expenses of Commissioners to carry the Act into effect is to absorb £10,000 a year of the fund, while certain unnamed particulars, alleged to have been provided for by the now suppressed church 'cess,' are to abstract upwards of £50,000 per annum. Now, in former years the application of this church cess was developed. Mr. O'Connell proved upon evidence that sums were in one parish voted out of it to the organist for a gratuity, in another to the curate for a service of plate, and in others large sums for sacrament-wine, and so on.

Is it a secret how the district authorities in Ireland have been accustomed to misapply the public funds intrusted to them?—how a high road is voted and made out of the county-rates, the whole line of which road leads to or toward no market or public resort, and terminates at the private house of one of the quorum? But the church-cess sacrilege was united to peculation: this feature of the case must never be forgot when the question relates to the treasury of our establishment for divine worship.

Sir Robert Peel, and Sir Robert's flatterers! what were you about? You should have bribed all the venality of the press,

and garbled or suppressed this speech. But you must now be aware of your errors; you have no case, and you have destroyed the reputation of your partisan, though he was a 'double-first' at Oxford. He is an orator; his respected father apprenticed him to the delivery of sentences from the earliest period of little Robert's appearance at festive board beyond the nursery. He is unique in the length of his harangues, which is a great point; it is like a hero of the ring getting his man under his elbow: the attention of his audience is prostrated; 'hear, hear,' is an apology for many previous fits of snoring on the benches; and general acclamation at the conclusion comes of course, for all rejoice that it is concluded; while even self-respect necessitates the critic to be laudatory, otherwise he must particularise points of disrelish, or betray that he slept through the discourse. But, alas! alas! if the public will not judge for themselves, what end can be attained by telling them to do so? The Currency case, the Catholic Emancipation, are the stilts on which this cotton-spinner has lifted himself above the heads of his brother capitalists; and his 'Criminal Acts' betray a more base apostacy. He adopted the reforms of Sir Samuel Romilly, whom his whole clan had refused a hearing to on every occasion of that great man's presenting himself the advocate of those important measures in that corrupt House of Commons. Is any insult more glaring than this required? you will find it in the Peel attempt to pack a House of Commons who should support him in office, after he had declared that the Reform Act would be conclusive with him as to the returning an unbribed Parliament. Oh, no! he did not use intimidation nor bribery in the elections. Nor does he, in person, make all the paltry motions when a Bill of Reforms is in Committee; but he gives the minions of corruption encouragement to do this, and he is a member of the club which supplied funds for election-bribery.

Shall we proceed with our subject? the penn'orth relating to the May festival in Merchant Tailors' Hall. He boasts of his pretensions to go down to posterity with the 'greatest of conquerors.' Why the meanest of the rank and file, or altogether, 'pioneers and all,' have a better chance of holding that position in years to come than Sir Robert, son of Sir Robert, the cotton baronet. 'Oh! but their speeches will be written on the same roll.' Out upon thee! Is not their success in talking over Merchant Tailors a signal for all professions to empty themselves into the Senate. All campaigns will end at the hustings; every post-captain in the navy will consult the compass which conducts into St. Stephen's. Farmers are notoriously a ruined class; you will find the Corn Laws advocated in some future Sessions by those only whom Eloquence found in the furrow, and threw her mantle of inspiration over them. All England, now vegetating in vanity, will shortly run to tongue. Amid the multitudes of reports and

columns of names oratorical will posterity find those of Peel and Wellington? They will all rot together, to give place to succeeding crops of the famous. Amid a close receptacle of putrid matter, you cannot catch the savour of a proffered rose, nor in oblivion can be discerned the immortality of Sir Robert. Well, the *penn'orth* now under consideration goes on to recommend the influencing elections, and packing majorities in Parliament. How soon this came out! Poor Sir Robert hawking the base lures of the Carlton Club up and down the city; and for his pretty speech and affable deportment, and that condescension which turned up to the sun of their festivity the fact that he is 'the son of the cotton-spinner.' And the Carlton Club moved into action hard upon the heels of their orator, and little Carlton Clubs sprang up, and taxes and rates have been looked to, and the registration is to be overflowing.

To proceed; he gave the Merchant Tailors the old war-whoop, Church and King in danger, and one peal more. He reminded the Merchant Tailors of their pretensions; whereas a tailor hath been *hight* the ninth part of a man, he assured his auditors that a man was but the ninth part of a Merchant Tailor. Thus he wound up gracefully an harangue proving by this conclusion that his speech's commencement was a reality, and that he felt himself before an audience so respectable, so awful, a presence so annihilating to oratorical pretence. 'See the speech,' if you will; it may suit your occasions should you ever have to develope nothing, and to declare only a few things which you will not do, (and were never expected to aim at doing,) and should you wish to speak with so little thought as not to spoil your digestion, and so little emotion as not to spoil your taste in the next bumper.

G. S.

CANADA.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The August number of your magazine contains an article headed 'Canada,' which is calculated to generate great misconception concerning the political and social state of that colony. This feature I desire to obviate; and I conceive the shortest way of so doing is to give, in the fewest words possible, a correct picture of the disputes which at present agitate both the Canadas, occasionally noticing the most striking errors of fact to be found in the article to which I have alluded.

In the first place I would remark, that the range of the article is so wide, and the topics are strung together with such little regard to order, that I am not quite sure I shall always give a correct interpretation to the author's remarks. If so, I can only assure him, in advance, that I have no intention to cavil; I am simply desirous of making the actual condition of Canada known to the public.

As the article in question applies chiefly to the lower province, I shall direct my attention chiefly thereto. Indeed, it demands a preference on many cogent grounds. Its population is double that of the sister province, and nearly equal to all the other North American colonies combined.* It takes the lead of all the other North American colonies in the march of Reform. Its case has been more frequently brought before Parliament; and it has, in consequence of these circumstances, engaged a larger share of public attention in this country.

The struggle in which the people of Canada are engaged is similar in its principle to that which is agitating every country in Europe. It is a struggle of the people against the undue power of those who have managed to get hold of the governing power—a struggle of the many against the few. The Canadian *many* form an immense majority of the people; the *few* are consequently extremely limited in their numbers, and could not maintain their power, were it not for the support of the mother country, the aristocratic Government of which has always ranged itself on the side of the several oligarchies which the old colonial system of Great Britain established in most of our colonies. In Lower Canada this oligarchy consists chiefly of the office-holding class and their families; supported, on all occasions, by the most fortunate of the mercantile class, who are drawn towards the official circle by the influence of fashion.

Between the persons who compose these two exclusive classes on the one hand, and the great mass of the community on the other, there are no interests in common. The former sympathise not with the people at large. There is scarcely the slightest communication between them. They are not the lords of the soil; indeed, the relation of landlord and tenant, as we understand it, is almost wholly unknown: so is that of employer and employed. Thus the very basis of the 'old country' aristocracies, for which great veneration exists, has no existence in Canada.

But one of the objects of the Canadian Constitutional Act of 31 Geo. III. c. 31, was to create an aristocracy. Finding no natural materials, an attempt was made to manufacture an aristocracy out

* It may be interesting to your readers to see the latest statement of the population of the British American Colonies. The following is a Table of the same, giving the latest authority, with a correction up to the end of 1833:

Colonies.	Population according to the last Census, with Date prefixed.			Population, 1833.
Lower Canada	July . . .	1831	511,917	626,429
Upper Canada	April . . .	1832	296,544	322,005
Nova Scotia	,, .	1827	123,848	154,400
New Brunswick	. . . . .	1824	74,176	101,830
Cape Breton	Bouchette .	1831	30,000	31,800
Prince Edward's Island.	July . . .	1833	32,292	32,676
Newfoundland	. . . . .	1825	63,644	77,541
Total Population of British North America at the end of 1833				1,346,681

of the salaried officials; and the clumsy, disjointed, and ill-working machine, 'The Canadian Constitution,' is the result.

I shall not trouble you with 'a catalogue of the grievances of the French Canadians since the fall of Quebec,' (p. 535, No. civ.) against which your author warns the public. I will merely state that it is quite justifiable to quote even *redressed* grievances as evidence of what the system has produced, and may produce again. The Canadians do not, however, put forward expired or redressed grievances 'as a statement of those at present complained of:' all the grievances put forward in their authorized statements are in actual operation at the present moment. I will here add, that, although the list of grievances complained of as now pressing upon the people is sufficiently large, the Canadians do not ask their redress. They know that the redress of each grievance would be impossible: they merely state them as evidence of a vicious colonial system, of which they demand a radical change. This done, and they anticipate—*first*, that similar evils could not recur; and, *secondly*, that many of the said grievances would admit of redress within the colony.

Most of the evils which the people of Canada suffer, they attribute to the vicious constitution of the legislative council—the second branch of the colonial legislature. This council is composed of the official party and their adherents, who are appointed *for life* by the Crown; and, not being removable by any authority for any misconduct, they are a perfectly irresponsible body. They comprise the members of the executive council, and the clerks of the same, some of the judges, some of the beneficed clergy, the heads of departments, and some successful merchants. These form a large majority. To give an appearance of impartiality, about half-a-dozen popular men have been appointed; but their voice is drowned amidst the united voices of their twenty-eight or thirty opponents.

The House of Assembly, on the other hand, represents the people. It is chosen by the freeholders of a country where nearly every man is a freeholder.

The consequence of the democratic constitution of one branch, and the aristocratic constitution of the other, is, that the two Houses do not 'harmonize together.' Bills which are introduced into the Assembly, in conformity with the wishes and feelings of the people, are invariably thrown out by the Council; so that the business of legislation is at a stand. Now, I ask the editor of the 'Monthly Repository' which side he would take, were he in Canada? I will not await his answer. I know he would take the popular side. I know he would join the mass of the people in their prayer to the British House of Commons 'to be permitted to elect the second branch in future, as the only means of obtaining that harmony between the two branches, without which internal peace and good government cannot exist.'—(*Lower Cana-*

dian Petition.) Yet the tone of the article to which I am replying would lead to the conclusion that both writer and editor would fain support the oligarchical side.

I cannot feel myself justified in occupying so much of your space as would enable me to lay thoroughly bare the mischievous working of the system of virtual irresponsibility which pervades every branch of the local government of both the Canadas. I would remark, however, that the accumulation of offices in the same families, and, in many instances, in the same individual, would astound you. In Upper Canada four families, all connected together by several intermarriages, usurp seventeen offices. In Lower Canada one family enjoys seven lucrative offices. Where the members of the Council have not found offices lucrative enough for their desires, they have obtained enormous grants of land. A man named Felton is down in a parliamentary return as having received 14,000 acres. Not content with this, he has procured 1,200 acres for each of his eight children. Now, the people of Canada think that the radical change in the Council, which they propose, would check this, and nearly all other evils.

I now crave leave to say a few words on the state and strength of parties. The author of the article seems to be aware that the majority of the people of Lower Canada are of French origin, and he falls into the error which the Canadian oligarchy desires to foster, that the grievances are those of the 'French Canadians' only.—(p. 535, No. civ.) The grievances, as I shall show, are those of the governed many, without distinction as to origin or language.

In November last there was a general election, the rallying principle of which was the spirit of the ninety-two resolutions—the elective principle. If it can be shown that French Canadians only gave their votes in accordance with this principle, I will give up the point. It cannot, however, be so shown. The majority in favour of the elective principle was very large, whether the number of Members or the population represented be considered. In the former Parliament, the number of Members opposed to the elective principle was twenty-eight; in the new Parliament this number was reduced to ten, out of eighty-eight Members, of which the Assembly is composed. The change in the population represented will be seen by the following Table:

	14th Parliament.	15th Parliament.
Population represented by Members in favour of the Elective principle	373,382	479,485
Population represented by persons against the Elective principle	138,535	32,432
	511,917	511,917

The account put forward by the Colonial Tories of the present proportion which 'persons of French origin' bear to 'persons of

other origin' is three to one, that is, 450,000 to 150,000. Assuming this, for the present purpose, to be correct, it follows that a majority of persons of British origin are against the colonial oligarchy. The larger the number they claim as 'British,' the more completely does it make against them in their attempt to show that it is 'the grievances of the French Canadians'—to use your author's words—of which we hear. Many of your readers are, doubtless, aware that the 'French Canadians' inhabit the seignories—the British, what are called the townships. Now, to bear out your author's view of the case, it would be necessary to show that the said township inhabitants have not joined their French brethren in their complaints and demands. What is the fact? In some of the largest counties inhabited by persons speaking the English language, Members in favour of an elective council were returned by majorities of two to one; and in the county of Sherbrook, which was considered the strong-hold of colonial Toryism, the 'Constitutional' Members prevailed by a very small majority only. Now it is this reforming spirit of the British inhabitants of Lower Canada which has reduced the minority to the miserable plight which I have exhibited. It is composed, not as the oligarchy desire to be believed—not as the author of the article in your last number has assumed—of the British population, but of the official party and their few adherents.

Now for your author's remedy. In answer to a question, 'How is Lower Canada to be kept quiet?' he says, 'We should be answered by their neighbours of the surrounding British provinces, (as we have frequently heard those provincials express themselves,) "Bring the militia down the Ottawa, let the New Brunswickers pass their border, and we'll soon make a settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen."' I propose to show that the Minister who should rely on the co-operation of the several colonial militia corps against the people of Canada, would certainly make a 'settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen,' but it would not be in the manner anticipated by your author; and for the very simple reason—that the mass of the people in nearly (if not quite) all the colonies sympathise with their brethren in Lower Canada, and are actually making similar demands of the Imperial Government. Upper Canada has passed a strong resolution against the constitution of the Council, and in favour of co-operation with the lower province. In Nova Scotia the expediency of rendering the Councils elective was discussed in 1834, when one of the law officers of the Crown even, admitted that such a measure was necessary to give independence to the body in question. In New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, the people are also at war with the local authorities. In the Assembly of the first-named colony supplies have been refused as in Lower Canada, and in all the colonies public meetings have been held in favour of the elective principle. At these meetings the warmest

sympathy for the people of Lower Canada has been expressed. Is it then likely that the militia of the 'surrounding British provinces' are to be relied on, if the British Minister should desire 'to settle the stiff-necked Frenchmen?'

There is another argument against coercion, or, as your author quaintly calls it, 'settling the stiff-necked Frenchmen,' which is worthy of consideration. The people of Canada—I may add the people of all countries, as distinguished from their aristocracies—are sure of the sympathy of the people of the United States. I do not mean to say that the Government at Washington would interfere, but I do say that there would be no want of aid from the Kentucky riflemen. In one of the very last New York newspapers which have reached this country, there is an account of a public dinner on the 4th of July, at which several toasts were drunk, expressive of sympathy with the Canadians. I quote the words: 'Our Canadian neighbours—may their struggle for reform be distinguished by the fearless and uncompromising spirit which consecrated the 4th of July in the calendar of freedom.' Again: 'The Hon. L. J. Papineau, D. B. Viger, and the Canadian Parliaments—oppressed by men who feel power and forget right; may their patriotism be crowned with success, and may tyrants learn wisdom from past folly.'

If I correctly appreciate and exhibit the state of public opinion in the colonies, the project of an union of the legislatures of the two Canadas is thereby proved to be futile. Taking the votes of the Upper Canadian Parliament, about two-thirds of the population are in favour of the elective principle, and, of course, at least that number against an union. These, added to the population of the lower province, make the adherents of the local oligarchies in the two Canadas to number 130,778, and the advocates for a reform in the Council to number 688,087. I can scarcely think the militia, even if brought down the Ottawa, would be much inclined to act against the 'stiff-necked Frenchmen.' In the united House of Assembly the numbers would be 112 reformers to 34 anti-reformers. Now, with this large majority against a legislative union of the two provinces, I again address myself to the editor of the 'Repository,' and ask him whether he would dispose of the question against the wishes and feelings of that majority? I can anticipate his answer. He would not legislate against the majority.

The emigration question is another question which bad men have misrepresented in this country. A fund for hospitals was raised in Canada by a five-shilling tax on passengers. The plan originated with Englishmen, and was carried through the Assembly in conformity with the earnest recommendation of Lord Goderich. It came into operation, and was attended with the most beneficial effects. Never were funds better administered. Part was expended on hospitals—part in forwarding

destitute immigrants to their place of destination; the whole on the immigrants themselves. Suddenly the Tory party discovered that the tax was only an expedient of the Assembly to check immigration. A more false insinuation never before came from the lips of man. The Canadians are not opposed to immigration. They receive with brotherly love those immigrants who settle among them. To the abuses of immigration they are opposed. For instance, they do not like to see 500 people cooped up in a dirty ship of 300 tons. They ask for a law to check this, when they are immediately met by a howl from the traders in human flesh, official and non-official, and are accused of animosity to immigrants.

The Lower Canadians object to the British American Land Company, not because it will promote immigration, for they think its tendency will be to check immigration. They object to it on grounds which should, I think, secure some approval. They object to it because the Constitutional Act, by conferring upon the Canadians local legislatures, assigned to the said legislatures the management of their internal affairs, including the public lands. The Declaratory Act of 18 Geo. III. c. 12, besides securing the people of the colonies from taxation by the Imperial Parliament, guaranteed to them the disposal of all moneys levied within the several colonies. The proceeds of land sales have always been considered as a ready means of avoiding direct taxation. In the United States not only a considerable portion of the expenses of the States Governments is supplied from this source, but a considerable fund is raised for the purpose of education. The sale of land to the Companies for much less than the market price, and the appropriation of the proceeds without the consent of the local legislatures, have deprived the people of the two Canadas of this mode of superseding direct taxation. Both the Canadian legislatures have resolved that the establishment of these Companies is a violation of the Declaratory Act of 18 Geo. III. c. 12, and their opinion is borne out by that of many sound constitutional lawyers. Many persons are favourable to these Companies, because they coincide in opinion with the author of 'England and America.' To them I would remark that the Companies in question violate the principles laid down by that author, and about to be put in practice in South Australia. For instance, the Canadian Companies sell lands on long credit, and, by that means, enslave all those who become their purchasers. They will, if unchecked, fill the Canadas with rotten boroughs and rotten counties. But I am filling too much space. I will, therefore, say but little more.

At page 536 your author speaks of the refusal of indemnity for war losses as the 'principal grievance of the French Canadians:' this is a mistake; it is the Upper Canadians who suffered such losses. But the refusal of indemnity is not their principal grievance. The principal grievance of both provinces is the vicious constitu-

tion of the Councils; then come the Land Companies, and a host of other grievances follow, much more irksome than that which your author has named.

There are other errors which need scarcely be noticed, after the general exposition I have given of the case of Canada; such, for instance, as those which are involved in the expressions, 'the paltry opposition of the Quebec and Montreal orators,' (p. 542;) 'the reluctance of the French *minority*,' (p. 536;) 'denying bread and home to the British labourer,' (p. 542;) 'the mass of the French population, exclusive of their agitators, the supporters of Papineau, are well affected,' (p. 537;) and other passages tending to convey an idea that all we hear of Canadian discontents has no reference to the general opinions of the people—an error which, if acted upon by our Government, would certainly be productive of most disastrous consequences.

H. S. Chapman.

P. S. Since the above was in type Canadian newspapers have been received as late as the 4th of August. They exhibit a progressive increase of discontent.

Reform Associations are organizing all over Lower Canada, in communication with a parent Association in Montreal. Similar Associations have, for some time, existed in Upper Canada, and the two central Associations of Torento and Montreal are in close and amicable communication. Thus the plan of 'bringing the militia down the Ottawa' would not be attended with the results anticipated by your author.

A great Reform Meeting had been held in a county where the 'Constitutional' interest was supposed to predominate, namely, *Missisquoi*. This appears to have disheartened the colonial Tories. The Liberal papers say, that Missisquoi is lost to the Tories for ever. It may be safely affirmed that the 'Constitutionalists' are reduced to a most miserable minority.

The language of the 'Constitutional' papers is extremely abusive towards the present Administration. Towards Lord John Russell and Lord Glenelg their tone is contemptuous in the extreme; and yet it is for this very party that these two noble lords are sacrificing their characters as statesmen. My Lords Glenelg and John Russell, I pray you look to this.

H. S. C.

EPISTLE TO G. C. HOLLAND, ESQ., M.D., WITH MRS. LOUDON'S 'PHILANTHROPIC ECONOMY, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN-LAW RHYMES.'

Doctor, I send you, with this scrawl,
A thing by no means common;
For, by the Power that made us all,
I send—a perfect Woman!

No flimsy thing of pride and prate,
Corruption's empty pander,
Who loathes not quite the goose, her mate,
Yet loves her neighbour's gander.

I do not praise her cheek's rich hue,
Her dress, her air of fashion;
I say not that the soul's deep blue
Melts in her eye of passion.

But I commend her to the heart
On which your own reposes,
Because her stern worth can impart
A grace, like rain on roses;

And teach parental flowers to teach
The lore of gainful duty
To every plant within her reach,
And all their buds of beauty.

The meek-tressed angel of your home
May take to her own bosom
Thoughts bright and pure as ocean's foam,
And fresh as morning's blossom.

Nor need she dread a rival's look,
Or hate a rival's merit:
I send—a woman in a book!
A world-awaking Spirit!

A charm! a host! a scourge! a sting!
By tyrants seen with sadness!
A truth-taught power! whose mental wing
Shall smite them into madness!

Oh, thanks to Loudon!—and to thee,
Sword-breaking Might of Letters!—
Enfranchised Woman shall set free
The slave who forged her fetters.

For Truth is freedom unto those
Whose souls have strength to seize her;
They play a game which none can lose
Who seek her

Ebenezer.

Sheffield, August 24, 1835.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Sunday. A Poem. By the Author of 'The Mechanic's Saturday Night.'

And by the author, also, of 'Saint Monday;' a fact of which Mr. Brown's title-page omits to remind his readers, but which we shall not allow ours to forget. The three poems ought to go together; nor shall we complain if the author versifies all the week for us, and shows us the working-days in their succession, as well as pay-day, rest-day, and holyday. We have already made the author known to our readers, and trust that no further introduction is needful, as we can only bestow a brief and passing notice on his present publication. It is a more finished composition than either of the preceding ones. There is more method, and the versification is polished to a high degree of smoothness and sweetness. The first line, which offends by its redundancy, is almost the only faulty line in the poem; and the spirit is as gentle and benignant as the versification is mellifluous. He differs from Ebenezer Elliot, the great poet of his class, in not being a denunciator; but writing of evil, bitter and grinding though it be, 'more in sorrow than in anger.' This is as it should be. He follows the tendencies of his own nature. He rightly feels that he too is an Artisan Bard; and that his claim is good without imitating even one who has forced the whole critical world to recognise him in that character. The poem is divided into three cantos, corresponding with the progress of the day. We are thus invited to

'Breakfast with Nature: flowing to the brim
With the first purple day-draught is her cup,
And from it poor and rich are welcome all to sup.

'The mighty Sun has risen! in a glare
Of light immortal onwards comes fair Day.
The heavenly sunbeams, darting through the air,
O'er fields, and flowers, and trees, and streamlets play.
Oh! now step forth, ye wise ones, who ne'er pay
Glory to God on high for night or noon,
Summer or winter, or the vernal ray,
The fruits of autumn, or the flowers of June,
The zephyr's balmy breath, or light of stars and moon.

'Come, walk abroad with me, where berries red
And woodland blossoms their young graces show;
Or where the clear brooks, in their pebbled bed,
Through fields of cowslips and of daisies flow;
Or where the peerless beauteous roses grow,
And gorgeous tulips and fair lilies spring:
Where summer fruits in sunny richness glow
Upon their native branches, and where cling
The fruitful vines, and their large luscious clusters swing.'—p. 5, 6.

There is then an argument on atheism; and sundry sketches, amongst which those of a Bird-catcher and a Street-preacher are conspicuous. The latter is a portrait excellently hit off; a class portrait, we mean; it may perhaps have had an individual original.

The second canto is chiefly occupied with church-going matters. It is an Episcopal Charity Sermon day. The Bishop is thus ushered into the pulpit:

'He comes! he comes! the Bishop comes! Behold!
Slowly he paces, dressed in stiffened lawn;
About his neck his classic band is rolled,
And round and ruddy as the healthy dawn
Of day he looks; the Rector, nicely drawn
In his parochial best, does honour due
Unto the holy man, with gentle fawn,
And leads him on, amid the mighty view
Of all the people, to the lofty pulpit-pew.

'Then all the people stared again; but he,
The great grand Bishop, all in calm repose,
Leaned down his head, coolly, sedate, and free,
And prayed a moment, and then nobly rose;
And like a prince, erect and portly, shows
His sash-bound form, brimful of antique creeds;
And then with grace scholastic open throws
The gilt and holy Bible, and proceeds
At once, and the fair text in solemn tone he reads.'—p. 49, 50.

The concluding stanzas (except the last) may make old Stepney rear high her head. They are genuine poetry; and the reader must be pitied whose feelings they fail to touch:

'Fair Stebony! I love thy ancient fane,
Its old grey walls, its eight-bell minstrelsy;
Its grassy resting-place, and still domain
Of those awaiting immortality,
Have earnest, deep, yet sadd'ning charms for me;
So doth thy waving trees, that bowing meet,
Kissing each other, as in sympathy
With the cold host that slumber at their feet,
Hold mournful sway, yet indescribable and sweet.

'For there my mother, resting, waits th' advance
Of the last trumpet-summons from the skies;
And by her side, in the same frozen trance,
Her children's children, in the grave's sad guise,
Recline: and quenched are those bright infant eyes,
And gentle matron looks, that oft did beam
So light and cheerful, dressed in smiles and sighs,
Tinging life's darkling moments with a rosy gleam:
Alas! that such fair things should sink into a dream.

'Oh! cruel Death! canst thou not rest content
With thy fair share of ripe and autumn fruit,
That fall in the full season, by consent
Of gentle Nature, mellow at thy foot?
Why dost thou 'mong the foliage, slyly mute,
Climb with destroying touch? Why dost thou rend
And tear the lovely blossoms? Oh! I do dispute
With thee this sacrilege; and will contend,
As mortal may with Death, these fair buds to defend.'—p. 55, 56.

A word with Sir Andrew Agnew, a family scene, a glance at afternoon service, and a beautiful tribute to pure religion, occupy the third canto till the approach of evening:

'The setting sun hath shed his farewell glance,
And suddenly has sunk with all his train:
The mild moon's paly shadows now advance,
And, sweetly silent, lighten hill and plain;
And star by star comes glittering through the main
Of dark and wide-spread ether's broad extent;
New clusters momently resume their reign;
Their twinkling flames, still beauteous and unspent,
Dapple the jetty sky with bright embellishment.'—p. 81.

The return of the people homeward, and the reviving power over them of the world's cares, are the concluding topics:

'Now homeward throng the people, fallen and dull:
Some countenances gleam, while others glare
Broad signs of nothingness; and others full
Do show of still, yet busy, anxious care;
And others brood, as if they did prepare
Within their hearts some hopeful golden scheme,
To kill the approaching week. Some seem to fare
But ill at heart; and all around do seem
Waking regrettingly from some enchanting dream.

'And evil spirits seem to fasten on
Each visage. Circumvention, cunning, fraud,
And all their hidden family, one by one,
Among the people spread themselves abroad.
The demon of the mighty town, unawed,
His sly approaches makes; his workings speak
In every look; each to his favourite gaud
Awakes; and now the same prepares to seek,
Through the hot strife and struggle of the coming week.

'The Sabbath's past!—Farewell, sweet Sabbath-day!
Farewell, sweet Sunday! Speed, kind spirit! speed
Thy bright return; for, whilst thou art away,
Many a doomed and sinking heart must bleed;
And cruel lawless rulers will not heed
Their humbler brethren, through their week of pain.
Once more, light mystic day, farewell indeed!
Hasten, oh, haste! resume thy magic reign!
Farewell, sweet Sunday! haste, make haste to shine again!—p. 83,84.

The description and emotion of these verses have in them all that 'eloquence of truth' which Campbell has made the definition of 'Song.'

There are some useful hints for cogitation in the notes. We conclude by extracting three of them, interesting alike for the facts they record, and the writer's comments.

Swinish Multitude.—'I need not go into the origin and history of the term "swinish multitude," and how it was applied to the people some years ago: no doubt it is fully in the recollection of every one; at all events it is quite fresh in mine. I shall never forget the time when I first read that phrase in a newspaper; nor shall I easily forget the feeling which it produced among the circle in which I moved at that time. I think I see them now listening to the reading of the paper, with all the signs of jealous shame reddening in their countenances. About this time Mr. Cobbett published his paper, in which he, in his usual inimitably powerful style, urged the people to cultivate their minds, and practise themselves in the art of laying out clearly their thoughts on paper; for that that was the only scheme by which they could combat successfully their enemies, and finally achieve for themselves a real triumph. Acting on this advice, myself and some of my fellows went seriously to work; and perhaps the present ditty owes its

existence to the spirit of indignation then roused and set in motion by that supercilious and insolent expression, "swinish multitude."'

Charity Sermons.—'Of all the degrading situations to which the children of the working classes are exposed by the fashion of the nineteenth century, none, in my opinion, is so revolting as that of showing them up thus publicly in church, in the shape of beggars for that to which they have a real and indisputable right. Good God! is it possible that the children of those very men who built the church, who fabricated the garb in which the gayest of the congregation glitter, nay, wove the very dress in which the priest appears; I say, is it possible that the children of those men should be so poor and so helpless as to need the aid of public charity, merely for the purpose of being taught, in the worst possible manner, to *read and write?* True it is, and "pity 'tis 'tis true:" yet my notions of right and wrong lead me to conclude, that the children of those men, whose time is occupied unceasingly from morning until night in the creation of wealth, have a right to a careful and generous education, without being obliged to submit to that humiliating Church curse, the "Charity Sermon." We have schools richly endowed, to which the capitalist can introduce his children free of expense or degradation. We have schools, also, to which the children of the soldier and sailor have honourable access; but, alas for the children of the toiling mechanic! Surely, surely the bees have as good a claim as the wasps!'

Charity of the Poor.—'As regards these collections, obtained by means of what are called *Charity Sermons*, I have not much to say. If little is obtained, it may be easily accounted for; for who can feel the true glow of sympathy and charity, when he reflects on the miserable system to which he is called to subscribe? The people of England never withhold their sympathy when deserving objects are before them: witness the subscription collected on the occasion of the fire at Ratcliff. On the first Sunday after that dreadful occurrence, above eight hundred pounds were subscribed spontaneously in Stepney churchyard, of which four hundred and twenty-six pounds were in pence and halfpence, and thirty-eight pounds fourteen shillings, in farthings.'

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Macrone. Vols. 1, 2, 3.

On some accounts this edition of Milton deserves universal adoption. The typography is clear and beautiful; the illustrations, by Turner, are of surpassing grandeur. The 'Mustering of the Warrior Angels,' the 'Expulsion from Paradise,' and the 'Fall of the Rebel Angels,' although compressed into vignettes, have all that infinity which constitutes the magnificence of Martin's art. The copy of the portrait from Vertue, Westall's 'Satan,' and the 'Milton dictating to his Daughters,' from the celebrated painting by Romney, are all, the last especially, noble frontispieces. There is but one deduction to make from our admiration of this edition; it is unfortunately a heavy one. Sir Egerton Brydges is the editor, and occupies the first volume with the most contemptible, affected, pretending Life of Milton that has ever yet been executed, or, we hope, that ever will be. Such a display of ignorance, twaddle, tastelessness, and assumption, is beyond all endurance.

Rosamund Gray, &c. By C. Lamb. Moxon.

A delightful companion-volume to the Essays of Elia. In addition to the pathetic tale of Rosamund Gray, and the farce of 'Mr. H——,' it contains the Recollections of Christchurch; the Dramatic Criticisms on Shakspeare and his Cotemporaries; the papers on Fuller, Hogarth,

and George Wither; and a variety of articles which originally appeared in Leigh Hunt's 'Reflector,' a periodical which, though long since dead, remains embalmed in its own spice and fragrance. We take this opportunity of introducing the following few but valuable sentences, imnuted down from the lips of the late S. T. Coleridge:

Character of Charles Lamb, by Coleridge.—'Charles Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know, or have ever known in all my life. In most men we distinguish between the different powers of their intellect as one being predominant over the other. The genius of Wordsworth is greater than his talent, though considerable. The talent of Southey is greater than his genius, though respectable: and so on. But in Charles Lamb it is altogether one; his genius is talent, and his talent is genius, and his heart is as whole and one as his head. The wild words that come from him sometimes on religious subjects would shock you from the mouth of any other man, but from him they seem mere flashes of firework. If an argument seem to his reason not fully true, he bursts out in that odd desecrating way: yet his will, the inward man, is, I well know, profoundly religious. Watch him when alone, and you will find him with either a Bible or an old divine, or an old English poet; in such is his pleasure.'

The London Review. No. II.

It is not our purpose to criticise the contents of this number, but only to mention that we have been both surprised and grieved by a note appended to an article on the 'Rationale of Political Representation,' and the more so, on account of the signature (A) which that article bears. There must be some inadvertence or mistake in the case; or else we must have mistaken the writer, and the character which it is intended the 'London Review' should sustain. The note in question is appended to an extract from Mr. Bailey's work, relative to the exclusion of women from the elective franchise (the passage was quoted in our own notice of the work, 'Monthly Repository' for June last, p. 407); and runs thus:

'Into the reasons of any other kind which may be given for the exclusion of women, we shall not enter; not because we think any of them valid, but because the subject (though in a philosophical treatise on representation, it could not have been passed over in silence) is not one which, in the present state of the public mind, could be made a topic of popular discussion with any prospect of practical advantage.'—p. 353.

We must protest strongly both against the general principle here laid down, and the particular application of that principle.

The 'London Review' can confer no greater 'practical advantage' on the public, than by the free and full discussion of any and every topic that may be fairly presented to its notice. It was announced as the organ of the Philosophic Reformers, whom we understood to be, not a party banded together for the attainment of influence by avoiding unpopular topics, but a set of original and independent thinkers, whose aim was to inculcate sound principles in political and moral philosophy, and to lead the way in the fearless application of those principles to all social relations and individual concerns. The last thing we expected of them was, that they should seem to blink a subject because it might be distasteful to 'the public mind,' or not be connected with a motion for leave to bring in a bill, &c., or any such immediate 'practical advantage.' Our notion was, that these reviewers were to be the

pioneers of social improvement, and to ply pickaxe and shovel all the more vigorously whenever the obstacles were most formidable, instead of turning aside into an easier path for their own progress. We looked for their teaching England the lesson which France has learned of the importance of *principles*, and doing something for our deliverance from the narrow, shallow, retail, and empirical mode of treating public matters to which our countrymen are addicted.

Moreover, the condition of women, of which the exclusion from all political right is a prominent feature, is a topic to which the public mind may not only be usefully directed, but towards which it is turning of itself; as witness the clever pamphlet of 'Lydia Tomkins,' with many other indications both in books and in periodical literature. The 'Westminster' predicted some time ago, that this would be the popular topic of the next generation; now one generation is perhaps rather below than above the average advance of the 'London Review' upon its cotemporaries. At any rate, we should expect it to be never behind the foremost rank in the discussion of grievances and improvements. There is no mischief so deeply rooted, so wide spreading, as that which results from the dependent and degraded position of women. The superficial education to which they are condemned; their dependence on marriage for a civil existence; the absence of those rights of property which are essential to their protection; their exclusion not only from political rights, but their being warned off all public interests as ground on which they are trespassers; the selfish, enfeebling, and debasing character of the influence which they too often exercise over man in his public capacity, and which is the reaction of his own conduct: these are sufficient evidence of the necessity of 'popular discussion,' and in such hands as those of the writer on whom we are commenting, who can doubt the 'prospect of practical advantage?' It is a subject worthy of him, and of which he is worthy; and we do hope that he will soon advert to it in a different spirit, and shew what can be done towards the redress of one of the greatest grievances, by the efforts of one of the finest intellects of the age in which we live.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The hint of 'A Subscriber' must depend on some correspondent for its realization. Could he undertake the task himself?

Although the article on 'Female Education' be not inserted, it is too good for destruction. It is left at our office, directed according to the signature of the envelope.

E. I. should study simplicity.

Speranza's lines have been forwarded to the party addressed, who is much pleased with them.

We heartily wish that W. H. P., Frank Friendly, and other young men of talent, would employ their time and their ability (of which they give unquestionable evidence) in something better than versification. Prose composition, for some distinct purpose, is a much more wholesome exercise; and if there be poetry in them, it will not rust for lack of rhyming. But there can be no great poet whose intellect has not undergone a long and vigorous training.

The 'Sketches of Domestic Life,' by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, will be resumed next month.

We do not do business in the way supposed by the writer of the Critical Notice that was to have been *anonymous*.

DISQUISITION ON THE GENIUS, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By the Author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' &c.

William Hazlitt began to think deeply at an early period, and while others of the same age were devoting their animal spirits to sportive games, or their minds to boyish projects, he was speculating on the abstract rights of humanity. His letter to the editor of the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle,' written at the age of thirteen, on the persecution of Dr. Priestley, is a sufficient proof of this masculine predisposition of his intellect and feelings. It was his first literary production, and was printed immediately. But who shall say at what far earlier dawn of youth his heart with voiceless sensibility brooded over the condition of mankind, and his mind began to develop itself through the hazy twilight of unrisen power? This reflection, combined with a knowledge of his works, —even though we are speaking of his childhood,—forces upon us the recollection of his fine and fact-like description of 'Blind Orion hungering for the dawn,' in the sublime picture of Nicolas Poussin.

The early years of his childhood were passed in America, where his father had taken his whole family. Here, as well as in former places of residence, William Hazlitt, then in his fifth year only, attracted the admiration and affection of everybody by the extreme beauty of his person, the amiability and sweetness of his disposition, and the vivid comprehension of his mind. The expression of his face is said to have borne a close resemblance to the beatified look of intelligence in the children of some of the paintings of Raphael and Corregio. His personal beauty was palpable to all; but his peculiar quality of intellect, even at the dawn, was not of course considered in the light of a presage of future greatness. We can seldom accuse relations and family friends of backwardness in conferring, with prophetic pride, all manner of future honours upon the precocity of their little favourites; but it is an amusing fact that the infant prodigies, thus singled out for posterity, never come to anything worth mentioning: the reality only remains undiscovered until fully developed. It is hardly just, nevertheless, and certainly unreasonable, to accuse individuals of dulness because they do not see the germ of great genius where it actually exists. To expect that they should do so, is almost the same as expecting them to be possessed of a similar genius themselves; since the powers in question must be seen and understood in their elemental forms. Looking, however, as we now do, to the application of high qualities, it may be recollected by some who knew William Hazlitt in his childhood that he gave unequivocal indications of that strong sensibility and comprehension which are certainly the visible,

though seldom seen, harbingers of superior powers, the fruits of which time only can ripen to practical manifestation and lofty maturity.

The most pure and perfect state of human existence,—the most ethereal in mind, being fresh from the creative hand; the most enthusiastic and benevolent of heart, being yet uncontaminated by the outer world and all its bitter disappointments; the sweetest, and yet the most pathetic, were it only from the extreme sense of beauty,—is the early youth of genius. Alone in the acuteness of its general sensibility,—unsympathized with in its peculiar views of nature; its heart without utterance, and its intellect a mine penetrated by the warmth of the dawning sun, but unopened by its meridian beams,—the child of genius wanders forth into the fields and woods, an embodied imagination; an elemental being yearning for operation, but knowing not its mission. A powerful destiny heaves for development in its bosom; it feels the prophetic waves surging to and fro: but all is indistinct and vast, caverned, spell-bound, aimless, and rife with sighs. It has little retrospection, and that little of no importance; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its melancholy pleasures and countless pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the hero and inventor. It revels in the radiance of years to come, nor ever dreams that the little daisy on the lawn, so smilingly beheld, or so tenderly gathered from its green bed, shall make the whole heart ache with all the past when it meets the eye some years hence. If this be more or less the case with youth in general, it is so in a pre-eminent degree with the youth of genius. At this early period of the life of such a being, impressions of moral and physical beauty exist in ecstatic sensation, rather than in sentiment; a practical feeling and instinct, not a theory or rule of right. Conscious only of its ever-working sensibility and dim aspirations, boundless as dim,—utterly unconscious of its own latent powers or means of realizing its feelings,—the child of genius yearns with a deep sense of the divinity of imperishable creation, with hopes that sweep high over the dull earth and all its revolving graves; and lost in beatific abstraction, it has a positive foretaste of immortality.

Such we may affirm,—if the reader will add that intensity of comprehension which pierces beneath the deepest roots of the heart, and to which all words are but the earth-like signs, the finger-marks of mortality pointing to the profound elements of human nature,—such was the early youth of William Hazlitt.

But a more distinct condition of mind,—less affecting perhaps from its approach towards self-reliance and manly equality, yet still touching from the very youthfulness of its power and evident unconsciousness of the practically incorrigible vices and perverse

bigotries of the actual world—was destined to supervene at a much earlier period than is common with any order of fine intellect, and more especially the highest. It has been mentioned that his first literary production was induced by the persecution of the benevolent and philosophic Priestley. Literature, to say the truth, has very little to do with the awkward effort; but sincerity of feeling, clearness of understanding, and the early manifestation of principles which time and circumstance have shown to have been fixed as the northern star, have everything to do with it. The following is a copy of the letter that appeared in the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle;' and the editor was not a little surprised when he subsequently learnt that the writer was a school-boy:

'Mr. Wood,—'Tis really surprising that men—men, too, that aspire to the character of Christians—should seem to take such pleasure in endeavouring to load with infamy one of the best, one of the wisest, and one of the greatest of men.

'One of your late correspondents, under the signature of "ΟΥΔΕΙΕ," seems desirous of having Dr. Priestley in chains; and, indeed, would not, perhaps, (from the gentleman's seemingly charitable disposition,) be greatly averse to seeing him in the flames also. This is the Christian—this is the meek, the charitable spirit of Christianity—this the mild spirit its great master taught! Ah, Christianity, how art thou debased! how am I grieved to see that universal benevolence, that love to all mankind, that love even to our enemies, and that compassion for the failings of our fellow-men that thou art calculated to promote, contracted and shrunk up within the narrow limits that prejudice and bigotry mark out!

'But to return. Supposing the gentleman's end to be intentionally good; supposing him, indeed, to desire all this, in order to extirpate the doctor's supposedly impious and erroneous doctrines, and promote the cause of truth, yet the means he would use are certainly wrong. For, may I be allowed to remind him of this, (which prejudice has hitherto apparently prevented him from seeing,) that violence and force can never promote the cause of truth, but reason and argument alone; and whenever these fail, all other means are vain and ineffectual? And, as the doctor himself has said in his letter to the inhabitants of Birmingham, that "if they destroyed him, ten others would rise as able or abler than himself, and stand forth immediately to defend his principles; and that were those destroyed, a hundred would appear, for the God of truth will not suffer his cause to lie defenceless." This letter of the doctor's, though it throughout breathes the pure and genuine spirit of Christianity, is by another of your correspondents charged with *sedition* and *heresy!* But, indeed, if such sentiments as those which it contains *be* sedition and heresy, sedition and heresy would be an honour: for all their sedition is that fortitude that becomes the dignity of man,

and the character of Christian; and their heresy, Christianity. The whole letter, indeed, far from being seditious, is peaceable and charitable; and far from being heretical, that is, in the usual acceptance of the word, furnishes proofs of that resignation so worthy of himself. And to be sensible of this, 'tis only necessary that any one, laying aside prejudice, read the letter itself with candour. What, or who, then, is free from the calumniating pen of malice, malice concealed, perhaps, under the specious guise of religion and a love of truth?

'Religious persecution is the bane of all religion; and the friends of persecution are the worst enemies religion has. Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable. Any other kind of persecution can affect our outward circumstances only, our properties, our lives; but this may affect our characters for ever! And this great man has not only had his goods spoiled, his habitation burned, and his life endangered, but is also calumniated, aspersed with the most malicious reflections, and charged with everything bad, for which a misrepresentation of the truth,

"Nihil est . . ." *

and prejudice, can give the least pretence. And why all this? To the shame of some one let it be replied, merely on account of particular speculative opinions, and not anything scandalous, shameful, or criminal in his moral character. "When I see," says the great and admirable Robinson, "a spirit of intolerance, I think I see the great devil!" And it is certainly the *worst* of devils. And here I shall conclude, staying only to remind your anti-Priestleyan correspondents, that, when they presume to attack the character of Dr. Priestley, they do not so much resemble the wren pecking at the eagle, as the owl attempting, by the flap of her wings, to hurl Mount Athos into the ocean! and that while Dr. Priestley's name shall "flourish in immortal youth," and his memory be respected and revered by posterity, prejudice no longer blinding the understandings of men, *theirs* will be forgotten in obscurity, or only remembered as the friends of bigotry and persecution, the most odious of all characters.

'ΗΛΙΑΣΟΝ.'

From this letter it appears that the only champion who entered the field of the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle,' in opposition to the various correspondents who were the 'friends of bigotry and persecution,' and who assiduously displayed their base congeniality in one of the most heinous crusades that were ever instituted against individual wisdom and humanity, (and against all reason and human rights, looking at the principle,) was a schoolboy of thirteen, whom an impassioned love of abstract truth, a strong sense of indignation at the vulgar injustice of attempting to crush all spirit of free inquiry, and a generous sympathy, associated with a feeling of gratitude for intellectual improvement, derived from

* Quotation illegible in the original MS.

the study of works that have already outlived the names of nearly all their persecutors, had suddenly impelled to take a high place among men, and commence his arduous struggle in the battered cause of truth and nature.

From the period at which the above letter was written, the mind of Hazlitt made rapid advances in strength and subtlety, as manifested in certain profound speculations contained in manuscripts possessed by his son. Some of these were recently arranged under the title of 'Posthumous Essays, &c.,' with a view to their publication, which circumstances have made it advisable to defer. Various original critiques and laudatory papers were forwarded by eminent writers of the time to accompany the work, among which was an eloquent criticism by Mr. E. L. Bulwer; and there was reason to anticipate that the Memoir would have been supplied by the late editor of a powerful Review. But sundry delays and other circumstances intervening, and the ill health of an early friend of Mr. Hazlitt preventing the execution of a duty which I was most anxious he only should perform, the Memoir devolved on one who would not otherwise have presumed himself equal to the undertaking. This feeling was chiefly induced by a consciousness that the mere events of Hazlitt's life were as undiversified and unimportant as those of literary men in general, and that a Memoir could present no features worthy of the man, without including the history of his mind. Those who comprehend what that mind *was* (and *is*) will be well aware of the arduousness of my task; but it did not appear likely that it would be attempted by anybody else, and a sincere sympathy must be the best excuse for occasional failure, as it may be the chief grounds of partial success.

The strong and definite advance of his feelings in the cause of abstract truth, with the deepening of his understanding and powers of analysis, will be made sufficiently evident in the ensuing extract. It is taken from a manuscript, found after his death among a mass of other papers which he had packed together in an old hamper, probably from a feeling of affection towards the results of his early studies, but which it appeared, from the state they were in, that he had not seen for many years. The article is entitled 'Project for a new Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation.'

'When I was about fourteen, in consequence of a dispute one day, after meeting, between my father and an old lady of the congregation, respecting the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and the limits of religious toleration, I set about forming in my head (the first time I ever attempted to think) the following system of political rights and general jurisprudence:

'I began with trying to define what a *right* was; and this I settled with myself was not simply that which is good or useful in itself, but

that which is thought so by the individual, and which has the sanction of his will as such,—1st, Because the determining what is good in itself, is an endless question; 2dly, Because one person's having a right to any good and another being made the judge of it, leaves him without any security for its being exercised to his advantage, whereas self-love is a natural guarantee for self-interest; 3dly, A thing being willed is the highest moral reason for its existence; that a thing is good in itself is no reason whatever why it should exist, till the will clothes it with a power to act as a motive; and there is certainly nothing to prevent this will from taking effect (no law above it) but another will opposed to it, and which forms a right on the same principle. A good is only a right, because it generally determines the will; for a right is that which contains within itself, and as respects the bosom in which it is lodged, a cogent and unanswerable reason why it should exist. Suppose I have a violent aversion to one thing and as strong an attachment to another, and that there is no other being in the world but myself, shall I not have a self-evident right, title, liberty, to pursue the one and avoid the other?—that is to say, in other words, there can be nothing to interpose between the strong natural tendency of the will and its desired effect, but the will of another. Right therefore has a personal or selfish reference, as it is founded on the law which determines a man's actions in regard to his own being and well-being; and political justice is that which assigns the limits of these individual rights, or their compatibility or incompatibility, with each other in society. Right, in a word, is the duty which each man owes to himself; or, it is that portion of the general good of which (as being principally interested) he is made the special judge, and which is put under his immediate keeping.

'The next question I asked myself was "what is law, and the real and necessary ground of civil government?" Law is something to abridge the original right and to coerce the will of individuals in the community. Whence, then, has the community this right? It can only arise in self-defence, or from the necessity of maintaining the equal rights of every one, and of opposing force to force in case of any violent infringement of them. Society consists of any given number of individuals, and the aggregate right of government is only the consequence of these inherent rights balancing and neutralizing one another,' &c.

It will be readily admitted that the above extract contains thoughts of no juvenile character, though they were conceived at so early a period. The greater portion of this short treatise, however, judging by the precision of the style, was no doubt written some years afterwards; but some passages and expressions occur which bear the stamp of the period in which they originated. The third corollary is very amusing and characteristic as a specimen of *naïveté* in expression and the early formation of strong and lasting opinions.

'*Cor.* 3. If I was out at sea in a boat with a *jure divino* monarch, and he wanted to throw me overboard, I would not let him. No gentleman would ask such a compliance; no freeman would submit to it. Has he then a right to dispose of the lives of thirty millions of men? or, have they no right to resist his demands? They have thirty millions of

times more right, if they had a particle of the same spirit that I have. It is not the individual, but thirty millions of his subjects that call me to account in his name, and who have both the right and the power. They have the power, but let them beware how the exercise of it turns against their own rights. It is not the idol, but the worshippers who are to be feared, and who, by degrading one of their own rank, make themselves liable to be branded with the same disqualifications and penalties.'

From an examination of various private letters sent to different members of his family, it appears that Hazlitt, notwithstanding the education he had received, both from his father and at the Unitarian college at Hackney, conceived a distaste for the clerical profession even before he had completed his studies. He alludes to this circumstance, somewhat painfully, in his 'Essay on the Knowledge of Character,' as having occasioned much disappointment to his father, who had entertained high hopes of him, and whose sympathy with his aspirations was damped, and almost withdrawn, for ever after. His first passion was an intense love of abstract truth, for which he searched, without ceasing, from childhood to the grave; his second was a devoted love of painting; and this he bound in vivid consummation with the former, using it as a rich vehicle for his thoughts, and clothing them with a figured garment, original in design, startling in effect, gorgeous in colouring, and powerful in its expression of the deepest feelings and noblest hopes of humanity.

It appears that he commenced his first regular essay, 'The Principles of Human Action,' at about the age of eighteen, and laboured painfully (both from the abstruse nature of the argument and his inability to express his thoughts clearly) at the composition during the same time that he was pursuing his early study of painting in France. In his essay on 'The Pleasure of Painting,' he says:

'My first initiation in the mysteries of art was at the Orléans gallery: it was there I formed my taste, such as it is; so that I am irreclaimably of the old school in painting. I was staggered when I saw the works there collected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face—"hands that the rod of empire might have swayed" in mighty ages past.'

This sudden impression may seem wonderful to many when they learn that a short time previously he was 'not only totally ignorant of, but insensible to the beauties of art.' It was the first sight of the assemblage of the greatest, that produced the miraculous effect. He had heard 'of the names of Titian, Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, the Caracci; but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell—was almost an effect of necromancy. From that time he lived in a world of pictures.' He felt the loud

clamour of the every-day world ' as mere noise and fury " signifying nothing " compared with those mighty works and dreaded names that spoke to him in the eternal silence of thought.' It seems that his father, although he would rather his son ' should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or Raphael,' became eventually so far reconciled to his study of the arts as to sit to him for his portrait. There is a very pathetic passage on this circumstance in the essay previously quoted:

' When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Corregio, " *I also am a painter!*" I think that I finished this portrait on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came.'

How he exulted in the downfal of the Bourbons and in the establishment, through Napoleon, of the principle ' that there is a power in the people to change its government and governors,' is very generally known; but the agony of his disappointment at finding the hopes of liberty blighted by the breath of Legitimacy and the Holy Alliance, is known but to few.

' I walked out in the afternoon,' continues he, ' and as I returned, saw the evening-star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again!—I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly. The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!'

With the intention of following painting as a profession, he subsequently studied at the Louvre, and, however dissatisfactory his progress, he ' never did anything afterwards.' Of his feelings during the progress of these studies he has left deep and lasting record. One passage will suffice:

' Here, for four months together, I strolled and studied, and daily heard the warning sound, " *Quatres heures passées, il faut fermer, citoyens,*" (ah! why did they ever change their style!) muttered in coarse provincial French; and brought away with me some loose draughts and fragments, which I have been forced to part with, like drops of life-blood, for " hard money." How often, thou tenantless mansion of god-like magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee!'

If to yearn intensely for the accomplishment of an object, if to possess the genius requisite for a high success, if to sympathize deeply and comprehensively with the spirit of great and lasting works, while the energies of youth and of manhood burn and impel towards the sacred temple whose altar is in the centre of

the human heart; if these feelings and qualifications would have accomplished the desired end, William Hazlitt would have been enabled, with devout ecstacy, to echo the words of Corregio, and feel that he also was a painter. But nature is not art; the soul is not the form; the foundation is not the superstructure. Possessing continuity—practical continuity—to the utmost extent, Hazlitt was utterly incompetent to persevere in anything requiring elaborate mechanical industry. Writhing under his deficiency of means, he struggled to supersede practice, overreach time, and bound at once to the conclusion. That his intellect alone could accomplish this, is proved by the profound theories he has given to the world, so far in advance of general knowledge and opinion; but painting was not to be accomplished without the incessant labour of the hand in monotonous practice, and by slow and imperceptible progression. His imagination saw at once all that he passionately desired to produce; his overexcited, incorrigible will, rushed forward towards the end to clasp the whole with Atlantæan arms; his severe understanding and sensitive taste destroyed the illusions of self-love and vanity, forcing the abortive effort upon his conviction; and, after a few years, he relinquished the hope with an anguish that may be traced through his writings almost to the period of his death. I know not if the long grass would not sigh, and the earth heave above his grave, should I say that it is better for the world that he was *not* a painter!

(To be continued.)

ON THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

'THANK God we have a House of Lords' was the ejaculation of William Cobbett when the House of Commons persisted in passing the Poor Law Amendment Act against his existing opinion or expressed opinion. That changeable writer deemed that Lords were lovers of the poor like himself, or, like the 'Times,' lovers of the popularity arising from affecting to be the poor man's friend. But both William Cobbett and the 'Times' were disappointed in one of the few subjects on which they could agree. The House of Lords passed the Bill, not in any love to the people, but in love to their own property, which they could not protect without conferring a benefit on the people at large. The system of the old poor laws produced a constant increase of paupers, who were maintained on the property of those who possessed, and on the earnings of those who produced. Therefore the evil fell heavier on the working classes than on the Aristocracy; but if the Aristocracy had sustained no evil, they would have agreed with William Cobbett and the 'Times,' and would have thrown out the Bill. The 'Times' and the Lords are much alike in their sentiments towards the working classes. It is not upon record whether William Cobbett withdrew his proffered thanks to the Lords; but I, for one,

was quite satisfied with the passing of the Bill, the excellent results of which are every day becoming more conspicuous. It has been stated that English rural paupers are now furnished to the manufacturers who need more hands, instead of Irish paupers, and that masters and workmen are alike well pleased with the exchange. Heretofore it has been the custom for farmers to employ Irishmen during the time of harvest. It will not be long now ere they will employ English mechanics, and then two advantages will be gained: the rural population will acquire knowledge and enlargement of their intellectual faculties by witnessing the operation of machinery; and the operatives of the towns will acquire gentler and more refined tastes by occasionally indulging in rural pleasures and natural beauty. The poor Irishmen must be kept at home by a poor law, which, rendering it compulsory on their aristocrats to maintain them, will force on them the necessity of educating them and giving them industrious habits.

For all this we owe our thanks to the Lords: they preserve their own interests in that as in all other things. But still Radicals and Republicans,—for, as the 'Times' observes, they are synonymous,—Radicals and Republicans may well echo the cry of William Cobbett, 'Thank God there is a House of Lords!' But for the House of Lords the nation would not have now been so far advanced towards its desirable conclusion. Knaves as they are to all good ends, they are still fools enough to believe they are serving their own interests while doing those things which convince all men, even the most timid, that they are a mischief and a nuisance, which it is an unpleasant thing to have even to abate by the contact of collision, but which it were a still more mischievous thing to suffer to remain. The foolish 'Times' even knows this, though it makes awkward and unwieldy attempts to render service to its new masters, who despise it while they employ it. Ten years of constant agitation, as unremitting as that which destroyed the slave-trade, could not have so undermined the *prestige* attaching to the House of Lords as they themselves have done in a single session. Time was that, if a man talked of infringing on the smallest privilege of the Lords, he was looked on as an incendiary by most who heard him; but now, if a doubt is raised as to the propriety of taking away from the Lords all exclusive power, and making them entirely responsible to the people, the expression of the doubt is commonly regarded as one seeking either sinister gain, or possessed of consummate folly. Daniel O'Connell, the speaker of the Irish people, who but a few years back was looked on as little better than a vulgar howling rebel, only unhanged because he was too cunning to be caught, is now making a triumphant progress round England and Scotland, talking of the Lords and the doom about to be passed on them, with open and undisguised contempt. And more than this, the people who willingly listen to him are they

who constitute that oft-quoted and Lord-hated 'pressure from without' which, without much apparent effort, pushes down all opposition to the 'movement.' The men who constitute this pressure speak, in language not to be misunderstood, their determined meaning. All have spoken well, but none better than the 'Trades of Glasgow,' who, on a former occasion, approved the spoken purposes of Lord Durham: nervous, manly, and discriminating is their language; the thoughts strong and forcible, and the words well-chosen.

It is not now as in the days of ancient barbarism, when mighty empires were erected on brutal conquest, and maintained by physical force. Now the idle trappings of useless pomp, the tinsel show, the ill-got wealth, and the unmeaning title of unconstitutional place and power, charm us no more. It is the *man*, stripped of all the mummery of adventitious accompaniments, and standing forwards on his own personal merits and native energy of mind, that the people gladly hail and delight to honour.

Although the House of Commons as a body have, during the late session, proved it an outrageous fallacy that the people of this empire are fully, fairly, and freely represented,—have allowed the barbarous restrictions on the newspaper press, the inhuman restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, the State Church establishment in Ireland, and many other abominable acts and monopolies to continue in active force, and refuse the slightest protection to the labour of starving thousands,—we rejoice to find that there is among that body a powerful band of resolute patriots, ready at all times to lead the van in the march of Reform, and whose efforts must ere long, if properly backed by the pressure from without, successfully triumph.

These hard-handed and strong-brained men have got rid of the cant of *Respectability*, that sworn cheat who, under external fairness, professing to be the semblance of virtue, is a base coward, and guilty of all a coward's vices. Who abandons an unfortunate friend? *Respectability!* Who called the Radicals low-born knaves? *Respectability!* Who turned Radical when Radicalism became powerful? *Respectability!* Who would seek occasion again to abandon it, were the Tories to regain power? *Respectability!* The men of Glasgow seek no aid from *Respectability*. They care only for the MAN, stripped of all but 'personal merit and native energy of mind.' The House of Commons they have divided into two parts, the *respectable* men, and 'the band of resolute patriots.' They know what the House of Commons has done, but they have not forgotten what it has *not* done, and they will bear it in mind till an effective House of Commons shall exist, speaking honestly the people's will, and sternly carrying that will into effect, unmoved by the clamours of party, unawed by the threats of despotism, and uninfluenced by private feelings or sympathies. The House of Commons, as at present consti-

tuted, does not represent the people's will, but it does represent the fears of *respectability*. Sundry good men and true there are; but there is no Hampden. There is no one man possessing the mingled qualities of sound judgment, strong will, high enthusiasm, invincible honesty and popular talents, who can wield the 'pressure from without' as a single mass, and carrying conviction to the minds of the majority, enforce from their fears that compliance with his purposes which might not be hoped from their honesty. There is no such man now in the national council, and some there are who thence draw the inference that no such man exists. But it cannot be. Such men must exist, though overlaid by circumstances. If there be a coming time of peril, it will draw them forth; and it were worth the peril to draw such men into a nation's service. Meanwhile the working classes must not be idle. Great wisdom is not required to conclude the struggle with the irresponsible hereditary legislators; they are already scared, and definite action is all that is required on the part of their opponents. The class of men from whom legislators have hitherto been taken will not do the people's work; they will but promise, and dare not perform. They dare not encounter the obloquy of their social circle. They have not mind enough to conceive an original purpose, or to fulfil an acquired one. The working people must select representatives from their own body, ere they can expect a responsible legislature. It cannot be too often repeated that the question is not one of making wise laws at present, but only of taking power out of the hands of those who have long abused it, and making it clearly comprehended that, whether the Government is to be good or bad, the people are to be the masters, and not the slaves of that Government. Till this be done, no sound laws can be made; but when once done, when responsibility is assured, the people can well afford to select the wisest men to make their laws for them, in the confidence that their trust will not be abused. Our work is still to pull down, and not to build up; we need leaders for the strife, and not sages for the council chamber; and one thing above all we still need—rations for our warriors. The best men are shut out from our service, because they are obliged to work elsewhere for their maintenance. When we shall resolve, like honest men, to pay our members for their services, interest as well as inclination will link them to us. Who can say that the apostate Lyndhurst would not have been through his life a consistent and valuable labourer in the cause of human freedom, had a competence been secured to him as a salaried Member of Parliament? And let it not be said that this would have been an unworthy motive for honesty. We must remember that we are not alike strong in our power of resisting temptation; and, if human nature be weak, it is a fitting thing that it should be strengthened and helped in its better purposes.

The Reform Bill, as at first proposed, was a good Bill, and the Lords threw it out. It was brought in again, and the people enforced its acceptance by the 'pressure from without.' But they might as well have enforced it in the first instance, before the Chandos clause was introduced, making the majority of the counties rotten boroughs; and also the other alterations, which left the corporations mere nests of corruption, injurious to the people's cause. The Lords would have passed the Bill in its healthy as easily as in its unhealthy state, had the people 'pressed' at the proper time. The Corporation Bill was a good Bill as at first introduced, though not so good as it might have been. It should have been accompanied to the Lords, in the first instance, by a due quantity of 'pressure.' It will not do to be nice, and talk about Constitutions. We know that the Constitution as by law established is a bad thing for the people, and we must amend it as we do an old house, without studying too nicely the rules of architecture. The 'irresponsibles' from cowards become bullies, counting on our forbearance. They did not know how far they could go till they tried, and their friends in the House of Commons were secretly well pleased at the curtailments of the Bill. There has seldom been anything more contemptible than the conduct of the Collective Wisdom on this remarkable occasion. It was a question whether we were to have the Reform Bill a dead letter or not. Robert Peel affected at once to acknowledge the necessity for it, and the people were smoothed down. The Lords bounced, and declared they would cut the Bill down. And thereupon John Russell and Spring Rice affected to bounce also, and to be vastly patriotic, and determined to stop the Supplies, or the Appropriation Clauses; on which the House cheered, and was vastly patriotic also, and John Bull was soothed and gulled. And then the Lords murdered the Bill and kicked it out, and the 'Chronicle' swore woundily. Lord Melbourne and Henry Brougham seemed the only earnest people of the party. And then the Bill was amended by the Commons. And then a formal or 'free conference' was demanded, whereat Mr. Wakley—kept on his hat. And then it was found out that the Supplies having been voted, the cash could not be kept back; and then, all on a sudden, the Ministers discovered that the Bill was a most excellent Bill, and much better for the hereditary tinkering, for, lo! the Oligarchy could not bribe in the old fashion amongst the corporators, but would be obliged to use a new mode; and John Bull grew rather sulky, for he could not clearly make out how that would benefit him. And then Spring Rice went into Ireland to drink cheap whisky out of a cheap glass, which two inestimable benefits he had given the community with his budget; and—thus the Session closed.

But, nevertheless, it has been a good session, for the public mind has ripened apace. 'His gracious Majesty' has been

several times in public, and the people have neither hissed nor applauded him; their minds are bent on deeper matter. Peel is universally known to be a greater hypocrite than ever. Old Waterloo has talked himself out of a small portion of public hatred, and replaced it by a larger portion of public contempt. Cumberland has been obliged to escape to Kalisch in a worse condition than if he had been proved guilty. Lyndhurst has made the Tory cause worse than ever, by sucking the marrow of the Corporation Bill. Colonel Fairman has made it clear that the army are not quite such useful protectors as was supposed; and the rebuilding of the House of Lords not having yet commenced, it will perhaps be saved altogether. And last, not least, the House of Commons is understood, as a body, not to be implicitly depended on by the people. It will be well to intimate to them, next session, that the proper mode of proceeding with the Lords is to grant no Supplies till all the various Bills of Reform are passed. The House, however, will not do that till a very 'strong pressure' is felt from without. The travelling agitation of O'Connell will do good service; it will stir up people's brains, and teach men to think rather more than he seems to contemplate. He lays great stress on the advantages of *hereditary* monarchy, for the sake of keeping 'so rich a prize' out of the way of temptation for a struggle. You will alter this opinion, Daniel, ere five years elapse, and discover that hereditary monarchy is no better than hereditary legislation. Meanwhile, it would be an excellent thing if our popular orators would take on themselves the office of lecturers, after fitting themselves for the task by previous study, and go through the country on continual tours, spreading information, and teaching those who are ignorant on important political subjects. Such a mode were worth all the books that could be written. It is a mode in which, more than in any other, clear-headed men could fit themselves for the office of legislators, for they would study human nature while removing ignorance.

Lord Melbourne has won much repute during the last session by his firmness, and has probably thereby induced many to hope more from him than can be expected. This is vain. Tory insolence made him do what he did, in self-defence. Lord Melbourne is not a purpose-maker, but a circumstance-follower; and it is well the people should know this. If they drive him, he will act; if they do not drive him, he will do nothing, unless, perchance, the Tories should worry him as before. Meanwhile, we look forward to a stirring world in the session which is to come. In the people our trust is strong: not so in the Whigs—they will, at last, join their natural allies the Tories.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. VII. The Insipid.

'What a *nice* girl is Harriet Ward!' exclaimed Mrs. Lang, a lady so remarkable for loquacity that her tongue might have been described as like the showman's wonderful animal, which grew an inch an hour and never came to its full growth.

'What a *sensible* girl is Harriet Ward!' muttered old Sir Benjamin Bubble, who had a remarkable 'talent for silence,' save when permitted to pronounce a dissertation on the Currency.

'What a *sweet gal* is Harriet Ward!' drawled a young man with whiskers in the most exemplary curl, and whose first love was a looking-glass, which, meet it where he might, he never failed to consult as to the state of his stock.

'Well,' thought Grace Clare, a gay, giddy, but withal good creature, to whom all these observations had been addressed, 'this is very strange: the fable of the old man and his ass no longer holds good; for it appears that it *is* possible to please every body.

'Why, Harriet has discovered a secret worth the philosophers' stone! What is perpetual youth, inexhaustible wealth, compared with the power of pleasing every body?

'There's my cousin Bell, with all her wit, thinks herself fortunate in *my* friendship and affection. To be sure she is something like cayenne pepper, apt to bite; but then the bite has such a wholesome pungency, and she is always good-naturedly inclined "to kiss the place to make it well," as we say to the children.

'Then there's Lucy, lovely as the daylight. I do think she has not half as many friends as fingers.

'And Anna, too, all high principle and noble purpose, like the good Lady Wentworth, "to nothing but herself severe," hundreds hold her in absolute horror.

'I must study this Harriet; this "hare with many friends."'

The young lady in question had, in common with many sisters, been secured by an industrious father, upon her coming of age, a small competency, and all, yet in their minority, resided with their widowed mother, who managed the interest of the united capital.

These girls, left to the education of chance, and no very favourable chance occurring, were guided by their animal instincts, not by their human reason; the former had received little of the regulation which they require, the latter still less of the excitement, encouragement, and cultivation, which in all, but most especially in the ordinary run of human beings, are essential to its development.

Each individual of this family, more or less uninformed or misinformed, was grossly selfish—eager for self-advantage—self-enjoyment—unconscious that either would be secured or increased by attention to the pleasures or interests of others. Each wilfully

struck into a path of her own, making home a chaos of discord, in which antagonism and antipathy reigned, to the utter exclusion of sympathy.

Music, drawing, the modern languages, and a long list of acquirements specified in the school advertisement, they had all received *hints* about, and of some proficiency in these branches of knowledge they contrived to yield presumptive evidence; as to any direct testimony to the fact, *that* they modestly kept to themselves.

These young women, when visited or visiting, appeared to be educated to please, a term which in strict truth means to please themselves.

Nothing can be more fallacious than the flattery ministered to men, by the popular notion that the end and aim of woman's life is to please man. Women, strictly devoted to this object, who dress, dance, and study all the arts of attraction, are living concentrations of selfishness: vanity is their appetite, admiration its aliment; and so that they can command the cates, they care no jot for the caterers. In fact, the interests of the whole human race sink before the anxiety for the set of a ringlet or the effect of a ribbon. Admiration is a sort of tax which they arbitrarily impose on men, who, if they cannot pay the tribute in the sterling coin of truth, are permitted to present it in the counterfeit coin of falsehood, rather than not at all; while these female tax-gatherers, compelled to share that which they would willingly engross, look upon every sister of the sex as infringing on this specious revenue.

Here is an ingenious contrivance for the generation of mischief and misery! thronging society with male and female pretenders, making believe to be amiable, and making believe to admire amiability!

Beauty, grace, accomplishments, are but the garniture of the virtues and talents. When the ornamental occupies the place of the essential, hollow and unsatisfactory must be the feast: the moral, like the material, stomach demands something more substantial; and thus hypocrisy, dropping the mask of decorum, revels perpetually with the great and petty vices, marking social and domestic life with sin and wretchedness.

Human beings, educated even as they are on the emulative principle,—the desire to excel, not the desire of excellence,—feel little rivalry regarding the higher attributes of character; and to these admiration *irresistibly* flows, not merely from man to woman, but from woman to man. Fine feelings, high aims, these are the forest trees which shed majesty on the mental and moral path of humanity; the charms of person, the fascinations of manner are the underwood, beautiful and deserving care and culture, but not *that* degree of culture which leaves the fine timber to fall and lie prostrate on the earth, while the parasitical plants fling their fantastic wreaths across it, hide it from view, and doom it to decay.

One of the Wards would caricature flowers for a firescreen; another litter the morning room with cutting coloured paper into a rickety ornament for the mantel-piece of some friend *who gave balls.* One would practice, with wearisome iteration, an air for an approaching vocal exhibition, to the infinite annoyance of another, who (by means of skipping the didactic and historical portions) was trying to get through the last new novel.

Time, the estate of the wise, was in this house a waste; each had her weedy patch, which bred its corresponding insects, spreading annoyance and disgust around. Almost daily disputes among the sisters, lectures from mamma—propounded more for the display of her authority than with any view to the advantage of the delinquents — eating, idling, gossiping, dressing, perhaps visiting, dragged through the hours of the day, often with weariness and pain, generally with indifference.

To marry well was the one aim and object of these girls. What did they anticipate from marriage? Escape from mamma's control, exemption from the necessity of association with each other, a household over which to exercise the arbitrary sway to which they abhorred to submit, the distinction which attaches to married people,—more luxury, more finery, more indolence. What did they expect from a husband? Adoration; that when absent he should toil for the maintenance of a splendid home, when present deify the being he had enshrined in it. What did they expect to give in return for this? Their persons; nothing more. Of the moral and intellectual power which creates a perpetual variety of fascination, which preserves a consistent standard of excellence, they had as much idea as the maggot has of the mammoth. As they thought a pleasing exterior was enough for them to bring into society, they thought it more than enough for home, where they could appeal to the admiration of only *one,* instead of many.

Silly speculators! what visions were these! The adoration of which you dream shall turn to the dust and ashes of disgust and indifference; you shall be pieces of property bearing your husband's name, like his streetdoor; occupying his house, like the rest of his goods and chattels; receiving his guests, like his servants; going hither and thither, like his shadow, wherever his caprice or the necessities of his fortune may carry him; and then, if you conceal your sufferings and disappointments, you may die in the odour of conjugal sanctity at thirty, or if you be made of sterner stuff and can throw off the anguish which otherwise preys inly, you may survive unto widowhood, keeping your grief a profound secret unless as far as cap and crape are concerned.

La Bruyère says, 'Why should men be blamed that women have no learning? What laws, what edicts have they published to prohibit them from opening their eyes, from reading, remembering or making their advantage of what they have read, when

they write or converse? Is not, on the contrary, this ignorance of theirs owing to a custom they have introduced themselves; or to the weakness of their nature; or to laziness of mind; or to an inconstancy which will not let them prosecute any long study; or to a genius they have only to employ their fingers; or to the distraction of family affairs; or to a natural aversion to all things serious and difficult; or to a curiosity far from that which gratifies the mind; or to a quite different pleasure than that of exercising the memory?'

Such observations I have heard again and again broached in conversation by many the reverse of the shallow and uninquiring. Let me ask what is it moulds the common mind? Is it not early impressions and associations arising from family and friends, the gradual and unremitting influence of the manners and customs of class, of the laws and institutions of country, of the public and private teaching of the preacher and preceptor? Now and then an instance of gigantic genius rises among us, breaking, like Gulliver, the thousand little threads which tie down ordinary natures, calling light out of darkness, and, with irresistible power, striking out for itself a new and perfect path in the tangled wilderness of the world. But even these, hampered by circumstances, probably give half their strength to the struggle, instead of being able to give their whole strength to the object of it; and much as they now accomplish, might, in a more genial position, accomplish much more.

Truly says Dr. Bryce, 'there is in every human being a tendency to conform to the feelings, opinions, modes of expression, tones of voice, and even the very features of those with whom he associates. * * * * This principle, strong in all minds, is peculiarly powerful in those of the young. Papa's opinions are implicitly adopted; mamma's code of morality comes in place of the decalogue or New Testament; the phraseology of nurse becomes the standard of language; and the manners of servants and playfellows are copied faithfully, to the no small annoyance of all parties concerned, when children are introduced to strangers.'

What is the question with parents regarding a son? What must we make of him? Some source of independence is decided on; he is put into a position to receive some mental culture, to secure for himself the free exercise of choice in the disposal of his affections.

What is the question regarding a daughter? Is she pretty? The animal is preferred to the moral and intellectual creature, and she is educated accordingly. Her very bread is contingent on her being able to sacrifice her affections to her interests.

Let it not be imagined that I come to this subject with the feelings of an ascetic; that, in the necessity which I see for making women independent, I dream of making them indifferent to love and the domestic duties. *It is now that they are so.* Women,

like men, were created to love and to be loved; to feel and inspire love is the most blessed privilege of their mutual existence.

It is said that love renders the beloved more beautiful, more full of moral dignity, to the lover than to any other person. Nothing can be more true; and it is just as true that the being, if returning the love, *is really* more beautiful, more dignified; for there is an influence acting upon her or him which quickens soul and body into brighter, loftier life; therefore the fancy and the fact go together.

I believe that humanity is best and most beautiful when in love; that it would be permanently good and beautiful, could it be kept in love; and that it is better and more beautiful after love has passed away than it would ever have been without it. But the system of society in general forbids woman to love or to be lovable. The husband's house, not his heart, is *her* question; how she will *look* in his house, not how she will *act* in it, *his*.

Were all beings educated to be able to provide for themselves, to prefer a frugal self-dependence to pampered dependence on others; were all in thought, word, and deed as free as the nature of humanity admits, *then*, when the summer-time of love came upon the heart, neither lucre nor licentiousness would profane it: men and women would marry, not because one wanted a home and another a housekeeper, but because each required a shrine and a sanctuary for the superabundant affections flowering in the heart.

That even partially operating external influences produce notable effects, is already apparent in the conviction slowly growing on the general mind for the necessity of female elevation; it is placing some women in the ranks of science, many in those of art and literature. I would that I could write 'with a pencil of light' the names of Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Janet Taylor, as especially giving evidence that Minerva now walks the earth without the repulsive armour of pedantry, and does not disdain the distaff because she can use the telescope.

May star after star arise, till every cloud which now obscures the moral world be banished. May the field of mental power be thrown open to the *whole* human family, imposing no restriction, making no reservations but such as natural incapacity may render necessary; then leisure, arising from whatever cause, instead of being the waste land of mischief, will be the preserve of taste, talent, and usefulness.

Bad as is the education of boys, far worse is that of girls, as regards all the means of mental enlargement; and the question of female education, instead of taking equal part with that of male education, is never even alluded to in any journal or any proceedings devoted to the subject of instruction. A learned barrister, on being asked how he could possibly get through all

he had to do, replied, 'why some I do, and some does of itself.' Such an idea or such a feeling of a business doing of itself must exist regarding the education of one-half of the community; it is a kind of hook-and-crook work, and the effects are commensurate with the fashion of the proceedings.

A boy has *some* chances of meeting books and people of various information and experience; even flinging stones is a circumstance in a boy's life better calculated to generate ideas than any circumstance of which I know in a girl's: in *his* path knowledge lies scattered, and if he has a grain of the gunpowder of intellect, it gets ignited; out of *her* path knowledge is carefully swept, and be her intellect what it may, it has little chance of excitement or employment.

One of the effects of female elevation will be improved male education. Mothers now supinely, I may say supremely, indifferent to the corruptions to which they commit their sons in schools, whether public or private, so that if in the one they make the acquaintance of a young Lord Henry, if in the other are allowed to devour the plum-cakes with which they pamper them, and leave either, not holding up their heads like men, but turning out their toes like dancing-masters; mothers then, with a conscious and acknowledged right to assist in the regulation and reform of all that concerns the interests of the great human family, will cry aloud against abuses, and not cease the cry till they be abolished; will propose amendments, and persevere till they be carried; with a prospective view to the mutual interests and equal advantages of the two great divisions of the human race, instead of, as now, a mere present anxiety for the gratification of individual vanity and ambition, will minister to the highmindedness of their sons, and keep a watchful eye upon the principles and practices of the institutions to which their germinating natures are confided.

The sweet and natural recompence of virtue and talent is the estimation and sympathy of the virtuous and talented. To show in its purest, holiest manner this appreciation of the awakening merits of the young, to let the sunshine of the heart's joy out upon them, is enough. Enough? it is every thing; the fulness of satisfaction is perfect, both in those who dispense and those who receive such reward; no after-effects can follow but such as are permanently and perfectly beneficial; it is the moral light and air in which the flowers of the mind best put forth their blossoms, and without which the future fruit will neither be rich nor abundant.

Harriet Ward permitted one sister to play the eccentric, consisting in efforts to appear singular and a perpetual declaration that she was like no one else in the world; another to affect sentiment and an enthusiastic interest about every body and every thing: both characters of exertion, and, as ever moving upon the

springs of uneasy effort, producing a sympathetic feeling of uneasiness in all to whom they attempted to attach themselves.

Harriet, indolent to the last degree, with the instinct with which animal feeling makes a path for a propensity, decided on being an insipid, (as I have called the character, but as she by no means conceived it.)

I know not which is the most common combination,—simplicity and intelligence, or cunning and ignorance; I believe the latter. Harriet's first standing rule was never to have an opinion of her own, and, consequently, never to offer opposition to any one; but, as a kind of contingent provision for the secure maintenance of this rule, she framed for herself a sort of ambiguous language, consisting of looks, sounds, and syllables, which, like the fortune-teller's phraseology, appeared to mean what the inquirer wished it should mean. Without the slightest interest in a subject, without the slightest comprehension of it, she would sit and listen with a dormant or alienated mind, satisfying the speaker with a judiciously inserted simper or monosyllable, which would enliven her silence without materially breaking it. Thus it was that a feeble coxcomb had been relating to her a history of his athletic exploits, which, in reality, never exceeded getting in and out of his tight-waisted coat; and that Sir Benjamin Bubble, who despised him as a fool for talking to a girl upon a subject so unsuited to her comprehension, was led (with so *much more judgment*) to give her an improved version of his last speech on the Currency, delivered, 'amid unbounded applause,' at a public dinner. Thus it was that Mrs. Lang, who had wearied every one, and was in positive despair of finding another listener that night, felt due gratitude to the passive ear which received the remainder of her redundant communicativeness.

Harriet took her quiet way through the phantasmagoria of society upon this plan:

> 'Her care was never to offend,
> And every creature was her friend.'

But she did not gain friends only; she secured lovers. In correspondence with the character she had assumed, she had a placid, even, pleasing exterior; no conscious power elevated her carriage, no self-possession gave her the dignity which does not disdain, but can dispense with, common aid; she was one of those who determined to prove the policy of seeking strength in weakness, of not offending the self-love of others by appearing sufficient to herself, nor were hers the eyes which

> 'seem to say
> Come and worship my ray;
> By adoring, perhaps you may move me.
> *Her* blue eye, half hid,
> Said from under its lid,
> "I love, and I'm your's, if you love me."'

Some such endearing insinuation from her downcast eyes melted the adamantine heart of a Mr. Manning, a gentleman of character and consequence, whose peculiar affinity for a woman like Harriet may be inferred from one or two points of his character.

He had a high idea, not of his species, but of his sex,—an idea which analysis would have showed for its base the circumstance that *he* was one of that sex. So strong was his love of dominion and possession that he had made himself master of a large estate in the very midst of fens and fogs, because at a cheap pecuniary outlay it afforded him a large domain, for which, besides the purchase money, he paid an annual rental in ague and asthma. But then, in the midst of a shivering fit, he could exclaim,

'I am monarch of all I survey;'

that is, when the fog would let him see it. If the asthma was a necessary evil, an obsequious medical attendant, who would take frequent and judicious occasion to introduce an appeal to Mr. Manning, as lord of the manor, was decidedly a luxury. The law declares that a man who cannot pay for any unusual *penchant* in purse shall pay in person; now Mr. Manning evidently thought he ought to pay in both.

He looked upon woman as 'a creature pressed to the earth by original sin,' that it was necessary for him to stoop very low to raise her, and that for such condescension she could scarcely be too grateful. He sagely thought 'love essentially a *female* passion,' and therefore resolved (of course no sooner said than done) that the supply necessary to *his* matrimonial compact should entirely fill the 'weaker vessel,' so much fitter to hold so volatile an essence.

His faith in the Mosaic history of the creation was only inferior to his faith in his own infallibility. Man, 'fashioned immediately after the Deity,' was 'perfect;' 'fashioned in a strife of grandeur,' was 'complete.' Whereas woman, made merely because it was not good that this perfect and complete creature should be alone, 'was not so properly created, as formed—made after man:' hence while *he* draws his irradiation *directly* from the Deity, *she* only by reflex; in fact, a sort of moonish lustre. Neither did he forget 'that man sinned only by instigation,' that 'woman was the open transgressor.'

With all his convictions and reflections, Mr. Manning resolved (as it is 'not good for man to be alone' especially with the ague and asthma) to take one of these 'fair defects' so strong in all that is evil and so strange to all that is good, and make her part of his perfect self—a sort of errata to the volume of his existence. Stepping into society with the conscious dignity of one who feels himself 'clothed with authority to rule the *whole* earth, and from the eminence of his creation assume the moral right to carry the sceptre in wedlock,' he looked around upon his fragile inferiors, wondering whether any could be found worthy of wifehood with

him. Not few were among the number of the proscribed; a witty woman he abhorred: his familiarity with fogs might account for that, no less than a belief

'That wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain.'

A learned woman he loathed; he allowed no 'learned lumber' to cumber his own head: a vain woman he, of course, felt to be insupportable; for those are ever the most offended at vanity in another who have the greatest share of vanity in themselves.

In the midst of his doubts and difficulties Harriet appeared, and they all vanished. She was submission personified, and very soon, in *her* peculiar way, convinced Mr. Manning that she thought him the wisest of men; there needed nothing more to convince him that she was the most desirable of women. His appeal was immediately made to Mrs. Ward.

Justly concluding that she was of the popular opinion,—that

'Tis but in flowers of gold,
That married bees find honey,'

—he showed her the 'parchment scrolls delicious' of his fair estate, leaving, however, the fogs to speak for themselves on further acquaintance. Settlements were signed, ceremonies and satins, blessings and bridecake, duly dispensed, and Harriet departed for Shivershire Hall.

There Mr. Manning, by the high and mighty power of his matrimonial sceptre, planted the *person* of his wife; but her ***mind,*** such as it was, the whiskered coxcomb had caught, and her inclinations lingered in London. There was a power to make her ***swear*** to 'love, honour, and obey,' and she *swore;* but there was no power to make her *feel* the glow of an adoring heart, the veneration of an appreciating and satisfied mind, the acquiescence of a convinced and confiding spirit,—and *she felt none of these.*

Mind, in the mean as in the mighty, is all beyond arbitrary control; it makes laws for itself of which none know anything but itself; it can believe and feel only upon conviction, and conviction cannot be forced upon it: the folly and fallacy of chaining the sea, or tying up the wind, is not so great as any attempt at the arbitrary control of an element more subtle and incomprehensible than either.

Years rolled on, the insipid became the heartless wife—the soulless mother. Schiller says that

'He deserves to find himself deceived
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.'

It may be added, or in the unthinking woman.

Mr. Manning's folly formed his punishment. To the errors of judgment he had already committed, he added another even yet more fatal,—a habit of drinking. Ardent spirits he hoped would enable him to defy the fogs amid which ostentation kept him, and the *ennui* to which a mindless companion consigned him.

Increased indolence and luxury made almost as much havoc with Mrs. Manning's health as other evil habits had done with her husband's; when one day the thought occurred to her that a source of amusement might be found in advertising for a companion: the rival candidates who would present themselves (none of which she had any idea of electing) would, she thought, when she felt disposed to admit them, afford her some entertainment. Among the number of dupes and victims to this unfeeling, perhaps rather unthinking manœuvre appeared Grace Clare, changed, by affliction, from the joyous gladdening girl to the saddened, yet serene, woman. As she entered Mrs. Manning's drawing-room, the heart of Harriet, cold as it was, awakened to a momentary thrill of feeling. Her mind, vitiated and narrowed as it had ever been, caught some idea of the strange and unseemly change in the fortune of Miss Clare; but almost immediately the meaner impulses flowing from self-sufficiency stifled pity: the feeble perception of the injustice of fortune yielded to a petty curiosity to know Grace's story and to a paltry sense of triumph from holding such a being in a dependent capacity about her person.

Miss Clare accepted the office; and now, as companion to Mrs. Manning, was enabled to study a character so fair to the cursory eye, so fruitless of all for which a human being should exist. Harriet was a negative, and nothing but negatives emanated from her; yet were all her proceedings pregnant with the most positive ingredients of annoyance.

She never contradicted her husband in word; she never did otherwise in deed. Quiet as a calm at sea, she was also as provoking. It was one of his memorable sayings that 'her tormenting ways would have exhausted the liver of Prometheus.' She never directly refused anything, but as little did she ever decidedly or promptly grant anything; indecision was both a principle of her mind and a habit of her conduct; she had a delight in prolonging evasions and hesitations just in proportion to the impatience she provoked: was there any eagerness for dispatch, she would create delays; was there a desire for decision, she would suggest doubts; she would keep up expectation just to the point of the completion of any task she might have undertaken to execute, and then often find some pretext for destroying all that she had done and deliberately beginning *de novo*. In all such cases her imperturbable calmness, her incessant laughter, or spontaneous tears, ever throwing the onus of blame on the party she exasperated.

When Mrs. Manning's curiosity and vanity had been gratified by worming into Miss Clare's confidence, and exhibiting her as a dependent, she wished to shake her off, perhaps exchange her for a more obsequious, more congenial associate; with this view, and with her usual indirectness, she endeavoured to make Mr. Manning the ostensible cause and instrument of Miss Clare's dismis-

sion. But he was become sensible of the power of intelligence and real kindliness, of the relief they yielded to his vapid home and vacant heart; and he decidedly opposed the wishes of his wife. It was no matter; the Janus character of *her* proceedings defied discountenance, and in this determination of her husband, in which she instantly acquiesced, a finer field than ever was presented for the exercise of her peculiar proficiency in the art of tormenting. She feigned the jealousy she did not feel, nor had any grounds for feeling; tears, sighs, insinuations, airs of resignation, and half-stifled complaints, were her weapons of offence at home and abroad. Soon began the buz of scandal with which the gossips of the neighbourhood sweetened their tea, and enlivened their way to church and back. '*Poor* Mrs. Manning!' 'such a *sweet* woman!' 'base ingratitude!' 'shameless effrontery!' These were parts of their gamut; every one talked in italics, and had notes of admiration always at hand.

The unconscious Miss Clare was at length enlightened upon the subject of the reports current, by a gentleman to whom Mr. Manning confided the management of his property, and who in the discharge of the duties involved in this trust was a frequent visiter at the Hall. Congeniality of taste and a corresponding standard of mind had drawn him and Grace much together. Both had shed the first flowers of their affections; but their hearts bloomed again, and again grew rich with the fruit of reciprocal love.

'My sweet Grace,' exclaimed her lover one day, after a mutual explanation, 'now that you have accepted my heart, let me urge you to an immediate acceptance of my hand, and let me tell you *one* cause, among others, why I urge it. You are suffering from your insidious friend Mrs. Manning, and the censorious appetency of the idlers of this neighbourhood;' and he entered into a brief explanation.

For a moment a spark of indignant light burned in the eyes of Grace Clare, and deepened the glow upon her cheek; but the one melted immediately after into the beam of confiding love, and the other softened into the bloom of pleasure as she placed her hand in the hand of him to whom she had betrothed herself.

'Be it as you say,' she cried: 'transplant me when you please. I am a shrub that *here* never took kindly root; but I have an inherent power, which has flung off the tainting vapours which have surrounded me.'

A few days after, Grace departed from the Hall the bride of a man worthy of her high heart. The scandal-mongers were about to close accounts in dread of insolvency, when Mrs. Manning's elopement with a beauish baronet allowed them to open them afresh, and they had only to make a transfer of stock and invest their virulence in a new name.

M. L. G.

WILLIAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

'LIFT, lift me up!—my broken heart
Must speak before I go:
Oh, mother, it is *death* to part
From you—I love you so!

'You did not tell me I should die,
You fear'd your child would grieve;
But I *am* dying! One is nigh
Whom kindness can't deceive.

'My angel-aunts I hope will take
A little gift from me;
So let them cherish, for my sake,
My "Pennant's Zoology."

'My pencil-case must not be lost,
'Twas giv'n me by a brother;
I give it her who loves me most:
You will not lose it, mother.

'Ere summer came, I hoped in God
I should a-fishing go:
Let Henry have my fishing-rod—
He loves to fish, you know:

'Give him my reel, my gimp, my lines,
My flies with silk moss'd o'er;
Again the lilied summer shines,
But I shall fish no more.

'Edwin and Francis never can
By these poor eyes be seen:
Kiss four for me—give this to Ann,
And this to Mary Green.

'Henry and Fanny—Noah, John,
Ebby, and Benjamin,
Are all at home; so, one by one,
Dear mother, bring them in.

'To make my will and bid adieu,
Before I pass away,
Few hours are mine; and short and few
The words I wish to say.

'I have not much to leave behind,
But what I earn'd I have;
For well you taught my willing mind
That Spendall is a slave.

'You have the keys of both my locks,
And keep my little store;
Just forty pounds are in my box,
My father owes me four.

'When I am gone, among them all
Divide it as is fit;
I 'm sorry 'tis a sum so small—
But God bless them and it!

'Mother, I feel as in a dream,
My dark'ning senses reel
Like moonlight on a troubled stream:
This cannot last, I feel.

'Yet it *has* lasted. Oh, how long
This sick dream seems to me!
My God! why is my weakness strong
To bear such agony?

''Tis sad to quit a world so fair
To warm young hearts like mine;
And, doom'd so early, hard to bear
This heavy hand of thine.

'The dim light sickens round my bed,
Your looks seem sick with woe,
The air feels sick, as o'er my head
Its pantings come and go.

'Oh, I am sick in ev'ry limb,
Sick, sick in ev'ry vein!
My eyes and brain with sickness swim,
My bones are sick with pain!

'What is this weary helplessness?
This breathless toil for breath?
This tossing, aching weariness?
What is it? It is Death!

'The doctor shunn'd my eyes, and brook'd
Few words from my despair;
But through and through his heart I look'd,
And saw my coffin there.

'I, like a youngling from the nest,
By rude hands torn away,
Would fain cling to my mother's breast,—
But cannot, must not stay.

'From her and hers, and our sweet home,
My soul seems forced afar,
O'er frozen seas of sable foam,
Through gloom without a star.

'I go where voice was never heard,
Where sunbeam ne'er was seen,
Where dust beholds nor flow'r nor bird,
As if life ne'er had been!

'I go where Thomas went before;
I hear him sob "Prepare!"
And I have borne what Thomas bore:
Who knows what he can bear?

'But eight will stay, when I am gone,
To weep because I died,
And think of William's churchyard stone,
Their mother's hope and pride.

'And I will look upon her face
When she thinks none is nigh,
Like silence on the lonely place
Where my poor bones will lie.

'Farewell! farewell! to *meet* again;
But, oh! why *part* to meet?
I know my mother's heart is fain
To share my winding-sheet!

'Can't you die with me, mother? Come
And clasp me!—not so fast!
How close and airless is the room!
Oh, mother!'—It is past!

The breath is gone, the soul is flown,
The lips no longer move;
God o'er my child hath slowly thrown
His veil of dreadful love.

Oh, thou chang'd dust! pale form that tak'st
All hope from fond complaint!
Thou sad, mute eloquence, that mak'st
The list'ner's spirit faint!

And oh, 'ye dreamy fears that rest
On dark realities!'*
Why preach ye to the trembling breast
Truths which are mysteries?

THE VISION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(*Continued from* p. 610.)

SCENE II.—*Stranger and Spirit; their figures seen against a broad disc of luminous ether, all else being utter darkness.*

SPIRIT. Thou hast invoked me, Mortal. Power and will
Are attributes of all immortal beings.

STRANGER. And not less mortal ones. My will is strong
To work my purpose; power alone is lacking,
And that is but a question of degree,
Even like thine own, unless thou be the highest,
And that thou art not.

SPIRIT. Thou hast no power to tell what power I hold;
Enough that I have power to work thy will:
Speak then thy purpose, Mortal.

STRANGER. Thou needest not my words. Unless thou canst
Divine my will, I will not trust in thee,
Or in thy power to aid it.

SPIRIT. And if thy power were equal to thy pride,
Thou wouldst not need it. Being only mortal,

* Opium Eater.

Thou wouldst hold commune with immortal spirits,
As though thou wert an equal.

STRANGER. The soul within me is thine equal. Matter,
In which it lies enearthed, obscures its vision,
And therefore only do I ask thine aid,
As blind men seek a guide.

SPIRIT. I will not argue with the limited range
Of mortal attributes. I come to serve thee,
And help thee in thine objects. Thou wouldst look
On woman's beauty; not upon the forms
Which long have passed away, but as they live,
Move, and have being at the present time.
Thou wouldst see pass before thee Earth's perfection,
And make choice of a sympathizing spirit,
Like to thine own, yet without speck or flaw
In its external shrouding.

STRANGER. Show me these
Until I bid thee stop, and our communings
Shall be of deeper purpose.

SPIRIT. Behold!

STRANGER. A form of beauty glows upon the disk,
Radiant in streamy light. Her garments float
Like airy gossamer. Her long fair hair
Twines in symmetric tracery. Her feet
Are Motion's twin-born children, and her hands
Seem like Proportion's music. Now she turns
Her fairy face this way; those soft blue eyes
Are radiant with affection still unclaimed,
But eager to expand. Those parted lips
Are eloquent of maidhood's gentle thoughts;
And the small ear is turned towards the air,
Which stilly moves, as though the lover's voice
Born in her dreams were gently whispering vows
Sweet to youth's first affection. Beauty! Beauty!
Thy silence is more eloquent than words.

SPIRIT. Thy longing, then, is satisfied.

STRANGER. Peace!
Mine eyes drink in her sweetness, my chilled heart
Warms at her aspect, yet my spirit shrinks
As though there were a yawning gulf beneath
A shelving bank of flowers. I'll gaze on her,
And crush emotion. Like an analyst,
A calm, cold analyst, I'll scan her o'er.
Those eyes, which look affection, do they beam
With the awakening senses? do they seek
An object, or the object? Has she mind
To know the true, and choose the true, and leave
The false and worthless? Let me look again.
Oh! she is beautiful, for sense is beautiful,
A bountiful bestowal of sweet nature,
Without which sympathy would die. Yet sense
Is but the pleasant couch where Soul reclines.

She yet is opening upon life, and sense,
Now springing forth, will check the growth of soul,
And leave her like a weedy garden. All,
All the emotions she can ever feel,
Will be but as the husk of life. The kernel
She cannot win her way to. In her youth
Her life will be a luscious dream, whose waking
Will be a cloyed disease. Those lineaments
Which now yield pleasure to the gazer's eye
Will sharpen and deform. Her love will be
A form of selfishness. And when love dies——
Let me look on another.

SPIRIT. Mortal, thou lookest too narrowly into hearts
For thine own welfare. There is nothing perfect,
And it is wiser to seek fair externals,
And shut thine eyes against deformity.

STRANGER. I will not heed thy counsel. I have plucked
The tree of knowledge, and I will believe
The true way to shun misery is to make
That knowledge perfect.

SPIRIT. Look again.

STRANGER. Another form appears upon the disk,
With less aerial brightness than the last:
She wears an anxious look upon her face,
Her arms are meekly crossed upon her breast,
Her soft eyes are imploring, and her spirit
Breathes absolute devotion. Self seems dead,
Save as a sharer of another's fortune;
And sense is but a handmaid to her purpose
Of building her heart's bower within the shelter
Of a strong refuge, which may bar the world
From rudely breaking in upon her rest.
Her aspect asks protection, and its guerdon
Will be devoted love from one who never
Listened to lover's voice. All fondly clinging,
With arms, and heart, and lips, and weeping eyes,
She is a creature man might dote upon,
And lose all other thought.

SPIRIT. Is she, then, thy choice?

STRANGER. She is a being to protect, but not
To fill the heart of sympathy. She cannot
Rise with high thoughts, and meet high intellect
With an expanding mind. She cannot thrill
With high exalted courage to achieve
A noble object in impending peril;
She can but listen while her idol speaks,
And fear, and sigh, and tremble, and dissuade,
And foretell evil in uncertainty,
And baffle the high purposes of one
Around whose stem, all ivy-like, she clings,
And checks his vigour's growth. A waste of mind,
A puling, tender, and unpurposed life

Would be the only fruit a man could reap
By seeking sympathy with such a being.
Show me another.

SPIRIT. Thou art hard to please.

STRANGER. And little hoping. Thou canst do thy will;
I must be free of choice.

SPIRIT. I will not disappoint thee, Mortal. Look!

STRANGER. This is a creature to enchant the sight
With changing loveliness. She is a being
Of a chameleon nature. Not a shade
Of seriousness or sorrow has e'er passed
Over that joyous face; but every form
Of hope, and mirth, and laughter hath been worn,
Like one of Summer's daughters, in a clime
Which knows no chilling breezes. Like a child
Born of no earthly parents doth she seem,
But unapproachable by earthly pain,
And free from earthly cares. She is a flower
Born to know no gradations, but to perish,
As the bright summer insects pass away,
Extinguished, not decaying. In her hand
She bears a new-strung lute, and her sweet lips
Proffer a strain of pleasing, meanless words
That mock the heart which hungers after love.
Thou, too, art mocking, Spirit.

SPIRIT. I mock thee not, thy choice is not controll'd.
Wilt thou pass on, or fix?

STRANGER. Impale that butterfly on my strong heart,
And sell my soul for painted loveliness?
Link the eternal to the transient? Pass
A gaoler's life to watch a pining bird
Beating itself to death against the bars
Which bound its prison-house, while many mates,
Seeking its frivolous caresses, gaze
And peck at its enslaver? Let her go
And flutter out her brief existence. I
Will further look, although I look in vain.

SPIRIT. She hath departed. Look on her successor.

STRANGER. Woman herself, in ripened womanhood,
With all her attributes in full perfection
In what concerns externals. Such a form
Might warm a heart that never warmed before,
And carry reason captive, bind down judgment,
And change discretion into glowing impulse,
Melt down a man's firm purposes, and make
His will a woman's slave. My heart is steeled
By life's long custom, or mine eyes would shrink
From such a strong temptation. Even now
The glow of ripening youth is warming through
My swelling veins, and quickening the calm pulse,
Calmed by the lessons of the impressive teachers,
Pain and Experience. Down, ye rebel senses!

Ye shall not be my masters. Yet once more
Let me look on that witchery of shape,
And mark that cheek's surpassing loveliness,
And gaze upon her world of beauties. Oh!
All but divine she looks. Were but the heart
That dwells within that faultless bosom pure,
She were a woman worth a wise man's choice.

SPIRIT. (*Aside.*) His firmness melts. Yet but another trial,
And he and his stern pride alike are mine.

STRANGER. Tell me, Spirit,
Dwells that bright vision on the face of earth,
Or dost thou mock me with a shadowy form?

SPIRIT. If she be thy choice,
I'll guide thee unto her abiding place.

STRANGER. Tell me one thing more;
Wears she a virgin heart?

SPIRIT. Mine office doth not stretch so far. Thy judgment
Must be thine only guide.

STRANGER. Again let me read o'er her face. No lines
As yet have seamed her beauty. All is smooth
As youth's first season. That expanded brow,
And the deep-set eye beneath it, mark the power
Of lofty Intellect, yet lacks the form
Which Wisdom's self should wear. They are not perfect;
There is irresolution in the smile
That plays upon her face. Her rounded chin
And dimpled mouth denote that sense there lurks,
But give no trace of passion, that strong spirit
Which changes sense into a god, and, lacking,
Leaves it a beast. There is a proud defiance
At times mounts to her lips, as though in scorn
Of all base contact; yet there is a look
Of weakness in her eyes, which mocks the heart
That would put trust in her. She cannot stand
In her own strength, though she would rule the purpose
Of each one whom her fascinations hold,
Like birds in limed twigs. She would be great,
But inborn weakness cheats her of the power,
And teaches her to lean on other minds,
And be an echoer of other's thoughts,
While dreaming that she guides them. I could weep
That such a creature should be thus debased,—
That so much sweetness should be given to waste,
A sacrifice at Vanity's base shrine,—
That such a woman should but be a waiter
And watcher for coarse praise. The needy wreckers,
Who prey on woman's weakness, watch their time
To pour their poison in her ears. She sinks
Into a common worldling, a rich wreck
Of beauty and of mind, which might have raised her
To be an earthly wonder. I am sick,
And I will gaze no longer. Farewell, Spirit!

Thou hast no power to ease the aching heart
That hungers after excellence, and seeks
For Nature's highest sympathies.

SPIRIT. Mortal! be wise, and look yet once again;
The disc is shadowed by another form,
Which even thy stern judgment must approve;
Turn thee this way.

STRANGER. Thou dost but mock me, Spirit. Fare thee well.

SPIRIT. Thou hast called me to thine aid, and now dost shun
The help I bring thee. I but tried thee, Mortal.
Look once again.

STRANGER. Lo! a wonder;
An earthly marvel, which hath overthrown
My faculty of judgment. Thought is gone,
And speech is stricken dumb; I can but gaze,
And flood mine eyes in glory.

SPIRIT. *(Aside.)* He is mine.
His senses are laid prostrate by the power
Of woman's varied beauty, and this last—
A choice child of old earth, and deep endowed
With the inherited attributes of those
Beings of higher order, who chose out
Their mates from men's fair daughters in the times
Long passed away—this last hath overthrown
The firmness of his spirit. He regains
The faculty of speech, but he hath lost
The faculty of will.

STRANGER. Once more I have perused her, and my choice
Lights on its early longing. My charmed heart
Leaps to its resting-place. My glowing spirit
Bathes in new-springing life. Mine own! Mine own!
Turn thy bright eyes upon me. Beautiful!
In all things art thou perfect. Like a nymph
Of the old fabled fountains dost thou seem,
With feet formed but to glide o'er flowery paths,
And limbs of light half borne upon the air,
Nestling within the flowers' elastic cups,
Whose soft lips kiss them as they pass. Thine arms
Are like a circling cradle of ripe love,
Hushing all sounds with beauty; shutting out
The unholy hardened world, and changing all
Into such sweetness as a spring-time dream
Pours o'er imagination. Oh! how sweet,
How passing sweet, is thine enchanting face,
With its young look of budding love! Those lips,
Arched into curves that mock the power of words
To speak a clearer meaning, gently part,
As though some sweet thought stirred them. And those eyes,
Large, dark, and flashing lambent fire beneath
The straight-arched high expanded brows, where thoughts
Of noble purpose hold their dwelling-place,
And glorious intellect, of godlike birth,

Looks through the thoughts of others, and shapes out
Imaginings of higher things than man
In his cold calculation can conceive
Of woman's inspiration. Her dark locks
Play on the night-breeze, and her eye is bent
In earnest contemplation, which sees nothing
Beyond the inward spirit. Is she earthly?
Can she be matter doomed to pass away
Like to the many millions who have passed
Unheeded by their fellows? Tell me, Spirit,
Hast thou not called a child of air before me,
To mock my hopeless longing?

SPIRIT. Thine own suspicions mock thee. She is thine
If thou dost choose her.

STRANGER. Is she mortal?

SPIRIT. Even like thyself, and has all thoughts in common
With such as thee; but has perchance some others
Time will unfold to thee.

STRANGER. And canst thou not forestall Time in this knowledge
I most desire to know?

SPIRIT. It is not in our bargain. Thine own reason,
Of which thou art so proud, must read the riddle;
Or thou must share the evil of thy fellows,
And school thee by experience.

STRANGER. Bitter doom!
I do mistrust thee, Spirit. Tell me yet,
May that fair form yield answer to my speech?

SPIRIT. It is the shadow of Earth's fairest daughter;
A sample only. If you need the substance
You must use earthly means. Your gallant steed,
Pricked by the spur, would neigh beneath her window
Ere morning dawned. You are a cavalier
To please a lady's eye, and make her bower
Seem like a restless prison. You have words
Even at your will to gain a lady's ear,
And fill her fruitful fancy. Shall we on?
I'll take a human guise and lead the way;
You need not fear, you were death-proof in peril,
And should not fear a woman's eye. Your reason
Is your unerring safeguard. *(Aside.)* He is mine;
There is no bait like woman.

STRANGER. Lead on, Spirit!
My choice is made. Why dost thou blench away?
What change hath suddenly come o'er thee? Ha!
A greater change is coming o'er the form
Of that fair vision. 'Twas then an illusion
Looking like beauty. Ha! her face is changed,
And the hard lines are deeply scored that mark
Unscrupulous AMBITION. Juggling fiend!
Thou shalt not mock me more.

SPIRIT. *(Aside.)* A power beyond mine own hath aided him,
And I have lost a subject worth an army

Of ordinary mortals. A strong spirit
Is near at hand which withers up my force.

STRANGER. Thou, too, art changing, Spirit, in thy form,
And now I know thee as an evil power;
Thou didst but work thy nature, and my pity
Grows stronger than my hate. Thy face is fearful,
Thy beauty is departed, and the lines
Of a deformed and inharmonious soul
Grow momently still deeper. Would I could
Change thy condition to a happier one!
Awhile since I was wretched, but the sight
Of one more wretched still has changed the course
And current of my thoughts. Thou growest more fierce
And horrible to look on. Now the crisis
Shows thee a perfect devil.

* * * * * *

He shows more dim and hazy, less defined
In his appalling lineaments. They melt
In gradual roundness, like the sharpened furrows
Following a water-plunge, more indistinct
With each succeeding movement. Like a form
Of vapour now he looks, but many times
Increased in outward bulk. I see the stars
Dimly shine through his shadowy form, and now
Air only fills the space where late he stood,
And wafts the gentle moonbeams o'er the earth.

* * * * * *

The light grows stronger and more beautiful,
As though pure ether were around, and earth
Had faded from the view. Another form
Is gliding from above, but indistinct
In all, save brightness.

* * * * * *

Thou art a spirit of good, thou wearest a calm
And placid smile of sweet benevolence,
Which veils the outward seeming of thy power,
And bids unquiet thoughts depart from all
Who gaze upon thee. He who vanished hence
Could but stir pride within me to defy
The very power which seemed to promise aid
To my most wretched heart. But thou, good Spirit,
Dost with thine influence bid all pride depart,
And rearest up hope instead.

SPIRIT. Mortal! thou hast endured thy trial well;
Good triumphs in thine heart, and evil dies;
'Tis given thee to look on thy twin spirit,
To cheer thee on thy path. Look well upon her,
And seek her through the earth.

STRANGER. I see a form before me which my heart
Yearns thrillingly to clasp. I cannot mark
What colour tints her eyes, but I can feel
Their love-inspiring glances in my soul;

I cannot clearly mark her features' cast,
But I can feel they are of noble mould;
I cannot see her shape, or clasp her hand,
But I can feel 'twere happiness too great,
Once felt, to lose again. I cannot hear
The modulated tones of her sweet voice,
But I can feel they would be music to me.
I cannot know her thoughts, but I can feel
That mine but echo them, and calmly sure
I feel that when we meet we part no more
In this most happy world, till Death's cold hand
Shall strike the one or other, and not long
Ere it be both, shaking our matter off,
To live a spirit-life of endless joy.
Thou art departing from my longing sight,
But sorrow never can afflict me more,
For I have seen thee, and my cherished creed
Is no illusion. Through the world I wander
Contented in my search, and I will strew
Benevolence along my pleasant path,
And cheer the hearts of all I sojourn with,
And be an active aider in the work
Of hastening man's progression. No cold doubt
Shall shake me from my most determined purpose;
And when we meet I shall have much to tell
And pour into thy gladdened ears, and thou
Shalt listen in deep sympathy, and plan
New modes of working good unto man's race.

* * * * * *

I am alone within the chamber-walls,
And the stars glisten through the trellis-work.
My heart is changed, and I go forth again,
Strong in a new-found hope.

* * * * * *

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DOUGLAS D'ARCY.'

'Now confound that bitter-spoken and bitter-looking woman; she has positively made me out of humour with her, with myself, and with ——' 'All the world; is not that it, George?' interrupted the handsome Harry Herbert, as he looked half drolly and half gravely upon the lugubrious features of his friend, with whom he was just returning from the house of Harry's uncle. 'Why, to say the truth, that is precisely the way in which I was about to conclude my sentence,' said George, after a few moments of reflection. 'And your sentence,' returned his friend, 'would have been just about as wise as the words of passion and prejudice usually are. That Miss Green, at the mature age of seven-and-forty, is

by no means a pleasant specimen of the softer sex I am quite willing to admit; but when, oh when, my friend, shall I persuade you to remember that all of human kind are indeed, did we listen always to justice and never to passion, to be sympathized with even while they are to be blamed?'

'I know, I know,' said George, 'your old story about "creatures of circumstance," "faulty education," "mistaken rather than wicked," and all the rest of that queer philosophy which you think so fine, and which I so sincerely and entirely detest.'

'I prove my faith in my philosophy, you know, George, by listening to your diatribes against it, not only without anger, but with that commiserating indulgence which is due to your youth and inexperience.'

'My youth! come, I admire that! you being born in January of the year eighteen hundred and three, and I in the first week of the March of the same year!'

'Well, I suppose I must waive the question of seniority; but I will still maintain that poor Miss Green ——'

'Say what you please about her, I maintain that she is an evil-speaking, lying, and slandering old person; a locomotive pestilence; a moral sirocco; a creature thoroughly hateful, and invariably hating.'

'Do you know her history?'

'Not I; I only know that she is an embodied and visible indigestion, and that nothing can excuse, far less justify, such concentrated and blasting slander as that which she utters whenever she sees ill to speak. But perhaps her history is more diverting than her conversation?'

'It is, at least, more instructive. Her father was quite the wealthiest man in this county; liberal, in the very best sense of that word, but with one exception; he was obstinately bent upon what he called "having his own way."'

'And wherefore not, thou particular fellow, thou most precise of moral philosophers, wherefore not? A rich man anxious to do good with his wealth may surely claim the right to do that good in his own way. Mr. Green was a very capital fellow, I dare swear for him.'

'Why, to say the truth, if you are a good hater*—and in that respect Samuel the Surly would have pronounced you perfect—you have no inconsiderable talent at liking with as little foundation as you hate withal.'

'As, for instance, my determined propensity to the society of a certain Harry Herbert, all his odd notions, out-of-the-way theories, and most prolix and incomprehensible lectures to the contrary notwithstanding. Ha! "I have thee on the hip!"'

'Be it so. But to return to Mr. Green. He really was a capital fellow, as you have termed him, in every respect excepting

* 'Sir! I *love a good hater!*'—Dr. Johnson.

his unfortunate love of nurturing and indulging his self-will. But this was a great fault; and, as I shall presently show you, it had the usual consequence of great faults ——'

'To wit, a great misfortune?'

'Say, rather, a great calamity resulting from a fault, but misrepresented by vanity as the infliction of fortune; the *mala dea* which human vanity has created and set up on a lofty pedestal to bear the blame of all the results of the human hydra of self-will, mistaken self-love, envy, hatred, foible, fault—crime!'

'But the consequence, my dear fellow, the consequence? I care no doit about the definition if you do but condescend to favour me with the particulars. Give me as many facts as you please, but the comments upon them I prefer to provide from my own head and from my own heart.'

'A very good preference too, if you would be more guided by what you think than by what you feel; more inclined to listen to the syllogisms of reason than to the exclamations of those energetic but deluding declaimers—Passion and Prejudice.'

'But the story; your "most exquisite reason" will keep well enough until another time.'

'I have said that Mr. Green was wealthy; he was also benevolent, so far as a man can be who would infinitely rather do no good than do good in any other mode than that which seems best to himself.'

'Ay! he was what I call a strong-minded man.'

'And what I only call an obstinate one; for, though he was firm in his purpose, his purpose sprang not from reason, but from impulse. But you have covenanted for fact and not for commentaries.'

'Exactly; and I crave pardon for having myself infringed my own rule.'

'Among the many benevolent actions of Mr. Green, was that of receiving into his own family an infant niece whose father had died, "covered with glory," indeed, but as literally penniless as a man could be whose whole stock of money was with his baggage in the morning, and, together with the baggage itself, divided among sundry Spanish plunderers before nightfall. Glory is a fine thing, but it will neither hire servants nor pay tradesmen's bills; and little Anne Norton, whose mother had died about twelve months earlier than Captain Norton, would in all probability have shared the usual fate of orphans who have not property enough to demand the care of Chancery, had not Mr. Green, with his usual kindness, adopted her. The marriage of his sister with a captain in a marching regiment had given him such deep offence, that for years he had ceased even to correspond with her. It was true that the captain was a brave man and an accomplished gentleman. Nay, more, though he was poor, he would not on that account have been objected to by Mr. Green,

who valued wealth only for the power it gave him of doing good. But, as I have said, he would only do good in his own way. He had objected to the match, and that, in his own phrase, *was enough*. His sister had no right to be happy when he had prognosticated her misery; and so, like other prophets, he helped to verify his prediction; and, while spending immense annual sums in pure benevolence, he withheld all assistance from his sister, though comparatively little aid would have made her happy by ensuring the promotion of her husband.

'But when he heard that Captain Norton as well as his sister was dead, and when he learned that their orphan had not an earthly shelter except the school in which her father had placed her when going on his last fatal expedition, Mr. Green determined to adopt the helpless girl. Perhaps in his heart of hearts he felt that he had been a little too *firm—firmness* was his favourite name for his peculiar modification of self-will; but, if he felt this, he never gave the feeling utterance. He attributed his kindness to the orphan not to any doubt as to the justice of his conduct to her parents, but simply to her own helplessness. Perhaps, in fact, he was really only actuated by pity for the child; for we can do a marvellous deal of wrong without disturbance to our consciences when we call our obstinacy firmness, and when our desire to gratify self-will is exalted into wise anxiety to prevent others from following the silly devices of their own hearts. I really think that, if men were both able and willing to define their terms, the devil would lose most of his victims, and hell would cease to be "paved with good intentions." But this is only by the way, and I almost promise you that I will no more digress from my proper subject. Mr. Green raised his niece from her state of dependence upon the strangers who were already tired of her, and who were, of course, almost inclined to mingle ashes with the bread they reluctantly gave to her; he adopted her as his own; and with his own daughter and son she grew up. If I were telling you a fictitious tale instead of an "owre true one," I ought to tell you that she grew up in beauty and in grace, and that she was far and away the most perfect feminine personage that ever figured in the world—of a novel in three goodly volumes. But the truth is, that Anne Norton was from very babyhood a singularly ugly child; and neglect on the part of the people in whose charge her unfortunate father had been obliged to leave her, had added a slight, but still a perceptible deformity to the ill work of nature. And, as she grew up, the consciousness of this deformity rendered her morose and sneering in her temper, and gave to her low forehead and lowering brow a darker and more repulsive scowl. Out of such a personage no writer of fiction would think of making a heroine; and yet Anne Norton was by no means without the qualities proper to heroines—of a sort. She had talent and bitterness; and she had that self-hate which rarely fails to ensure hate of others.

The beauty of her cousin—the "evil-looking and evil-spoken" lady to whom you have taken so strong a dislike—was at that time remarkable; Anne cursed her own deformity the more bitterly, and nourished her misanthropy with a deeper determination, whenever she gazed upon the joyaunt countenance and the glad and bounding gracefulness of the fair creature whose very kindness seemed to be the result of pity rather than of affection. To confess the truth, this did not merely *seem* to be the case, for Emily Green knew of no earthly advantages which she could for an instant put into competition with wealth and beauty; and she well knew that "poor dear Anne," as she habitually called her, was to the full as destitute of wealth as of beauty. She pitied her, therefore, rather than loved her; and the condescending style in which she always spoke of her or to her, left not the slightest doubt that the wealthy beauty was very comfortably indifferent as to the feelings which her manner and her words might excite in the bosom of the plain and penniless dependant.

'To say that the orphan deeply felt the contemptuous treatment she received at the hands of the more highly endowed Emily, would be to speak far too faintly. It seared her heart and maddened her brain; it possessed her; it gave her up wholly and for ever to the dark demons of envy, hatred, and revenge. And she *had* her revenge—a fearful one! But I must not anticipate.

'If the orphan felt dislike to her cousin Emily, it was with a widely different feeling that she looked upon Emily's only brother, Edward. In childhood she followed him as a shadow; in more advanced years she gazed upon him in passionate but unspoken love. Her large dark lustrous eyes, which, beautiful as they were, derived an added beauty from their singular and striking contrast to the rest of her features, were rarely and only stealthily turned toward him—but oh! with what an earnest and living light did they then gaze! His tones were to her a surpassing music, his presence a rapture; she loved him with an intense and undivided love, and her glance brightened, and her *fierté* of tone became at once softened and mellowed, whenever she had occasion to address him.

'Thus passed on years: and Edward Green, having completed his terms at college, and travelled as much as he thought desirable, settled himself at "the Hall" to soothe the growing infirmities of his father, whose life was now fast falling into "the sere and yellow leaf."

'The arrival of "Mr. Edward" at "the Hall," to depart from it no more, delighted all the abiders there, even to the meanest of the most menial servants; for his frank and liberal habits, and his singular beauty, made him a favourite with all. But to no one, I ween, did his arrival give such a rapturous delight as to his orphan cousin. During his absence she had suffered much from the petulant, and occasionally even insolent, temper of

Emily; and her suffering had been doubly poignant from her lack of the accustomed counterpoise of Edward's kindly manners and speech. It was therefore with a wild and yet a disguised delight that she found herself once more cheered, soothed, and blessed, with his perpetual presence.

'Women make a slight mistake in supposing that they can conceal from their intimates the love which they really and *fervently* feel. Fancy, caprice, a slight preference, or an *incipient* love, they may disguise; nay, I make no doubt that they can do so without any very great or very painful effort. But *love*—the entire and passionate love which alone is deserving of the name—was never yet the inhabitant of woman's heart but its evidence beamed in her eyes and trembled in her tones; and I am not quite sure that the evidence is not all the more obvious to a skilful and industrious observer the more painfully the efforts to conceal it are made.

'Now, Mr. Green *was* both a skilful and an industrious observer; and the love which his niece supposed to lie deeply and impenetrably hidden in the recesses of her own heart was not a whit more hidden from him than the sun's rays at noon. To nearly any other man than himself either anger or scorn would have been suggested by the discovery that his penniless and plain niece dared to look in love, even though it was an unspoken love, upon his son, born to vast wealth and radiant in the very perfection of manly beauty. But Mr. Green was, psychologically, different from most other men. Though—as we have seen in the case of his utter abandonment of his sister, for no greater cause than that she married to the liking of the principal person concerned—to wit, herself—*he* could be guilty of injustice in his own proper person, he yet was by no means an admirer of injustice when committed by others. And he had been, though a silent, yet by no means an unmoved spectator of the *hauteur* with which his daughter bestowed her "pitying frown" upon her poorer and plainer cousin. He did not like his daughter's manifestation of an unamiable temper, and *that was enough*,—his usual mode of *gnashing the teeth of his mind* when he was determinately fixed upon the performance of any extraordinary piece of self-will. "*Why* should I suffer this?" he asked—and the question was a very proper and reasonable one. But he did not act upon his determination *not* to suffer it in the most reasonable manner possible.

'The only reasonable plan would have been for the old gentleman to have settled a handsome slice of his fortune upon the poor girl,' interrupted George. 'It would so,' resumed his friend, 'but the old gentleman contented himself for the time by *making his will*. It would have been well for all parties if he had never done so. But he did—and the will was scarcely made ere Mr. Green was gathered to his fathers. I ought to have

observed to you that no portion of Mr. Green's property was entailed. From his father he had received comparatively little, and with his wife still less. But during the war mercantile gains were immense, and Mr. Green was a bold and sagacious speculator. His gains were enormous; and as he felt himself to be the architect of his own fortune, so he determined to bequeath it as he himself chose.

'The will was read, and, to the inexpressible mortification of his children, he left the sister wholly dependant upon the brother. To the latter he left his whole fortune, on condition that he should marry his cousin within ten days after she should have completed her twenty-second birth-day; failing that condition—whether by the refusal of either party or the death of the lady—the whole of Mr. Green's property was to be bestowed in certain portions upon certain charities, only excepting one hundred pounds per annum to each of his children. To each of those children this eccentric will gave pretty nearly equal annoyance—but they each displayed it differently. Emily changed her formerly insolent manner for one of equally remarkable sycophancy—while her brother, who had ever behaved kindly to his cousin, now assumed a sternness of manner towards her, and busied himself in seeking some means by which to set aside his father's will. *That*, however, he found to be utterly impossible. The details, to the minutest technicality, had been skilfully cared for—and poor Edward acknowledged, with a sigh, that he had no alternative but beggary or an ill-assorted marriage. As the day for his decision, upon which so much depended, drew near, the conversations between himself and his sister were frequent. She well knew his generosity, and knew, therefore, that her interest would be safe if he saved the property by compliance with the will. And hence it was that she now fawned upon her cousin, and endeavoured to show her brother that he *might* marry worse if he had his own unfettered choice. "And besides," said Emily, in one of these conversations, "Anne is evidently much attached to you—and I do really think that your manner towards her has been such as to confirm her attachment, by leading her to believe in yours."

'"My attachment! And to her! *Mort de ma vie!* As if a man cannot show some kindness to a pauper cousin without straightway falling in love with her round shoulders, beetle brow, and inimitably bandy legs! However, needs must when the devil drives, so I shall e'en marry the amiable deformity at the latest day allowed by the will—and separate from her on the earliest possible day afterwards." Before Emily could reply to this speech, so much in accordance with her own feelings, a heavy fall in the adjoining room reminded them that they had been separated only by half shut folding doors from the unfortunate girl of whom they had been talking, forgetful, in their eager

speech, that she was likely to overhear them. On hastening to her they found that she had fallen senseless to the ground—in that terrible syncope which the utter prostration of the heart so rarely fails to produce.

'Alarmed lest what she had overheard should cause Anne to inflict him with reproaches as well as with her inevitable self, Edward received her, when she was again able to leave her room, with the utmost show of sorrow for the past, and with most eloquent falsity of promise as regarded the future; and, though she wept long and bitterly ere she accorded to him the forgiveness he so strongly and hypocritically solicited, she at length *did* accord it. Up to the very eve of the bridal all went well; and it was with mingled horror and astonishment that Emily, on the morning that was to have seen her brother and her cousin united, found the latter a blackened and stiffened corpse. A few brief but biting sentences, in the handwriting of the unhappy suicide, recounted all that her spurned love and her trampled feelings had inflicted upon her, and exulted in much more of the heathen spirit than became her—great as had been her suffering—over the wounded pride and painful privations, the unaccustomed misery, of those whom her death would infallibly render what she termed "those poorest of all poor creatures, accomplished paupers." Edward, unable to endure poverty in his own country, sought the burning East, and added his bones to the myriads of English skeletons that have bleached upon the plains of India; and Emily upon her miserable pittance has vegetated from youth to age, each year rendering her more and more ill-tempered. Youth, hope, personal attraction, and self-esteem, have left her: and has she not cause of misery? is not misery *some* excuse for her evil looks and evil speech?'

'Not a whit, not a whit,' replied George; 'she owes her misery to her temper, not her temper to her misery.' 'I fear you are incorrigible,' replied Harry Herbert; 'but there *will* be a day when you will feel that in *every* human being there is something to pity as well as something to blame. Only we can see the vice or folly, but *not* the misery.'

And here the friends parted.

W. T. H.

BLIGH'S HINTS ON ANALYTIC TEACHING.*

THE author of this pamphlet is a schoolmaster, and one of those singular and restless beings who are not content with things as they are, but commit the almost unheard-of pedagogical impropriety of inquiring what Locke, Pestalozzi, and such like, have to say on education. Nay, he has gone so far as to think on

* Hints and Examples illustrative of Analytic Teaching. By John Bligh, Master of the Grammar School, South Crescent, Bedford Square. London: Seeley, 1835. pp. 48.

the subject himself, and to criticise severely the practice of his brethren. Is such a man to be endured? Is our constitution pedagogical to be destroyed by allowing—aye, and encouraging, youngsters to exert their faculties—a luxury which their instructors do not permit themselves to enjoy? Is the birch to be openly impugned, the cane to be secretly sneered at? Doctrines more levelling, more subversive of some portions of society, are not to be conceived.

Time was when schoolmasters durst not swerve from the even and orthodox tenor of their way; they were content, like the trunkmaker, to produce their slender result by an infinity of noise and blows: and now two or three restless spirits dare to disturb the peace and pockets of this large and respectable fraternity, as yet uninfected by the seductions of novelty, and determined advocates of the prostration of the understanding.

Mr. Bligh is not ashamed to fly in the face of our oldest precepts: he will not even allow a boy to mind his book.

'Not only are children introduced to names through things to a much less extent than might be done, but, just as they are beginning to manifest an intelligent curiosity, this plan is reversed: the school-book is almost substituted for the book of nature; things are thenceforward viewed through the cloudy medium of words, and, in many instances, never seen at all: so that, as Dr. Aikin observes, it is only their names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.'—p. 4, 5.

'The boy is not teaching himself who merely accumulates the thoughts of others, though he receive no aid from a tutor, and however assiduous he be; nor can *he* be said to have formed a habit of attention who can, for hours, pore over lessons without looking off from the book, if those lessons call into exercise only one of his powers; if his attention be passive, not active, and the powers of comparing, combining, and classifying, take little or no part. Such was not the attention to which Newton ascribed his discoveries, and is not worth the name; and yet better attention than this can only be secured by a deviation, on the part of the student, from the beaten and prescribed path. Knowledge is generally presented in so artificial an order, so enveloped in technicalities, and so trammelled by rules, that the pupil is forced into habits of Pythagorean docility and mechanical assent most unfavourable to the development of his mind.'—p. 2.

Not satisfied with this, he brings Burke to his aid, taking as his motto the following passage, of which Burke ought, in the opinion of many, to be heartily ashamed:

'I am convinced that the method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation is incomparably the best; since, not content with serving up a few barren and lifeless truths, it leads to the stock on which they grew; it tends to set the reader himself in the track of invention, and to direct him into those paths in which the author has made his own discoveries.'

That foreign schemer, Pestalozzi, is next held up to public admiration; yet Mr. Bligh will not encourage our home produce

in the shape of Bell and Lancaster, of whom he thus speaks slightingly:

'The improvements introduced by Bell and Lancaster appear to me to relate more to the machinery than to the principles of education; more to economy of time and expense, and ingenious expedients for securing a kind of military order and mechanical attention, than to any higher characteristics of a system.'—p. 12.

Nevertheless he does *not* hesitate to expound at considerable length, and to praise loudly, the plans of Jacotot, which, except as they regard the acquisition of language, demand as perfect prostration of the understanding as heart could wish.

What does the intelligent reader think of such doctrines as these?

'No lesson is considered as learnt and done with, but will be referred to on all fit occasions, and continue, from time to time, to receive and afford illustration, and to supply points of comparison. It is considered as merely a link in a chain,—a part of the body of universal truth. Bacon's remark, that "no natural phenomenon can be adequately studied in itself alone, but, to be understood, must be considered as it stands connected with all nature," is corroborative of this plan. It is owing to neglect of it that many read so much and retain so little. They travel through the regions of literature, like persons through a country on a stage-coach, each landscape obliterating the preceding. They resemble the man who, after reading through Bailey's Dictionary, did not know what it was about.

'This is especially the case with those who are in the habit of reading periodicals, and more particularly the cheap periodicals of the present day. Owing to the miscellaneous character of their contents, and the want in the readers of a distinct purpose and aim to connect each fact with their previous knowledge on the same subject,—to put it, as it were, in its proper place in their minds,—they find themselves at last in the precise predicament of the above student of Bailey's Dictionary.

'It would be an interesting subject of speculation—perhaps, to many, a painful one—to ascertain, in our own cases, how much reading has been lost for want of this distinct purpose to profit, how many truths lie entombed in our minds, in juxtaposition, not in union.'—p. 34, 35.

Where can the author have picked up the following notions?

'I do not mean to insinuate that it is unnecessary to study the sciences separately to gain a profound acquaintance with them, but merely to express my opinion that it has been an error in *elementary* education to make them objects of independent pursuit. The sciences are not counters to be laid side by side, but branches growing from a common stem, and must therefore be studied simultaneously and in their mutual connexion. The consequences of thus isolating the various branches of education have been most pernicious, and not the least has been the imperfect kind of knowledge that has been acquired. How many know the names and can describe the situations of every place of importance on the surface of the globe, and know nothing, or have only the most general and vague notions, of their history, present condition, the nature of their government, soil, animals, plants, &c.; and yet, without

some knowledge of these, how comparatively useless and idle is the most exact knowledge of the former! As well might we boast of knowing the names and residences of a number of persons, whilst ignorant of every thing else that concerns them. Let a person once determine to subordinate language to ideas, and not to rest satisfied with mere verbal attainments,—with the mere names of things,—and he will find that the real knowledge of any one branch involves an acquaintance, greater or less, with all.'—pp. 23, 24.

'So history cannot be studied with advantage exclusively, or independently of other sciences: to be really known or remembered it must be associated, to a greater or less extent, with all; and every opportunity must be embraced of gathering and combining the *disjecta membra* of universal truth.'—p. 29.

Our readers will readily perceive from these extracts what opinion should be entertained of the author, and what treatment he deserves from the public if he carries his principles into practice in his school.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

THROUGH the wild wood, through the wild wood, all alone I love to ramble,
'Mid the sapling oak and hazel, the ground-ash and the bramble,
In the thickest; here I care not for sunny noon or shower,
But I lack the clue or track to guide me through my bower;
And every bough is fanning me with rudely courteous leaves,
And I stumble in the toils that my woodland carpet weaves,
And o'er mossy stools of underwood they won't let grow to trees;
And I creep on, lower, lower, now almost on my knees.
Ho! ho! what are you frightened? Then I will e'en go back,
'Tis a poet, not a poacher, is pressing on your track;
So nibble the wild parsley that's mantling at my feet,
I'll mumble out a measure to mock you while you eat.
Hie on then, if you'll stay not, to the entrance of the wood,
For I know you're thinking of them, thy mate and youngling brood;
And I am looking homeward, so let us on together
To the upland-warren's fern and gorse, and broom and blooming heather.
Ah, rabbit, gone! they stir not—those leaves behind they speed,
I thought thee an elf-pilot to guide me in my need.
But your parting chides my error; I've stray'd, and mine the pain;
And has the wood no charities to lead me back again?
That light! ah I have gained it, the outlet of the wood,
Come back just where I started to roam an idle rood. G. S.

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

A revelation of the essence of GOD
Is Poetry; Science, of his effluence:
This, a revealing of the power of GOD;
That, of his being is a vision intense:
This, a disclosure of the acts of GOD;
That, GOD himself reveal'd to evidence.
The Spirit of all things felt before he knew;
And from his feeling was his knowledge drawn—

Effect divine of a diviner cause!
So from the heart the head hath its prime laws;
For Poetry's noon-hues our souls imbue
Ere Science breaks on them with her cold dawn.
O, self-proud Head! bow down thy Science high
To the creator Heart and its great Poetry!

* W *

THE DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

How beautiful and rife
Are the deep lessons that doth Nature give
In death, e'en as in life!
Come thou and be my teacher,
Thou mute, yet eloquent preacher
Of the true life that in dead things doth live.

Bird of the meadow grass!
Although thy chirruping for aye is still'd,
Say what thy sweet life was;
What strength of joy showed in thy winged leaping,
And, when amongst the mosses gently creeping,
What peace and love thy little being fill'd!

Or, as the sun went down
And the moist dew upon the fragrant clover
Was fleshly strown,
Pois'd on a blue-bell in the light breeze swinging
Out of thy happy heart a love-lay singing,
A world of sweets around, and heaven all over!

How couldst thou leave it all
Into the busy haunts of men to come
In draperied thrall?
I lur'd thee not from out thy furrow'd passes,
Nor wrong'd thy sleep amongst the verdant grasses,
To bid thee die, far from thy pleasant home.

Poor fool! yet with thy fate
Doth wisdom inly dwell to warn the free
Ere yet too late.
Like to the breathing sweet from out dead roses,
Thy death to all a living truth discloses,
Would they might heed its silent ministry!

Like thee, they quit the fields
Of their most sunny freedom, by whose power
Each joy its double yields;
The world a subtle web around them weaving,
The pleasant garden of their hearts now leaving
To seek a life unknown—Say! what its dower?

A prison dark, where, pent,
The elastic soul essays its strength, to be
In its own element.
In vain! and apathy comes o'er it stealing,
The light that shows the darkness, but revealing
A withered, soulless, lifeless thing—like thee!

S. Y.

ON EDUCATION, AND THE CONDITION OF THE RURAL POPULATION.

THE Spartan's education taught him to say little, and do quickly. The Athenians were educated by public spectacles, poetical contests, and the triumphs of sculpture—all having as their result the diffusion of taste. The Persian youth was exercised in shooting with the bow, managing the horse, and truth-telling. The Jew was instructed not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, not to take the mother-bird with her nestlings, not to reap nor gather in the corners of his field; in other words, he was subject, from his youth up, to enactments in favour of liberality and charity. The rudiments of two dead languages, and four years of licence at college, can alone entitle Englishmen to rank as of 'the educated' classes.

This reference to the national education in different countries will preclude the necessity of a definition of the term. Now to try the question whether education should be diffused generally among British subjects. 'Oh yes,' quoth the new squirearchy of the Pitt creation, 'let the people have a practical education;' meaning by this, that, like the Russian serf of the hornband, he should be restricted to learning a single note. 'Let the "educated classes" compass only such as afford to subscribe to our stamped paper,' insists the editor of the 'leading journal of Europe.' Then who will be left to buy and read Peel's penny speeches? This is the era of letters: as well prohibit any to travel by steam, save who, by herald-law, can add esquire to their name, as prescribe that only the 'educated classes' shall read a newspaper. Our question is not confined to teaching literature, that the people will get, if not in youth, then at schools for adults; if not from the parish pedagogue, then from some more expeditious schoolmaster. To prevent them acquiring such learning, you must deprive them (as the mass have been deprived during thirty years) of all leisure to turn and con a page of easy syllables; but, if you were to succeed in dividing this branch of education from all other branches, where would you leave the poorer individuals of the community? to devour with their looks some factious libel of the graver, to gape at some ribald singer in the streets, to hang upon the false news of some mis-speller of the journal, and to subscribe to the doctrine of the one man of letters of the village.*

The question of popular education, in its most comprehensive shape, remains for solution. 'How can you send taste to vil-

* The argument from 'the hanged' being generally *unlettered*, is not conclusive; the unhanegd of the gin palace, of Crockford's, and of the list of the fraudulent insolvents, are too intimately connected with the cause of letters to exclude immorality from the pale of the 'humanities.' But, on the other hand, as to the motives of excluding letters from education,—an old woman once told me she had been prohibited when a girl from learning to write, lest she should indite love-letters. Others would prevent reading, lest readers should find naughty books. What! are we to light no candles, lest moths fly into them?

lages?' says some Tomkins or Simpkins, who has hissed Shakspeare from the boards of the patent theatres. 'The poor have their Bibles and Testaments, and may learn thence the Hebrew and the Christian codes of charity.' True; but does your reverence consider how little influence the mere habitual reading of the book may have on our practice? As to the Spartan and Persian schools, it will be said that there was something like them here at the Elizabethan era; but subsequently standing armies have been found a safe substitute for them.

Yet it is a truism that sound morals and correct taste cannot be too widely nor too thoroughly inculcated in the community; and, in an era of danger, that forward and habile patriotism, which volunteers into public service, cannot be found too extensively among the people. 'Oh, yes, yes, of course we would have, by all means, sufficient numbers in our volunteer corps in case of an invasion.' Ay, and in case the Carlton Club should choose to summon recruits of the starving masses around their treasury, or should require new levies to support their military Orange lodges; in that case they would desire disciples of the school which teaches men to give their famished bodies to the service of traitors.

We must disengage ourselves from the aid of such advisers, whose pretensions stand apart from the genius of the land, whose interests are isolated amid a community struggling against the overwhelming consequences of nearly three quarters of a century of misgovernment. We have had enough of the Tory Lord of a past generation; we have heard enough of the patriotism of Pitt-made monopolists of this. There is room for no private interests nor peculiar right of dictation in an argument involving the character of the British nation. There can be no doubt that this people are susceptible of all the perfections attainable by education. Taste is no stranger to the English village, for our sweetest music, old roundelays, and madrigals, glees, and other melodies, appear in the days of Shakspeare and Isaac Walton to have been rife in the roadside hostel and day-labourer's cottage; and the milkmaid was cross-grained indeed who had not voice and memory to recall to the ear of the polished citizen the ditties he admired.* Perhaps, since our farmers have dismissed their boarders, the day-labourers, and sent their daughters to boarding-school, the singing taste of the cottager has deteriorated; but knowing the steps down from the better state, we may remount these yet. Again: can it be doubted that Englishmen, in the mass, have the spirit of cooperation and the strong purpose of conquerors, when they have so lately, without any outbreak or any disorder in their ranks, won the victory of reform? Furthermore, can any

* At Carshalton, in Surrey, Mr. Lorraine has supplied with musical instruments the talent of the town, and a very efficient band of his neighbours perform weekly in his concert-room. The Norwich weavers are renowned for their style of singing Handel's choruses!

misgiving of English morality be entertained, when we consider that 'Corporal Trim' conveyed the real character of the rank and file who won the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies; when we find that a Marlborough in the army, as subsequently a Collingwood in the navy, could convert the most reckless citizens into champions of the safety of their country and promoters of civilisation, even within the camp and under hatches?

To know really the English capacity and character, let us recollect that the nation have always led in some art tending to greatness and stretching toward empire. We were in early times famous in archery; in the infancy of our navy we coped successfully with the greatest fleet that has been equipped in modern times,—the Spanish Armada; before we were accustomed to standing armies we raised an armament, and fought successful campaigns against a power then the terror of the Continent, winning battles against that power in the heart of the kingdom of another enemy, mastering a province of fortresses, mocking the 'lines' which were erected, first as a composition with empire, and afterwards as a narrow frontier defence; and (but for a change in the councils of St. James's) marching to the enemy's capital, and dictating terms of reconciliation in his palace. The Pitt dynasty first laid England beneath the foot of her enemies, but they were the children of her soil: yes, exaction was to be submitted to, loans and subsidies were to be raised, one hundred millions sterling was required for the service of one year. Mark how the energies of England responded to that woful necessity! our tillage was immediately advanced to the utmost limit of productiveness; we became the first farmers in the world. That was not enough; manufactures must contribute to the public purse. Then rose the epoch of the civil engineer and the cotton-spinner. It were superfluous to expatiate on this branch of the argument; but it may be insisted that a people who thus mount with the occasion, cannot be wanting in any of the faculties which, by education, (or bringing out,) ennoble our species and adorn creation. And be it remembered that, in the instances we have given, it was in the people, and not in their rulers, that England acquitted herself as it is our boast to record. Pitt came on the scene before Englishmen had learned to distrust their rulers: should such a scourge appear again, he might call for supplies, but would they come for calling? He must gather up in his mantle all the love of all Englishmen, or he could only prophesy his own speedy downfall: he could not make us slaves to his empire when we had perceived in him a sinister purpose. And could England, from her present state, rise to meet such occasions as have speeded her on to her old glories? Perhaps not; but that is not the question. Are Englishmen worthy of being rescued from a position disgraceful to their lineage, or are they not? That is to be determined. There are other capital

cities more gay than our own; thither our courtly patrons of taste may with facility transport themselves and fix their abode: there are other ports than London and Liverpool; the English capitalist has a right to do what he will with his own; he is not necessitated to watch his hoard on the banks of the Thames: there are millions of fertile acres beyond the four seas; English farmers are not compelled to cater to us from the fields of their fathers; they may leave us; were they to do so, their leaving might show like virtue; it might be charity in despair. But while they stay here, Englishmen among Englishmen, let them not despair, but be doing. It needs not so great an outlay as may appear implied in the different benefits which are to result from national education; that is to say, morality, taste, and the practice of manly exercises, together with correct information on all topics that concern citizens of all degrees.

Taste is expensive. What furnishes an orchestra or a cabinet of *virtù* is necessarily costly; but Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' records tasteful refinements, precious though unpurchased. Look on an infant sleeping; its little fingers and composed features peering from the coverlid. The cottager may gaze on the truth, surpassing sculpture's fairest creations; ay, on the pillow of his cradled child. All the gorgeous 'effects' of sunrise and sunset are his, without the necessity of an introduction to '*atelier*' or 'exhibition.' There is sweet music in the voices of children, as you will confess if you hear by the hedgerow the human chirrup flung to companion of their games, a brother cherry-cheek or a pet dog.

Manly exercises among the labouring class are implied in their vocation; the only matter to be amended here is, that the maxim should be observed 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' in other words, it is the duty of the patrons of the poor to see that their health is sustained under the daily trials of their corporal powers.*

The morality of the labouring classes occupies a peculiar position. They are a brotherhood, of which the members cannot compete with each other in appropriating wealth; they are, or have been, as a material enhancing the value of the soil they labour upon, and not a party to contracts affecting those values. One result is an absence of jealousy, and envy one of the other: the memory of our schoolboy days will take us to the condition of society among the villagers; a neighbour's smile is returned without fathoming its motive, a laugh at his expense is made to his face, being generally levelled at *gaucherie*—but why enumerate particulars? we all have been schoolboys.

How is education, in this sense, to be conducted into our villages, or what remains there if the simple elements of village taste,

* Lord Bacon, in his essay 'Sedition,' says, 'A strait hand should be kept upon the devouring trades of usury, engrossing, great pasturages, and the like.' We must not think *with* any class if we would direct our thoughts really to the regeneration of the poor.

morality, and dexterity, be wanting? What is to be done if the 'charities of father, son, and brother' are becoming subdued by an agency which the pen almost refuses to describe? what if that brotherhood shall become a conspiracy against the laws of the country and the decencies of society, if parents are early taught by a power (to be after mentioned) to hate their children? How can the intelligence of a citizen, or the forwardness of a patriot, be expected among such degenerate hordes!

If the case shall appear extreme, the depravity irrecoverable, yet, until all means of improvement have been tried and found unavailing, let us not despair. The class in cities, which may be styled 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' meaning those having a precarious subsistence by employments beneath that of the artisan, these can scarcely come under our cognizance: they appeared in fearful potency in the former Parisian revolution; but this class having among us no authorized place of rendezvous, being attached to no factory, under no head, and responsible only to their customer of the hour, these can scarcely be brought under any supervision made with a view to the bettering of their education. But the village day-labourers are at least living within limits, can be brought together at a call, are under the eye of their superiors, and have, at least, one superior (the village pastor) among them. Let the village poor be never dismissed from the patriot's scheme of the public weal. But has it come to pass that those virtues, self-planted and of easy growth, are now in want of a soil in which to flourish?

The excellent Bishop Hooker observes (on Church Government, cap. i.) that without sufficient food and clothing we cannot attend to the relations of society nor the interests of religion. On this authority, therefore, proof of the utterly destitute condition of the class of day-labourers would have great weight in deciding the question of their moral debasement.* Now what can weigh against the fact, proved to the satisfaction of the most enlightened patrons of the agriculturist, that quarter acres, and less parcels of land, leased out to the poor at the full rent paid by land in the neighbourhood, and submitted to spade-labour, being worked after the hours of service, or in the intervals when the labourer is not hired out in employment; that this little property is sufficient to yield the rent and to keep the labourer's family from the accustomed resource—the parish rates? Again: take the average wages of a day-labourer, viz., 12*s.* per week, with a total cessation of hiring during the winter months, or something less than 10*s.* per week through the year, (reckoning in the extra wages at harvest time,) and consider the weekly outgoings for a family of five persons: rent, 2*s.* 6*d.*; bread, at a quartern per day, 4*s.*; leaving 3*s.* 6*d.* per week for food beyond the dry bread and clothing, and the reserve for medical assistance. It would be difficult

* See Reports of the 'Agricultural Employment Society,' published by Ridgway.

to imagine how fathers of families so circumstanced refrain from imitating the heads of other falling houses, and from opposing the pretensions of the Carlton Club with the wrongs of its victims, the injuries of the class who are forced to contribute most largely to the malt tax: but the English labourer at home is superior to venal lordlings, whose abuse of a public trust buys pensions for their families; the poor man considers his labour as the fund for supporting his children; while he can work he will not disturb the State, while he can earn wages he will make himself and children contented; and his English wife will laugh at him if he repine, and will set him the example not to despair.

I have the following particulars to add, from a few weeks sojourn among the poor in a village about fifteen miles from town. They are almost all in debt: one, the most respectable man in the neighbourhood, owes a sum equal to a third of a year's wages for food and clothing, and is in arrear for three quarters' rent: 'the shop' at which I deal may have forty poor customers, and it has among these debtors whose joint debts exceed 50*l*. I find three families crowded into a cottage of four small rooms, (two rooms on a floor, on a site 10 feet by 16 feet,) each family comprising the parents and a child, and one of the three having three children; another house, of the same dimensions, besides the family of five persons, takes in a lodger; two others have each two families with children; one contains a family of nine persons. This is the state of four, out of a row of eight houses. There is one poor woman who has destroyed her constitution by taking in a lady's child to suckle, while she had her own at the breast; another family have united trade to day-labour, to eke out their means: the shop is for the sale of beer, and the young children exhibit marks of the contamination which the shop-customers communicate. To leave this neighbourhood, I would mention a fact told me by an old woman, living in Putney, near the corner of the bridge; she has acted for thirty years as midwife, and has delivered 500 births: she informed me that women in childbed used to keep their room for a month, and that the period of a month is necessary for the nursing after the event; but now, she says, the poor women cannot afford themselves this interval of repose, and are compelled to resume their employments in a week, ten days, or, at most, in a fortnight. Add to this that the commons which used to feed the hog, or cow, or flock of geese, are now generally enclosed, and that the steam conveyance across the channel has introduced the Irish labourer to compete with or forestall the villager in the labour market: with these facts, and others that must occur to the reader's observation confirmatory of the foregoing, the case is, perhaps, too plain to call for further evidence. But, alas! we cannot stop in this position, worse or better must ensue; this is not a natural con-

dition, it is not a state of rest; another generation, perhaps another year, will drag on events to their dreadful crisis. The incendiaries of the rickyard are anomalous Englishmen, as we have been accustomed to consider our countrymen; but I have a fearful misgiving, a doubt I would turn to disbelief, but which I must still entertain. I observed that among the married men in the village, who had been in the married state one, two, three, four, and five years respectively, and who were the ablest hands at work and play, and knowing beyond their fellows—that these were generally childless.

I have travelled in Wales: the poor classes go barefooted and have no glazed windows, yet they are well fed and contented; the young men are fathers at eighteen, and at thirty they have a house full of their lively children and wear the gravity of patriarchs, and are looked up to as village senators. Early marriages are not restrained, but in Wales a little neighbourly assistance crowns the wedding-day with prospective comfort, and fills the cottage with unpurchased household gear. English neighbours pay their own rent and their contribution to the malt-tax, but can contribute to each other's comforts only the memory of better times and despair for the future. I have no doubt where should be laid the first stone of national education, or of the regeneration of English taste, morals, manual dexterity, and mental activity.

It is hoped that the foregoing remarks and examples will not be considered as put forth here in a spirit of carping at those who have not an opportunity of answering. No, the dilemma of poverty must not be solved by that heroic response, '*Qu 'il meurt.*' The labourer's '*il faut vivre*' is not to be met as that knave who used it to a witty king of France, and was answered '*Je n'en suis pas sûre.*'

That they whose labour feeds and clothes all the community should be the only class to starve, is a most preposterous convention of modern society. The castes who can live are bringing themselves in close collision with that which cannot. The gear which is not oiled will by much friction grow hot, and give out a flame. It is not now as at the dissolution of monasteries; the 'sturdy vagabonds' of the proclamations issued in the reign of the last of the Tudors were not in the case of our honest day-labourers, whose wages being *under the mark* were eked out by the rates; until that at length is reformed. Pitt and the thousands of enclosure Bills will explain the cause of the depreciated value of the Saturday night's shillings and pence, and the freedom of the rural parish. 'Give me my unexcised beer and my low rent-paying corn,' is as pathetic a claim to the arbiters of our glories as that of Augustus for his legions. The English labourer, the man of all the best sympathies and noblest instincts, child-loving,

independent, frank, and fearless;* the nursling of free institutions and ever-advancing civilization is not to be sacrificed without an effort for his preservation.

The mistake is, that all classes unite in a struggle for the turn of tax-taking: the 'Upper House' must give in: the young aristocracy must turn their education to account, and become 'whips' to the 'Age,' or 'Tally-ho:' the commercial aristocracy come next into power; the college-educated chip of old Ledger has learned, like the Malayan bear, that the smack of champagne is worthy of preference, and the classical festivity of his discourse would point the school of Falstaff; but he is brought up to a 'genteel profession,' and his uncle has a seat in Parliament, or his father has *influence;* and thus a chief justice or attorney general is provided for the Colonies.

In fine, the sceptre of prerogative must be lopped of its modern circumstance, and all classes of liege subjects merge in that of the honest men who earn their living, or live on their fathers' earnings; for the necessary education for the community at large is a process of undoing patriotism and pot of beer, 'King and Church' and the poor rates, the 'heaven-descended' and the Corn Laws. Let the schoolmaster look to it, or the uneducated poor may proceed to chastisement.

G. S.

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM OF MORALS.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of language there is no word which calls up so beautiful and affecting an image to my mind as the word resignation. It has a spell of power to which tears have often answered. Robe Misfortune with it and how the eye feeds on her, adoring what it looks on!

Submission is for the slavish and the subtle; there is a parade about it which mocks the modesty it pretends to. Humility is for the feeble and the frail who sue pity upon the plea of poorness. It is the moral Conservative only, who, folding his arms upon the breast the pulses of which he cannot kill, but can command, stands aside in the meek majesty of resignation.

All these conceptions are peculiar, perhaps, to myself; the very words thus pregnant for me may bear a very different import to others.

Language is so imperfect, or so imperfectly understood, that a thousand avenues are left open for imagination. In vain patient Philology, busy at the roots, turns the cold clay of Antiquity, and frowns upon the blossoms which Fancy finds upon the tree of language; Feeling is ever ready to twine them into wreaths, Ge-

* A man running away from another was injured by a blow received from his pursuer: I was sympathizing with the sufferer, and accusing the man for giving a blow in the back; but a young lad said 'T'other's as bad as he—he shoudn't ha' let him do it.'

nius to lend his letter of licence, Custom to give her countenance, and Philology, pale as the ghost of Horne Tooke, must e'en let Imagination 'gang her ain gate.'

Beautifully does Wordsworth assert the poetic power which endues mute nature with eloquence and character. Hear when his muse goes nutgathering:

'Then up I rose
And dragged to earth both branch and bough with crush
And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being.
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees and the intruding sky.'

Those silent trees! how violence stands rebuked before them; how sympathy answers to the moral sentiment with which they seem imbued! They were defenceless, and they were wronged and ruined, and all this wrong and ruin is sacrilege—they were so pure, so unoffending. To me these trees embody the idea of humility—their fate, the world's usage of humility.

Could I wake the image of Humility in marble, it should be as a girl, just at that early point of time in which the sunny light of childhood passes away into the mist which an undefinable consciousness of change throws round her, and through the silvery atmosphere of which gleam trembling rays which make her tremble too.

In the life of a gentle, an amiable woman, humility is the first stage, submission the second, and resignation the last.

In the first I pity her, and weep in very agony of compassion, for she is at the mercy of those who can

'—— drag to earth both branch and bough with crush
And merciless ravage.'

In the next I lament over her; lament the inertness, the passiveness with which she suffers the turbulent tide of society, which by opposing she might conquer, to bury the treasure with which she is freighted. In the last I honour her; give her emotions of mingled respect and love as I see her hide, under smiles of benignant forgiveness and serene resignation, a lacerated heart, while she continues the toil of life for others, not for herself.

Long has woman been looked upon as the peculiar object of protection. A fashionable female writer of the present day says:

'One of the most simple associations in the mind of a man who loves is, that of being strong to defend and protect the loved one. He feels instinctively that she is the "weaker vessel;" and the woman who carries into her home the consciousness (real or fancied) of superiority, carries with her a poison which will imbitter the cup of life.'

First, I will dispose of the 'protection,' and then turn to examine the 'poison.'

The necessity which exists for protection to woman pronounces the severest libel upon man. From what is she to be protected? Wolves and tigers do not prowl upon the highways, and the progress of ingenious art has raised refuges against any sudden visitation of accident or the elements. From what then has man to protect woman? From himself; from his own violence, injustice, and rapacity. Often still is he enough of the wolf and the tiger to worry and destroy her, unless, availing herself of the institutions which he singly has made for both, she binds herself a slave to one to avoid becoming the victim of many. By means of a compact something like that by which bandit agrees to respect the appropriations of bandit, men have made among themselves, and *for* themselves, a code which breathes nothing of the divine morality that aims equally at the annihilation of slavery and tyranny.

When of the whole male world it may be said as the lady in the song says of the sons of Erin, there will be no talk of 'protection.'

> 'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
> So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
> Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
> As not to be tempted by woman or gold?
>
> Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
> No son of Erin will offer me harm;
> For though they love woman and golden store,
> Sir Knight, *they love honour and virtue more.*'

While men are barbarous, women will, in its popular sense, need protection; while men are men, and women are women, they will severally and mutually need *moral* protection—the sacred shelter—the holy refuge which spirit offers and yields to spirit in the moral conflicts, contingencies, and catastrophes, incident to humanity.

There is such a spell in the appeal of weakness, there is such a joy in soothing, sustaining, restoring the wounded heart, that we can scarcely desire to see humanity exempt from the occasional frailties which so beautifully elicit from the stronger or more fortunately formed character, those healing affections, that holy ministry, which make the weak one well again and wiser. Do men imagine that they never make these appeals to the female heart? What are the pleadings of mere physical feebleness, compared with those of moral and mental weakness—the struggles of sinking energies—the vacillations of irresolute purpose—the dawning aspirations which let

> 'I dare not wait upon I would?'

I as little desire to see any of the mixed relations of life divested of the softness, sweetness, sympathy, and trusting tenderness of devotion and affection, as Washington, when he rose for liberty, desired to see licentiousness.

The relation existing between men and women is formed upon the protective system, and out of it has grown so much necessity for the preventive service. It was the policy of Frederick the Great to do all *for* the people, nothing *by* the people—apparently a paternal, but really a despotic principle. It is only by generating a self-acting power that a people or an individual can be free,—effective to their own happiness, and useful in aiding the happiness of others.

The existing mode of social intercourse between the sexes, in its *best* form, is that of an adult and a child; in peculiar cases this is a happy and beautiful relation, but it is not the true one, and in its general effects produces the mischief incident to everything that is false. It may be said of such a relation as it may be said of a monarchy, that to secure the permanency of the happiness which it may in particular instances bestow, some scheme to preclude the human contingencies of mortality and mutation must be devised.

As the sexes walk hand in hand during childhood, so should they walk arm in arm at maturity; even now there is no such great difference in their intellectual stature as to prevent this, and when equal education and equal freedom is the order of the day, still less may that be apprehended.

The characters which are formed upon the system which endows one party with power, and dooms the other to dependence, do not stand the wear and tear of the world's trials. It renders man irresponsible, and so tempts him to be unjust; it renders woman resourceless, and tempts her to be insincere: there are who resist both temptations, but are they the many?

And now a word about this same 'conscious superiority,' which, when it cleaves to *woman*, must, it appears, imbitter the cup of life. I suspect the sentiment meant by 'conscious superiority' is self-esteem, not that elevation which lifts a being above self, as above everything else merely selfish.

The higher a mind rises, the more it sees of the infinitude amid which it is hung,—the more it feels its distance from greatness and its alliance to littleness: it becomes incapable of inflating itself, or of insulting a littleness less than its own; it carries everywhere a Divine aspiration which lifts it above the petty pride of the world, but it also carries everywhere a sympathy which draws it towards its kindred clay. These feelings keep real superiority benignly floating in the genial atmosphere of social and domestic life, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the planets to their course. But self-esteem (for real or fancied merits) is of 'the earth, earthy,' and may well, when overweening, be said to carry poison to the cup of life.

Real superiority, such as I have attempted to define it, may be carried either by man or by woman into a home, and it will assist to make that home a heaven. Self-esteem, allowing its cause to

be as real as possible, is very likely to produce pain to its possessor, and perhaps diffuse it. It does not float on that fine ether, it is not possessed of that elasticity by which real superiority rises above the vapours of the world, or recovers from the shocks it dispenses. Self-esteem often superciliously congratulates itself that it is not like unto the sinner or the fool; real superiority never, for it feels itself as sharing the degradation of every being who departs from the dignity of human nature, and it applies itself zealously to raise that nature with which it must either rise or fall.

In a late number of the 'Journal of Education' it is observed: 'Females (the writer means women) must be taught from their earliest childhood that they will be required to live for others rather than for themselves; that their best happiness consists in ministering to the happiness of others.'

And are not men (or males, to adopt a corresponding phraseology) to be taught the same? Universally applied this precept is a fine truth, partially applied it is despicable cant, and like all cant has this consequence, it produces hypocrisy and imposture.

Truth cannot minister at the altars of falsehood,—as little can women minister pure morality to men undeserving of it. The partial morality which corrupt and selfish power instituted enjoined all the virtues upon women, not merely in a state of greater perfectness than they were demanded of man, but it was also expected that those virtues should retain their brightness and purity amid the infected atmosphere of his infamy. Not only was this unscrupulously demanded, but the strength and constancy of mind—the cultivation of mind necessary in any degree to fulfil such a requisition was denied and refused. The condition of the Israelite, of whom bricks were required, and the straw necessary to make them denied, forms but a poor parallel to this wholesale instance of injustice. I fancy I see the ghost of Pharaoh looking with a ghastly grin of satisfaction upon men, and forgiving all the obloquy they have heaped upon his name, in consideration of the eminent manner in which they have followed his example.

When we send an individual to sea, intending he should ride the ocean and brave the elements, do we embark him in a leaky and ill-furnished ship? Never. But men, it seems, thought that a weak and uncultivated understanding could carry a high morality. When we arrange a scheme of commerce, do we direct it to a place in which our commodities are not in demand, or if they be, where there is neither produce nor money for us to receive in exchange? Never. But men arranged a scheme of morality, proposing for its object that women should carry purity, prudence, patience, and every other virtue to bosoms insensible of their value; and as for the return, infidelity, indifference, insolence, neglect, and contempt, so far from being rejected, were to be thankfully, at least patiently, accepted.

For what purpose, let me inquire, *par parenthèse*, was male nature preserved from wasting its energies on the virtues? That would be a curious chapter of the inquiry—I leave it to some one among men who will be as honest a censor of their faults as I am of ours.

This monstrous morality is breaking down, partly from decay natural to its corrupt materials, and partly from the strengthening light of knowledge, which is exhibiting the hideous deformity of the abuses ambushed in every part of our domestic, social, and political life. Women are ceasing to practise the hypocrisy which has been a main pillar of this one-sided morality, and men are beginning to feel that their true interest consorts with female elevation, energy, and intelligence; since to women, whether weak or wise, they must trust—on women, whether worthy or unworthy, they must depend, from the cradle to the grave, for all that distinguishes humanity from brutality.

Burke said, speaking of his wife, 'she has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre;' and, it might be added, without the solidity the permanency of the polish and lustre were an impossibility.

M. L. G.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Minor Morals for Young People. Illustrated in Tales and Travels. By John Bowring. Part II.

In this second part of 'Minor Morals' the author has shown good judgment in not strictly confining himself to such matter as is commonly deemed level to children's capacities. 'My own observation,' he says, 'leads me to think that children are more apt to learn than parents and instructors generally suppose; and that their powers of mind are much strengthened by being exercised with topics which are sometimes deemed too exalted or abstruse for their undeveloped faculties.' The execution of his work fully justifies his hope of thus increasing its usefulness and interest, while there is no ground for any apprehension of its being unintelligible to those for whom it is designed.

The contents of this volume are very diversified, both in the topics and in the modes of illustration. No systematic arrangement is affected, nor was it desirable. As the work is capable of indefinite extension, omission cannot be complained of; nor is any subject introduced of which we can desire the exclusion.

To one exception, and that of no little importance, we must hold that the morality of this publication is open; the same exception that we hinted at in reference to the former part, and which we take against the 'Deontology' itself, the principles of which are the avowed guidance of the author. In our apprehension Mr. Bentham failed in his application of the doctrine of utility to the practical purposes of individual morality, by allowing far too much to the opinion of society on the one hand,

and, on the other, by almost, if not entirely, overlooking the extent to which provision is made for benevolence in the human constitution, independent of any expectation of personal advantage from the good opinion or gratitude of others. The highest benevolence, or rather that which alone deserves the name, feeds on the happiness of others as actually witnessed, or as realized by the imagination, and is well content, in the fulness of this felicity, to go without any external return or recompence. But of this true virtue there are but few and faint glimpses, either in 'Deontology' or in 'Minor Morals.' A lower and comparatively worldly tone is adopted. Thus, in describing the selfish man, we are told that

'He will not do another man a service if he can help it, because he fancies that in doing a service without an *immediate* return, he is giving something away in waste. He forgets that he obtains for the service the desire to do him other services. He forgets that the gratitude of others is fertile in acts of kindness.'—p. 184.

The converse is, by implication, the author's notion of a benevolent man. It is not ours. Were a man to do a service because secure of an *ultimate*, though not an 'immediate return,' and were he to *remember* that the service purchased other services to himself, and excited a gratitude that would be 'fertile in acts of kindness,' we cannot perceive that he would be less selfish, though he might be more long-headed. Does he, or does he not, find his own happiness in promoting the happiness of others? that is the test, we conceive, of benevolence or selfishness. It is not that the benevolent man makes the calculation of personal advantages more correctly, but that in consequence of his different mental and moral state there is another and most important element to enter into the calculation. Dr. Bowring's benevolent man thinks that

'Benevolence is the best selfish calculation, that *he realizes more by it* than he could do by any other habit. He finds that *he gets great interest upon all the outlay of his friendly and generous feelings.*'—p. 186.

This is the moral which Mr. Howard teaches his daughter.

'"Do you understand my meaning, my gentle Edith?"—"Indeed, papa, I think I do. You mean that we do not get anything by being ill-natured; but that *we get something* by being kind and good."'—p. 193.

And again, when the children show a moral instinct which is much above their father's philosophy, it is thus repressed:

'"But, papa," said George, "you said that kindness brought back kindness in return; may not kindness sometimes fail in doing so?"'

(Well asked, little boy; and for 'sometimes' you might have said 'often.' You might have asked your papa how Bentham himself fared; or, indeed, most of the world's best friends and benefactors.)

'"Surely," replied Mr. Howard, "but the *habit* of kindness will never fail; and the habit you know is the result of acts."'

The boy who asked the question might have demurred to this reply.

'"Yes," said Edith, "but may we not love persons and things that *cannot* love us—persons that are dead, and things that cannot feel?"

'"Undoubtedly you may," answered her father, "but that very disposition to *love wins the love of others.*"'—p. 196, 197.

There is more to the same purpose in the chapter headed 'Prudence.' Indeed the influence of this view of benevolence could not but spread itself to a considerable extent, and is the great deduction from the worth of the work.

We have several 'minor' objections to passages in this book, on account either of their affinity with the primary one just stated, or of a loose and inaccurate mode of expression which is scarcely to be tolerated in the teaching of juvenile ethics. For instance:

'If others form too low an estimate of *their* calamities, do not persuade them they are worse than they think them to be.'—p. 13.

That is, do not open their eyes to *the truth*; a direction, the benevolence of which we take to be very often questionable.

The following is a rare specimen of indistinctness, both of thought and expression:

'The desire of gain, in itself a laudable and even virtuous feeling, when controlled by prudence and kindness, is thus by commerce made subservient to the happiness of man.'

If this was penned while half asleep, the author must have afterwards got fairly into a doze, and dreamed of the wisdom of Martha Martin:

'As she grew older, she found that we may habitually, if we please, dwell upon pleasant thoughts; and this experience made Martha one of the wisest of women.'—p. 223.

There is no doubt of it. And, amongst men, we question whether Solomon himself could have matched her. The secret is worth an empire.

The anecdotes and little stories in this volume are beautifully told, and several of them cannot fail to reach the hearts of adult readers, while they fill young eyes with tears. We must particularly mention those of the 'African Princess,' the 'Russian Mushroom Girl,' and the 'Breton Farmer.' The chapters on 'Swallows,' 'Flowers,' and 'Songs of the People,' are distinguished both by interesting facts and by their poetical spirit and adornment. In these portions of the volume our sympathy with the author is entire. And although we know that wherein we differ from him he is the follower of Bentham, yet we also know that wherein we agree with him and admire him he is the follower of the dictates of his own nature, which, in this publication, brought out amid the bustle of legislative duties most honourably fulfilled, and literary and other avocations most energetically pursued, affords fresh evidence of the versatility of its powers and of its poetical and philanthropic tendencies.

Hydraulia; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Water-Works of London, and the Contrivances for supplying other great Cities in different Ages and Countries. By William Matthews. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Matthews has traced, with laborious research and indefatigable zeal, the means resorted to in all ages, from Jacob's Well to the completion of the New River water-works by that great benefactor to posterity, Sir Hugh Myddleton. A portrait of this excellent man is prefixed, and the work contains several maps and a diversity of illustrations, exhibiting the progress of various other plans, as well as those for supplying London, from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. In a subsequent chapter is described by what means Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, &c. are supplied with this important element of subsistence and protection. Having illustrated what has been done in his own country, he proceeds to show the great

importance that the nations of antiquity placed on an ample supply of water, not only for common wants, but also for the luxurious enjoyment of baths, as in Egypt, China, Greece, Rome, &c. &c. Indeed, the residents of the latter, with a grandeur of thought and splendour of execution, made their baths and aqueducts national monuments of unparalleled magnitude. Attached to these magnificent buildings the author justly observes:

'Great, however, was the propensity to indulge in gorgeous display and voluptuous extravagance. In many instances the wealthy Romans devoted their superb and highly embellished galleries to different useful and laudable purposes; some of their saloons being the receptacles of libraries as well as the finest works of sculptors and other artists. Persons who were eminent for mental endowments or moral excellence usually resorted to and assembled in them, to participate in the rational delights of social intercourse and the improvement resulting from literary conversation. In such places Cicero, Virgil, and Horace luxuriated among intellectual entertainments; for here philosophers disputed, orators declaimed, and votaries of the Muses recited their effusions to persons of both sexes and different ages, who indiscriminately mingled together in friendly communion. In these assemblages sages also imparted the fruits of their experience, and thence the aspiring youth of Rome imbibed lessons of wisdom and virtue, animating them to perform magnanimous deeds for the glory of their country.'—p. 184.

The author reproaches this country for its very limited use of public baths, apparently so necessary to the health of the population:

'Universal as may be the use of baths in the countries inhabited by the followers of Mahomet, and extensive as may be the practice in some others, to how limited an extent has this healthful and cleanly practice prevailed in Great Britain, so distinguished for its refinement and improvement in the useful arts!'

Coinciding with the feeling expressed in the above quotation, and to induce our countrymen to adopt means for a cheap and more general use of baths, a variety are described in this work, very simple in their construction, so as to bring them within the means of the humblest mechanic, whose health forms a portion of the wealth of his country.

The author very justly boasts of the superior means which, at this era, we possess for the supply of large populations with water, and thus illustrates his position:

'The Roman aqueducts, the machinery of Egypt, the souterazi of Constantinople, and some other contrivances of former times, strongly excite our curiosity and claim our admiration; but how obviously inferior are they in many respects to the ingenious inventions of later periods for similar purposes; chemistry having disclosed by what means the potent agency of steam may be employed and regulated for almost indefinitely augmenting mechanical force, the skilful application of this great elastic power has facilitated the execution of plans for affording an exuberant supply of water to any city, whatever may be its extent, the loftiness of its buildings, or the number of its population.—p. 312.

It may be suggested to the author, whether, in a second edition, he might not procure analyses of the water with which London and the other great towns are supplied. Such an appendage would probably be useful to medical practitioners, by enabling them to point out the means of correcting any injurious quality in the water supplied to the public. Besides, it may tend to set the public right with regard to many prejudices previously imbibed on this subject.

There are some redundancies of language in this work, which we have no doubt his good sense will correct in a future edition; in general, however, the style is simple, perspicuous, and energetic. But merit of a superior quality pervades every page of it, and that is a most earnest desire to convey to the reader valuable information on a subject which is interesting to every class and station in society. N.

The Natural History of Man. Darton.

THE materials of this compendium are chiefly and avowedly derived from the writings of Blumenbach, Pritchard, and Lawrence, the author intimating his dissent from the speculations of the last two writers, and contending that climate is the ultimate cause of the present varieties of the human race, and consequently that 'all men may have descended from one original stock.' He appears to have exercised much diligence in the collection and skill in the arrangement of the facts, and has produced a valuable elementary work on a subject the study of which ought to be much more general.

Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses; for Young Children. By the Author of 'Arithmetic for Young Children.'

THAT education includes the training of the body as well as the mind, and guiding to the knowledge of things not less than to that of words, are the principles of which this useful and admirable little work is founded. It is not designed for the pupil, but for the teacher or parent, and every teacher or parent, who has a right feeling of his important task, will be very thankful for its aid. The 'Introduction' and 'Directions for the Teacher' contain hints which those concerned in the care of young children will do well to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' The work is brought out, as was the former publication by the same author, (mentioned in the title,) 'under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' and we rejoice to see its resources and influence thus employed. They cannot be turned to better account.

The anecdotes often recounted of practised acuteness in the American Indians; the power acquired by those (the deaf, dumb, or blind) whom nature has deprived of one faculty in the use of others which remain to them; the many enjoyments which in travelling, &c., are lost for want of greater readiness of observation, quickness of movement, or other corporeal or mental faculties which might, at an early age, have been cultivated, and that by most pleasurable processes, into a higher degree of power; all make us regard such a work as this as a valuable contribution to the future well-being of human nature.

Le Nouveau Testament. Glasgow: Reid and Co.

A VERY *petite* and very beautiful edition of the French New Testament.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We thank 'Vine' for his information concerning 'Mutual Instruction Societies,' and shall be glad to promote the formation and success of such institutions.

H. G. C. and E. I. are declined, with thanks.

ON ORGANIC REFORMS.*

To the Right Honourable Lord John Russell.

My Lord—While many of your speeches and writings are such as do credit to your principles, talent, and character accord well with

* The document on which the following remarks are founded is here given from the 'Morning Chronicle' of Oct. 17: —

'*Address to Lord John Russell.*'

'The inhabitants of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, have done themselves honour, as we learn from the "Plymouth Journal" of Thursday, by presenting an excellent address to Lord John Russell, at Endsleigh. It was signed by 3,000 respectable, industrious, enterprising, and independent men. The leader of the deputation, in presenting it, said that—

'"They were deeply sensible of the debt of gratitude which they owe to you, as the firm supporter of the civil and religious liberties of your fellow-subjects. When those individuals who have here testified their attachment to your Lordship shall have quitted this world, the name of Russell will continue to be hailed by posterity as the friend of freedom, of justice, and of truth. Long, long may your health and spirits be preserved to enable you to persevere in those reforms, which we deem so essential to the best interests of the British empire."'

'In reply his Lordship observed:—

'"Gentlemen—I thank you most gratefully for the personal kindness which has prompted this address; for the entire approbation of my political conduct, of which you assure me; for the generous spirit in which your sentiments are conceived, and for the temperate language in which they are conveyed.

'"In common with the rest of his Majesty's Ministers, I have endeavoured to prove my attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, not by words only, but by acts. The principal measures which we have proposed during the short period which has elapsed since Lord Melbourne and his colleagues have been recalled to power, were calculated, in our opinion, to strengthen the bonds of union between different parts of the empire—to solve perplexing difficulties—to secure the participation of the people in the benefit of institutions intended for their use—to promote freedom, order, morality, and religion.

'"Some of these measures, after receiving the sanction of the House of Commons have been defeated by the resistance of another branch of the Legislature. They exercised their undoubted privilege, whether wisely or no it is for you, and not for me, to determine. I may, however, be permitted to observe, that the same party which prompted and led this resistance have been opposed to every liberal measure which has been proposed for the last seven years; and that, upon all the most important of these measures, their resistance has ended in a confession that the struggle was hopeless, and that, although darkness was still to be desired, light was no longer to be excluded.

'"This inherent weakness of their cause has appeared, even in the present year, upon the Bill for the Regulation of Municipal Corporations. The denunciation of robbery, the imputation of calumny, the cry of revolution, however loudly uttered and valiantly sustained, have all ended in a concession of five-sixths of the main provisions of that Bill. For the remainder likewise we are not precluded, as you justly observe, from proposing such alterations as experience may require.

'"Fortified, therefore, by past victories, relying firmly on future progress, I earnestly recommend you to look for the triumph of further measures of reform rather to the effect of public opinion, enlightened and matured by knowledge and discussion, than to organic changes, which cannot be proposed without causing division, nor carried without risk of convulsion; and which, even if carried, would be of very dubious benefit indeed to the popular cause, but of unquestionable danger to the Monarchy.

'"For my own part, in my address to you upon taking office, I declared my resolution with respect to such fundamental alterations. To the great land-marks of our liberties I must steadily adhere; of the principles which pervade our primitive institutions I am an ardent admirer; to the constitution of the country, in all its branches, I stand pledged by feeling, by opinion, and by duty.

'"Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without assuring you, that although no longer your representative, I shall ever take a warm interest in the prosperity of this county, and of all its inhabitants."

the illustrious name you bear, and tend yet more to endear it to the nation; it cannot, I fear, be denied that some of them are of a different description, and that you have, on more than one occasion, been signally unfortunate in your addresses to those who are, or were, your constituents. No longer ago than last January you made a very uncalled-for declaration against voting by ballot; a practice which, had it existed, would in all probability have secured you from the mortification of passing, when you became one of his Majesty's Ministers, from the representation of the county of Devonshire to that of the borough of Stroud. You have now made a general profession of hostility against any such further reforms as come under the denomination of 'organic changes,' and, as under all the circumstances I am entitled to assume, with an especial reference to those modifications of the House of Lords which are loudly demanded by the people at large. You have voluntarily and needlessly pledged yourself, as a member of the Government, to sustain that body in its present constitution, and with its present functions and authority. It seems to me that in so doing you have acted most unadvisedly. Your language is inexpedient, in reference to the present state of parties and of public opinion; unwarrantable, as to the contemplated changes to which you allude; and unworthy of any man intrusted with the office of a legislator, to say nothing of the powers of Government, in a free and enlightened community. I shall show cause for each of these positions, and thereby justify my addressing you in the tone of expostulation and remonstrance.

In condemning your language as inexpedient, it is taken for granted that your Lordship is not one of that class of politicians, or rather of political philosophers, who disclaim all consideration of what is commonly termed expediency. There are such men, (and Heaven forbid the race should ever become extinct!) disregarded although they may often be by the multitude, and exposed to the scoff and scorn of the dexterous leaders of parties, and balancers of conflicting interests. There are such men, and the country owes them much for preserving the light of principles unquenched through many a dark and stormy year, until the lamp was taken from their sepulchres to be placed before the niche of some political saint of the day, who had reaped, in popularity, the harvest which they had sowed under persecution. The time, it seems, is even yet not gone by, for a Brougham to sneer at a Cartwright.* The sarcasm might have been levelled elsewhere. There is no paucity of targets for the darts of that keen marksman, and he might as well reserve them for the living foes of our country's freedom. With all his peculiarities, his impracticabilities, and his blunders, the venerable Major upheld the cause of Reform when of those who once were, and now again are its professed friends, many were cold, more were silent, and some were apostates. He

* Vide 'Edinburgh Review' just published.

was one of the class to which I refer, and which can boast of many whose learning is far more ample, whose logic is more cogent, and whose minds belong to a much higher order of philosophical intelligence, although in simplicity, integrity, and beneficence of purpose, he can never be surpassed. They act on his plan of telling, at all times, all truth which concerns the public weal. It matters not to them who is in office, or who is out of office. They ask not whether the discussion of any particular topic will advance the interests of one party or embarrass the movements of another party. They wait for the signal of no leader. They hang not back until there has been an opportunity to feel the pulse of the public. To inquire after political truth and justice is their sole object in private, and with the public their sole business is to set forth the claims of truth and justice, and commend sound principles to the sound intellects of the nation. That we should not find them at the head of parties, or sections of parties, is not surprising. That few of them should yet appear in the House of which your Lordship is the leader is only what might have been expected. Their day is not yet come. But symptoms of its approach are not wanting. The party of wise, honest, and inflexible men, of men who know no expediency but the paramount expediency of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and who see nothing in institutions but machinery for realizing the utmost possible amount of good for the entire community; this party, my Lord, is decidedly on the increase, both in numbers and in influence; and eventually it must be the most powerful of all parties.

But I apprehend that your Lordship must be classed with politicians of a different school, and who, though they may, on principle, and to so large an extent as to demand our warm gratitude, be the people's friends, are yet certainly not 'too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.' You are a Whig, my Lord; and Whigs have ever been the apostles, and very often, not very unjustly, the martyrs of Expediency. Compromise is their watchword, both as to men and measures. 'Every political life,' it was once said in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'to be useful, must be a life of compromise.' 'Every great measure,' said your colleague, Sir John Hobhouse, in one of the discussions on the Municipal Reform Bill, 'is necessarily a compromise.' The maxim is not very happily illustrated by the measure which occasioned its enunciation, and which is certainly not the better for having been advocated with such an understanding. In so far as there is compromise, no measure is great. Its greatness consists in the consistent application to practice of a just and useful principle. Any deviation gives it the character of littleness. In like manner, compromise is sure in the long run to destroy, and oft-times very promptly, the moral power of a politician, however splendid his talents. Sir John himself is not in so proud and

influential a position as he might once have aspired to occupy, and his chance of which was chiefly owing to his being relied upon as an uncompromising man. The great glory of your party, that illustrious man, CHARLES JAMES FOX, sacrificed a moral influence that might have wrought the political regeneration of his country, for the sake of forming, by repeated coalitions, a strong Whig party in the House of Commons. Had not the Reform Ministry been previously discredited by compromise, in no quarter could there have been found the daring which was exhibited in its dismission; nor would the late elections have put your Lordship at the head of an Opposition barely strong enough to effect the discomfiture of the common enemy. Depend upon it, my Lord, it is false policy, with whatever honesty of intention it may be pursued. Nor do I know that I am warranted in attributing it to your Lordship personally. It may be that you would not avow it to the world, nor even in solitude to your own mind, as your principle of action. It may be that, in those portions of your public conduct which most strongly bear its semblance, it has seemed to you that your convictions of truth, justice, and utility, coincided entirely with the policy of your party. I enter upon no discussion of this matter. I merely address your Lordship as the member of a party, and that party now in possession of the reins of Government, which avowedly does act upon the principle of expediency; and I contest the satisfactory application of that principle to your recent language on organic reforms.

You are in a situation, my Lord, which requires the freest exercise of the soundest judgment. Was it, then, expedient for you to fetter your future conduct, to sacrifice your discretion, to commit yourself at once upon all the momentous topics which come under the denomination of organic changes, and exhibit yourself as a 'pledged' man, and, on these points, an unalterable Anti-Reformer? Is this the part of a great statesman in times of difficulty? What a determined and successful opposition has been made to the exaction of pledges from candidates for a seat in the Legislature! And yet that practice is far less liable to objection than the one which your Lordship has voluntarily adopted. The people have a right to determine what points they will leave, and what they will not leave, to the discretion of their Member. They have a right, on certain emergencies and for certain purposes, to transform representation into delegation. For the exercise of that right, on some recent occasions, there has been at least a strong appearance of expediency. Their decision of the great constitutional question of Reform was formally invoked; and the decision of that question involved various other topics. The frequent instances of deception, of inconsistency, of apostacy, required the imposition, on their parts, of the strongest obligation they could impose as to the conduct of the representative on matters of vital

importance; and the conditions which they exacted were only for the limited period of the duration of a Parliament; that period, moreover, being terminable at any time by the resignation of their representative, thus reducing the amount of inconvenience to that of a fresh choice of a Member of Parliament. Yet there was a very general, though tacit, combination in the class of society to which your Lordship belongs, and from which the raw material of our representatives is chiefly derived, to treat the pledged candidate as a degraded character. There was an outcry against not confiding in an unlimited discretion. Now if such, or any, discretion be desirable for a simple member of the Legislature, how much more for a member of the Government. There can be no comparison between the rashness of the people's pledging a Reform candidate to support organic change, and a Reform Minister's pledging himself to resist organic change. Who can calculate the future embarrassments and disasters which may arise from this precipitancy? Had Canning's life been spared, he and the country might have had cause dearly to rue the hasty expressions into which he was betrayed on the Test and Corporation Acts, and on the Catholic question. By a premature declaration against the Reform of the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington destroyed a Tory Government: your Lordship may perhaps destroy a Whig Government by a premature declaration against a Reform of the House of Lords.

If your Lordship meditates a junction with the Tory party, your language may be well timed. Happily you are above the suspicion of such baseness. You cannot contemplate such wanton and gratuitous disgrace. But, if there be such traitors in the camp, you have furnished them with a flag of union under which they may march side by side with the enemy. However incorruptible yourself, you have provided them with a pretext for apostacy. You have indicated a rallying point for a junction of false-hearted Whigs and inveterate Tories. Coalitions have often been formed under far less plausible pretences. You and Sir Robert Peel alike 'stand pledged to the constitution of the country in all its branches,' sound or rotten. And, if not yourself, yet many will be glad to ask, 'Would you desire better sympathy?' Should some such union, by no means improbable, be formed, your Lordship will have placed yourself in no very enviable position for the maintenance of that consistency of which public men are so tenacious.

Consider the effect of your language on the Tory faction. Was it expedient to tell them that you have gone the whole length of organic change? that you contemplate, that you will tolerate, no further abridgement of that undue power which yet remains to them in the Legislature? that influence, corruption, hereditary and irresponsible authority, are now perfectly secure? You have offered the premium of permanent immunity for in-

trigue, treachery, insolence, and every species of vexatious and unscrupulous opposition. You know that they 'have been opposed to every liberal measure which has been proposed for the last seven years,' and you might have said (with exceptions easily explained) for the last seventy years; you know that by them 'darkness is still to be desired;' and yet you tell them that their present strength to resist the light shall remain unbroken. They will scarcely show their gratitude for this encouraging assurance by remaining inert; and you trust to 'public opinion' for their being defeated, as you say they have already been defeated. But how did public opinion obtain its great victory? Simply by the fear of convulsion. So it was that Catholic Emancipation was obtained; and so it was that the Reform Bill was carried. Public opinion, without that apprehension, would never have won even the concession of a Member for Manchester. We were brought to something very like a crisis before they left off laughing at public opinion. We owe everything to the fear of external force, combined with an influx of *delegated* representatives sent into the Legislature by the people in a state of excitement, and at the cost of enormous exertions and sacrifices. That excitement cannot be kept up without most perilous consequences; nor ought occasion for the repetition of those exertions and sacrifices to be imposed on the constituency. What, then, becomes of the power of public opinion, as opposed to Tory influence? Your Lordship observed, some time ago, that 'the country cannot bear a revolution once a year.' Therefore it is that more popular influence, which can only be derived from organic change, is absolutely necessary. Your Lordship seems to reckon for little what has been done by the Tories, even during the last session, in defiance of public opinion. You say that, upon all the most important liberal measures which have been proposed during the last seven years, 'resistance has ended in a confession that the struggle was hopeless.' Does your Lordship forget the concessions which were made in the Reform Bill after it had been brought into the House? or the modifications which were made in the Cabinet previous to its introduction? or the general policy of the Grey Administration to frame its measures, not according to the avowed principles of its members, but so as to have some chance of their being carried? Let these things pass, and look only at the present year. The Municipal Reform Bill is, no doubt, notwithstanding the 'amendments' of the Lords, a very valuable measure; but was it not, from the very outset, what Sir John Hobhouse described it, a compromise? And does your Lordship set so lightly by it as to exclude from your list of the 'most important liberal measures,' the Irish Church Bill, the Bill to pass which you and your colleagues became Ministers? Do you put into the same class the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, the Catholic Marriage Bill, the Dublin Police,

and the Constabulary Police Bill? And, although it was postponed at the desire of Lord Melbourne, yet was not the state of things produced by the Tory opposition the real cause of delaying Lord Brougham's Education Bill? 'Darkness' has done pretty well for one short session. Here is power enough in all conscience, and success enough too, for a party to boast of, against public opinion, and over public opinion. And to those who have dared so much your Lordship holds forth encouragement to dare more. You tell them, in effect, to continue and aggravate their fantastic tricks, for not a hair of their heads shall be touched, not an inch of their space for the disgusting exhibition shall be trespassed upon, not an atom of their abused power and privilege shall be retrenched, not a shadow of responsibility shall cloud their triumphant visages. You leave them to public opinion. You may as well leave them to the day of judgment.

Your Lordship seems to forget that your party, the Whig Reformers, is at present, practically, in a state of coalition with another party, the Radical Reformers. There may be no formal arrangement or express compact; the cooperation may be entirely unconditional; it may be proudly elevated above all former junctions of political bodies by the absence of any stipulation for place, power, emolument, or even for any particular measures of public policy. But a support thus characterized by purity and generosity altogether unexampled in former unions of political bodies, only demands the more imperatively a spirit of courtesy and conciliation in the leaders of that section which reaps the undivided harvest of place and patronage. Not thus has it been in the previous coalitions of your party. Lord North treated in a very different way with Charles Fox. Harder bargains were driven by the Grenvilles and the Windhams. Nay, to come closer, something more was sacrificed in the formation of the Grey Administration, for the inclusion of the Richmonds, the Palmerstons, and the Grants. Without any shame, nay, as a principle of party morality, there has always been, in addition to the distribution of place and influence, a concession, at least to the point of silence, on the leading political tenets of your coadjutors. This concession ought surely to have been made in the present case: you might at least have avoided a declaration of future hostility against your present supporters. The necessity of further organic changes is the distinguishing opinion of the Radical party, the great essential article of their political faith. Their numbers in the House of Commons are not very much inferior to those of the Whig Reformers. In ability and energy they may claim an equality. Every election has increased, and is likely to increase, their strength. You could never have routed the Tories but by their hearty aid. You could not have held office a week but by their support. Your opportunity for rendering any service to your country beyond that of mere opposition to

a Tory Ministry is altogether contingent upon their continued aid. Without them you can offer us no security that the Reform Bill shall not be mutilated in the very next session of Parliament. The measures which are to shed a glory around the names of yourself and your coadjutors in the pages of history may all be reversed or perverted. And is it expedient for you to tell them that they have nothing to hope; that, as their support is disinterested in all that relates to personal objects, it shall be disinterested also in all that relates to public objects? Think you that the Tories may not be glad even to concede organic change as the purchase of their cooperation? Mistake me not, my Lord: suppose not that I think any bargain has been made or should be made, or that I do not hold any compromise of principle to be most disgraceful. The mischief is that your party is so much addicted to practical compromises, and that they are all made in one direction; that they are concessions to your and the people's enemies, while none are made to your supporters and the people's friends. Why should you not concede something, even of organic change, to the Radicals, who alone enable you to carry anything? Why could you not at least have preserved the silence of neutrality? Where are you, and all your plans of public good, if they should attach sufficient importance to your language to be alienated thereby? Were they men of the old party standard, such would very probably be the consequence. They are not; their patriotism is of a higher spirit; their preference of your party to its opponents is too decided. But it scarcely becomes you, as a parliamentary leader, to sow the seeds of division among your own followers, and declare beforehand that you will, if possible, baffle the efforts of a large and patriotic band of allies. You may not, and at present you cannot, transform them into enemies; but your language inevitably tends to damp their zeal, to loosen the bond of union, and to destroy your parliamentary power to serve your country.

And, although the parliamentary Radicals should yield you undiminished support and cooperation, there may still be a loss of strength which they cannot prevent. The popular feeling must be taken into the account. Neither they nor you have power but with the people at your backs. Now, my Lord, Whiggism chiefly exists in the Aristocracy. Amongst the people the division is into Reformers and Tories; and a Reformer is pretty nearly synonymous with a Radical. The elections are deceptive on this matter. The choice is biassed and confined by various circumstances which are only of temporary influence. Only let the difference between Whig Reformer and Radical Reformer become so strongly marked and practically important as your language tends to make it, and you will soon see a large accession to the now increasing strength of the latter in the House of Commons. The desire for further organic change is widely prevalent. It cannot be opposed without the forfeiture of popular sympathy.

At present, you will remember, I am only arguing the question of expediency. Whether the people be right or wrong, wise or foolish, still, so far as they are Reformers, they require what you deprecate. They are blamed for being 'supine' at the last election.* Their conduct is contrasted with what it was in 1831 and 1833. So far as there is any truth in the charge, the fault lies with those who had, in the interval, been disappointing their expectations. You cannot, my Lord, at once oppose their wishes and retain their support. Your dependence upon them is well described by the writer to whom I have just referred. 'Other Administrations have known and felt that their existence depended upon the favour of the Court and the countenance of the Peers, and to a certain degree, on the support of the people; *this* feels and knows that its existence depends on the people's support alone. Most other Administrations have acted as if they had only to do nothing offensive towards the country, and had chiefly to please the Aristocracy, which in truth domineered alike over the Sovereign and his subjects; *this* must go a good deal further —it must transpose the former rule, doing nothing offensive to the Aristocracy and the Crown, but seeking first of all to please the people. What the Court and the Lords once were, the people are now—the breath of the Ministry's nostrils.' And in such a state of things it is that you, my Lord, a principal member of the Administration, and its representative in the House of Commons, have ventured a declaration which, in all common parlance, would characterize its author as an Anti-reformer or Conservative.

The foregoing remarks apply solely to the expediency of your language. I come now to the question of its political truth, or soundness. If you have expressed yourself regardlessly of any such consideration, from a simple desire that the people should distinctly understand the views on which you have determined to act, and fully prepared to risk or lose both the parliamentary support and the popularity which might be forfeited thereby, your courage claims respect, but it puts you in a false position, from which the sooner you extricate yourself the better. If your colleagues have arrived at a similar resolve, their days as an Administration will soon be numbered. You cannot stop the reform which you commenced. You have done much towards mending the machinery of Government; but the repairs must be completed before any hands can work it well. That the organic changes contemplated by the Radical Reformers are perfectly reasonable, and absolutely necessary, may be easily shown by the application of the test which you yourself have furnished. On what ground do you encourage the people's hope of good government? Your expectations rest, and you exhort them to rest

*'Edinburgh Review;' one of the two articles generally ascribed to Lord Brougham

theirs, and confidently too, on the 'effect of public opinion, enlightened and matured by knowledge and discussion.' Be it so. This is not an antithesis to organic changes, it is the measure of their worth. Do they, or do they not, tend to give effect to public opinion formed and matured according to your description? If they do, your hostility is altogether mistaken and misplaced.

Those organic changes, as they relate to the House of Commons, consist of the simplification and extension of the right of suffrage, secret voting, and the repeal of the Septennial Act. Each of these either tends to give 'effect to public opinion,' or to provide for the maturing of that opinion by 'knowledge and discussion.'

The present system of registration is a tax or penalty on the franchise, which has grown into an evil not to be endured. The inconsistency of the decisions, the activity of the hired agents of party, and the many causes which prevent the attendance of persons whose votes are objected to in the barristers' courts, render the system little better than a contrivance for reducing the numbers of the constituency; and that in a mode which must often operate to the depreciation of its worth for the expression of public opinion. It is scarcely more reasonable, and it is far more vexatious, than would be the reduction of a certain proportion of votes by lot. A rotatory disqualification would be much preferable. Many a qualified voter would gladly compound, by disfranchisement every third election, for the necessity of an annual investigation, a sort of perpetual law-suit. The old venal freemen are exempt from this reduction of their numbers; it only falls upon the better qualified. Chance on the one hand, and corruption on the other, are thus interposed between the present constitution of the constituency and that which would make it the true index of public opinion. The remedy of this evil is so urgently called for, that it is to be hoped you will consider an amendment of the process of registration as not within the catalogue of organic changes.

There can be no provision like the Ballot for giving 'effect' to 'public opinion, enlightened and matured by knowledge and discussion.' Its adoption would make elections the expression of opinion, instead of being, as they now are to such an enormous extent, simply the result of influence. The necessity of cultivating opinion, by diffusing knowledge and promoting discussion amongst electors, would be imposed on the candidates. The dexterous canvasser, the bribing agent, the authoritative landlord or master, would find their electoral occupation gone: they would be displaced by the political instructor. The impossibility of carrying an election but by the real opinion of the majority, would ensure attention to the formation of that opinion. It would be the establishment of an universal plan of political instruction and discussion; and not all the sophistry and falsehood which would be

brought into action could possibly prevent the prevalence of truth and knowledge.

Triennial Parliaments, with a provision against dissolution, would prevent that advantage which a faction may now take of a moment of general excitement or delusion; and by which the evil is extended, not only over the seven long years for which the Parliament may perhaps last, but, in the legislative consequences, may become absolutely irreparable. Elections would scarcely be more frequent than at present; they would only be more regular, and more likely to elicit the permanent opinion of the community.

Such are the chief points by which the Radicals have hitherto been distinguished from those who took their stand on the Reform Act as a final measure of organic improvement. They all bear the same character. There is no question about the substitution of any other power for that of enlightened opinion. Certain means are indicated which will tend to secure opinion from the suppression or perversion to which it is now liable, which supply strong motives for furnishing the great mass of the constituency with the materials for forming a correct opinion, which provide for its free expression when so formed, and which deprive faction of the opportunity for rendering permanent the consequences of a momentary delusion; and to these measures your Lordship is opposed, under the plea of relying on public opinion. You think the end infinitely desirable, and therefore you argue that the means should be encountered by determined hostility. Will you say that the present means are sufficient? That is simply to prefer a less complete collection of opinion, a less free expression of it, an inferior plan for its formation, and a constant source of irregularity in its influence, to its full, deliberate, and constant agency. 'I think I like a speckled axe best,' said the man who was tired of holding his tool to the grindstone; but Franklin, in telling the story, does not fix on him the absurdity of stopping when the axe became speckled, under the pretext of admiring a bright axe more than anything in the world: he left the incongruity for your Lordship. The only consistent opposition to organic changes is that founded on the allied good of aristocratic influence, and the undesireableness of allowing public opinion to be the ruling principle. Those who take such ground do really like the speckled axe best; except that they would yet more rejoice to have it rusted and buried. But then they do not pretend, like your Lordship, to regard opinion as the only weapon with which the people's road to improvement can be cleared. As you truly remark, they have confessed 'that, although darkness was still to be desired, light was no longer to be excluded.' Why should you help them to keep the house with the shutters only half opened?

Recent occurrences have made, not only those who were before

known as Radicals, by their advocacy of the changes just enumerated, but many others who had not been so strongly impressed with the necessity of those changes, look to some alteration in the constitution or functions of the House of Lords, as essential to the well-being of the community. The desire for a reform in that quarter has been loudly, strongly, and extensively expressed. Probably this fact was uppermost in your Lordship's mind when you deprecated organic changes; if so, you have volunteered on a forlorn hope. Hereditary legislation is too absurd in theory, and too pernicious in practice, long to remain a co-ordinate power with real representation. The hope of acting upon a body of men who are told that their privileges are too sacred to be touched, who know that they have a distinct interest from that of the community at large, and whose power is irresponsible, by the mere expression of opinion, although it should be ever so 'matured by knowledge and discussion,' is much less plausible than the scheme for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. What have obviously been the causes of any forbearance which they have shown in their opposition to liberal measures, great or small, during the last five years? The exercise of royal influence, the dread of popular commotion, and the impossibility of governing the country with a House of Commons, as at present constituted, by a Ministry of their own nomination. It may be said that the last motive is a modified action upon them of public opinion. True, but its operation ceases whenever they succeed in influencing the Commons, and all other check upon them is resolvable into their apprehension of being themselves reformed, which apprehension you propose entirely to destroy. Influence the Commons they will, and that to an extent which can never be calculated, until that House is made, completely and irrevocably, the organ of public opinion. They have done so already. They may do so again, and worse. And yet the people are blamed for the results of the last election, and told to trust to public opinion, and not to organic reforms. You keep the oracle half muzzled, and then declare that it has only to speak aloud for its voice to be omnipotent. How is this opinion to be expressed? Will you reply through the newspapers? Ah, my Lord, it were better not to remind us of that medium. The taxation upon knowledge is a sore subject. Would the removal of the stamp duties be an organic change? If not, in Heaven's name let us have that at least, and do not tell us that we should seek for no extension of the utility of the press, but 'rather look for the triumph of further measures of reform' to 'public opinion, enlightened and matured.'

Upon what reasonable grounds, for what useful purpose whatever, are the people to be called upon to bear a nuisance which they find intolerable? 'We rest,' says the authority to which I have already referred, 'we rest our belief of the necessity of a

second Chamber upon the necessity of a reconsideration in a less occupied assembly, to prevent fatal oversights and other errors.' The House of Commons is, no doubt, very inaptly constituted for the work of legislation. The best that can be said for it is, that it is not so bad as the House of Lords. The defectiveness is an excellent reason for some contrivance, which it would not be very difficult to devise, by which the 'mechanics of law-making' might be improved. But *non constat* that, one Chamber being ill constructed for legislation, there should be added another Chamber, worse constructed, and inflicting a host of evils, for the sake of now and then rectifying its blunders. The condition of the Statute Book sufficiently shows what such a remedy is worth. No appeal on behalf of the artificers can be made from the testimony of their own workmanship. There are plenty of 'fatal oversights, and other errors.' If mending the legislation of the Commons, up to the degree of simplicity and perfection whichit has already attained, be the basis on which rests the worth of the House of Lords, down it must go, smothered in the bog of its own making. Public opinion will ere long be chiefly divided, not on the question of change or no change, but on that of reformation or simple abolition; and in proportion as the former is obstructed will the desire for the latter gain force until it become invincible. Even the 'Edinburgh Review,' in the very article just quoted, renews its former recommendation of one species of reform, the 'free conference,' on the ground that 'it would in fact be depriving the Lords of their veto in certain cases; but only in cases where there seems no sound reason why they should retain it.' Why this, my Lord, is all that any body wants; although not a few cannot perceive a sound reason why their veto should be retained in any case. Still there is time during which a mitigation of the mischief will suffice for general satisfaction. Only do not prematurely tell the people that at this point they, and the friends they have hitherto trusted, must needs part company. I would rather suspect your Lordship of such hastiness and indiscretion, as is indeed much to be lamented in a representative of the people, a Minister of the Crown, the leader of a party, and an approved patriot, than believe you have already come to a determination which, if persisted in, must soon present you as an enemy in the ranks of the Conservatives, fighting the battles of noxious privilege against that public opinion which you wisely regard as the great power of improvement.

I know not whether you would disclaim the inference, from the conclusion of your reply, that some notion of 'duty,' as distinguished from 'feeling and opinion,' binds you to the support of 'the Constitution of the country in all its branches,' and that so you 'stand pledged' to resist 'organic changes,' even though you should be convinced of their beneficial tendency to the great mass of the community. Your language bears that construction, which

is indeed the most obvious one. If so, my Lord, there is a traitorous principle in your mind, a false allegiance incompatible with genuine patriotism. The old slavish devotion to a particular family, the unquestioning loyalty which was claimed by and vowed to the Stuarts, is, I know, transferred by many to the forms of our Government, and the ancient privileges of certain classes of society. It is not much the better for the transfer. The mover of the Reform Bill ought not to be found amongst the votaries of this blind faith, this political popery; 'alterations' may be 'fundamental;' but what then, if they be also beneficial? Irresponsible power may be one of the 'branches' of the Constitution; but what then, if it bear bitter fruit, and overshadow the land pestiferously? Nay, even should 'unquestionable danger to the Monarchy' be logically predicated of any arrangements which are essential to the nation's rights, security, prosperity, and improvement, then must such danger be incurred, unless we are prepared to revert to 'the monstrous faith of millions made for one.' So long as there is a mighty sinister interest in the country, it may be that 'organic changes cannot be proposed without causing division, nor carried without risk of convulsion.' But the assertion is only true of them on account of their eminent utility; it applies to all other changes in proportion as they advance public good at the expense of privilege; and the risk is diminished by every accession of power to the people. It is already too much diminished for reasonable apprehension. The time for a fight is gone by.

Your Lordship, I apprehend, has a salvo in your own mind to reconcile your allegiance to the forms of Government with your devotion to the people's cause. With you the 'branches of the constitution' are the 'great land-marks of our liberties.' But, as to those particulars in which the Radical Reformers plead for change, they are rather the marks of encroachment upon liberty, than of its extension. The Septennial Act is the land-mark of a daring advance by the House of Commons, beyond the legitimate boundaries of its delegated trust. Election influence, which exists by the continuance of open voting, is the land-mark of successful piratical invasion of the people's allowed share in the Government by the Aristocracy. The limitation of the franchise is the land-mark of ancient vassalage, of slavery in the excluded, which, as yet, is only nominally abolished. And the House of Lords is a land-mark of feudal privilege, authority, and insolence, fixed where its leaden weight was deposited in the dark ages, and bearing the inscription 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no further,' while in all other directions the road is open for the march of improvement. If the Romans worshipped the god Terminus, the warmth of their devotion was dependent upon the frequency of his advances. Of the 'principles which pervade our primitive institutions,' and which, by the way, are seldom practically forthcoming

when they are needed, none are more worthy of having you for 'an ardent admirer' than those which declare that 'no man shall be taxed but by his own consent,' that 'laws to bind all must be assented to by all,' and that 'for every wrong there is a remedy.' Let but these be realized, and there will be no further cry for organic changes.

'If the reformers be true to one another, and continue united and on the alert, the dangers of a Tory restoration may be averted. There must be no selfish faltering, no splitting of hairs.'* The exhortation, my Lord, is sound and timely, and it applies to both sections of the united body. But neither must there be any call for the compromise of great principles, or for an abandonment of the pursuit of those securities for uninterrupted good government, which experience has palpably shown that we have not yet obtained. I conclude by heartily adopting the words of the same writer:—'We offer these reflections in perfect kindness and respect towards those worthy reformers of whom we have been speaking. That no schism will henceforth split our forces we are fully persuaded; but this desirable result is far more likely to happen if justice be done to all parties among us, so that no reasonable cause of complaint shall remain to any;—if our whole case be stated with truth, and always rested upon the right ground,—ground on which we can abide.' That ground I take to be not only the desirableness of many economical and other reforms, but the absolute necessity of gaining for the people, by the requisite changes, whether termed organic or otherwise, such a decisive power in the Government as shall effectually prevent the country from ever again becoming the prey of an intolerant, rapacious, and unprincipled faction.

Nov. 1, 1835. W. J. Fox.

THE KING.

A KING lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now:
And the King's locks curled
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born.
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its pine so sure gone by,
(As though gods loved him while he dreamed,)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need that he should ever die.

* 'Edinburgh Review.'

Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sate to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens—robber-chief,
Swarthy and shameless—beggar-cheat—
Spy-prowler—or some pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground;
Sometimes from out the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,
Who through some nook had pushed and pressed,
Knees and elbows, belly and breast,
Worm-like into the temple,—caught
He was by the very god,
Who ever in the darkness strode
Backward and forward, keeping watch
O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch:
These, all and every one,
The King judged, sitting in the sun.

Old councillors, on left and right,
Look'd anxious up—but no surprise
Disturbed the old King's smiling eyes,
Where the very blue had turned to white.
A python swept the streets one day—
The silent streets—until he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old King judged alway;
But when he saw the silver hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare
That the god will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare,
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites,—
But which the god's self granted him
For setting free each felon limb
Faded because of murder done;—
Seeing this, he did not dare
Assault the old King smiling there.

Z.

DEFINITIONS OF CLASSES.

In order to show our qualification as schoolmaster *in general*, we have applied to sundry word-wrights, phrase-turners, and others of the order, to give us a due assortment of definitions by which to distinguish the good and bad, little and great, the likely-to-go-on and the decidedly-distanced, and to mark out the distinctions by signs as palpable as what separated Guelph and Ghibelline, Roundhead and Cavalier, 'Covenanter' and his antagonist. We cannot say we have succeeded, nor can yet distinctly point out, the characteristics (but we promise to overcome the difficulty soon) of *Whig, Conservative Whig, Conservative, Tory, Liberal Tory, Destructive, Utilitarian.* We found so much promise, and so little performance, in the various teachers to whom we resorted, that we turned away in disgust, and resorted to our own often-thumbed and many-flogging-causing glossaries of past periods of our education. We began with those pages of undeniable characteristics, 'A dog barketh,' 'a cat meweth,' 'a hog grunteth,' 'a rat'— no, we could not find a rat in the whole octavo, and we threw our venerable remnant of early institutions into the fire. We must elaborate principles as we may. 'The proper study of mankind is man.' So we will take him up from a boy.

A *nursery-boy* (we presume this is a correct phrase, since all words may have diminutives, and we have nursery-man) is a little martyr to sweet indigestions, (including kisses of Betty, which bury his little lips with a pressure he sputters to be quit of,) and a little tyrant to all who are influenced by the fear of a squall which shall penetrate the parlour.

A *school-boy* is more (in the nature of a Review) stuffed in the wrapper than substantially full, (we need not analyze a school-boy's pockets,) his day is streaky with hours of uproar and dull silence; but he is not perfectly silent even in conning his task, for, in a general buzz, he would hear that, if he did not keep it out by buzzing too; so that he mutters audibly all he reads: this propensity is a great annoyance to his elder sister in the holidays, as it quite interrupts the study of her novel and her listening to the coaches that are the expected relief of the monotony of her window prospect.

The biggest boy of the school is a thing of another species, he is no more a school-boy than a tadpole is the embryo it proceeds from, or the frog in which it merges. He is a thing destined to carry the immoralities of the scullion into the counting-house or college, and the going-on-tick into his dealings with duns more formidable than the widow who makes mince-pies, and the inn-keeper who speculates on pay for the jade at the half-yearly steeple-chase. But 'shadows cast before' come thickly on and sweep this small villain from our view.

The *college-'man'* has a gown, (woe to those who have not,

and make holiday in numbers sufficient to call a muster of the 'gown,') he has wine, and he has a tail which, like the scorpion's, 'may do his business for him'—his creditors. He has 'a governor' to dun; he has a tutor to cut; he has a character to be made, (but adopts the 'set;') he has this world of love and difficulty before him; and, alas! he disqualifies by low debauchery, swinish sloth, and the egotism of caste.

The *apprentice,* whether for handicraft trade or a profession, is the unbroken drudge for the high road of life, 'father's purse' was a tail which is to be docked; habits of industry are to be taught in the drag; but he comes vicious to hand; he must feel the lash and the bit, and still he will kick and plunge; he injures himself in these vain attempts, and is sent to a lower employment, or he must be taken tighter in hand, and stamps and kicks, and champs and frets, and starts and stops, and at last takes to his work and earns his manger.

The *place-man* is a thing from college, or one *cast* in a profession, (of course I do not allude to parish beadles, wood rangers, and house porters, who all have the principal characteristics of their brethren,) and is made to grow sleek, and to balance between a bow to authority and a disdain of the industrious. He knows nothing of the sphere in which he is a satellite. The will of a Sovereign, or an Act of Parliament, may bring all to a full stop; but he will not know about it, until he feels the jolt which shakes him into space. Yet he continues amid inquiries, and reports, and murmurs from without, and motions from within, as proud, and vain, and useless, as if he were only contracting college-debts to keep up the glory of the gown; and 'the governor' were the basis on which all maintained its equilibrium.

The *wholesale dealer* was a prince at Florence; a luxurious great house and garden holder at Genoa; a very Turk in Turkey. But why should Mustapha have been so eager to enlarge his tent and fill it with gold, and jewels, and odorous woods, and silver lamps? after all it is but imprisoned moonshine; he rises from his surfeit to taste the veritable hour of dews and the influences of the crescent amid her starry path. 'Vanity, all is vanity.' So said the preacher in the gardens of the spot now occupied as you see in Burford's Panorama. Playthings of an hour, at the best. Who cometh meekly riding upon an ass towards the gate of that Jerusalem? Oh! Christian man, seek thy God, and love thy fellows!

The *retail dealer* fought the battle of Reform in despite of intimidating customers. Persevere! But I hope you don't reform on principles of trade. I know you do not. But have a guard upon thy money-gettingness; it begins on a rough unmade road; what slipping back and stumbling forward! what wearing of the withers and bruising of the shins! It is a pleasure to recollect it all. Hoare has set up his travelling keg, memento of days of

the last shilling, in front of his princely banking-house. Be proud of thy honesty, steady in thy practice, and, though fortune make thee a railway and puff thee by steam, think thou hast sufficient if it be so, and be liberal of the superfluity.

The *learned*. Learning is wit spelt backward. '*Mother wit*' makes his way in the world; learning does not. Shakspeare's, Milton's, Byron's, wit goes through to the inner man; learning spreads himself into huge proportions, and sympathy says there is no room for you here. But, stop! is this learning, or the so professed? We were forgetting ourselves. How often have we been annoyed by these pretenders, who would be nothing but for those panders or pimps to publicity, the Mecænases without taste, the middle men, apothecaries, parish clerks, blue-stockings, booksellers, attorneys, and all who brighten up this brazen sun which reflects its burnished rays on impudence, imposture, and *ennui*. Oh! that learning would shine forth in even a tithe of one month's share of the yearly publications. But why so stint our wishes? The poor Icelanders are all learned—all masters of more than their mother-tongue in languages, and more than their trade-craft in science. Why do the stars rise and set? why is science so lovely at the desk of Faraday, and Brande, and Cuvier? why old classics such dear friends to all who know them? and why should not the world be a wider college?

G. S.

THE MOURNER'S MORAL.

BY MRS. LEMAN GRIMSTONE.

Who may teach like the sufferer—the one chartered by calamity to claim attention? Who may hope to command sympathy like the mourner—the one bowed by griefs which all of woman born may, perhaps *must*, bear? The transition of feeling, or rather its extension, which from passionate devotion to the memory of one has made me capable of turning to the many, the many who like me suffer, or may suffer, urges me to speak, not to dictate but to warn. Dictate! alas, in the prostration of sorrow I am but like the monument of the good, which, insignificant in itself, is interesting only for what it covers, and for what it records.

Do any who are blessed with a father—more than that, *a mother*—with any being bearing the tender name of relative and friend, pause over this page? Let them tarry one moment longer and hear me—hear me tell them to turn with new love, new manifestations of that love, to that father, that mother, that relative, that friend. Let me remind them that habitual intercourse is apt to lower the tone of feeling, and that love becomes implied, not expressed. Let me remind them that those things for which

apparently much time is given are often neglected altogether, and conscious intention is all the fruition of deferred designs. This, when the heart turns to tax itself about the past, will not do: they now deem that they are doing their duty, that they are evincing sufficient affection; the day will come in which they will not think so; memory will knock at their hearts, and remorse will answer to the summons. Memory will require of them all that they did, all that they said, and then shall the little good that they may have done, the little kindness they may have shown, appear *chaff*, while every neglect, every omission, shall rise up in judgment against them, and leave them without consolation!

Let us write up in our hearts and houses the divine precept, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER,' for a night cometh in which we love in vain. Let us set the precept upon our doors, our mantel-pieces, and when we feel it failing of effect, when faults offend us, when benefits feebly move us, let us shudder for the time to come! Words, looks, tones, and actions, which in the familiarity of habitual intercourse seem, if offences at all, very venial offences against living love, will grow in the shadow of death unto a gigantic growth, and spread round us a darkness dense as despair. Let us give while we may, forgive while yet we can, nor wait till the pale and parted sleeper says 'I want you not; I have suffered and am gone, where further wrong cannot reach me, nor future remorse affect me.'

It is the peculiar property of the grave to give forth the virtues of the departed in bright contrast with itself; they shine as they never did when the daylight of life was round them; they shine mocking the night of death, and proclaiming the immortality of worth. Before *this* light, how shrinks up self-esteem! what appears the poor merit of which once we were made proud, because, in this scene of moral bankruptcy, mere duty, the payment of common dues for benefits received, is regarded as merit by reason of its rarity? In *this* light, what appear our offences and defects, our thanklessness, our indifference? They strike the heart with leprosy, and make it loathe itself.

But let me not speak alone unto those about to be bereaved; let me also speak to them over whom the shadow of the scythe of death is passing. I would entreat them to be less anxious about current events and present interests; I would entreat them not to leave it on the memory of those who shall mourn them, that they extracted all the bitters and few of the sweets from the circumstances of life.

'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.'

The admonition which commences with these words, full of the poetry of truth, and the truth of poetry, was not uttered to inculcate apathy, to generate indifference. Far be apathy and in-

difference from every human heart, as it was from the sublime utterer of those words! To be happy by creating happiness is each one's mission here. The fallacious creeds are passing away which taught man to imagine mortification here necessary to happiness hereafter. Whom do men regard as the most certain heritors of heaven? The most innocent. Whom do men behold the greatest enjoyers of happiness on earth? The most innocent. Happiness must be the aim and end of creation, since benevolence is evidently the first characteristic of the Universal Supreme. Laws made in wisdom must be irrevocable, and the consequences attendant on their infraction must be as certain as the consequences attendant on their fulfilment. Thus, ignorant as we are, and unapt to learn, thus it is we fall and suffer here: but where man forsakes us, and earth passes from us, a new power takes us up, a new field opens upon us. Hope, here unfulfilled, must have fruition elsewhere, or why was hope bestowed upon humanity? Aspirations, which have here taught us to soar in vain, must elsewhere have 'scope and verge enough,' or why are such aspirations given to us? A man of the merest commercial integrity, will not give another a bill which he knows will be protested; and shall we imagine that the Creator has given us a spirit longing after immortality which he knows will be annihilated? Impossible. A philosopher said, 'I feel, therefore I live,' and I say I feel that there is an immortal principle within me, and therefore, spiritually, I shall never die.

This feeling, however blended and obscured by others, has been co-existent everywhere with humanity: the savage and the civilized, every age of which we have the remotest record, every clime of which we have the slightest trace, have held man to be here a passenger pregnant with a spirit bound to a future state. In the eager desire to manifest this innate consciousness, various religions have been established, and their peculiar ceremonies enacted; till the *spirit* of religion has been smothered and overlaid by form, like fire with too much fuel. Men have descended to the worship of a mere shadow, and to employ themselves upon mere show; and, throughout, each has seen in each that error, ignorance, and inconsistency, which God sees in all. In like manner as regards morals; each shatters the crystal amulet of his own innocence, but remarks only the broken fragments of his neighbour's; each crouches and stumbles beneath the burthen of ignorance, or deviates at the invitations of falsehood, which holds out to us fruits that keep the promise to the eye but break it to the spirit, but each sees only the feebleness and aberrations of his brother. The fact is we do not 'love one another.' If that precept were fulfilled in spirit and in truth, all the misery which now is, would be impossible; when that precept *is* so fulfilled, all misery will pass away.

Education is the great engine for the advancement of this ob-

ject; we must be taught from birth upwards to love, to feel, to forbear. We must be taught what *is* happiness, and *how* it is to be generated and preserved. The delicate perceptions with which infancy is universally invested, and which may be regarded as the nerves of moral life, must not be obtunded and paralyzed as now they are: peace, good will, charity, and truth, though perfectly consistent with every organization, are the spontaneous growth, perfectly and uniformly, of none. Schools, therefore, are the true temples of religion, whence may issue beings, of each of whom the Supreme may say, This is my beloved child in whom I am well pleased.

If man's duration on this earth may be calculated by the extent of knowledge presented to him for investigation, remote indeed may we regard the period when the last man shall look upon the blackening sun and say,

> 'Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
> Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race
> On earth's sepulchral clod,
> The darkening universe defy
> To quench his immortality,
> Or shake his trust in God.'

How important, then, that man should make good progress in the science without which all else is mockery! *He* is poor in the midst of wealth, ignorant however possessed of knowledge, who cannot apply them to the purposes of happiness. The great of past ages have left us fine precepts, fine models—*one* stands out pre-eminent in beauty and purity—but what have these availed? We have no plan of process by means of which these precepts may be fulfilled, by means of which such models may be realized again, realized permanently and universally. With all our boasted progress, human nature and its management is as much a mystery as ever. Physical science (either increasing or reviving, for who shall say how much the past may have engulfed which the present may be only restoring?) is being diffused beyond any precedent on record; the mighty arm of machinery is working wonders; the power of locomotion has received an impetus which seems to promise eventually to unite the poles. But, amid all this *material* progress and change, there is no analogous *moral* progress and change discernible. The diffusion of that moral knowledge which would teach participation of all that is good, and mitigation of all that is evil, which would let none want half a loaf while another had a whole one is unknown. Feasting and famine are not merely co-existent, they are in juxta-position, and the palace of luxury and the lazar-house of misery are almost side by side, making the reflective laugh to scorn the idea that this is the age of diffusion.

We may annihilate distance by means of railroads and steam-carriages; but we want a moral power analogous to the tremen-

dous scientific power which spans miles in minutes, and ties remote localities together; we want one which shall annihilate social distance, and unite the antagonized.

What is the state of human society? Wolves and vultures do not tear even their prey as human beings in political and civil strife tear each other. Manners are more equally polished, and mischief is therefore less obvious; but are truth and kindliness more common, or malice, envy, and slander less rare?

But to leave the little nests of social venom in which folly and falsehood fabric their poisoned shafts, and turn to a larger scene of sorrow and turbulence. What makes the misery of this magnificent country? Is it an ineffective government which paralyzes, at least impedes, the advancement of the spirit of freedom? Is it a State Church which sits like an incubus on the country, arresting its vital circulation? Is it an hereditary legislation which, like a taint in the blood, defies every remedy which reform can devise? It is none of these; these are but the consequences, inevitable, miserable, fatal consequences, of the universal departure from the divine precept which I have taken for my text. We do *not* 'love one another'; nay, we hate one another. Each one is buckled up in the black armour of selfishness, with a quiver full of lies at his back, which, at the call of interest, caprice, and a thousand petty motives, he scatters around him. The few who go forth with the naked breast of sympathy in a scene like this, soon recoil, fatally, if not mortally, wounded, and then, if it be possible, they retire from the unequal contest presented to them in the hateful conflicts of the world, and the breast that might have been the home of a social heart, becomes the hermitage of a lonely one.

The practical adoption of the divine principle 'love one another' can alone banish the spirit of Cain which so universally brands society. But as the twig must be bent while it be young, while the gnarled oak resists every attempt made to bend it, so must the principle be sedulously brought into exercise upon the young, and, as for the adult, all that we may hope is to modify their natures through the medium of their interests: reflection and experience, if they can be induced to cultivate the one and look back upon the other, will tell them that the peace which passeth show can neither be found, or, if found, preserved, upon the present plan of social life, which deludes us with a promise of pleasure, but surrenders the innocent to injury, and the mischievous and malignant to the re-action of the injury they inflict —that in like manner do benefits and forbearance re-act. The truth of this assertion I can attest; even the present feeble attempt to save others from the acute anguish attendant upon the recollection of the least failure in duty and tenderness has reacted happily upon the feelings of my own heart. I have opened the ark of sorrow and desolation, and sent forth the dove of good-

will upon the troubled waters of the world, and already it has returned to me with a branch of olive. In the large harbour of universal interests, universal love, I desire more than ever to cast secure anchor, since the individual affections which convoyed me thither are becoming, one after another, beacon lights beyond the grave.

PARACELSUS.*

THIS poem is what few modern publications either are, or affect to be; it is A WORK. It is the result of thought, skill, and toil. Defects and irregularities there may be, but they are those of a building which the architect has erected for posterity, and not the capricious anomalies of the wattled pleasure house, which has served its turn when the summer day's amusement is over, and may be blown about by the next breeze, or washed away by the next torrent, to be replaced by another as fantastic and as transient.

It was not written, nor is it to be read, *extempore*. This circumstance has sorely puzzled the critics, especially the Weeklies, to whom by common consent the periodicals of a larger orbit seem to have abandoned the task of illumining the world of literature; of measuring its times and seasons, and chronicling its productions. They cannot comprehend how the perusal of poetry should be a thoughtful operation. That a drama should be a study, is to their understandings a monstrosity. They would as soon think of making subjects for a surgeon of the figures of a phantasmagoria. Accustomed only to poems that come like shadows, so depart, they are startled out of their critical senses by one which boldly steps into the world like a thing of soul and substance, actually come to claim and maintain its place amongst realities. Put out of their track, neither feeling safe in praise nor in condemnation, they give a short dissatisfactory growl, and turn aside to hunt other game, which indeed is sufficiently abundant, and which they can chase, catch, and worry, *selon les règles* of their art, or, more correctly, according to the custom of their tribe. They stare at 'Paracelsus' as did the doctors of his own day. And thus far, by implication, though not in purpose, their verdict is already given in favour of its being a work of genius, or else a worthless abortion; the world may find out which: and when the world has found it out, the critics will discover the reasons, and set them forth in learned dissertations.

A lasting poem must have a great purpose, moral, political, or philosophical. Aimlessness is fatal; and even an erring aim is perilous. The world's heart is only to be won by love and worth. It will only enshrine and cherish there for perpetuity the imagi-

* 'Paracelsus,' by Robert Browning.

nation which intelligence has directed to its good and glory. The bagatelles which it may willingly let live for a day, may have no aim beyond their own disportings; but a settled purpose, and the bending up of each mental agent to the feat, must characterize the productions which it will 'not willingly let die.' The author of 'Paracelsus' has essayed the solution of one of those great enigmas, which human life in its different phases presents. His 'Paracelsus' is, not a personification indeed, but an individualization of humanity, in whom he exhibits its alternate conditions of aspiration and attainment. Truly here is something for the mind to grapple with, but the labour is only of that species which accords with the proper enjoyment of poetry, and which raises that enjoyment to its due degree of loftiness and intensity.

Paracelsus left that sort of mingled reputation which exactly suited the author's purpose. It is neither too bad for a blessing nor too good for a curse. He had a right to assume that it might yet struggle into brightness, through all the clouds of obloquy by which it has been so long overshadowed. What says Dr. Uwins of him, in his very judicious and instructive outline of the history of medicine, recently delivered as an introductory lecture to his class?* 'At the close of the fifteenth century Paracelsus was born. He was a native of Switzerland, and soon became conspicuous as a bold innovator, ridiculing all that had gone before him, and making of medicine a sort of alchemic art. His converts were many; but the most learned and respectable physicians of the time continued to abide by the doctrines of Galen.' Yet Galen had not the infallibility of inspiration or of science. 'The simplicity of Hippocrates,' says Dr. Uwins, 'he conspicuously interlarded with his own theories.' The history of his influence in medicine is not unlike that of Aristotle amongst the school-men; in the time of Paracelsus it had become a mental tyranny, which a man might deserve well of the world for vigorously assailing. The man who first employed the stupendous powers of mercury and opium in his prescriptions, producing effects at which the learned and the illiterate alike stood amazed, crying out on miracle or magic, had some right to raise a standard of rebellion in his own province; while the demurring of 'learned and respectable physicians,' was only what happened a century afterwards to Harvey, with his discovery of the circulation of the blood. Not that we demur, for an instant, to the estimate of so able a judge on these matters as Dr. Uwins, or have any idea of doing battle for the medical glory of Paracelsus. We only show cause on behalf of the poet's selection. Further argument might be found in any biographical dictionary. The poem adheres to the broad outline of ascertained facts, of which it is the exposition, and out of which it constructs a beautiful and universal theory. Aureolus Paracel-

* At the free Hospital, Greville Street, Hatton Garden; published in Dr. Ryan's 'Medical Journal' for October.

sus did start in life with an eager, pure, and elevated devotion to knowledge. He did spend many years in the East, making rich and varied acquisitions for the attainment of his purpose. In his re-appearance, and in his professorship at Basil, he did, by the success of his practice and the boldness of his speculations, first excite astonishment, then attract reverence, confidence, and fanatical regard, and eventually draw down upon himself a fierce and stormy persecution. In the circumstances of his exile and death, and in the peculiarities of his opinions, the poet has scarcely, if at all, deviated from fact, but made historical truth the germ of those higher truths of poetry and philosophy, of which, in this work, he conceived, and has, we think, realized the developement.

'Paracelsus' is not a drama; and although generally in form a dialogue, is often in spirit a monologue, the other speakers being introduced as subservient to the delineation, by Paracelsus himself, of the several states of his mental being, which in their succession make up the history of his character, both in its individuality and as the symbolic representation of human nature. There is no action, there is no direct exhibition of transition: results only are presented. Each of the five acts or parts into which the poem is distributed, is the delineation, or at least is intended to be so, of a mental and moral condition, every one of which is markedly distinguished from the rest, while yet there is a faithful preservation of individual identity, and sufficient indication of the necessary connexion of cause and effect, and of the various agencies and influences which had continued their powerful and ceaseless operations during the unrecorded intervals.

Part the First, entitled 'PARACELSUS ASPIRES,' is a conversation between Paracelsus and Festus, his fellow-student and bosom friend, and Michal the betrothed of Festus, in a garden in the environs of Würtzburgh, on an autumnal evening of the year 1507; Paracelsus being about to set forth the following morning on his long and strange pilgrimage. He believes himself destined to the acquisition of KNOWLEDGE, infinitely more precious to the human race than any treasured in the annals of learning; than any to be demonstrated by the logical apparatus of the geometer and the metaphysician; or to be extorted by the powers of magic from the meaner spirits of the invisible world. He maintains that truth is not to be found without us, but within us. That it emanates from the soul outwards, as some propitious influence, some happy chance, opens its way through the covering with which 'the gross flesh hems in perfect and true perception.' So his enterprise is to learn, by communicating with humanity under all the diversified modifications of various regions, the laws by which the light of our own spirits is shrouded from us, and by which it may be set free to shed its beams on our being and our destiny. The nature, the feasibility, the moral lawfulness, of the design are discussed between him and his friends, as they

seem oftentimes to have been discussed before; the argument not only winning the reader's interest in what is to follow, but eliciting a review of the youth and early impulses of Paracelsus; and being beautifully tempered by emotions of tenderness, of melancholy foreboding, and of bold hopefulness, in the several characters. The genius of Paracelsus prevails; his friends at last express, in answer to his appeal, their faith that he will realize his high purposes; and he departs strong and expectant.

Part Second, 'PARACELSUS ATTAINS.' Fourteen years have elapsed; years of ceaseless wandering, and toil, and observation, and inquiry, and multifarious attainment; Paracelsus is brought to a pause, and reviews his career, and estimates his condition, in a soliloquy which is nobly conceived, and not less nobly executed. He has learned much; but some deeply seated error makes his career essentially a failure. To the darkening melancholy of his retrospect there comes an harmonious interruption in the chauntings of APRILE, the poet, a human embodiment of the principle of love, as Paracelsus is of the desire for knowledge. He, too, has been an adventurer for the well-being of humanity; he has failed, and is the martyr of his own devotedness. From his death-song, which he breathes in the arms of Paracelsus, the latter learns the extent of his own mistake, in having hitherto looked exclusively to the merely intellectual powers as the agencies of man's exaltation and happiness, and *attains* the conviction that *to love* must, not less than *to know*, characterize the emancipator of the human race from the worst evils of their destiny.

Part Third, (1526,) Paracelsus has returned from the far East to Europe, determined, in the spirit of his last and great attainment, forthwith to disseminate whatever truths he has ascertained, and apply them to the purposes of philanthropy. The continent rings with his reputation. His cures are deemed miraculous. His doctrines are received as oracular. He is triumphantly installed as Professor of Medicine at Basil, and regarded as the herald of an advance in all that relates to man's physical condition, analogous to the great reformation in religion then achieving by Luther and his associates. A similar excitement prevails. The author presents him to us in the evening, after one of those ebullitions of popular admiration which generally attended his lectures. Only Festus is with him, in his chamber. It is the first time they have met since the aspirant left Würtzburgh to commence his career and fulfil his mission. Their conversation continues through the night. Paracelsus lays bare his heart, not with the scientific coolness of a demonstrator repeating a dissection, but in its living anatomy. Many parts of this dialogue are dramatic in a high degree, and remind us of those tones or looks by which Kean, as if by sudden inspiration, would burn into the very soul. Paracelsus is not what he purposed, and was

made to be. Discoverer, philanthropist, reformer, he yet cannot help man as he would, and turns with loathing from the paltry honours which the world, and even his friend, thinks an amazing success and glory. He feels their hollowness; he foresees their speedy reversal. The anticipated misanthropy of baffled benevolence is upon him in its bitterness. He would look on men with the eyes of intelligent love, and be gladdened by a responsive gaze; but he cannot bear the blindness of his disciples' admiration, and of his foes' hostility. Festus departs, in sadness and sore perplexity, with the implied promise of being recalled should the spirit of Paracelsus ever recover its pristine trust, and hope, and energy.

'PARACELSUS ASPIRES.' Such is the title of the fourth part as of the first. Two short years, and Festus is summoned to his side. The tide has turned at Basil. The popular professor is hunted out as a disgraced quack, whom every reptile may insult, and every dunce despise. Paracelsus is in the world's martyrology of those whom society brands and blasts for their benevolence; whom it cannot forgive for advancing with a quicker pace, and for attempting to quicken its own march; on whose devoted heads it pours all the vials of envy, hatred, contempt, and deadly persecution. In the tumult of his soul there dimly shines the star of a renovated hope. Hitherto he has aimed at being something apart from humanity: he would be a benefactor, but not himself identified with the benefited. He has not realized men's feelings, noted how even their prejudices and hatreds belong to the working out of the capabilities of their nature, made himself as one of them, without intolerances and superiorities, and seen the great laws of physical and moral being evolving the progressive tendencies of the entire human race. This has he now to learn, and after it his spirit gropes and plunges, like a man in danger of drowning in a dark and stormy sea. However impressive in itself, and masterly in execution, we doubt whether the author's purpose be sufficiently distinct in this part. He rather describes the mind of his hero in its state of transition than in that of aspiration.

Part Five, 'PARACELSUS ATTAINS.' Thirteen more years have passed away. Festus is by the deathbed of Paracelsus, in a cell in the hospital of St. Sebastian at Salzburgh, watching for a moment of consciousness, and wrestling with God on the destiny of his friend. The opening of this scene is deeply affecting; but we continue to abstain from extract that we may have room for a considerable portion of the conclusion. Paracelsus revives; he apprehends that the presence of Festus is an intimation to him of his 'last mission;' he calls for the robes in which he had been accustomed to lecture, rising with supernatural energy from his bed;

'This couch shall be my throne: I bid this cell
Be consecrate; this wretched bed become
A shrine; for here God speaks to men through me.'

Our quotation must commence with his delineation of the happiness of the Spirit of the Universe, in its harmonious modifications:

'Nay, dare I say,
In every pore of this fast-fading frame
I felt, I knew what God is, what we are,
What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is He!
With still a flying point of bliss remote—
A happiness in store afar—a sphere
Of distant glory in full view; thus climbs
Pleasure its height for ever and for ever!
The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,
And the earth changes like a human face;
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks—
Winds into the stone's heart—outbranches bright
In hidden mines—spots barren river-beds—
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
God joys therein! The wroth sea's waves are edged
With foam, white as the bitten lip of Hate,
When in the solitary waste strange groups
Of young volcanoes come up, cyclops-like,
Staring together with their eyes on flame:
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride!
Then all is still: earth is a wintry clod;
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes
Over its breast to waken it; rare verdure
Buds here and there upon rough banks, between
The wither'd tree-roots and the cracks of frost,
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face;
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms,
Like chrysalids impatient for the air;
The shining dorrs are busy; beetles run
Along the furrows, ants make their ado;
Above, birds fly in merry flocks—the lark
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; white fishing-gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain; and God renews
His ancient rapture! Thus He dwells in all,
From life's minute beginnings, up at last
To man—the consummation of this scheme
Of being—the completion of this sphere

Of life: whose attributes had here and there
Been scatter'd o'er the visible world before,
Asking to be combin'd—dim fragments meant
To be united in some wondrous whole—
Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
Suggesting some one creature yet to make—
* * * * * * *
And man appears at last: so far the seal
Is put on life: one stage of being complete,
One scheme wound up; and from the grand result
A supplementary reflux of light,
Illustrates all the inferior grades, explains
Each back step in the circle: not alone
The clear dawn of those qualities shines out,
But the new glory mixes with the heaven
And earth. Man, once descried, imprints for ever
His presence on all lifeless things—the winds
Are henceforth voices, wailing, or a shout,
A querulous mutter, or a quick gay laugh—
Never a senseless gust now man is born.'

After some varied and most poetical illustration, the author continues:

'And this to fill us with regard for man,
Deep apprehension of his passing worth,
Desire to work his proper nature out,
To ascertain his rank and final place.
For all these things tend upward—progress is
The law of life—man is not man as yet:
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attain'd, his genuine strength put fairly out,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness—here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its crawling fellows: when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind is perfected alike,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
Begins the general infancy of man;
For wherefore make account of feverish starts
Of restless members of a dormant whole—
* * * * * *
When all the race is perfected alike
As *man*, that is: all tended to mankind
And, man produced, all has its end thus far;
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before,
In the eternal circle life pursues:
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
To have new hopes and cares which fast supplant

Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before unmeasur'd thirst for good; while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth—
Serene amid the half-form'd creatures round,
Whom they should save and join with them at last:
Such was my task, and I was born to it—
Free, as I said but now, from much that chains
Spirits high-dower'd, but limited and vex'd
By a divided and delusive aim—
* * * * * * *
Yet, constituted thus, and thus endow'd,
I fail'd: I gazed on power till I grew blind.
Power: I could not take my eyes from that—
That only was to be preserved, increased
At any risk; display'd, struck out at once—
The sign, and note, and character of man.
I saw no use in the past: only a scene
Of degradation, ugliness, and tears;
The record of disgraces best forgotten;
A sullen page in human chronicles
To be erased: I saw no cause why man
Should not be all-sufficient even now;
Or why his annals should be forced to tell
That once the tide of light about to break
Upon the world was seal'd within its spring,
Although my own name led the brightness in:
I would have had one day, one moment's space,
Change man's condition, push each slumbering claim
To mastery o'er the elemental world
At once to full maturity: then roll
Oblivion o'er its work, and hide from man
What night had usher'd morn. No so, dear child
Of after-days, wilt thou reject the Past,
Big with deep warnings of the proper tenure
By which thou hast the earth: for thee the Present
Shall have distinct and trembling beauty, seen
Beside its shadow—whence, in strong relief,
Its features shall stand out: nor yet on thee
Shall burst the future, as successive zones
Of several wonder open on some spirit
Flying secure and glad from heaven to heaven;
But hope, and fear, and love, shall keep thee man!
All this was hid from me: as one by one
My dreams grew dim, my wide aims circumscribed—
As actual good within my reach decreased,
While obstacles sprung up this way and that,
To keep me from effecting half the sum,
Small as it proved: as objects, mean within
The primal aggregate, remain'd alone
Of all the company, and, even the least,

More than a match for my concentred strength...
What wonder if I saw no way to shun
Despair? for power seem'd shut from man for ever.
In this conjuncture, as I pray'd to die,
A strange adventure made me know One Sin
Had spotted my career from its uprise;
And as the poor melodious wretch disburthen'd
His heart, and moan'd his weakness in my ear,
I learn'd my own deep error: love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution: love preceding
Power—with much power always much more love;
Love still too straiten'd in its present means,
And earnest for new power to set it free.
I learn'd this, and supposed the whole was learn'd:
And thus, when men received with stupid wonder
My first revealings—would have worshipp'd me—
And I despised and loathed their proffer'd praise;
When, with awaken'd eyes, they took revenge
For past credulity, in casting shame
On my real knowledge—and I hated them—
It was not strange I saw no good in man,
To overbalance all the wear and waste
Of faculties, display'd in vain, but born
To prosper in some better sphere: and why?
In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind—
To know even hate is but a mask of love's;
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success. To sympathize—be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, struggles
Dimly for truth—their poorest fallacies,
And prejudice, and fears, and cares, and doubts;
All with a touch of nobleness, for all
Their error; all ambitious, upward tending,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him:
All this I knew not, and I fail'd; let men
Regard me, and the poet dead long ago
Who loved too rashly; and shape forth a third,
And better temper'd spirit, warn'd by both;
As from the over-radiant star too mad
To drink the light-springs, beamless thence itself—
And the dark orb which borders the abyss,
Ingulf'd in icy night—might have its course
A temperate and equidistant world:
Meanwhile, I have done well, though not all well.
As yet men cannot do without contempt—
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject me, and speak scorn of me;

But after, they will know me well: I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
But 'tis but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.
You understand me? I have said enough?
Fest. Now die, dear Aureole!
Par. Festus, let my hand—
This hand lie in your own—my own true friend!
Aprile! hand in hand with you, Aprile!

Fest. And this was Paracelsus!'

Having endeavoured to convey some notion of the purpose and plan of this masterly poem, we will add a few words on the execution, only premising that the character of Festus is itself a study. Though subordinate he is not insignificant. He is no mere man of straw, or walking gentleman, introduced to break a long soliloquy. True to his own conceptions of right and wrong, and yet faithful to the extraordinary being who never fails to command his reverence and puzzle his comprehension, he is an embodied commentary on Paracelsus, which might very well be adopted by a respectable critic, and save trouble. Michal is a lovely sketch. Aprile only appears to die like the swan in melody; but the melody is very exquisite. We must extract the following love-dream:

'*Apr.* I would love infinitely, and be loved.
First: I would carve in stone, or cast in brass,
The forms of earth. No ancient hunter lifted
Up to the gods by his renown; no nymph
Supposed the sweet soul of a woodland tree,
Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star,
Should be too hard for me; no shepherd-king,
Regal for his white locks; no youth who stands
Silent and very calm amid the throng,
His right hand ever hid beneath his robe
Until the tyrant pass; no law-giver;
No swan-soft woman, rubbed with lucid oils,
Given by a god for love of her—too hard!
Every passion sprung from man, conceived by man,
Would I express and clothe in its fit form,
Or show repressed by an ungainly form,
Or blend with others struggling in one form.
Oh, if you marvelled at some mighty spirit
With a fit frame to execute his will—
Even unconsciously to work his will—
You should be moved no less beside some strong,
Rare spirit fettered to a stubborn body,
Endeavouring to subdue it, and inform it
With its own splendour! All this I would do,
And I would say, this done, " His sprites created,

God grants to each a sphere to be his world,
Appointed with the various objects needed
To satisfy his own peculiar wants;
So, I create a world for these my shapes
Fit to sustain their beauty and their strength!"
And, at the word, I would contrive and paint
Woods, valleys, rocks, and plains, dells, sands, and wastes,
Lakes which when morn breaks on their quivering bed
Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun;
And ocean-isles so small, the dog-fish tracking
A dead whale, who should find them, would swim thrice
Around them, and fare onward—all to hold
The offspring of my brain. Nor these alone—
Bronze labyrinths, palace, pyramid, and crypt,
Baths, galleries, courts, temples, and terraces,
Marts, theatres, and wharfs—all filled with men!
Men everywhere! And this performed, in turn,
When those who looked on pined to hear the hopes,
And fears, and hates, and loves which moved the crowd,
I would throw down the pencil as the chisel,
And I would speak: no thought which ever stirred
A human breast should be untold; all passions,
All soft emotions, from the turbulent stir
Within a heart fed with desires like mine—
To the last comfort, shutting the tired lids
Of him who sleeps the sultry noon away
Beneath the tent-tree by the way-side well:
And this in language as the need should be,
Now poured at once forth in a burning flow,
Now piled up in a grand array of words.
This done, to perfect and consummate all,
Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
Mysterious motions of the soul, no way
To be defined save in strange melodies.
Last, having thus revealed all I could love,
Having received all love bestowed on it,
I would die: having preserved throughout my course
God full on me, as I was full on men.
He would approve my prayer—"I have gone through
The loveliness of life, create for me
If not for men—or take me to thyself,
Eternal, infinite Love!"'

There is another description of like beauty, of love working with bounded means. A few lyrics are interspersed, which are distinguished by a luscious sweetness of imagery and versification. But we have cited enough to show the intense poetical sense which the author combines with strong powers of thought. One beauty, of which there are many instances, cannot be exhibited in extract; it is, the touching allusiveness, towards the close of the poem, to the scenery and circumstances of the early life of Paracelsus, as

indicated at the commencement. In many instances, too, there is an exquisite adaptation of metaphorical illustration to sentiment and character; so exquisite, that we cannot imagine how a few violations of this harmony which occur, should have escaped the author's correction, or ever have flowed from his pen at all. The argument in the first part of the poem, and some subsequent passages, would bear condensation; and be improved, even in clearness, by the avoidance of an amplification and repetition, which is rhetorical rather than poetical.

Our task has been performed rather as expositors than as judges. To take up a book, and that book a poem, with real mental matter in it, is a novelty which calls more for announcement than for criticism. Would that we had oftener occasion for the implied praise and admiration which belong to the record of such a fact. But few writers will aspire to earn it, so long as the many, who read only to be passively amused, merely gaze on their volumes with drowsy attention and 'lack-lustre eye,' waiting for the expected excitement. Yet, though possessing little of that species of stimulus which gains sudden popularity, there is abundance of a higher and stronger stimulus in this poem. We now leave it to speak for itself, and fancy it coming into the world, as Brutus did into the rostrum, with the appeal, 'Censure me in your judgments; and awake your senses that you may the better judge.'

LONDON AND 'THE COCKNEYS.'

THE denizens of London have, I think, been somewhat unfairly treated by divers and sundry writers on the other side of the Tweed.

'Cockney' and the 'Cockney School' have become terms of reproach; and we, whether the veritable natives of Cockaigne, or only the dwellers therein or thereabouts, are misrepresented as being a people destitute of all poetical feeling, if not even of ratiocinative capability. Bear this patiently those may who are so minded! but I, for one, will not. I am not, indeed, a native of Cockneydom, but I like it, and I am almost a cockney by force of residence. And where, I pray, is the stigma? A fine thing, truly, to taunt us for, that we live in the very centre of wealth, taste, and civilization; in the very centre of many-coloured life, and of art, science, and literature! 'Cockney,' quotha! and wherefore not? Plague upon the faint-hearted ones who have allowed the term not only to stick to them like a burr, but to sting them like a scorpion into the bargain!

Hampstead Heath, I am very ready to admit, is not so wild or so extensive as the Highlands of Scotland; and I am equally ready to allow that Highgate Hill is innocent of the magnificent

terrors of Ætna, and must shrink from comparison even with Skiddaw and Ben Lomond, when romantic grandeur is the subject of comparison; but the heath and the hill are not to be despised for all that. And have we no green lanes; *no* calm, homely, and touching beauty in the rural way? Between Brompton—'I own the soft impeachment,' I *am* a Bromptonian—and Fulham, I will undertake to point out some very unexceptionable scenery; and Barnes Common, Norwood, Epping Forest, and the road to Harrow, would set up a contributor to our impugners with imagery for a very pretty poem, dated from Teviotdale, and published in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Kensington Gardens are very dear to me, alike for their stately trees, and for the far flute-like, ever-flitting note of the cuckoo; that sweet note which brings back again the rushing and pure gladness of early boyhood to a heart which time has sorely bruised, indeed, but has *not* deprived of *all* its better and more hallowed feelings. But the gardens, much as I love them, and willing as I am to do battle in defence of their picturesque character, have to me a something too much of a built-upish air; a something which speaks of proprietorship, and reminds you that you are ruralising only upon sufferance.

Not so is it with Hyde Park, *very* early in the morning. Is it *cockney* now, and *low,* to see any rural beauty, or a good substitute for it in a spot not ten minutes' walk from shops, coach-stands, and all the noise and bustle of a busy metropolis? Be it so: but if any reader, gentle or critical, will walk with me, not along Rotten-row and round the Ring, but up to the spring in what is called the 'Deer Park,' I will make him confess that it is not *only* those who 'travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry "all is void,"' who are too idle or too supercilious to enrich their brains and gladden their hearts by making a good use of their eyes.

Talk of theatres, and of balls, and of exhibitions! give me Hyde Park *very* early in the morning, and when the weather is cold enough or wet enough to allow of my being there alone of human beings; the deer the while careering before me, and calling up thoughts of merry Sherwood and of the gay bold outlaws who were branded as thieves and hunted like wild beasts, because they loathed the Norman's tyranny and defied the Norman's might.

But our traducers may say that I have travelled out of the record, and that though we unquestionably have green pastures, bosky dells, and shady groves, within a few hours' walk of even the least alert of our pedestrians, we yet *live,* not among them, but in streets, courts, alleys, squares, circuses, polygons, paragons, and all the other forms and denominations of great, heartless, and non-idea-producing masses of brick and mortar. It is but too true that such is the case. But do not even the meanest

and most squalid of our dwellings afford evidence of our undying, though rarely gratified, love of rural things? Our pots of myrtle, and geranium, and heart's-ease, and our boxes of mignonette, do they say nothing in behalf of the taste which our necessary congregation in vast and ever-toiling multitudes will not allow us more fully to indulge?

Mighty and marvellous London! it is no reproach to the poet that he daily traverses thy thronged and interminable thoroughfares. Earth has not another field so rife as thou art of food for 'sweet and bitter fancies,' for the glowing thought of the poet to expatiate in, or for the saddened yet loving heart of the genuine philanthropist to love, to pity, and to throb for.

The stately procession has scarcely disappeared from before the eyes of him who wanders, thou wondrous and proud Babylon! along thy ways; the spirit-stirring music of the martial band has scarcely died away in the distance, when the mean and sad funeral of the poor man, who has died in his fierce but bootless struggle against the many ills that poor humanity endures as its condition and as its test, calls back, with its spectral dreariness and sombre solemnity, the living spirit to the living earth; and the sob of the widow and her half-conscious orphans wrings with a bitter pang the heart which but a brief breathing space before was wild, bold, and soaring, as the blast which awoke its energies and quickened its pulses.

London! thou thing of many, of strange, and of startling contrasts; they reproach thy denizens unjustly. Man *may* dream delightedly and purely among the lovely and pure things of the country, but in thee he *must* feel, love, pity, and marvel; and, gazing on thine ever-changing features, and mixing in thine ever-hurrying crowds, he *must* feel and acknowledge the pettiness of humanity and the merely temporary and fleeting nature of his earthly condition.

W. T. H.

ABDY'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AND TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.*

Travellers in America, and books on the country, seem in one respect to resemble the nature of its forests; they ramble *en masse* through plains and over mountains, beside lakes or canals, and along the verge of torrents, and an incessant growth attends their rambling. There is no end to them. What with tours to Niagara, Quebec, and the springs of Lebanon, Ballston, Squam Lake, or Saratoga; to the Catskill mountains, Ticonderoga, Black Rock, and Buffalo; what with the narratives of back-woodsmen and

* Journal of a Residence and Tour in the United States of North America, from April, 1833, to October, 1834. By E. S. Abdy, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. In three volumes.

Mrs. Trollope, journals of Captain Snodgrass and Mrs. Butler, incipient pleasures and alarms at the advent of sundry 'works in the press,' and pastimes 'going to print;' the land of literature is so overgrown, that the observations and disquisitions of philosophers and statesmen can hardly find room to plant those seeds which they would fain see in a fair way of springing up, and ramifying into vast roots and mighty foliage.

An account of the condition and prospects of the coloured population of the United States, occupies by far the larger portion of the present work. We are occasionally obliged to confess, that the strong feeling excited in the author by the actual sight of their degraded condition, and his continual irritation at the prejudice manifested against them, have led him to make too little allowance for the circumstances which have produced, and which continue to foster these prejudices. He has, however, supplied us with ample evidence of their existence, and we cannot but sympathize with him in the strength of emotion he expresses, though we may sometimes demur to the reasonings and conclusions to which it led him. Speaking of the Americans he says,

'It was inexpressibly painful to my mind to witness the blindness and self-delusion under which these people laboured. It was a psychological anomaly that I could not comprehend—an irreconcileable contradiction to every idea I had formed of intelligent and reasonable creatures—an afflicting picture of "a naked human heart," with all its inconceivable incongruities. Night and day was I tormented by the most bitter reflections. I was living with men I could not esteem. I felt it was unmanly to be silent: and I knew it was vain to remonstrate.'—vol. i. p. 361.

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'America is deeply in debt to outraged humanity. She has enriched herself by plunder and oppression.—The day of settlement is at hand;—the creditors are clamorous and impatient:—there will be no peace for her till her *drafts* on Africa are paid. Not the least part of the debt is involved in the cruel indignities to which the free sons of those who were stolen from their native land are subjected by the descendants of the robbers. The heart sickens at the recital of their wrongs. I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that I left England with a wish to do justice to America. I thought her character had been misrepresented, and I was anxious to collect facts that I might adduce in her vindication on my return. I soon found, however, that I must throw up my brief:—the libel had become a criminal indictment; and the former plaintiff was the defendant. I am now in the witness-box; and I trust the claims of justice will still be satisfied. Why should ridicule be prosecuted, if oppression is to go unpunished and unrebuked? What are the insults the Americans complain of having received from strangers, compared with the injuries they have heaped upon their own countrymen?' —vol. i. pp. 391, 392.

Feelings so strong as these, it will readily be believed, have made the subject of the coloured population almost an engrossing one with the author. His book also contains some very interest-

ing details of the prisons; of the penitentiary system; the public schools; some very good sketches of society and manners; and just enough description of some of the beautiful scenery he passed through, to show us he appreciated it, better than a young Scotchman whom he met with returning to his native land, after a residence of three years in Upper Canada, without having seen the falls of Niagara, having had, as he said himself, 'something of more importance to attend to than to visit a waterfall.' Mr. Abdy stands pre-eminent among travellers, for the impartial and gentlemanly spirit in which he enters into the enjoyment of habits and customs different from our own, and is not infected with the true English reserve and taciturnity. He is ready on all occasions to join in conversation and companionship with the people of every class and colour, among whom he chances to be thrown, and never misses an opportunity of talking with the driver of the vehicle by which he travels, if he finds the passengers determined on silence.

America, applying the word as we are in the habit of doing only to designate the United States, is still a wide word, and no sweeping conclusions can be formed upon it. Laws, customs, and manners, differ in the different states. The prejudice against a black skin is, perhaps, the most general characteristic of the 'rulers of the land;' but there are many honourable exceptions. The impression, however, that is left on the mind by Mr. Abdy's account, is, on the whole, decidedly favourable to the Americans in their social relations, always excepting the one great blot. He notices, indeed, some of the peculiarities which so deeply offended Mrs. Trollope's sense of delicacy and decorum; but still the picture is an agreeable one. Take as an example his first visit in New York:

'If first impressions have any influence upon our opinions, I could not but think favourably of the society among which I found myself. I was invited to dine at a house in Laight-street. It was a family party, consisting of twelve or thirteen: the latter number is not connected with any superstitious feeling in that part of the world. A hearty welcome, and an unaffected manner, that put every one at once at his ease, greeted my entrance; and the absence of display and reserve rendered the conversation that passed during the evening exceedingly agreeable. The delicate attentions I received made me forget that I was a foreigner and an invalid. I could perceive but little difference in what I saw and in what I had been accustomed to: the greater or less degree of formality seemed to be the chief national distinction. Upon further acquaintance, I found that the different members of the family were as much distinguished for amiable dispositions as for natural good breeding. Here, as in other houses I visited, were signs of domestic attachment, not very common in the old country. Under the same roof were living the parents, their mother, and sisters, and the grown-up children. Whether so striking a difference between two nations, descended from

the same stock, is to be referred to the difference in the law of descents that prevails in each, is not unworthy of consideration.'—vol. i. p. 2.

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'May 27. I accompanied the Governor on a visit, which, he had informed me, by a very polite note the day before, he was going to make, to the prison at Singsing, about thirty miles up the river. We left the city at 7 A. M. by a steam-boat, and arrived at 11 o'clock. The morning was fine and clear, and the scenery, on both banks, delightful. Some militia men, who were on board with a band, amused themselves with dancing reels; while the gaiety and cheerfulness that prevailed, reminded me of some scene on the Rhine.'—vol 1. p. 16.

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'I had but few acquaintances among what may be called the refined classes of society in New York. From the little I saw, however, I was led to conclude that the manners that prevailed in those circles, differed no further from those in the corresponding rank among ourselves, than what might be explained by a reference to habits that give a different value in the eyes of each to the connexion between essentials and externals. There is a natural good breeding about an American gentleman that places you at once in a position most congenial to your feelings, and points out to you the exact limits between social freedom and vulgar familiarity. He has, in general, too much respect for himself to treat you with *hauteur;* to mortify you with an assumption of superiority, or embarrass a stranger by a display of those conventional forms, which mediocrity has imposed upon the spirit of exclusiveness, to shelter its insignificance and protect its privileges. These remarks are suggested by what occurred on a visit I paid to a family whom I had engaged myself to accompany to Hoboken, a favourite resort, on the New Jersey side of the river, to the cockneys of New York, as well as to strangers. They were staying at the Clinton Hotel, which, like the other houses of that kind, is divided into two portions, with separate entrances, one of which is appropriated to private families. I found them just sitting down to dinner; and the reception I met with was such as to show me that I had not intruded on an occasion, which with us too often assumes, on the arrival of a stranger, an appearance of ceremony and constraint. I could not but contrast the manner in which my declining to partake of their meal was received, with the pressing importunities I should, most likely, have been "*bored*" with in my own country. No one was "*put out*" or "*hurt*" because a sick man would not make himself ill to please others. Often have I suffered severely in England from compliance with entreaties, which were so urged as to carry with them an evident disposition to find cause for displeasure, and perhaps offence, in a refusal. There were two young ladies of our party with as fair a claim—because they had no pretension—to the title of gentlewomen, as any of any country, whatever meaning indicative of admiration and distinction may be affixed to the appellation. Hoboken presented an enchanting scene; and the family party to which I had been admitted was neither insensible to its beauties, nor the least interesting of the different groups that gave animation to its attractions.'—vol. i. p. 35—37.

He frequently found himself among pleasant companions. He met with some on his journey to Boston:

'I sat on the box most part of the time, and had a good deal of conversation with my companion. He was a very pleasant merry fellow. As he at first objected to admit a third to the honour of sitting by his side, I endeavoured to joke him into good humour, and very soon succeeded, by laughing at his fun. When I asked him, for instance, whether he was full inside? he replied, with a knowing look, "I guess I am—for I have just had a good dinner." We all laughed heartily. The joke was new to me; and the others were not in a vein to be nice about novelty. Three young men, who were inside, amused themselves by bowing very gravely, and with profound respect, to the old folks, who were sitting at their doors, or looking out of the windows as we passed, and who were puzzling their brains, long after we were out of sight, in trying to make out to what acquaintance it could possibly be that they were indebted for this piece of unexpected civility. No one of our party, which was so numerous as to fill two stages, had any reason to complain of its formality. On my arrival, I was well received by the lady of the house to which I had been directed, and a comfortable bed soon made me forget the fatigues of the day.'—vol. i. pp. 119, 120.

The following is a pleasant contrast to the illiberality so commonly displayed by Englishmen, in their judgments about American 'insolence,' as they call it:

'In the evening, after drinking tea with the family, and conversing with several agreeable persons who called, as is at Hartford and elsewhere the "custom, always in the afternoon," I went into a confectioner's shop in the town to get some ice and was shown into an inner room, where I found the master of the house, reclining at his ease upon a sofa. He made no movement to rise; nor appeared to take any notice of my entrance. The competition, it was plain, was more among the buyers than the sellers; and, in fact, as the weather was oppressively hot, I stood more in need of his ice than he of my money. While the young woman who assisted was getting what I had asked for, I entered into conversation with him, and found him very obliging and civil. Perceiving I was an Englishman, he was anxious to hear how matters were going on in the old country, and his questions were readily answered. A neighbour coming in, our talk continued for some time; and when I took my leave he begged I would call again, and have some more chat with him. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to mortify me by any appearance of slight or inattention: nor was I disappointed at not meeting with that assiduity and obsequiousness which self-interest would have prompted a London tradesman to display before a customer, and which would have been as little connected with real respect as my Hartford friend's nonchalance with rudeness or ill-manners.'—vol. i. pp. 108, 109.

His observations on the servants are in the same spirit. The common character given of them is, that they are idle and insolent. His own experience convinced him that this opinion is entitled to no credit.

'At the house where I boarded I found the man who waited at table particularly attentive. I had little occasion to ask for anything, as he was sure to observe what I was in the habit of taking at meals, or

might want at any other time, and was ready to supply me. He was very active and observant, and performed what he had to do with alacrity and good will. Two of his predecessors, I was told, were even superior to him in assiduity. One of them saved a thousand dollars in service; and was, when I was at Boston, a merchant's clerk, with a fair prospect of rising to a higher station. Vermont and New Hampshire generally supply the New England cities with this class of men. They prove honest, industrious, and prudent; and, when they have laid by a little capital, go into business, and raise themselves to a higher, but not a more respectable, rank. Good masters make good servants here as elsewhere; and those who complain that there is less distance between the parties than there is in an old country, would do well to observe, that the proximity would be dearly exchanged for an estrangement that might drive one of them into a collusive alliance with dishonest tradesmen.'—vol. i. pp. 142, 143.

The following ridiculous circumstance which happened in Canada, and is prefaced by some very sensible remarks, shows that peculiar circumstances (originating in the fact of white servants being less numerous than the requisitions of the country) cause the *idleness* and *insolence* where they do occur. It is not caused by the 'republican spirit,' which is the cant watchword of our aristocracy.

'The same complaints are made about servants on both sides of the frontier. It seems, however, both useless and foolish to grumble at the inevitable consequence of the peculiar state of things in a new country. The master and the servant perform everywhere the same quantity of work. It is but a division of labour. The share of each varies with the circumstances of the society in which they are placed. In some, none of the drudgery is done by the master; in others it is equally divided between them. In England, the servant stands submissively below, and has all the hard work to do. In America, he is frequently the "top sawyer." I had an amusing illustration of this simple truism from the young Englishman who had just left me. He had called a few days before on an old acquaintance of his family, who was living in the interior of the upper province; when an apology was made for not asking him to dinner, as there was neither meat nor cook in the house. The master was without a servant; and his wife confined to her bed by sickness. His domestics had all left him; and no one would take their places. The cause of this desertion was, that he had told the females they should no longer sit in the same room with their mistress. This resolution so exasperated them, that, in resentment for what they viewed as an unjustifiable infringement of their privileges, they left the house immediately. The neighbours took up the matter very warmly, and entered into a sort of combination to alter the domestic arrangements of the country, and draw a stronger line of distinction between the parlour and the kitchen. It is a hazardous experiment; and they will probably pay dearly for it, whether the result be victory or defeat.'—vol. i. pp. 297, 298.

But it is time to turn to the subject of the black population. It is impossible to read this journal without perceiving that slavery exists in its very worst form in some of the southern

states; while in the northern, though there is no slavery, there is an almost universal prejudice against the people of colour, which keeps them, and would always continue to keep them, in a degraded state. Beyond the question of the abolition of slavery, the Americans have to ask themselves, what is to be the condition of the immense coloured population? As far as can be gathered from Mr. Abdy's statistical reports, it amounts at present to 3,000,000, and the increase of its numbers goes on in a proportion considerably faster than amongst the whites. This seems to be proved, even under unfavourable circumstances, and is without exception, unless where it is the interest of the slave-holders (which it is in particular districts) rather to import than to rear slaves. The question then is, What will be the condition of this great and increasing population? Mr. Abdy warmly unites himself with that party which says—'Give them equal rights with the whites. They are not an inferior race; it is only their circumstances which make them now appear so. If even a complete amalgamation of the two races should in the end take place, so that America should eventually be peopled by mulattoes, in this we see no evil.' This party, however, is considerably in the minority, though Mr. Abdy asserts that it is increasing. Opposed to it are those, in the first place, who are interested in the continuance of slavery; and, still further, the great majority of all classes, who, whatever may be their feeling as to slavery, view with a kind of horror the idea of anything that can lead to amalgamation with the 'degraded' people. They *do* look on them as an inferior race. Apparently, they would be glad to get rid of them altogether; at any rate they would endeavour, by a system of gradual colonization, so to keep down their numbers, as to prevent their ever becoming dangerous and troublesome to their oppressors. To this end the Colonization Society appears now to be directing its efforts; when its object seemed to be to improve Africa, while it provided an asylum on its shores for such free blacks as wished to emigrate, it engaged to itself the good wishes of all the friends of humanity. It is impossible to look with approbation on the means it uses. The end in view, even could it be considered justifiable or desirable, appears to be unattainable. A few extracts will best show the state of feeling among these conflicting parties, and the extent and perversity of the prevailing prejudice. They are such as to make it really difficult for us, who are out of the sphere of the circumstances that have engendered them, to believe possible; however likely it may be that we have among ourselves some cherished error, some favourite *feelings*, quite as unreasonable and as mischievous. It is unnecessary to quote any of the atrocities described in the slave-holding states; it is sufficient to say that they are as bad as any of the worst that have ever accompanied slavery; for instances of unjust and unequal laws, harsh usage, unfeeling behaviour

towards the free blacks, we may almost open the books at random. It appears that the prejudice is stronger among women than men; among the clergy than the laity; and in the towns than in the country. The following happened at Boston:

'How far the aristocracy of the skin is carried in this pious city, may be seen by a curious document that was put into my hands by an abolitionist. A free black, some few years ago, came into possession of a pew in one of the churches here. It was the only thing he could obtain from a man who was unable, or unwilling, to pay a legal claim he had upon him. Having furnished it, he offered it for sale. Not finding a purchaser at the price he demanded,—and few would be likely to give the full value for what no one imagined the owner would dare to make use of,—he determined to occupy it himself;—whether he was unconscious of the offence he was about to give, or thought he might as well speculate upon the white man's pride, as, it would seem, the white man had speculated upon his submissiveness. The sensation produced by his unexpected appearance among the favoured children of Nature in the very sanctum sanctorum of their distinctions, can be described by those only who witnessed it. The next Sunday, he took his wife and children with him.—It should be observed that the coloured people are not admitted to places of worship, except to small pews or boxes set apart expressly for them, and so placed that they can hear without offending the fastidious delicacy of the congregation. At Albany, there is one where a curtain is placed in front to conceal the occupants, when there are any; for those for whom they are destined seldom enter them, and speak of them with the contempt they deserve, as "martin-holes" and "human menageries." It was now high time that notice should be taken of this contumacious spirit; and the intruder received the two following notes:

'"MR. BRINSLEY.

'"SIR,

'"IF you have any pew-furniture in pew No. 38, Park Street Meeting-house, you will remove it this afternoon.

"GEORGE ODIORNE, for the Committee.

'"March 6, 1830."

'With the above was the copy of a note, written the day before to this Agent of the Committee, in these words:

'"DEAR SIR,

'"Pew No. 38 in Park Street Church is let to Mr. Andrew Ellison.

"Yours respectfully,

"J. BUMSTEAD."

'The other letter was addressed "to Mr. Frederick Brinsley, coloured man, Elm Street;" the contents are as follow:

'"Boston, March 6, 1830.

'"MR. FREDERICK BRINSLEY.

'"SIR,

'"The Prudential Committee of Park Street Church notify you not to occupy any pew on the lower floor of Park Street Meeting-house on any Sabbath, or on any other day, during the time of Divine worship,

after this date—and, if you go there, with such intent, you will hazard the consequences. The pews in the upper galleries are at your service.

"'GEORGE ODIORNE, for the Committee.'"

'Mr. Brinsley, on going again, found a constable at the pew-door. No further attempt was made to assert the rights of property against such a formidable combination; and we may seek in vain for the consequences, which Mr. Odiorne, with official brevity, says, would have been hazarded by another visit to the house of God. The offender is now removed from this scene of persecution and mortification, to a place "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."'—vol. i. p. 133—136.

* * * * *

'While I was at Boston, a cause was about to be tried in a court of justice, for a breach of contract. The complainant, a Brazilian, had been a major in the service of his native country, from which he was driven by political dissensions. He endeavoured to obtain employment at Haiti, and, subsequently, at the Caraccas, whence, distrusting the sincerity of Bolivar, he came to the United States; this being his second visit. He was driven from a boarding-house, where he had been admitted on his arrival, to a miserable lodging, which he left for a private house; and was keeping a store when the circumstances, that gave rise to the litigation, occurred. In the month of November preceding, he was going upon business to Nantucket, and had reached New Bedford, where he took places in the steam-boat for his wife and himself. The boat was to start at ten next day:—at six, he sent his horse and gig on board; when, from the negligence of the captain of the vessel, the poor animal was precipitated into the water, and would have been lost, had not the owner exerted himself to save it; no one, for some time, offering any assistance. When, at last, the animal had been rescued, he was compelled to pay twenty dollars for the trouble it had given. At noon, the vessel left the place; a heavy rain came on; and his wife descended, with an infant at her breast, into the cabin; where she was stopped, and informed, that she must not enter, because she was *a negro*. There were, at the time, but two women, of the lowest description, in the room. It was in vain that her husband remonstrated against the injustice of refusing him an accommodation, for which he had agreed to pay the same as the other passengers. The captain was inexorable and insulting; and though two Americans, who were present, interceded in his behalf, and handed Mrs. Mundrucu down a second time, she was obliged to return on deck, and expose her health (for she was very unwell at the time) and the life of her child to the inclemency of the weather, which was such, in addition to a thick fog, that the steam-boat returned to New Bedford. The next day the Brazilian party were refused admittance into the boat; and their luggage, together with the horse and gig, were left on shore. These particulars I received from the man himself and from his wife—a very good-looking respectable mulatto. From one of his counsel, Mr. Child, a man whom to know is to esteem, I had some anecdotes—and he told me he knew many others of the same kind—that showed how undeserving he was of such treatment. When first he commenced business in the city, he became acquainted with a Polish refugee, whose "necessities" were "yet greater" than his own. He assisted him to the utmost of his power, and gave him a new suit of clothes out of his store. Though fully sen-

sible how inexcusable is the cruelty with which prejudice, unequalled by anything in his own country, has stamped the black man as an inferior being, yet he would never consent to take Mr. Child's arm, while walking with him in the street; lest such an instance of uncommon liberality should bring reproach or odium on his kind-hearted friend.'—vol. i. p. 136—138.

The following is part of an account of the state penitentiary at Richmond, in Virginia:

'The superintendant was at Washington; and I was unable to procure a report. The keeper, however, who attended, informed me that nearly one-third of the prisoners were free coloured persons. Admitting the truth of the statement, there are reasons enough to account for it.

'Considering the treatment they receive, one feels more indignation at its injustice than surprise at its results. They are deprived of every motive to good conduct, and shut out from every path to improvement. They are not allowed to have any schools, or to give evidence against a white in a court of justice. They have no churches of their own, and cannot be married by a minister of their own complexion. If they leave the State, except as servants, they cannot return to their own homes. No free person of colour is permitted, from another town, and still less from another State, to reside in the city. Having no protection against insult and outrage, and subjected to such indignities and disabilities, it would be singular if the greater part did not become desperate and reckless;—with no object but the gratification of the moment, and no incentive but what they have in common with the irrational part of the creation. They are degraded to the lowest state of ignorance and helplessness that the law and the usages of society can reduce them to.'—vol. ii. p. 262.

* * * * *

'These men have too much reason to prefer Canada to Virginia. One of them told me that he was desirous of giving his children a decent education: that two or three years ago they were making satisfactory progress at school, when he was compelled to remove them, and teach them himself as well as he could, with the assistance of his wife, during his leisure hours. Not only are the coloured people forbidden to learn reading and writing, but no white is permitted to instruct them. There is an ordinance of the city of Savannah, in Georgia, by which "any person that teaches any person of colour, slave or free, to read or write, or causes such persons to be so taught, is subjected to a fine of thirty dollars, or to be imprisoned ten days, and whipped thirty-nine lashes." So much for liberty in America, where even a white man is not free to perform a benevolent action, or to educate his own children.

'No expedient is left untried to drive the emancipated and their descendants out of the slave States. By a most iniquitous act, passed in 1823, the town-council of George-town are empowered to impose and collect an annual tax on such lot or lots, piece or pieces of land, within the limits of the town, as may be exclusively inhabited by a slave or slaves, or a free person of colour, &c., not within an inclosure upon which a white person resides:—provided the said annual tax shall not exceed one hundred dollars on each lot or piece of land. They may also impose and collect an annual tax upon each and every free person

of colour, who shall keep, within the limits of the town, any store or shop, &c., provided the tax shall not exceed one hundred dollars. Thus are these poor creatures disabled from getting their bread honestly, and then stigmatized as depraved and debased. This is one way of recruiting for Liberia!'—vol. ii. p. 287, 288.

What follows refers to Ohio:

'It was in the year 1807 that the act, disqualifying coloured persons from giving evidence, where whites are concerned, was passed, to the eternal dishonour of the State. It is therein expressly provided, that "no black or mulatto person shall hereafter be permitted to be sworn or give evidence in any court of record or elsewhere in this State, in any cause depending, or matter of controversy, where either party to the same is a white person; or in any prosecution which shall be instituted in behalf of this State against any white person."'—vol. iii. p. 8.

The two races are separated with the most jealous care throughout all the relations of life. The children in the schools, even the infant schools, the criminals in the prisons, the worshippers in the churches, even the dead in their graves—all are divided, the black from the white; and it appears that the mulattoes are regarded with at least as much antipathy as the negroes.

A prejudice so deeply rooted, so widely spread, is a difficult matter to deal with; yet, under the circumstances, it seems as if the only course for the American people to pursue must be to strive to grapple with it and subdue it. They cannot expect to banish from their country 3,000,000 of people; it must be an evil and a crying injustice to keep them in a degraded state within it; and the time will come when they cannot keep them so if they would. The negro race is now, it cannot be denied, an inferior one; there are men of science who say it must always be so; but it is impossible that this should be more than an opinion. It is certain that it is improveable, and, under favourable circumstances, is improving. It is not, however, by any means a necessary consequence of relieving it from oppression, that a mixture of the two races should take place. If, as the Americans are fond of asserting, there is a natural antipathy between them, it *will not* take place, but it must be owned that the large numbers of mulattoes make this *antipathy* very doubtful. Should the prejudice and the antipathy alike wear away, and the distinction of black and white be lost entirely, who can say that it would be an evil? who can look forward and decide for human nature that it has been a loser by the change?

We find the following sentence in relation to Jefferson: 'Yet he passed his whole life in destroying the liberty of others.' The name of Jefferson is associated in our minds with all the patriarchs of liberty in the new world, among whom he holds a worthy place. It is true he was an owner of slaves, and expressed himself strongly on the side of the question opposed to an amalgamation of the two races. 'Nothing is more certainly written

in the book of fate, (we quote from his memoirs) than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degree, as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be *pari passu*, filled up by free white labourers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or deletion of the Moors. This precedent would fall far short of our case.' 'Memoirs of Jefferson,' p. 42. The first public act recorded of Jefferson, on his becoming a member of the legislature in 1769, was an effort for the permission of the emancipation of slaves. It was rejected. Had it been granted at that early day, America would not now have had this blot upon her name. England then governed her, and it does not become Englishmen to scorn her for the consequences of the work of their own hands.

Mr. Abdy refers in the course of his work to another great man, Dr. Channing, with whom he held a conversation on the subject of the condition and prospects of the blacks. It seems, however, hardly fair to have reported this conversation. It appears evidently to have been held on the spur of the moment, without previous consideration.

The colony of Liberia is represented, in various passages of the book, as in a wretched and falling condition. If so, it is contrary to the hopes and the belief we had been led to entertain. That it should prosper must be a good, whatever feeling we may entertain as to the advantage of more settlers proceeding to it. At a meeting of the Colonization Society, held during Mr. Abdy's visit to Cincinnati, accounts of its highly flourishing state were given; but he considers these to have been deceptions, and says that at the time they were given they were known to be so, on the authority of Mr. Jones, an agent employed by an auxiliary society to inspect the colony. Mr. Jones's report is most discouraging, and at the end of it—

'"I was particularly requested," he adds, "by some of the most respectable citizens, to disabuse the American public on the present condition of the colony, and fearlessly to state the facts as they exist. For the agents who have been here, said they, have done as much harm by giving more flattering accounts than the truth would warrant; and by this means have induced many to come, who ever have been, and ever will be, a burden to themselves and the colony. Others, again, who were in good circumstances in America, and might live in the first style in the colony, have been so deceived by these agents, that they have returned home perfectly sickened with disappointment."'—vol. iii. pp. 3, 4.

His report was accompanied by one from 'a convention of the citizens of Liberia, called by order of the agent of the American

Colonization Society for the purpose of inquiring into the actual state of the colony.' This appears, from the extracts given, to be confirmatory of Mr. Jones's, though it may possibly only refer to the difficulties almost necessarily attending a new colony. Still the contradiction of one statement to another is apparent, and cannot but inspire distrust.

Among the few instances of any approach to illiberal feeling, we observe with regret that Mr. Abdy hints at the possibility that members of Congress are induced to make long speeches for the sake of their eight dollars a day. The ungenerous imputation is nullified a few lines after by the admission that the remuneration for their services is below the ordinary profits of commercial and professional business, which are of course interrupted during their continuance; it therefore should not have been made. The question of *paid legislators* is an important one, and should not be tampered with.

A variety of interesting matter, for which the book itself must be referred to, must remain unnoticed for want of room.

Can we better conclude this notice of a work which so warmly advocates the cause of the African, than by giving the feelings an African has expressed on the attempt to degrade his countrymen?

'The name of a person having been mentioned in the presence of Naimbanna, (a young African chieftain,) who was understood by him to have publicly asserted something very degrading to the general character of Africans, he broke out into violent and vindictive language. He was immediately reminded of the Christian duty of forgiving his enemies, upon which he answered nearly in the following words: "If a man should rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man should shoot at me or try to stab me, I can forgive him; if a man should sell me and all my family to a slave ship, so that we should pass all the rest of our days in slavery in the West Indies, I can forgive him; but (added he, rising from his seat with much emotion) if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I never can forgive him." Being asked why he would not extend his forgiveness to those who took away the character of the people of his country, he answered, "If a man should try to kill me, or should sell me and my family for slaves, he would do an injury to as many as he could kill or sell; but if any one takes away the character of black people, that man injures black people all over the world; and, when he has once taken away their character, there is nothing which he may not do to black people ever after. That man, for instance, will beat black men, and say, *O it is only a black man, why should not I beat him?* That man will make slaves of black people; for when he has taken away their character he will say, *O they are only black people, why should not I make them slaves?* That man will take away all the people of Africa,

if he can catch them; and if you ask him, But why do you take away all the people? he will say, *O they are only black people, they are not the white people, why should I not take them?* That is the reason why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country." '—Memoirs of Granville Sharp, p. 369.

M.

DISQUISITION ON THE GENIUS, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'EXPOSITION OF THE FALSE MEDIUM,' &c.

No. II.

Mr. WIRGMAN commences his synopsis of Kant's Critic of Pure Reason, in the 'Encyclopædia Londinensis,' with the position, that 'every man is born a metaphysician.' I cannot help thinking he might have added—'and a very bad one.' *Poeta nascitur:* and, taken in this sense, a man must also be born a metaphysician; he can no more be made one by any course of study, without the peculiar original capacity to work upon, than he can be made a real poet or a painter, or than he can contrive to alter the natural organization of his brain. All men who are born are not poets or painters, and it is equally certain they are not all metaphysicians. Some truth will, however, be found at bottom of the sweeping position, not merely because no high degree of mechanical talent is necessary to prosecute the study, but because it is founded in an original principle, however vaguely expressed, by the transcendentalist. There is a disposition in almost all minds to give an opinion, a criticism, and often a decision which they would fain have final, even upon subjects they have never studied, and do not at all comprehend, or perhaps care to comprehend. To avoid admitting to themselves that they know nothing of the matter, they substitute their will for the required knowledge, acting upon the irritated sensation of personal identity, which, if put into words, would amount to the old phrase of 'I have as much right to an opinion as you.' Now the abstract right of every individual to his own opinion, however absurd or injurious to others, on any subject whatever, is clear enough; yet it might be made a question, whether the *value* of his opinion ought not to be taken into consideration, in admitting his *equality* of practical right to persist publicly in that opinion. It may be hurtful to the cause and progress of truth, and therefore hurtful to society in proportion to its publicity. But how is the value of his opinion to be determined? By the reasons he gives for entertaining it. And who is to judge of those reasons? Those who have previously proved their judgment in similar questions, or those who can give better reasons against such opinion than he can in favour of it. If conquered by these means, his stronghold of retreat lies in the

assumption of superiority, by declaring, either that the subject is not worth consideration, or that those who pretend to understand it, do no such thing; the author did not understand it himself, &c. Now this is generally a practical demonstration of a man being fairly beaten out of the field, without admitting he has lost the day. Nor does he feel to have lost it; for his misapplied wilfulness as to his right of opinion, remains the same, or rather has become incorrigible by opposition; and, as to the question at stake, he is now very liable to pronounce it 'all nonsense!' This character stands for a very large class; one to whom it may fairly be denied that the individuals have an equal right to an opinion, whose grounds are in ignorance and self-will, with those whose grounds of opinion are in knowledge and reason.

Let us now offer a few words to the latter class. These individuals, many of whom influence public opinion, are bound by a duty they should feel pride in fulfilling, to give any new and valuable truth its first impulse towards a due position in the opinion of posterity. But oh, philosophy, how unworthy are thy reputed disciples of the name! In proportion to the importance of a truth, has its admission been procrastinated; the timorous have foreseen *some* change—all changes being dangerous to the eye of weakness—and have prophesied a shock to society; the venal have speedily been arrayed against it, to misrepresent, vilify, and ridicule; while the ignorant have either beheld it with a vulgar and distorted eye, or overlooked it altogether. All this is to be borne with sufficient calmness, and a sigh of pity rather than a sensation of contempt; for it is melancholy, even to bitterness of heart, to see how arduous is the task of persuading mankind to adopt any real means for their own good: they would jump at the conclusion, but are blown aside from proper progression by every temporary wind. All this, be it repeated, may be endured with a catholic shrug of the shoulders; but a very different feeling is excited by the contemplation of the fact, that such truths have been continually opposed or utterly neglected by those who *did* understand them, and ought to have loudly asserted their value, instead of denying it, or leaving them to find their way into notice how and when they might. The cause of this is to be found in conflicting interests, private passions, and prejudices, because scarcely any man has a paramount passion for abstract truth, being ready at all times to bring it into practice. If we feel pity for mankind, we feel indignation at the great majority of its teachers. 'How green is this grey world!' But a new class is springing up—fresh advocates are in the field, with an integrity of active principle equal to their abstract knowledge; they come late, but not too late for the groaning heart of nature—and God speed these men on their way.

The difficulties attending the popular promulgation of any abstruse theory are obviously great; but if it be an arduous and

a thankless task to induce men to think about the matter at all, the endeavour to gain their admission of its truth is a far more serious trial of devoted fortitude. Its truth or fallacy can be proved by very few; and for these few to convince the many is scarcely possible, inasmuch as natural inability to cope with the question, or the want of time to examine any subject deeply, that has no immediate practical bearing upon their private advantage, must occasion even the majority of acquiescents to receive it passively and upon trust. What then is the amount of its utility? An explanation of this will be submitted in due time; at present we are discussing the difficulty of bringing the truth of an abstract principle to a positive issue.

A strong sympathy is the result of imagination, sensibility, and knowledge, acting upon one who has a natural affinity, at least in kind, with the real or accredited qualities of the given object. The strength and continuity are in proportion with the degree of affinity and the individual character. It is a general characteristic of any particular power, or circumscribed series, when cultivated with constant assiduity, that the individual should be influenced by it to a degree that eventually becomes unconscious to himself; haunting him from dawn to dark, and through the mighty world of dreams; overbalancing, contracting, or superceding other less ardent powers; and the chief cause of the erroneous and conflicting judgments of mankind is because scarcely any one possesses an universal sympathy.

'Intellectual is not like bodily strength. You have no *hold* of the understanding of others but by their sympathy.'* I have elsewhere endeavoured to show more fully that sympathy depends not only upon sensitive affinity, but upon an elementary as well as practical knowledge of the given subject.† From the ordinary degree of this natural and acquired sympathy we travel downwards till we arrive at the zero of intelligence with the given subject; and again, moving in an ascending scale, we reach the extreme altitude of opposition, where one mind differs from another in that particular—and in all the vast modifications that ramify between—as much almost as if they were compounded of different elements of nature. Arduous as it has always been to establish a truth in material philosophy, the difficulty of doing so in metaphysics is much greater as to the public, and attended with far more frequent vexations in private discussion. In physical science you can appeal to great authorities for well-attested facts; you can give visible experiments, tangible proofs, and marshal such an array of demonstrations to the external senses, that there will be no denying the results, and seldom the principle whereby they are produced. The effect is so positive and mate-

* On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority. 'Table Talk,' Vol. II.

† 'Westminster Review,' No. XLV. On Gould's Dictionary of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, &c. Article 5, p. 103.

rial, and the power of producing this effect so generally unfailing, that the admission of the asserted cause must commonly be as immediate as the physical phenomena. The appeal of the metaphysician to great authorities is not equally availing: if he silence, he cannot convince; for where are the tangible proofs? If he appeal to facts of human action, they may be admitted; but then his analysis of the subtle causes—the mental facts, which are his main point—are denied or doubted, for he cannot make the experiments before their eyes. Suppose a profound metaphysician and a mere tyro in physical science, of equal conversational powers, should severally take it into their heads to enlighten a mixed company of those who are considered well-educated people—let us say considered, because *mental* education, which is the highest, is not conventional.* How few, if any, would be the converts of the former to an abstruse theory, particularly if new; while how few would dispute the well-supported positions of the other. Finding the latter had thus gained a *status* in the opinions of those present, the former (in the temporary oblivion of certain other theories) might think it wise to try and gain him over to his particular notion, and thus make converts of the rest through him. Futile endeavour!—the tyro of physical science would probably regard him in the light of an occult speculator on dreams and chance contingencies; and after listening with, or without, patience, might be exceedingly apt to draw a long respiration, together with his watch, or look out at the window, remarking that 'we shall soon have some rain!' He is correct as to the time, and, in fact, it *does* rain. Not much, it is true; but still there is some rain. His watch was right by St. Paul's church, or by the Horse Guards, (which is the same thing,) and St. Paul's by the sun; unanswerable reasons can be given why the clouds burst and came down in accordance with gravitation, because they could not hold up; and albeit the metaphysician could suggest that something might have occurred in the windy ways above to alter the accomplishment of the scientific opinion, just as we find in speculating on human actions, still it did actually and visibly rain. If it had not, the causes of the suspension could have been so clearly explained, that almost as much, and perhaps more, credit would be gained by the altered circumstance. But a metaphysician is seldom allowed to explain away a failure in result: he cannot address his arguments palpably to the external senses, and his hearers smile and shake their heads: 'This is all very fine, sir, but you see!' Now the real metaphysician does see, in his mind's eye, and believes; but this will not satisfy the world at large, who, for the most part, believe only in the tangible, except in 'matters mythological,' al-

* In a short speech delivered by Mr. Fearon at the annual meeting of the Finsbury congregation, he very properly advocated the propriety of a college being established for the education of schoolmasters.

though it is very certain that thousands would listen with utter incredulity to any metaphysical demonstration, however simplified, who would yet listen with considerable faith to any absurd ghost-story or incoherent legend. Dramatic interest seizes upon the imagination, and entraps the sympathy to the compromise, in the above case, of the understanding. Metaphysics requires the entire voluntary devotion of all the faculties, through the medium of the understanding.

It is far from improbable that many individuals of superior attainments in physical science have been led to commence such studies from being disappointed as metaphysicians. Perplexed and confounded with the abstruse intricacies of mental analysis; vexed and chagrined at the comparative impossibility of producing any effect in general conversation by such knowledge as they may already have gained, while the student of history carried off all the appreciation and applause; arrived only at that early stage where no satisfaction seemed ever likely to reward his inquiries, and disgusted at not seeing, even in the event of success, any means (nor are they shown in the works of the most applauded writers on these subjects) of reducing such knowledge to practical application; it is no wonder that men of energetic minds and active temperament should give up the study, perhaps at the very point from whence they might progress with advantage. It is no wonder that with impatient activity they should leave what appeared the dissection of dreams and the hunting of shadows to their evanescent bourne, in order to seek a tangible reward in the study of corporeal anatomy, in the skeleton demonstrations of geometry, the sublime mechanism of planetary systems, the factual wonders of geology, the interesting experiments of chemistry, or the discovery of new applications of known mechanical powers. While all these studies admit of the most curious speculations and hypotheses, you can always recoil upon the tangible, and seek a refuge and justification in material proofs of some kind. Such sciences are also, for the most part, in immediate requisition, and may conduce to worldly profit. Even the pick-thank peering botanist hath his pecuniary as well as self-complacent reward. The eminence of men in the superior physical sciences is easily reduced to proof, and generally admitted very speedily when no startling originality lays claim to influence mankind for their good. The only reward of the metaphysician is internal conviction. He neither gets praise, nor the other thing. His writings may be appreciated by a few after his death, but it requires sundry fortunate coincidences, apart from the value, or even the influence, of his theories, to gain him his due meed of fame in the opinion of posterity. Reverting, however, to the study of physical sciences being adopted in the place of the psychological, it is questionable whether the change is so much induced by a view towards worldly

advantage (for a man's profit is secondary to his private feelings) as by a certain inaptitude in him for the study of the latter. He gives it up from a consciousness that he can never arrive at conviction, far less at practical application, and of course concludes that nobody else can. He then says, 'I wish to know what this bone is composed of.' The component parts are easily ascertained and proved, and this is satisfactory. What stones are these; and what is their natural history? The question is soon set at rest, and he exults in his petrified knowledge. The metaphysician would not cross the way to know anything about the stones—partly because he would most likely forget all he had learned in a few weeks—and walks over them to study human nature, which he considers the only object worthy of interest. He is thus far wrong: everything affecting human nature is worthy of proportionate interest. It is well for the world that we are not all bent on one particular course of study, as we might each become in process of time so wise on the given subject that it would be quite ridiculous. He, however, who leaves metaphysics had never advanced very far. To understand passion, imagination, and will, is something: to know how the reciprocally interpenetrating excess of the two former are apt to absorb all practical volition, leaving the mental volition active and entire, and to apply this principle demonstrably to a character—Hamlet, for instance, who though an apparent anomaly is nevertheless a class,—to be able to do this is something more; and it may be taken for granted that too much of the life of the individual has been passed in such contemplations to suffer him ever to alter their course. 'Who steals my purse steals trash'; but 'a theory,' as Hazlitt says, 'is a possession for life.'

At the present day, when the tide of politics runs so high as to absorb almost every other subject; when the merchant and tradesman devote as eager an attention to the proceedings of ministers as to the balance of their ledgers; when the sunny swarms of ladies and gentlemen are gracefully taking up their pens to write of gad-flies and the Court; while periodical literature is fast swallowing up all substantive works; it may seem a sufficiently futile labour to endeavour to gain the least attention to one of the most abstruse arguments that was ever propounded. That it will receive no popular attention is of course plain enough; but I think differently with respect to the class to whom this disquisition is addressed. A great many people are really very fond of the study of metaphysics; they find a peculiar interest in analyzing the faculties of their own minds and those of others, and derive a satisfaction from arriving at conviction, proportioned to the labyrinthine labour preceding the result, and to the key it gives them to other puzzling questions which previously appeared anomalies and solecisms in human nature. These individuals, though comparatively few, are sufficiently numerous to

give the subject a fair hearing, which is all that can be rationally sought for by any such attempts. The author of 'The Principles of Human Action' required no more than this himself; and it was not accorded. He had no hearing; but *then* he was alive. He was very soon reconciled to the temporary disappointment; he could afford to repose in imagination on the future.

To know much, is to expect little, to fear little, and, as far as all personal advantage is concerned, to hope little. But as the feelings, impelled by and impelling imagination, are ever prompt to rove away from the severe eye of the understanding and revel in anticipated fields, where success crowns, with far-diverging rays, benevolence of will; so it may well be believed that the abrupt recall of such feelings and anticipations by the harsh convictions of knowledge and reason, can never be unattended with regret, and a painful sense of the postponement of general good. To the neglect of this work he was easily reconciled; to the neglect of the principles it contains, he was never reconciled. Nor let it be supposed, that, thwarted in his first attempt, he relinquished the purpose with splenetic indignation or moody chagrin. It will be shown, as we proceed through his subsequent works, that most of them have originated in the same feelings as his first, and grown out of its principles: we shall see this in our progress through the grand continuous chain, like men, who, in their course through mountain passes, pause on their lofty way to gaze on fertile plains, deep lakes, and rich embrowned slopes in the far distance below, and reflect that the sweeping masses above their heads on every side, clad in sunlight and in snow, or dark with mighty pines, to whose primeval music they listen with no unapt devotion, were once companions of the woods and plains below, perchance deriving their original matter, even as their generative impulse, from the unknown depths of those silent lakes. In the ceaseless operation of this principle, Hazlitt was enabled to compete with his destiny, dedicating his labours to future times, and his personal feelings to the great family of human nature. 'Man's love is from man's life a thing apart;' a devoted contemplation of its object lifts him into a region of abstraction above the earthliness of his corporeal date, and far beyond 'the ignorant present;' and if he record his passion, it may chance to outlive the memory of where his lonely grave was made, and influence mankind, perhaps even when his name has melted away, through the fatuity of Time's overburthened memory, into fixed oblivion. If his passion hath had a wide extended benevolence of aim and of result, this obliteration of man's nominal identity, being all that remained of the benefactor of his race, would be a sort of sublimity in apathy, or universality of ingratitude, were it not that Oblivion is a realm whose void majesty is the final bourne of all human acts, a universe whose grandeur is the infinite vacuity of accomplished cycles.

LINES SUGGESTED BY MACREADY'S 'HAMLET,'

AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, OCT. 17th, 1835.

THERE are two revelations!—One when he,
Whom poesy hath lighted with her love,
Doth set the thoughts that image fervently
Some wond'rous being's life; so truly move
Each differing shade, that we are fain to prove
His words mere chronicles, his page a glass
Wherein doth show a being who did move
In all life's warm reality; to pass
The creature of his thought, for one that really was.

The other, when some wonder-working spirit
Doth with its being make incorporate
The poet's glowing thought, who doth inherit,
From costly nature, power to create
For the enraptured sense a form where late
Nought but the visionless air had place; to give
Feeling to thought; to ope oblivion's gate,
Where treasures lie as in a silent hive,
And bid the mighty dead stand forth, and breathe, and live!

And such art thou! who canst so vitally
Breathe into the fixed intranced seeming,
In all his soul's most high nobility,
A living 'Hamlet,' from the poet's dreaming;
And all so bright the glory round thee streaming
Of luminous life, that, as it shines around thee,
Each lesser gifted votary shares its beaming,
And thou impart'st to such as do surround thee
Light, from the radiant halo with which truth hath crowned thee.

Oh wond'rous is the power that doth attend
This other life in life! and manifold
The spirit-joys it can so oft create:—
As Jove did wield his thunderbolts of old,
So thou within thy vigorous grasp dost hold
The master passions,—at thy bidding, calm
As a hushed infant, or in thunder rolled:
The antique god did use his power to harm,
The mortal grasps with equal might—but 'tis to charm.

No vacant page receives the glowing thought,
But on the tablets of the heart and brain
The poet's image is at once enwrought
With so intense a joy, that joy is pain:
Spirit to spirit speaks; no medium vain
The ethereal ecstasy of soul destroys,
And mind doth hold triumphant happy reign;
While the very air doth silently rejoice
To waft with laden wings the treasures of thy voice!

They say, thy work doth perish with thy life!
How many a mute memorial is enshrined
Far from the external reach of worldly strife
Within the silent sanctuary of the mind!
Life after life thy memoried power shall find
A never-ending spiritual employ,
With subtle influence still its course to wind
A pure increasing rivulet of joy
To swell the sea of mind, which time can ne'er destroy!

S. Y.

SKETCHES OF SCOTLAND.*

Poetical painters are there who can create scenery out of any country; and countries of scenery are there which may almost realize the converse proposition, and create poetical painters out of any body: it is the harder task of the two, for Nature never spoils a land as men spoil themselves; and the most unsightly and incorrigible dead flats are those of humanity. So there are large deductions from the generality of the proposition: but it has *some* truth in it, nevertheless; and we can only wish it had more. If it be not universal, we submit that it deserves to be so, and that is merit of no common order. Very few regions can there be on the face of the earth where it has a better chance of holding good than in Scotland, which country is beneficently placed next door to England, steam having opened the portal, not only that painters may make the one and be made by the other, but that the proper proportion of poetical and pictorial influence may from time to time overflow the meadow land and arable soil of our commercial and busy population. And we do believe that much good is done and doing by the wonderful facilities afforded of late years for exchanging, within three or four days, the dome of St. Paul's for the top of Ben Lomond, King-street for Killicrankie, and Eel-pie Island for Staffa and Iona. The suffocated politician at the City of London Tavern, in a crowded meeting on the state of the nation, while he ejaculates 'what a pass we are come to!' is calmed and brightened by a flitting vision of the Pass of Glencoe in its glory, where he uttered the very same exclamation. In many a back parlour of Watling-street or Thames-street a glass of whisky is a more spiritual thing for ever after, and hands shake the heartier for 'auld lang syne.' Farren feels the benefit in a double encore of 'Green grow the rashes, O!' and the plaudits of the pit are partly prompted by associations of Ayrshire. For a town-tradesman to have traversed the moors is mental gravy to his grouse as long as he lives; it elevates his memory to have met with mountains; and enlarges

* Scotland, by W. Beattie, M. D., illustrated in a Series of Views by T. Allom, Esq., engraved by or under the immediate direction of Robert Wallis. London: G. Virtue, Ivy Lane.

his soul to have sailed on lakes. The Highlands and Islands hamper and humble him for his H's, and impel him to purify his aspirations. Oh, there is no end to the good which is gained by England in general, and by London in particular. But we have no scope, and must skip it all over, to come to these Sketches of Scotland, the popularity of which ought to perpetuate all the solace of the scenery—a beautiful memory for those who have been; a beautiful hope for those who have to go; a beautiful fact for the liberal; a beautiful fancy for the poetical; and a beautiful substitute for those whose hard lot extinguishes the expectancy of ever realizing the original.

Scotch scenery is pre-eminently pictorial; nor are many regions of much more renown half so well adapted to the purposes of the painter and engraver. Its mountains are well defined, and their outline is generally bold and noble. They have something like a character, and are not the mere masses of mould piled into high but unshapely hills that in some places are dignified by that designation. Nor does it matter that there are many in the world much loftier: height is not sublimity for pictorial effect; at least, not proportionately, nor beyond certain limits. Three or four thousand feet is quite enough for the eye, unless at an immense distance; and then the picture becomes a picture of something else, with a mountain for the remote background. Who can paint Chimborazo or even Mont Blanc? You can but take bits, not bigger than Ben Nevis; a portrait is not within possibility. Who ever saw the Himalaya but by instalments, remitted to his senses at intervals. In this case, the aggregate of the parts does not make up the whole. Only the younger sons of Anak should sit for their pictures. Goliah of Gath will never go into a miniature. The little Bens are just the true bigness. The same thing may be said of the lakes; they are never too large, and yet many of them have ample space for all the grandeur of a storm. Then how rich is Scotland in all those contrasts which constitute the charm of mere landscape! The deep ravines, with their rich vegetation, into which you tumble from the interminable surface of a barren heath. Passes, with the torrent and its falls in the deep abyss below, and their steep mountain walls reaching unto heaven, which sometimes seems to close over you above, throwing from side to side its canopy of cloud. The grand fantasticalness of its western coast, the wild forms of which go through all diversities and gradations till they grow into the marvellous and stately symmetry of pillared Staffa. What individual shapes of beauty everywhere abound; and what combinations are there of sea, and coast, and ruined castle, bare rock, and sheltered wood, and sunny nook, and the vast expanse—vast, yet enclosed as you may see it from off the shores of Morven, by an amphitheatrical boundary of mountains, fifty pillars of heaven, from Ben Nevis to the Grampians!

The publication before us is the first quarterly part (five monthly numbers) of the best attempt we have seen to bring something of all this beauty home to us. It contains twenty-one engravings, the subjects and execution, with scarcely an exception, being alike creditable to the taste and skill of the artists. The only fault we have to find is with the frequent introduction of figures. Those capering horses in a curricle at Glencroe; that plaided party which almost seems about to dance a quadrille in the Trosachs; the nervous lady who is limping and lounging with a dandy hand to help her helplessness, thinking more of her own falls than of those of the Clyde, and presenting the back of her bonnet to Stoneybyres: these are all impertinences, which ought to be obliterated, and we trust will not be continued. Not but what there is a discretion to be used in these matters. In the West Bow, Edinburgh, the Covenanters come in well. They are not 'condemned Covenanters.' Towns must be peopled. Street scenery abhors solitude. Nor could there have been better grouping, or more appropriate, for the stern old stone houses of that memorable fragment of Auld Reekie. But against all the rest we protest; except perhaps the washerwomen at Cartlane Crags.

So much beauty may easily bear the imputation of one blot. The dark transparency of the waters of Loch Katrine; the spiritualized vision of Ben Lomond in the view from Inveruglas; the delicate mists floating around the heights of Ben Arthur and over the vale of Glencroe; the spectral whiteness of the Brig o' Balgownie; the foaming of Corra Lynn, and that bare tree in the torrent which seems a preternatural form; the soft light of Loch Long; and the dreamy sunset on Loch Fyne; these are the genuine poetry of painting, and not to be praised by words, but by the eloquent eye that appreciates and drinks in their loveliness.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Views of the World from Halley's Comet. A Discourse, &c. By James Martineau.

The rather odd title given above is the introduction not, as some might expect, of a satire, but of a sermon; and of a sermon characterized by qualities almost as rare as the appearances of comets in the heavens, but of a much more durable description. It is best reviewed, and to every reader who appreciates sound thought, chaste fancy, elevated piety, and a rare felicity of expression, it is best praised, by extract. After some introductory remarks on the association of religion with astronomy, the author takes the following view of the condition of society at each of the ascertained returns of the heavenly visitant whose second predicted appearance our hemisphere has just enjoyed.

'Six of its years ago, Europe was immersed in an intellectual darkness almost total. Amid the gloom, priestcraft celebrated its carnival, and played its most "fantastic tricks before high Heaven." Religion was the only

good influence operating on the soul of society; and that was no longer the inspiration of God upon the heart, but the pressure of priests upon the will; no longer a principle of love, but the power of fear. Art had given no impulse to human ingenuity; and commerce, except in two or three cities of Italy, brought no contributions even to external and physical civilization. Force and superstition were the only preservers of social order. Almost the only method by which genius could pour its ideas and sentiments into the popular mind, was by the recent, or recently revived, invention of oil-painting, —the divine art, which at its birth was consecrated to religion, and brought before the eye of unlettered multitudes the grace and pathos of Scripture story, and enshrined in rude hearts the love of purity and the aspirations of holiness, under the images of Mary and of Christ. Amid the sleep of the general mind, a promise, indeed, of better days had arisen. The writers of Greece and Rome had just been rescued from a long oblivion; but it was only by an indirect and circuitous influence, by furnishing the impulse to the production of national and popular literature, that their recovery could act on the great mass of men. After a long polar winter of the mind, the brilliant orb of ancient learning had arisen on the summits of society, and begun to melt the snows which had frozen its genius; but the valley still lay beneath the night, and were unvisited yet by the descending streams of thought, that were to clothe the wilderness with fertility.

'Suppose another cycle gone, and our eye turned again upon the world. All darkness still; fear, and strife, and bloodshed walk the earth in melancholy triumph. The labourers of Providence in the peaceful arts of civilization seem fewer and more dispirited than before. But, in the obscurity of a German city, an instrument is seen, of little note indeed, and power undeveloped, but great significance; in which the spirit of foresight perceives that Providence was never more beneficent, and humanity never on the eve of a mightier career. The implements of Printing are at work.

'When the periodic visitant returns again to look upon the earth, the face of all things is changed. For itself, *it* is not likely to lurk any longer unnoticed in the heavens, and glide through its course unrecognized; for Copernicus is there to gaze; and Algebra, a new instrument of unrivalled power in the scientific interpretation of nature, is already in men's hands. There is a perceptible accession of refinement to the hearts, and dignity to the minds of men: for they have held converse with the creations of poetry and art; the genius of Italy has converted a material into an ideal existence, and visited them with the perceptions of beauty, and aspirations after better life. The thraldom of fear upon the passions is relieved by the sentiment of intellectual admiration, and the impulses of moral sympathy. Above all, the consolidated tyranny of Rome is cleft in twain; and though it has been truly said of the Reformation, that it gave to the human mind many lords instead of one, still it is something to have a choice of masters; and by that species of infinite division to which Protestant intolerance tends, despotism becomes attenuated into liberty, and fanaticism must be starved for want of sympathy. The fatal spell of Pontifical Tradition was broken. The book of life was open before the eyes of men; and however their ignorance may misunderstand, and their passions pervert its meaning, it teaches too variously, by parable and precept, by model and by miracle, the infinite paternity of God, the universality of his Providence, and the equal and immortal relation of all men to him, not to drive away the fierce fancies of bigotry at last, and sublime the devotion, while it refines the morality of the world. True it is, that within the very generation of which I speak, one of the most malignant acts of intolerance was committed; and Calvin, after himself rejecting the doctrine of Transubstantiation, *one* of the twin mysteries of Rome, burnt Servetus as a heretic, for rejecting the Trinity, which was *the other*. But in the mean while, so long as persecution should disgrace the annals of the old world, a refuge was not inaccessible; for America had been opened to human enterprise, and was destined to become the asylum of oppressed religion, the forest nurse of infant liberty.

'It was not to be expected that succeeding epochs should be marked by such extraordinary strides of improvement, such an eager crowd of civilizing causes, as this memorable period displayed. Time was needed for the development of their natural effects; and in these effects, whether we look to the creation of great individual minds or to the silent amelioration of institutions, and the diffusion of a more intelligent social spirit, there is nothing to disappoint, or to let down our rising faith in the progress of Christian communities. At the expiration of the next seventy-five years, Bacon had made his gigantic survey of creation, and traced a high road of discovery through its most difficult defiles; Galileo had invented the Telescope,—that magic eye wherewith to read the luminous lessons of the firmament—and had brought to the shrine of science the four moons of the planet Jupiter—a coronet of gems, offered in gratitude for her gift of this new sense; and Shakspeare had presented to the world the wisest of human productions,—the work in which the intuitions of genius approach most nearly to the confines of inspiration,—in which life will receive illustration, and man will see his image to the end of time.

'Another interval; and the wandering luminary returned just time enough to be the torch which followed Milton to his grave, and led on the philosophy of Newton to its modest throne. Locke too was at that moment busy with the human mind, engaged in such researches into its capabilities and weaknesses, into the sources of its fallacies, and its means of attaining truth, as must inevitably cut up the strength of intolerance by the roots, banish from society the malignant confusion of guilt which resides in the will, with error which belongs to the understanding, and prepare the way for that spirit of serene and dignified charity which Christianity itself can never produce, except in combination with a knowledge of human nature.

'It was inevitable that the improvement of society should now assume a less imposing form. Providence appears to forbid the ascendency of solitary genius for many generations in succession. The vastness of its onward bound distances immediate pursuit; a pause must be allowed for humbler minds to overtake the position it has seized. In science, the truth to which it darts with almost the ease of intuition, others must reach by the steady march of labouring reason, over the successive steps of evidence. To climb the eminence to which it attains would render ordinary faculties dizzy, did they not palpably feel how firm the footing at every stage, and accustom their vision to the prospect as it grows. Accordingly, the age of discovery is naturally followed by one of circumspection. After so fleet a transportation through scenes of various wonder and magnificence, knowledge sits down to make up its journal, and reduce to order its tumult of impressions. And in poetry and art, the first effect of productions of the highest order is to overawe all neighbouring minds; the last, to inspire them with kindred creative power. They exhaust for a while all the perceptions of beauty; and time must be allowed for new ideas and perceptions to arise, for new types of thought and character to be struck out, before any rival excellence can rise up. The higher kinds of merit being preoccupied, mechanical and material, rather than ideal excellence, is for a time the only superiority which is attainable. The desire, moreover, arises to dwell on the emotions of admiration, to recur to them in cooler moments, and trace them to their source. Hence it is not surprising that, in the next period, Milton should be replaced by Pope; for the successor of genius is precision; and criticism follows production. The social amelioration, however, was not less real for being less conspicuous. The great conquests of Newton were not ingloriously followed up. Handel found for Scripture a voice most heavenly. The pure-minded and accomplished Berkeley broke into speculations which opened a new era of opinions, and stamped on the succeeding age some of the most striking of its intellectual features.

'We stand ourselves at one extremity of that age; and unless we are deceived by the nearness of our view, and see what at the distance of a cometary year would vanish into nothing, never, in any of its former returns, had

the causes of social progression acquired such strength and organization. The shadows of gigantic changes have swept the earth; the forms themselves approach; their footsteps are already on the ear.'

Our space will not allow us to insert the author's estimate of the present state and prospects of mankind; nor can we quote his ingenious and beautiful argument from the mental powers, which raise the philosopher into a prophet of remote futurity, to the enduring existence of those powers themselves. The concluding admonition is in the calm tone of a beatified spirit; and the whole discourse is excellently fitted to fulfil the author's desire, 'to accompany and aid the Christian progress' of his hearers 'in the exercise of a free mind, the practice of a pure morality, and the sentiments of a lofty devotion.'

Letter to the Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonies, containing a Report, from personal Observation, on the Working of the New System in the British West India Colonies. By John Innes. London: Longman and Co., Paternoster Row. 1835.

THIS pamphlet will be read with interest by all who appreciate the importance of the experiment which is now being tried in the West Indies. Not only do the future prospects of the British colonies depend on the result of that experiment, but the condition of the whole negro race will be deeply affected by it, since it cannot be denied that its success would give a fatal blow to slavery all over the world. Mr. Innes has performed his task of observation with precision and intelligence, and the remedies he proposes to avert failure are distinguished by an appearance of good judgment and good feeling. He began his inspection in December, 1834, and was furnished by Mr. Spring Rice, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, with letters to all the governors. He found the aspect of affairs widely different in the different colonies; plainly showing that there is no obstacle in the negro constitution to his working as a free labourer, but that his activity or indolence, when he has the liberty of choice, will be determined by the strength of motive leading to the one or the other. Thus in Guiana, where he is utterly uncivilized and uneducated, with few wants beyond a bare animal subsistence, and where there is no competition for labour, he will not work, it is clear, when his apprenticeship is over, so as to keep up the plantations. Why should he? one day's labour in the week will supply him with all he wants. In Barbadoes, on the other hand, where he is educated to a considerable extent, and has acquired a taste for comfort, and a love for his cottage and provision ground, and where a full population supplies an abundant stock of labour, Mr. Innes considers that the planters have gained by the change to apprenticeship from slavery, and will gain still more by complete freedom. In Antigua the proof is already made out. There the masters did not take advantage of the apprenticeship, but in one day gave freedom to 30,000 slaves. Education and moral and religious instruction are universal. The largest Moravian mission in the world is settled there, and it appears that the clergymen of the Established Church are equally zealous with them in the task of negro instruction. With some difficulties at the outset, the prospects of the island appear to be favourable, and the very gratifying intelligence was obtained from several planters, that the expenses of estates under the present system of freedom are nearly the same as they were under the old system of slavery. Of Jamaica the account is most gloomy. There it appears there is not the slightest chance of maintaining the sugar plantations

unless some change can be effected. The peculiar circumstances of Jamaica being, not the absence of wants among the blacks, for they are fond of finery and various indulgences, but, among other causes, a low state of morality and education, owing to the absenteeism of the great proprietors; and, what is still more important, the thin population of that fertile and beautiful island, not half of which is appropriated; where an acre of land may be purchased for about twenty shillings, and, with about twelve days' labour, two acres will yield provisions for a family for a year. Nay, where, by going into the interior as *squatters*, as it is called, the negroes may take their choice of the land for themselves. Who would toil all his days to raise sugar-canes that could live such a life as this?

To promote among the negroes civilization, and a love for their cottages, and grounds, and domestic ties, are among the foremost of the means recommended by Mr. Innes to encourage them to labour. To promote the immigration of European married labourers is another; and it was the opinion of most medical men that they could stand the climate well, if sober, except in particular districts. Added to these means, it is asserted that the introduction of modern improvements in agriculture, and of machinery, will be found necessary even in the colonies most favourably circumstanced, to counterbalance the withdrawal of the women and children from field labour, which will be the inevitable consequence of the progress of civilization and education.

These are the chief and leading suggestions thrown out by Mr. Innes to the attention of the West India planters. They are accompanied by others suited to the condition of the different colonies. The whole pamphlet is written with remarkable clearness and conciseness, and is full of interesting information. M.

Tales that might be true. Houlston.

'True Independence,' 'Blue Socks,' 'Charity,' 'The best Reward,' are the titles of the four 'tales that might be true.' They are amongst the best constructed fictions for children that we have seen for some time. The means and the end are, to us, alike excellent, for to the lesson inculcated we yield an unmodified assent, not often conceded to the morality of publications of this class. The only drawback on our enjoyment is the tone of some portions of the second story ('Blue Socks,' the diminutive of blue stockings,) in which the smartness of the writer verges too much on the sarcastic for our taste, or for our notion of what is wholesome for the young. The writer has, we suspect, the power and propensity of satire in a considerable degree, but they are restrained and regulated by principle and kind feeling. Parents and teachers may do well to give his book to their children, (not as a prize,) and the benefit will be increased by their reading it themselves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thanks for the communication on Mutual Instruction Societies. We hope soon to have time for so useful a subject.

We have not seen the article in a northern periodical; our present impression is that the aspersions referred to are not worth notice.

There was no intention to annoy in our mention of an anonymous critique, or rather critiques, for we had received two on the same work. Nor will it affect our using, or delaying, the paper in question.

The letter from Hastings was received; but the 'Monthly Repository' keeps the peace on all matters of controversial and dogmatical theology.

POLITICAL GLEANINGS.

The harvest of the political writer is during the sitting of Parliament, when in St. Stephen's field (his chapel, alas! no longer) the thickly-clustered and nodding ears invite him to thrust in his reap-hook or ply his scythe; but when prorogation makes clearance there, and orders his harvest home, it does not follow that his 'occupation's gone.' There are still many 'stray gifts' to be picked up here and there; and the reaper, sunk into the lowlier office of the gleaner, may yet gather enough for a mess of pottage that will serve to afford a taste of the times. We shall endeavour to cater for our readers in this humbler occupation, and notice some of the best pretensions to a place in the memorabilia of the past month.

First, there is the great Bristol dinner to Lord John Russell. This feeding is thought by some to be a feeling for the next election. Bristol is a step from Stroud, which we shall see his lordship take with great pleasure. The Dissenters are strong in Bristol, and they owe him a debt which might be liquidated in this way, very honourably and acceptably to all parties. Was it with this view that there was so much caution both in the address and the reply, so dexterous an avoidance of the differences between the Whig and the Radical Reformers? If so, it was very well not to slap the faces of the latter as a preliminary to asking their voices. There will be time enough for that afterwards, though it might have been done with safety now; for the Radicals know how things are, and will help to substitute Lord John for one of their Tory Members, notwithstanding his proclamation against Organic Reforms. The silence of the principal on this occasion was made more noticeable by the loquacity of the subordinates. His cue was to let the Lords alone; but theirs was to persuade the people to let them alone also. Accordingly, Lord Seagrave, Lord Ebrington, and Mr. Thomas Moore followed in quick succession with a set of apologies for the Peerage, each curious in its way, and constituting together the heads of a defence which is to check the invasive tide of public opinion, provided the aforesaid tide chooses to be so checked, and will flow backwards at the sound of a little pretty whistling. Lord Seagrave pleaded their responsibility, Lord Ebrington their pliability, and Mr. Moore their morality. The first is an instance of the way in which words are continually employed, without even the shadow of a meaning. What Lord Seagrave's conception of responsibility is, we cannot by any means decipher; we only know that he ascribes it to the Lords, and contends that they are wrong who would have the Lords irresponsible, for this reason, that the King himself is responsible, through his ministers, and the King is greater than a Lord. We have no doubt of it; but as the

King is only responsible through his ministers, perhaps the Peers are only responsible through their cooks and footmen, and so the Constitution may be saved. The one vicariousness is as efficient as the other for all practical purposes of public good. The illustration with which Lord Seagrave favoured the company was drawn from his own conduct. He feels it his duty to meet the public, and give an account of his legislatorial doings. Rather lordly is the logic which thus establishes the doctrine that the Members of the Upper House are 'bound either to give an account of their votes, or to explain the motives which had influenced their votes.' Lord Seagrave himself chooses his own time and place, and very pleasant times and places they are, for rendering his account to the public. The load of responsibility sits lightly at a friendly dinner, over a bottle of wine, amid toasts, songs, and cheerings. Few Peers can be so unreasonable as to object thereto. The King himself would not shrink from it, unless by infirmity of age, albeit it should not be 'through his ministers.' Lord Eldon has often been responsible at Merchant Taylors' Hall, and the Duke of Wellington is very responsible at Apsley House, on the anniversary of Waterloo. Dr. Johnson defines responsibility 'the state of being obliged or qualified to answer.' It is news to us that any Peers are the one, or many of them the other. We should be glad to learn the nature of the tribunal, and the extent of its powers, before which they take their trial. This word, responsibility, belongs to that cant in politics by which people have been so long cajoled. As applied to public men, what does it represent? Nothing; nothing whatever. There is no such thing as political responsibility in what is called our Constitution. Who ever talked more of ministerial responsibility than did Pitt and Castlereagh, two of the most irresponsible men that ever wasted the blood and treasure, or invaded the rights, of nations with impunity? All the responsibility of a Minister, even in the Reformed Parliament, is the chance of having to endure what is vulgarly called a jobation. All the responsibility of Parliament consists in the possibility of turning a Member of the Lower House out of his seat at the next election. And all the responsibility of a King is summed up in the fact that the experiment might be tried upon his agents, if they were not sheltered by his prerogative. There is, to be sure, the cumbrous farce of an impeachment; it will scarcely reach another performance. All the branches of Government are mutually protective. The heaviest punishment that can be inflicted for public offences, is precisely that which Lord John Russell had to endure for accepting office while he was the representative of Devonshire. 'The force of' responsibility 'could no further go.' It may transfer a Representative from a county to a borough; it can neither punish a traitor nor uncoronet a Peer.

Lord Ebrington's plea for the Lords was their pliability.

'He believed that that portion of the House of Lords which clung to old and hereditary abuses, constituted but a very small minority of that assembly, and he felt satisfied, in common with the noble Lord (Seagrave), that they would not obstinately resist what they saw the people, from a sense of right, calmly determined to obtain.' Better reasons for this belief are desirable than those which his Lordship adduced, viz. the conduct of the Peers on the Municipal Reform and the Irish Church Bills. The opinion of the public had been long enough, and strongly enough, expressed on the former, to render perfectly absurd his Lordship's version of the motives of their conduct; and, as to the division in the Commons on the latter, what produced the return of such a House? No man, we presume, can be found to contend that opinion had retrograded on this subject, from the last Session of the previous Parliament. Lord Ebrington is a far-going believer; but, granting him all his faith, is a mode of legislation to be kept up, not as a means of public benefit, but simply because there is an extreme point beyond which it will not, and beyond which it cannot, obstruct the public good? By the very statement itself, the will to resist is only bounded by the power; and the most abominable despotism on the face of the earth might be defended against reform on the same principle. What possible good can result from a contrivance for driving the people, on every great question, to the verge of rebellion before it can be carried? This theory is less consistent than the old one of the three powers. A House of Lords with a real efficient veto is intelligible, though intolerable. But a House of Lords for the purpose of resisting and yielding, is simply a provision for everlasting irritation, agitation, and strife. There is only one point on which a body so constituted should be put to the trouble of yielding. The sooner it is tried on that point the better.

It must be presumed to have been in his original poetical character that Mr. Moore answered for the morality of the Peerage, and added his own voucher to the testimony of the 'distinguished American Radical leader,' that 'in taste, in intelligence, and in all the graces of social life,'—'the higher one rises in society the purer is the atmosphere.' The voucher is a valuable addition, because no American Radical, though he might have dined with a dozen Peers, could possibly have risen so high in his social intercourse, or have seen so much, as Mr. Moore himself. 'Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawly.' He had ascended 'an earthly guest and drawn empyrean air,' in that purest of atmospheres which exhaled around the presence of George, Prince of Wales, while yet a Regent, and not unworthy of the name. However, as Mr. Moore declares that, 'in order to be patriotic, it is not necessary to be uncivil,' we will leave this point of noble morality, only adding that it has nothing to do with the real merits of the case, for if your moral people be mischievous, as not unfrequently

happens, it is necessary to restrain them; and, if they are left irresponsible, experience testifies that they are sure to be corrupted.

If moderate Reform held its festival at Bristol, Radicalism made a magnificent display at Bath. Messrs. Palmer and Roebuck were greeted by an assembly of seven hundred of their constituents, with the addition of five hundred ladies, who are not theirs nor anybody's constituents; but whose presence does not appear to have been regarded as an intrusion. At Bristol, their introduction would not have been civil to Lord John, after the manner in which he met the proposition for allowing them access to a gallery in the new House of Commons. Aristocracy does not desire women to think and be instructed, any more than it did desire that burgesses and operatives should think and be instructed. It would have them hanging, like golden fruit, on the 'beautiful branch' at the top of the tree, of which Mr. Moore speaks; in pretty and amiable dependence, with nothing to do but to fall to the ground when beautiful branch shall shake them off. Whether women be yet wise enough to prefer admission to the scenes in which men exert their highest mental powers, for the objects that most deeply interest their hearts, to being bowed away from the entrance with a smirk and a compliment, it is for themselves to show. The opportunity is not often afforded them, and we believe there has been little apparent backwardness but what is rather to be ascribed to other influences than to the free dictates of their own intelligence.

The Lords were dealt with in a much more straightforward and summary way on this occasion. Mr. Roebuck spoke with his usual plainness and fervour, and repeated his proposition for nullifying the second chamber by reducing its veto on a bill that has passed the Commons to a single exercise; so that if, after having been thrown out by them it should again be adopted by the Commons, it becomes law without their assent. This is a very efficient mode of reform. It simply gives legalized existence to that pliability for which Lord Ebrington praised the Peers, and decrees the time at which they shall bring it into exercise. There can be no great harm to them in that yielding virtue, which we are told they are sure to manifest, being manifested at the end of one session rather than of ten. Mr. Hume declared himself for King, Lords, and Commons, making the Lords responsible, *i. e.*, we suppose, elective. This notion must give way as the subject is more thoroughly discussed. It implies a greater formal alteration than Mr. Roebuck's plan. The differences created between one Peer and another would probably be more offensive than a general change in the functions of the whole. Nor would it be possible to elect out of the Peerage a House which would be much more in sympathy with the Commons than the entire body; we should be imitating the old process of striking a special jury, which Horne Tooke compared to picking twelve oranges out of a

box in which all were rotten. To make popular election of itself constitute a Peer might alleviate this mischief, but it would entail others, and imply an abrogation of royal prerogative that would occasion difficulty. We are sorry to see some of the ablest reform writers advocating imperfect schemes, under the notion that popular prejudice will not allow them to go further. It were better to go on discussing the subject until such prejudice (if it really exist to the extent supposed, which is very doubtful) be abated. Inefficient half-way measures are, in most cases, infinitely more mischievous than a little longer endurance of an evil, the nature and extent of which, then, become so glaring as to ensure its eradication.

Sheriff Raphael's affair has made an amusing variety in those attacks upon O'Connell which have, of late, formed the staple of the Tory newspapers. As there is not the shadow of proof of personal peculation in the case, the outcry on this matter is only one of those impudent hypocrisies which are so abundant in politics. Previous arrangements about the expenses of an election, and guarantees from individuals or clubs that the candidate shall not bear more than a certain amount, are most familiar, notorious, and almost universal occurrences. Nobody knows this fact better than do the writers of these diatribes, the patrons and paymasters of those writers, and the very readers who elevate their hands and eyes in amazement at O'Connell's unparalleled profligacy. By tacit convention they all agree to be thunderstruck; the only marvel is, where a sufficient number of fools are found to make the exhibition worth while, and prevent the actors from laughing out in the middle of the solemnity. Such further improvement in the electoral system as shall cut off the influence of money, and make the choice of a representative necessarily the result of unbought opinion, has not been hinted at. That is the last moral to be drawn by this class of political purists. With similar hypocrisy, and with a like avoidance of the real remedy, has the evidence before the Intimidation Committee been worked up into a succession of telling articles, showing, by one set of politicians, how the Irish priests, and by another how the English landlords, have cruelly and infamously abused their power over the voters. The simplicity that should ask, Why not, then, take away the power which is abused, by rendering voting secret and free? would only get itself laughed at. The only evil really lamented is that the priests, or the landlords, do not pull the right way. The facts will not be lost, nevertheless. If Organic Changes are still to be resisted, it will be from no defect in the practical demonstration of their necessity.

The tares yield a harvest every month. Priestcraft has been more busy, according to its kind, than we have time to tell. Episcopacy and Presbyterianism seem to be engaged in a generous rivalry. Both have been doing the Inquisitors, but with such diversity as accords with their varied character of spiritual

and, in that, of temporal domination. The Paisley Presbytery has censured the Rev. Mr. Brewster for attending the O'Connell dinner at Glasgow. The affair was conducted according to the most approved form of Presbyterian courtesy and justice. No previous notice was given to the object of this premeditated attack. A Dr. Burns made a very vituperative speech, and then endeavoured to skulk from the responsibility of a regular motion. The accused was present; a circumstance which is dispensed with by English dissenting Presbyterians; and there were laymen also, which is always a drawback upon the godly discipline of priests, whether established or nonconforming. All the clergy voted for the censure, two lay elders against it, and a third took no part. It does not appear what further proceedings are to be taken; but they will surely not stop short of degradation, for how can a man be fit to preach the gospel who says grace before O'Connell eats? Nay, why should such a person be himself allowed to eat? Let Presbyterianism look to Episcopacy and learn. Our readers have, probably, seen the statements of Mr. Rowlatt's case. This gentleman, about sixty years of age, with a large family, of unquestionable character, and high talent, has been jostled out of a living to which he had been appointed, in consequence of the change of ministry last year. It had been promised to him by Lord Brougham; his testimonials had received the signature of the Bishop of London; nothing remained but mere technicality, which, unhappily for him, was not entirely complete. The practice, in such cases, is to complete the appointment as a matter of course. This was done with another appointment made under precisely similar circumstances; except that the fortunate person was a connexion of Sir Robert Peel's. But the most striking part of the case is, that the new appointment was made, professedly, *on the recommendation of the Bishop of London.* Mr. Rowlatt states, that on his remonstrating he was told that the Bishop did not regard him as the fittest person, in consequence of secret information, the nature and author of which he declined to disclose. And so ended his hopes of deliverance from the pressure of straitened circumstances, hopes which had been fluctuating for years, rising or sinking as he had friends who won or lost political importance, and following the vicissitudes of parties, not because he was himself a party man, but because preachers of religion are dependent, even for the means of comfortable subsistence, upon those who are. How long are these monstrosities to be endured, polluting the name of religion, and corrupting or perverting political institutions?

Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias, (Poland included,) has been speaking out to the municipality of Warsaw, like an honest man, a bloody tyrant, and a fierce half-insane savage. He told them that the flattering words they had prepared to address to him were all hypocritical; as no doubt they were; and that if they ever dared to show their discontent he would consign Warsaw to

sword and flame; as no doubt he will. Great complaints have been made of this speech; but not exactly on the right ground. It tells only what was known before; the curiosity consists in its being told at all, and in language so remote from the established phraseology of sovereign paternity. In this particular the speech has merit, for nothing would have been more easy than its translation into the dialect of regality and diplomacy. It might have been fitted up as a very gracious imperial speech. We prefer it as delivered. We often hear of the fury of democracy, and do not object to such a frank exhibition, in the person of its great champion, of the excesses of the monarchical principle. In justice to royalty more happily situated, because more shorn of power, we cannot refrain from placing on our pages the following simple and affecting decree of the Queen Regent of Spain:—

[FROM THE 'GACETA DE MADRID' OF NOV. 1.]

'ROYAL DECREE.

'If, on all occasions, it is grateful to my heart to dry the tears of the subjects of my beloved daughter, it is much more so when to this duty of humanity is united the sacred obligation of repairing past errors. General Don Rafael del Riego, who was condemned to an ignominious death by virtue of a decree issued subsequent to the act of which he was accused, and for having given a vote as a deputy of the nation, in which capacity he was inviolable, according to the laws then in force, and to the public rights of every representative government, was one of those victims whom, in moments of political crisis, fanaticism strikes with the sword of justice. At a period when those who, by their votes, manifested their approbation of the same proposition as was supported by General Riego, are filling distinguished posts, either in Parliamentary Assemblies or in the Councils of my august daughter, it must not be permitted that the memory of that General should continue to be sullied by the stigma of crime, or that his orphan family should be plunged in misfortune; in these days of peace and reconciliation between the defenders of the legitimate Throne and of Liberty, all bitter recollections ought to be, as far as possible, obliterated. I am desirous that this my will should, as regards my beloved daughter and her successors to the throne, be the bond by which, in the future annals of Spain, the inviolability of speech, propositions, and votes, made and given in the general Cortes of the kingdom, may be secured. I have therefore, in the name of my august daughter, Queen Isabel II., decreed as follows:—

'Art. 1. The good name, fame, and memory of the late General Don Rafael del Riego are re-established.

'Art. 2. His family shall enjoy the pension and widow's allowance to which they are entitled according to the laws.

'Art. 3. His family is placed under the special protection of my beloved daughter, Isabel II., and, during her minority, under mine.

'You will understand this, and communicate it to the proper authorities.

'Palace of the Pardo, 31st October, 1835.

'To Don Juan Alvarez y Mendizabal, President of the Council *ad interim*.'

This touching confession of wrong, this attempt at atonement, speedy in a government, though it might be late in an individual, is worth a hundred legions to the Constitutional cause in Spain; and is an act of justice to past patriotism, the beauty of which should sink into the very heart's core of humanity.

F.

NICOLL'S POEMS.*

RIGHT worthy of the land and the language of Robert Burns are these songs of one on whom has descended no small portion of the glorious ploughman's inspiration. They are abundant in pathos, in humour, in fancy, in poetical description, and, above all, in just and nervous sentiment. They are songs which a true-hearted man, or a woman with a mind, need not be ashamed of singing; and that is more than can be said of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the things called songs, in which we seldom escape from what is very silly, unless it be to encounter something that is very false. The other poems have the same character with those which are strictly lyrical. All are imbued with a spirit which makes one proud of humanity; the more so, as we infer, from various indications, that they are the productions of one of the producing class, the work of a working-man, a fresh contribution to the poetry of the poor. The growth of such productions is amongst the most impressive signs of the times. Burns lived before the days of patronage had passed away; they are now clean gone, and for ever. His soul towered above his circumstances; but still he often wrote for his superiors; his successors write for their equals. As a bard, he was of the many, and for the many; but in them the mission has become more distinct, and the encouragement more direct and stimulating; nor does this limit the interest of their poetry. It has more of the quality of poetry than it could have were they in his condition. There is more truth and soul in it. It comes the more home to all humanity.

What little there is, in the author before us, of the factitious or conventional, is chiefly to be found in the love songs; with a slighter touch of it in the descriptions. Poets are slow to learn that it is by no means their duty to be poetical on all occasions or on all subjects, however legally established the poeticality of such occasions or subjects may be, by the old constitution of Parnassus. In the rightful democracy of song, or rather in its sacred individuality, its Pantisocracy, no man is obliged to say what he does not see, or sing what he does not feel. Poetry is not amanufacture; and the poet may not take an order for a song even from his own mind. His suspicions should always be awake

* 'Poems and Lyrics,' by Robert Nicoll.

when, instead of his feelings being unconsciously wrought upon, he catches himself saying to himself, 'that is a good subject.' But we must not run into a homily upon this matter, merely because we think one class of our author's poems not so excellent as another. Nor can we take upon us to lecture a Scotchman (as we take him to be) for his Scotch. Yet it does seem to us that some reformation is needed in the use of this northern Doric dialect. Burns, we believe, created the language of his poems out of the chaos of all sorts of lowland provincialism, with English, for a variety, when it better suited his purpose. And he managed it with the majestic ease of a creator. In truth it had, and to the skilful hand it has, a wondrous pliability. We are therefore less tolerant of an imperfect versification in its employment. And we think Mr. Nicoll indictable for the cacophony which often results from his elision of the last consonant in *upon* and *of*, which he always writes upo' and o'. Such lines as—

'She sat in the shade
O' a sweet-scented briar,'

or,

'An' the fiends o' earth an' the fiends o' air
Begouth to greet an' wail,'

are marvellously marred in their melody by the curtailment, and should be cured of their hitch by an infusion of f's. As they stand 'they sairly crook a body's mou'.'

We shall now give some specimens of these poems; and, much as we think they will approve themselves for true poetry, of the several classes to which they belong, it is but fair to say that they have been selected rather as exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of this volume, than as the best compositions which it contains.

I.

'STANZAS ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

'This is the natal day of him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters, and arose
The freest of the free,—

Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do—
To show that mighty heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

Burns! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, THOU wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!

Inspired by thee the lowly hind
All soul-degrading meanness spurns;
Our teacher, saviour, saint, art thou,
Immortal Robert Burns!'—pp. 46, 47.

II.

'THE GRAVE.

'By a kirkyard yett I stude, while mony entered in,
Men bow'd wi' toil an' age, wi' haffets auld and thin;
An' ithers in their prime, wi' a bearin' proud an' hie;
An' maidens pure an' bonnie, as the daisies o' the lea;
An' matrons wrinkled auld, wi' lyart heads an' grey;
An' bairns, like things o'er fair for Death to wede away.

I stude aside the yett, while onward still they went,—
The laird frae out his ha', and the shepherd frae the bent;
It seemed a type o' men, an' o' the grave's domain,
But these were living a', an' could straight come forth again.
And o' the bedral auld, wi' mickle courtesie,
I speer'd what it might mean, an' he bade me look an' see.

On the trodden path that led to the house of worshipping,
Or before its open doors, there stude nae living thing;
But awa' amang the tombs, ilk comer quickly pass'd,
An' upo' ae lowly grave ilk seekin' e'e was cast.
There war' sabbin' bosoms there, an' proud yet softened eyes,
An' a whisper breathed aroun', "there the loved and honoured lies."

There was ne'er a murmur there—the deep-drawn breath was hush'd—
An' o'er the maiden's cheek the tears o' feelin' gush'd;
An' the bonnie infant face was lifted as in prayer;
An' manhood's cheek was flushed wi' the thochts that movin' were:
I stude aside the grave, an' I gazed upo' the stone,
An' the name of "ROBERT BURNS" was engraven thereupon.'

pp. 47, 48.

III.

'MINISTER TAM.

'A wee raggit laddie he cam' to our toun,
Wi' his hair for a bannet—his taes through his shoon;
An' aye, when we gart him rise up in the morn,
The ne'er-do-weel herdit the kye 'mang the corn.
We sent him to gather the sheep on the hill,
No for wark, but to keep him frae mischief an' ill;
But he huntit the ewes, and he rade on the ram;
Sic a helicat deevil was Minister Tam!

My auld auntie sent him for sugar an' tea,
She kent na, douce woman! how toothsome was he:—
As hamewith he cam' wi't, he paikit a bairn,
An' harried a nest doon amang the lang fern;
Then, while he was restin' within the green shaw,
My auld auntie's sugar he lickit it a':—
Syne, a drubbin' to miss, he sair sickness did sham;
Sic a slie tricksy shangie was Minister Tam!

But a carritch he took, when his ain deevil bade,
An' wi' learnin' the laddie had maistly gaen mad.
Nae apples he pu'ed noo—nae bee bikes he smored—
The bonnie wee trouties gat rest in the ford—
Wi' the lasses at e'enin nae mair he wad fight;
He was learnin' and spellin' frae mornin' to night.
He grew mim as a puddock and quiet as a lamb,—
Gudesakes! sic a change was on Minister Tam!

His breeks they war' torn, an' his coat it was bare,
But he gaed to the schule, and he took to the lear;
He fought wi' a masterfu' heart up the brae,
Till to see him aye toilin' I maistly was wae.
But his work noo is endit—our Tammie has grown
To a kirk wi' a steeple—a black silken gown.—
Sic a change frae our laddie, wha barefooted cam',
Wi' his wig white wi' pouther, is Minister Tam!'—pp. 63, 64.

IV.

'REGRETS.

Tak' aff, tak' aff this silken garb,
An' bring to me a' Hieland plaid:
Nae bed was e'er sae saft an' sweet
As ane wi' it, an' heather, made.
Tak' aff this gowd-encircled thing,
An' bring to me a bonnet blue,
To mind me o' the Hieland hills
That I hae left for ever noo.

Tak', tak' awa' this gaudy flower,
An' bring to me a sprig o' heather,
Like those langsyne, amo' the hills
O' hame and youth, I aft did gather.
For a' your luscious Indian fruit
Ae ripe blaeberry bring to me:
To be in braes whar' black they hing
There's nought on earth I wadna' gie.

O! tak' awa' this tinsel walth,
That wiled me frae my Hieland hame;
I cannot bear its glitter noo,—
For it I've played a losing game.
O! bring me back my youthfu' heart—
The eye an' hand o' long ago—
Tak a' I ha'e, but place me syne
Afar whar' Hieland waters flow!

O! for an hour o' youth an' hope—
Ae moment o' my youthfu' years,
Upo' the hills o' Scotland dear,
When I had neither cares nor fears.
I mauna seek, I mauna mane—
Before my fate I laigh maun boo,—
Bring walth—bring walth—till I forget
The time whan round me heather grew!'—pp. 68, 69.

V.

'VISIONS.

'"My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern," I said;
And shall I rest till I have wreathed
Fame's garland round my head?
No! men shall point to me and say,
See what the bold can do!"
"You dream!" a chilling Whisper said,
And quick the vision flew.

"Yes, I will gain," I musing thought,
"Power, pomp, and potency;
Whate'er the proudest may have been,
That straightway will I be.
I'll write my name on human hearts,
So deep, 'twill ne'er decay!"
"You dream!" and, as the Whisper spoke,
My vision fled away.

"I'm poor," I said; "but I will toil
And gather store of gold;
And in my purse the fate of kings
And nations I will hold:
I'll follow Fortune till my path
With wealth untold she strew!"
Again "You dream!" the Whisper said,
And straight my vision flew.

"I'll breathe to men," I proudly thought,
"A strain of poesy,
Like the angelic songs of old
In fire and energy.
My thoughts the thoughts of many lands,
Of many men, shall grow."—
"You dream!" the Whisper scorning said—
I dared not answer No.

"If I can gain nor name, nor power,
Nor gold by high emprise,
Bread to the hungry I will give,
And dry the orphan's eyes;
Through me the Sun of Joy shall find
Its way to Sorrow's door;"
"The wildest dream of all," then said
The Whisper,—"you are poor."

"I'm poor, unheeded; but I'll be
An honest man," I said;
"Truth I shall worship, yea and feel
For all whom God hath made;
The poor and honest man can stand
With an unblenching brow
Before earth's highest,—such I'll be!"
The Whisper spoke not now!'—p. 121—123.

VI.

'THE FOUK O' OCHTERGAEN.

'Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Happy was my youth amo' them;
Rantin' was my boyhood's hour;
A' the winsome ways aboot them,
Noo, when gane, I number o'er.

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Weel I mind ilk wud an' burnie,
Couthie hame, an' muirland fauld—
Ilka sonsie, cheerfu' mither,
An' ilk faither douce an' auld!

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Weel I mind the ploys an' jokin's
Lads and lasses used to ha'e—
Munelicht trysts an' Sabbath wanders
O'er the haughs an' on the brae.

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Truer lads an' bonnier lasses
Never danced aneath the mune;—
Love an' Friendship dwalt amo' them,
An' their daffin' ne'er was dune.

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's
By the burn an' in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

I ha'e left them noo for ever:
But, to greet, wad bairnly be:
Better sing, an' wish kind Heaven
Frae a' dule may keep them free.

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.

Whare'er the path o' life may lead me,
Ae thing sure—I winna mane
If I meet wi' hands an' hearts
Like those o' cantie Ochtergaen.

Chorus.—Happy, happy be their dwallin's,
By the burn and in the glen;
Cheerie lasses, cantie callan's,
Are they a' in Ochtergaen.'

If our readers have enjoyed these, they may find plenty more in the volume as good or better; and some which we could hardly abstain from quoting. And, when they have been moved to laughter, or touched even to tears, or elevated and animated by some stirring strain, or calmed by solemn thought, they may shut the book and depart, as we must, to their proper, and we trust honourable and useful, avocations, with this good moral ringing in their ears:

'But true hearts a'—gae work awa,
We'll make the warld better yet.'

UNIVERSAL CO-OPERATION.

To legislate for the human race is one of the highest offices on which the human mind can enter, and, at the same time, the most difficult. So far are legislators from being *born*, that the study of a long life, acting upon a suitable organization, scarcely makes an individual, in any great degree, eligible to the duties of government.

The man who would govern others must know how to govern himself. He must not be possessed with the tame equanimity of the passionless, he must be imbued with the tempered fire of the impassioned. He must have feelings and passions in common with his kind, or he will not sympathize with them—he will not understand them; his theories will be partial and his practice absurd. Like the crane in the fable, he will put his provision for human happiness into narrow-necked bottles, forgetting that, though the long and narrow beak can avail itself of such a medicine, to the broad-muzzled animal, nothing short of breaking the form can admit him to the food which the form encloses. A parallel is thus presented to the laws and institutions of such as are, by peculiarity of training, distinct from their fellow creatures, and who yet regard themselves as the standard of the species.

But, while the legislator has the feelings and passions which are so common, he must have *that* command of them which is so uncommon. His nature must be, like the Arabian steed, full of force and fire, as ready to endure as to dare; but he must bestride that nature, as the Arab does his horse, with pride and love—pride, which deprecates defalcation from the high course he has

marked out for himself, as he would death; and love, which forbids him to wrong the noble nature that he guides, by any neglect.

'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.'

The legislator must, Janus-like, look back upon the past, and forward into the future: his *telescopic* vision must be directed to the source and termination of things, as far as it be possible for him to penetrate points so deeply veiled; and, at the same time, his *microscopic* vision must mark and observe the present, even to the passing vapour of the hour, and the pernicious vermin of the minute. He must love humanity with that large love which seeks happiness in the happiness of humanity, suffers agony in its misery, humiliation in its debasement, and which would make him content to live, or resigned to die, if to do either might assist to advance universal salvation.

Where shall we look for a legislator such as this? Not echo, but the *whole world*, may answer, Where?

Sit there such on any of the thrones before which the trammeled multitude of every latitude pay tribute, tremble, cringe, and scowl? Sit there such in any of the assemblies ostensibly convened to make laws for these multitudes? No—and how should they?

That infirm and senseless form of humanity called a King—that excrescence first cast forth by human weakness, and since continued by its craft, and partaking of the properties to which it owes its origin and continuance—how is it fit to personify greatness—to be the pedestaled example to a nation—a shining light on the civil horizon, purifying, warming, and irradiating the moral atmosphere, and chasing all its clouds and vapours?

Take the crown from the head of royalty, the robe from its body, strike the sceptre from its hand, and drive away the herds which minister to the mockeries of its gilded sepulchre, and let royalty stand nude by the red Indian—with his practised eye which pierces space like the eagle's—with his fleet foot which traverses it like the deer's—with his high heart which will not heave with a groan beneath the scalping knife of his foe,—and what looks a king?—That embodied lullaby, with whose first food falsehood was administered, and who, when pomp and flattery do not sustain him above his fellows, falls so immeasurably below them!

Place royalty beside a less poetic being than the Indian, place him beside the enlightened mechanic of the present day, with his informed (thanks to penny and 'twopenny trash') but uninflated mind, his home anxieties and thence intensified affections; who lives by his honest, overtasked, and ill-requited labour, and submits to the scalping knives of tithes and taxation; and what looks a king?

And now for the swarms which buzz about a court, and bask in the mock sun of royalty,—their perch and their plumage are all for which they care, and the gilded cage which forbids their free flight is the altar of their debasing worship. That grovelling aggrandizement, which consists in pomp and parade, is the sole ambition of the broods of aristocracy. Man, by nature the creature only of God, and the commander of nothing but himself, sinks into the creature of a king, and the tyrant of all below him in the conventional scale; directly or indirectly he invades their dearest privileges, insults their finest feelings, and taints their social atmosphere. The superficial polish of courtesy, like the varnish on some insects, prevents aristocracy being as loathsome to the senses as to the soul; but the evils inflicted through its means are not for this polish the less fatal—perhaps more so, as the razor dipped in oil cuts deepest, because the wound it makes is at the moment unfelt.

It is said that there is no smoke without some fire, and certainly there is no fire without some fuel. If the people will put themselves like dry sticks under the caldron of corruption, of course it will be kept boiling. There is no antidote to the moral poison which infects the political and social atmosphere with the breath of mock greatness and its worshippers,—there is no antidote but a real love, a real respect for humanity. What would the actors, from the principal down to the meanest page in that puppet show, a coronation, feel, if the people, instead of rending the air with senseless acclamation, would let the pageant pass unnoticed? Why, the proudest player would feel ready to sink with shame under the sense of his own emptiness, and each would shuffle out of the show as soon as he could.

I am no enemy, let me here parenthetically observe, to ceremonies and assemblies which serve to congregate multitudes, animate joyous feelings, and kindle glowing spirits. I agree with Fanny Butler in all she says of the 'home religion' of keeping birthdays, &c., and we could not do better than cultivate social religion, political religion, by commemorating the anniversaries of the periods of great events and glorious human beings. Be Christmas day a day of universal charity in memory of the model of benevolence on that day given to the world; be the birth of Washington commemorated by all that can indicate admiration of patriotism and freedom; be Shakspeare's birth commemorated by all that can do honour to genius and poetry. In each association, however small, be there domestic festivals and let these, like circles in water, extending into larger and larger circles, animate the spirit which would occasionally convene meetings to do honour to the memory of the social, the national, the universal benefactor.

If, in allusion to these, the young were to ask the elders, 'Why is this? Wherefore make we these rejoicings?' the

reply would be, 'Because there arose this day a great spirit among men, and thus we try to speak the gratitude that should *never* die, and keep alive the adoration for virtue which will create new aspirations.'

But what reply can be made to such an inquiry, when a child points to a statue that has been raised to a man, merely because he has been a duke or a king? How do we shrink from telling this young, and as yet uncorrupted, creature, the vile mockeries which in this very city and its suburbs, upon pillars and obelisks, stand insulting common sense? How do we mourn that the hands of honest men have been desecrated to such a task, while there are so many sleeping in unnoticed graves, who would have honoured the hands that raised their monuments, and spoken with resistless eloquence to the hearts of all who looked upon them.

Yes, the people themselves are in a great measure the upholders of the silly show which oppresses them; for what is it without their 'sweet voices?' But worse than this, they are, throughout every class, the imitators of the poor and paltry pride of assumed superiority.

Even the slaves of the southern states of America call free servants, when placed among them, 'poor white trash.' Each class looks contemptuously down on the class beneath it, and thus, 'each neighbour' despises as well as 'abuses his brother.' The squire, who values his family, as he does his cheese, for its *mitety* age, scorns association with the duke of yesterday; on the same principle of presumed, or assumed, superiority, the drayman refuses to drink with the dustman. At our schools, where we might hope to find at least the young denizen of childhood free from the debasing ambition of unearned, unreal greatness—even there the moral distemper is in rife and ruinous action. I remember a little creature, taunting a poorer school-fellow, observed, '*My* father keeps his *carriage*.' 'Yes,' was the no less taunting reply, 'but you are to remember that he also keeps his *dray*.'

These are the notions, which, like a blight upon flowers, find their way into the minds of children; they rise with them, grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, and they fling back upon the world the canker with which it infected them.

Usefulness has no estimation in society. The man who eats his bread by the sweat of his brow, must doff his cap and stand aside, while the lordly swaggerer, who wastes his energies in sloth, perhaps in vice, passes him with the nonchalance of a superior. Such contrasts are ever before the eyes of children—they see that estimation is for the man who wastes, not for the man who works.

'For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment;

'And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, *Sit* thou here in a good place: and say to the poor, *Stand* thou there, or sit here under my footstool:

'Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts?'

This has been the popular proceeding from the days of the Apostles, to say nothing of the foregone time, until the present hour. Vainly has it been written, that all men are brethren, and God the Father of all. How many out of the millions professing this in their creed declare it in their conduct? an universal law by the custom of that conduct bastardizes the majority of the human race; the privileged except themselves and a few necessary to their support, but condemn all the rest of their fellows to it, or, when forced by the grappling of some strong spirit to acknowledge affinity with their less fortunate brethren, they urge the dull legitimate's plea, and say 'tis but a left-handed relationship.

Upon this hotchpotch of prejudice, this mess of heterogeneous materials, how is the universal co-operation which the philanthropists advocate to be brought to bear? True it is that human nature is, and ever has been, the same; but though the constituent elements are not many, their combinations are multitudinous. These simple elements of humanity, like the letters of the alphabet, are, according to the arrangement of circumstances, spread out into countless volumes of character, each written in a peculiar language, and requiring a copious glossary to render it intelligible to the reader. Besides the immense variety of individual character, the joint produce of peculiar organization and peculiar circumstances, there is hereditary or family character which, I deem, acts upon the human creation, as, through the medium of domestication, it does on the brute creation.

Hereditary character speaks aloud in the classes—the offspring of aristocracy have nervous delicacy, but no muscular strength, and their mental character very generally corresponds with their physical character; they are like wax easily moulded to the uses of elegance and luxury to which alone they are admitted: the poorer classes on the contrary have more strength and less susceptibility; they are iron which it is difficult to temper into the flexibility necessary for social life.

Political philosophy can as little devise an immediate and universal remedy for all social evils, as medical science can produce an universal panacea for all physical diseases. Competition, as it exists, may be the bane, but universal co-operation is not the antidote, were it only that it is impossible to apply it. There are no circumstances purely co-operative under which the present discordant atoms could be brought together in which they would not hiss, at meeting, like fire and water, and soon struggle into new separations, like oil and water which had for a time been forced into junction. We might as well set the blacksmith at

the tambour-frame, and the embroiderer at the anvil, as attempt to bring the purse-proud and the pennyless, the silk-robed dame and the cinder-sifter, into juxta-position. These distinctions *ought* not to exist. The dire disparity subsisting between beings holding common life, and common feelings and faculties—fated to a common end—which, when the uncertain lease of life is out, cast the labourer and the lord alike to the indiscriminating worm,—is an enormous state of things, enough to darken the sun, and would, could it *feel* the foulness that it shows; but that these fatal and abhorrent distinctions *do* exist is a fact, and how to deal with them the secret which the philanthropic legislator has yet to find out.

All co-operation as it has yet existed, and nothing has been done without it, has had a mercenary base. 'Men cannot live without association.' Thus, physical, political, mercenary necessity has united them; but where have we seen the moral cement, sympathy, hold them together when these necessities have been weakened or have failed? In savage life men have congregated into tribes for the perpetration of mutual hostilities; in civilized life they have convened into classes for the conservation of peculiar interests. The moral influence of co-operation has hitherto been seen only in conspiracies of masses of men against masses of men; we have never yet seen co-operation acting from a principle of moral sympathy, which would induce universal justice, for none with *that* sentiment could deny to another the right he desired for himself, or do to another a wrong which he deprecated for himself. It is only under this principle of sympathy—the effluence of love and justice—that co-operation *can* act universally, and the great question is, *how* is this principle to be infused into every human heart?

'The woollen coat of the day-labourer, coarse as it may appear, is the produce of the labour of a great multitude of workmen, the shepherd, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, &c. &c.' The man who wears this coat, the joint result of all this co-operative labour (acting under its great taskmistress competition), could he live in harmony with all these people whose united labour have done for him that which he could never have done for himself by himself? When he puts on or off his coat does he ever think of them as separate or united existences? The same question may be asked with regard to every human production. The enjoyer is utterly forgetful and indifferent to the producers. All that human ingenuity can devise or perform is represented by money, and we think only of the medium, and nothing whatever of men; there is not an instant of our lives in which we are not using and enjoying some offspring of the labour of our fellow-men; but we are engrossed by the effect, and never revert to the cause, or, as some would prefer to say, we regard the sequence and forget the antecedent; we snatch at the result and

overlook the process; we are selfishly synthetical instead of being gratefully analytical. Every good which we enjoy through the skill and labour of our brethren should lead us to regard *them* as well, nay more, than their works; for if the work be valuable, still more so is the worker. But for the production of this feeling, which ought to exist among men, and would serve more than anything else to unite them in the bond of reciprocal love and brotherly feeling, the motives for labour must be different from what they now are. The man who exerts his talent merely for money, we feel to be paid when he *has* his money, and there the compact ends; but he who exerts his talent for the love of his species can be paid *only* by their love, and that compact is everlasting. Upon this base we must place labour. A new and totally different appreciation of labour and labourers must prepare the way for the practical change it will otherwise be vain to attempt.

Labour must be looked upon as a boon to all, a badge upon none. Every child must be reared to *aspire* to labour as one of the first and happiest privileges of his humanity, and to do his part of the world's work *well* must be his best ambition; he must be taught to give his labour lovingly unto his fellow-creatures, and take in the same spirit in exchange, their labour for his own. He must enjoy the goods of life because they are furnished by his brothers; not engross them, as now, because they are bought with his money: he must feel that as love can only be paid by love, so can labour only be paid by labour, and that nothing short of *all*, in some way or other, being working people, can render the world the theatre of universal happiness. Children must be taught to regard the being who is voluntarily unemployed, who performs no useful part in the business of life, as a degraded being; as one who has willingly stepped down from the level of his fellows, and can subsist but by their sufferance and compassion. There is not a young mind in existence which would not revolt at such debasement. Sloth and solitude are the pandemonium of humanity: industry and association, properly directed, its paradise.

In the course of the education of children, and now I speak of the happier instances, they are taken to look at machinery and manufactures; they examine and, as far as they understand, they admire: but we work at their heads, rarely at their hearts. Do we say to them,—the beings who made this had feelings and affections like yourself;—do we lead them to feel pain at the idea of any of those feelings and affections being excruciated, or to glow with delighted sympathy at the idea that they were gratified? *No;* like the critic who forgot Garrick to look at the stop-watch, we forget our fellow-creatures even while looking at their creations.

But it may justly be urged that in the present state of society

it were hardly possible to do this; that the excited feelings of the child would lead him to turn to the labourer, and what would he find him? almost as much a machine as the thing he makes—the excited feeling, instead of being strengthened, would be extinguished. Very true. And why is this? Because we debase the labourer: are we then to draw an excuse for feeling towards him disgust and indifference? No lofty motive has been kindled or kept alive in him—we kill his energies and aspirations, and then complain that they are dead. There is no reason on earth why the labourer, of every kind, may not be liberal in his knowledge, and even refined in his habits; it is not labour of any sort which has been the cause of human degradation, but its excess, and the wretched modes of life falsely supposed, or infamously made, their inseparable adjuncts.

Is it feared that liberalization and refinement will lead men so much to aspire, that the coarse work of the world will not be done? Let there be no fear—that which is essential will always be performed either by man, or his mighty agent, machinery; and as for *aspiration*—the desire of rising! Oh, that *that* which is the evidence of our improvability and the index of our immortality should, by being confined to the shallow and infected channels of avarice and ambition, be the badge of our degradation, creating little else than place and pelf lovers!!!

Co-operation requires a harmony in the social atoms which can only accrue from some important convictions becoming common. Among these must obtain the conviction that religion is the exclusive business of the bosom in which it is cherished, referable only to God and inviolate to man; and of course the preservation of this religious liberty must be dependent on its extension by each to all. Conviction must obtain, that luxury destroys the happiness which labour can create; that labour, properly, that is justly, distributed is the privilege, not the penalty, of humanity—one of the first essentials to human enjoyment, giving edge to appetite and relish to reward. *None* must be exempt from labour, nor *any* loaded with it; but, by distributing employment according to capacity, make labour a source of universal satisfaction and a bond of universal union, realizing, as regards the world's business, the old adage, that 'many hands make light work.'

With these convictions, one man might believe in purgatory, and another in predestination, and yet not war with each other—each would follow his own peculiar form of worship, and the fiat, as to its truth, would be removed to that sphere in which the voice of man has no weight—with these convictions each would desire only such leisure as healthy labour would furnish him with the means of enjoying.

None would be more benefited by the changes consequent on these views than those miserable beings to whom, now, belong the the supposed enviable privilege of exemption from labour, which

means, in other words, consignment to listlessness, apathy, and the minor infamies of mischiefs, which swarm upon society in the shape of idle and mendacious gossip, and paltry intrigue. 'Satiety is the common and catholic curse of the idle portion of a civilized country.'

It is one of the finest points in the system of Pestalozzi, that it inculcates simultaneous attention to *every* part of the human constitution;—this is no feature of the plan upon which the course of any being's existence proceeds. The human machinery is everywhere subjected to a circumstance which would spoil any other machinery, and why not that? The circumstance which I mean is the morbid state of rest of one part, co-existent with the excessive action of some other parts: by this means the whole fabric is strained and distorted—an inert body, with, consequently, inactive functions, ultimately paralyzes the mind, or an overtasked mind shatters the body.

I should serve the cause of many a home in which a toiling anxious father and husband struggles to support a wife, and growing or grown-up daughters, in the ladylike habits of doing nothing, or worse than nothing, if I could persuade them that doing, or assisting to do, their household work is no derogation from their dignity, but the preservation of it; since, by so doing, they render themselves, in a great degree, independent of those, on whom, in the present state of their education, little dependence can be placed; they would increase the measure of their comforts, relieve themselves of many annoyances to which genteel poverty must submit, and which economy, and industry, and activity escape. Let them remember that he who goes to his daily toils is also travelling to his grave, and when, at last, he lies down to take his everlasting rest, how pleasant to their spirits will it be to think that they lightened the load he had to bear in life, instead of increasing the burthen.

In the far greater number of women the human spirit is overlaid by an unexercised body, as a child sometimes is by a lazy nurse; in fact the indolence of women is inconceivable, and is, in itself, almost enough to account for their hanging on the rear of the human march, instead of leading the van as they often might.

Were I asked what class of women generally exhibited most of the beauty which consists in health (the best beauty, whatever the *zephyrines* and *fragilities* may think), and the happiness contingent on good spirits, I should say, maid-servants.

Exercise, of which walking and dancing are but branches, is indispensable to health; and cheerfulness is inseparable from activity. But exercise and activity are beneficial in proportion to the excellence of the motives which puts them into action. Thus it is that the efforts which produce the clean hearth, the bright fire, polished furniture, and all the thousand charms of a well-

ordered home, so well reward the dispenser—*such* exertions have called up her holiest feelings, brought her happiest pulses into play. I am certain, were personal activity less confined to the kitchen, listlessness would be less present in the parlour;—was there more action of hands, to say nothing of minds, there would be more overflowing of hearts.

The unnatural separation of dignity and usefulness, the pernicious association of elegance, and inutility, has created immeasurable mischief. How absurd, how insane are the notions connected with manual labour. Louis XVI. would have been a locksmith had the bent of his taste been permitted scope; and George III. was fond of watch-making. What a pity either were compelled to forsake the path of mechanical usefulness for that in which they have left their names,

'To point a moral, and adorn a tale.'

Perhaps I am about to propose what may appear as impracticable to others, as the application of co-operation to the present constituents of society appears to me. I would propose to that anomaly, a lady, to go occasionally to work with her domestic drudges—to raise them, not in *name* merely, into the character of 'helps,' and give herself a share of the exercise, the advantage of which they engross, but are, like herself, unconscious that it is a good. They will soon discover, though they may be slow to acknowledge it, that the white hand is well exchanged for the warm spirit; the soft sleepy semi-elegance of langour, for the clear-voiced accents and agile movements of health, energy, and heart-felt satisfaction; she will raise her domestics above the exclusive debasement to which the present dark line of demarcation dooms them, and invest her house, and its government, with a character of dignity and kindliness, an atmosphere of peace and gladness, that hitherto it has never known, because hitherto the actuating motives have been mercenary, and all idea of bringing refinement to household duties, or preserving it among them, ignorantly scouted. But happy is that man, and I trust some such there be, who has his house-door opened to him by a smiling, not servile, maid-servant, feeling herself a useful and respected portion of his family; who finds a wife and daughters regulating that family with order, elegance, and economy—matters nowise incompatible with the piano and portfolio, where a unity of labour, and a judicious division of employment, is observed—matters no way incompatible with poetry, philosophy, and politics—nay, matters which are favourable to success in all the accomplishments and all the talents; for the body does not more surely require variety of food than it requires variety of exercise. Who shall say, in our present deplorable state of lethargic indolence and ignorance, how much the brightness and clearness of thought may be dependent on the flow of the blood?

A French philosopher has lately discovered that there is a portion of phosphorus in the brain, and that people of talent have more of this phosphorus than others. It is certain that have what we may, it is equivalent to not having it if we do not bring it into action. Let us then shake the stagnant contents of that wondrous phial the human body, and see what the agitation of the compound may effect.

I have amused more than I have edified by my idea, expressed in a former paper, of a cobbler and his wife enjoying a philosophical treatise or a fine poem. Let the spirit of Bloomfield, and a greater than he, Holcroft, answer these cavillers. It is not *labour*, nor any kind of labour, which lowers or incapacitates the human mind; it is only *excessive* labour, or *excessive laziness*, associated with vile habits and baneful circumstances, which does that.

An individual may always dignify his duties by his character. That mere opinion will confer dignity, we have sufficient proof in the quantity of idle dirty dignity there is in the world. For truth's sake let some effort be made to move opinion in favour of those things which really deserve to be dignified.

Education and the diffusion of opinions, both based on the principles of love and justice, must be unceasingly employed to prepare the way for the changes in demand, and, I hope, in progress. To legislate for the adult race is one thing for the rising race. It is as much as can be done in the first case to modify prejudices, and to ward off the efforts made to obstruct and subverse what the old deem the dangerous tendencies of the new philosophy. It is as much as can be done in the second to implant just impressions, and direct the practical working out of those impressions. As for the *newness* of the philosophy of which the aged entertain so much fear, the only feature of novelty about it is its diffusion. The light formerly confined to the college and the cloister is now breaking into the cabin and beaming in the cottage.

The principal advocate for the plan of universal co-operation deems, in the boundless benevolence of his heart, that a set of circumstances might be created, at the present moment, amid which the most opposite elements of society might be harmoniously blended—in fact, that this world might be made one great bowl of punch, in which the sweets, sours, bitters, and what not, should all be concocted into a most delightful beverage. Would any pledge him, at this giant bowl, more gladly than myself? Alas, for fond humanity, how much it can conceive, how little it can execute!

If the power which said 'Let there be light,' and there was light, would say 'Let there be peace, love, and united labour on earth,' peace, love, and united labour there would be. But it is only Omnipotence which works by miracles, man must work by

measures—small and slow—the sooner he begins with good ones, and the more perseveringly he follows them up, the better.

A rational discontent, if such a term may be allowed me, I desire to see spreading more and more among the people—that is, a deep consciousness that they are not in their true position, accompanied with a high determination to place themselves in it; and not to attempt so doing by any of the violence which has branded them with the name of mobility, but by the steady onward march of mustered energies, and improved faculties; by a quiet contempt for monarchical, aristocratical, hypocritical parade, and an equally quiet evidence of a determination to serve and support *real* power. This will win for them the name of nobility; and it will be the only time that the word will have had a legitimate application.

Education is the grand equalizer. *That* is already felt. When, till now, did the people, with a sense of moral and intellectual elevation, look empty rank in its phantom face? To what is this new capacity, arising among a people inoculated for so many centuries with the virus of aristocracy, to be traced? To the dissemination of *that* which is power alike to peer and peasant,—power, unfortunately unto even that wretch who finds it strong to sustain the weight and the weakness of his dishonesty, but which is power imperishable, and irresistible, when united with high-mindedness.

Real power is the power which God has given to each individual, and which, by right exercise, and indefatigable cultivation, that individual has improved to the utmost. The emulation to be encouraged is emulation of ourselves—every new effort, every new year, should find us saying, 'This shall be better than all before.' In this spirit let us begin the year now rapidly advancing to us, and remember, in the words of Hazlitt, 'that the more we do, the more we can do.'

A people that feel the dignity of human nature, and resolve to act up to it, have nothing to fear from kingcraft, priestcraft, or lordcraft. It is men that make the strength of a nation, and not its monarch; it is the people that bulwark it, not the priests nor the peers.

And in this hour, when the pulse of oppressed humanity is beating high, and the blood of privileged humanity is running cold—for there is not a crown that does not quake, nor a title that does not tremble, at the rising of the giant power of MAN—in this hour be not the supine, the paralyzed, the oppressed, or rather the perverted, portion of the human species forgotten, or forget themselves. Let women, who have met from men the injustice which men themselves have met from kings and conquerors, loathe to be the wives of king-slaves and lord-lovers, or to become mothers of less than men.

M. L. G.

HOGG'S VISIT,* AND LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE†, TO THE EAST.

It would be difficult to read Dr. Hogg's interesting volumes without feeling that his narrative might be depended upon as authentic. It would be equally difficult to read those of M. de Lamartine without being persuaded that he was quite as anxious to 'render' Syria into French poetry, as to give a 'full, true, and particular account' of the places he has visited. It is not only right to say that he succeeds in the former, but that he continually renders the scene in genuine poetry and painting of a very superior kind. His descriptions of scenery for precision of outline, as well as fine colouring, are hardly to be surpassed. Dr. Hogg is equally perfect in costumes; but he has no eye for rocks and forests, and the changes of light and shade. If the latter imperceptibly, and from a deficiency of sympathy, gets over the ground too easily, the former often labours too visibly to detain us. Dr. Hogg's descriptions generally reduce the imagination to hard, painful, yet clear matter of fact; those of Lamartine endeavour to give a new impulse to the mind concerning oriental subjects, things, and places. The one always succeeds in his purpose by its very simplicity; the other sometimes fails, by being elaborate, and either bewilders us with florid declamation, or confuses great realities with great idealisms, till the objects cannot be distinguished from their similitudes, and no effect that you can 'pin your faith upon' (as the precise Dr. Hogg would say) for a fair transcript, is produced by the whole. This, however, is only occasionally; he often places the scene before you in such an outline, and with such definite colouring, that you are as sure of it as possible. The great objection to Lamartine's pilgrimage is the pilgrim's egotism; and this is quite as conspicuous in his gratuitous flourishes of religion, as in his 'retiring for a moment,' and returning to 'the company' with the verses he had produced, and an estimate of the tears he had shed. Dr. Hogg sheds no tears. These puerilities in Lamartine are perfectly distinct from the genuine feeling which he evinces at moments of real excitement. Let us not be supposed to confound this with conceited woes. It was said long ago 'that man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Much more we may add whose poetry and religion would not glow in the midst of the remains of Balbec, or under the cedars of Lebanon. Assuredly M. de

* Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, during the successful Campaign of Ibrahim Pasha. By Edward Hogg, M.D. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley, 1835.

† A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. Bentley, 1835.

Lamartine is not that man, and assuredly we are not the critics who would wish that he were.

The Eastern countries inherit and transmit 'a glory indestructible;' they possess an empire in the mind; their ruins savour of a new creation, the fresh growth of the elder world, or rather an immortality of desolation. Their spirit is identified with our imaginations of all that is most sacred and sublime, most gorgeous and beautiful, most magnitudinal in antique days or in present ruin, most despotic, abject, remorseless, and devastating. The predominating idea, however, is that of power,—and this, again, will be found to consist of mixed impressions of the sacred or the preternatural; overwhelming reason with the awful, the vast, the terrible, and the grotesque—and of the utmost realizations of earthly splendour and magnificence. These impressions and associations are derived from biblical narrations, from that magazine of wonders, the Arabian Nights (which, with similar works, are placed too early in the hands of children), and from the multiplied and varied account of travellers. Our present business, however, is solely with the latter, and the different eyes with which different individuals see the same things, has seldom been better exemplified than in the two works now before us.

Ibrahim Pasha had just taken and destroyed Acre at the time of Dr. Hogg's visit, and Damascus, Aleppo, and all the principal cities of Syria, had, in consequence, submitted to him. M. de Lamartine's tour took place at nearly the same period. Both travellers appear to be impressed with the opinion, that the splendid dominion thus acquired by Egypt, is never destined to return to Turkey. Dr. Hogg is earnest in his endeavours to impress on the British Government the probability that this opinion is correct.

'Would that the sober voice of reason could make its way to those who rule the destinies of England!—that her statesmen could be aroused from their perilous apathy, and that their vigilant attention to her future interests could be awakened ere the war-trump shall proclaim that a new irruption from the foreign regions of the north has again obtained possession of the garden of the world! Then would they feel the necessity of changing, without delay, their feeble policy, and perceive the wisdom of aiding, with the whole weight of British influence, the extensive, but hitherto ill-directed efforts of the ruler of Egypt for the improvement of his states. We can now no longer be deceived by the shallow fallacy that the semblance of independence secured to the Turkish empire by her potent neighbour is intended to be permanent. Either the boundaries that confine the great northern leviathan must be enlarged, and that in a direction hazardous to the stability of our own oriental possessions, or the new empire which has so suddenly grown up, and is so rapidly advancing in Egypt, must, by close alliance, and efficient support, be rendered an effectual barrier against future encroachment.

'The new and valuable territory which the Pasha of Egypt has lately acquired, and the additional resources which have been thus added to a

country previously rich in productive capability, make it highly probable that he will not long submit to his present nominal dependence upon his humbled adversary. By an alliance founded on the solid basis of mutual advantage, important benefits would accrue both to Egypt and to England.'—Dr. Hogg, vol. i. p. 12.

It is certain that nothing could be more complete than the subjection of Syria to the Egyptian troops at the time of Dr. Hogg's visit. He was furnished by Mohammed Ali with a firmaan which served as a passport everywhere. The description of his interview with the Governor of Tripoli will serve as a specimen of the obedience to the commands of the Pasha he universally witnessed.

'Our Greek servant—his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes directed to the ground—now commenced his duty as a dragoman, by showing the firmaan of Mohammed Ali. This the governor applied to his lips and forehead, and then attentively examined, although it was evident that he was incapable of reading a single word. When asked if the road was safe through Balbec to Damascus, and if we might pursue our journey without fear, he assumed a thoughtful, suspicious look, and shook his head; but, on being told that we had the pasha's express permission to visit that city, he ordered our firmaan to be read to him by one of his secretaries. His countenance now cleared-up, and he immediately assured us that he would be answerable for our safety, and would send with us a military attendant of his own, whose presence alone would be a sufficient protection.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 198.

We shall trust to quotation from M. de Lamartine to give to our readers any description of the interesting country passed over by both travellers, and confine ourselves, in selection from Dr. Hogg, to description of manners, customs, and costume, in all of which he is particularly happy. We never before understood the ceremony of *dinner* among the Turks half so well. The party described took place at Damascus.

'Our curiosity was also unexpectedly gratified by the sight of the interior of a Turkish mansion. Through the French instructor we received an invitation to see the stud of Hassan Effendi, an influential man, and a member of the supreme divan, or council of state. Among his numerous horses, some were said to be choice and valuable, but none were particularly striking to an unpractised eye. His house, which had been highly extolled, was far from sumptuous. A lofty gate led at once from the street into a large court, crowded with loitering attendants, supplied with a fountain, and lined on two sides with what appeared to be the rooms of domestics. Above was an open gallery, and a second story, with large thickly trellised windows, probably those of the hareem.

'The intelligent countenance and perfect good breeding of the master of the mansion were quite in unison with his nicely-rolled turban, and the well-chosen colours of his dress. After numerous questions relative to our country and travels, telling us that he had himself visited Constantinople and Egypt, he inquired if the houses lately built at Alexandria, bore any resemblance to those of London. Several visitors were present, and some were distinguished by the green turban, the

honoured badge of the prophet's family. As soon as my profession was known, it was put in immediate requisition by a general feeling of pulses; but I had now learned how to meet these importunate demands, and pronouncing *taib taib* (very good) with true Turkish gravity, the inquirers were satisfied, and my embarrassment relieved.

'After the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, we were civilly invited to return to dinner at noon on the following day. Punctual to our appointment, we waited so long that we began to think we had misunderstood the compliment. Visiters came in, pipes and coffee went round, until, weary with the monotony of the scene, we rose to depart. We were then reminded of our engagement, and politely asked if we preferred the European custom of several plates, or would conform to the Oriental mode. We, of course, chose the latter, and were soon summoned to our repast. The effendi first quitted the room. Ourselves, the instructor, and several other guests, followed without ceremony.

'Crossing the court, each dipped his hands in the fountain, and towels were presented by servants. We then entered a large open recess, raised from the ground by a high step, leaving our slippers below. In the middle of this apartment stood a low table, which put us to some inconvenience by its diminutive size, as we all indiscriminately encircled it, sitting on the floor upon our heels. Upon this was a tray, plentifully supplied with thin cakes, and liberally furnished with *silver* spoons. In the centre was placed a metal dish, standing on a high foot, and filled with a cone of minced and well-seasoned meat, swimming in a sauce of curdled milk, and garnished with rolls of fried paste. The dish was surrounded with several small basins of ordinary English ware, some of them containing a kind of salad, deliciously flavoured with cucumber, and pleasantly acidulated with sour milk, and others a vegetable, apparently of the gourd tribe, of a delicate flavour, fried or stewed in gravy. Our host set the example, by first eating a portion of the paste, dipped in the sauce. He then took some of the contents of the principal dish, and occasionally of the others, on his bread, which he ate with his spoon. All then commenced, without invitation, in the same manner, and the servants—for several stood behind us—changed the dishes again and again, at the signal of their master.

'The dinner was really excellent. Different kinds of meat cut in small pieces, were mixed with chopped vegetables or sauces, so that nothing required to be separated with the fingers. Pastry, stewed apricots, and other sweets were served, without any perceptible order, in the middle of the repast, and last of all came a pillauf of mutton and rice. The only beverage was water, which was presented, when asked for, in small coarse basins of English earthenware. Our entertainment was almost a silent one. Each guest, as he finished, left the table, and resuming his slippers, advanced to the fountain, where he was supplied with soap and a towel. All then assembled in the other apartment, where, after repeating the ceremony of smoking, we took our leave.' —Ibid. vol. ii. p. 61.

In order to account for the summary mode in which Dr. Hogg disposed of his patients on this occasion, we must refer to a hard morning's work he had at Zibdany, a village not very far from Balbec. He had prescribed, or rather given, medicine to an old

man for his son. The dose was restorative. Mark the consequences.

'The success was soon noised abroad, and, to our great dismay, a concourse of invalids, many of whom were nearly blind, now poured in. Here, exalted on the platform, like a mountebank on a stage, with my medicine chest on one side, and the perplexed countenance of the dragoman on the other, I listened for a good hour to a tedious catalogue of human miseries, and distributed pills and potions to the whole multitude. Our guests attended with the solemnity of Eastern sages to histories of "all the various ills that flesh is heir to," often lifting their hands with a pious exclamation, as bottle after bottle, and box after box came forth; but their gravity at length gave way, nor could my companion restrain his mirth at the oddity of the scene.

'Physic, physic, was incessantly demanded—new candidates continually pressed forward—every hand was held out—and every pulse must be felt. Those who were pronounced in health, perseveringly begged nostrums to protect them against future complaints; remedies were importunately sought for all the maladies they had ever suffered themselves, or witnessed among their relatives and friends. But, to my unspeakable relief, this ludicrous exhibition was interrupted by a summons from the hareem, to visit and prescribe for the principal wife of our host.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 289.

We extract the following as a description of picturesque costume. We must go back to classical antiquity to find grace and beauty considered as elements of dress; but the Eastern nations at least succeed in producing richness of effect, and do not aim, as we do, at concealing and even altering the proportions of the human form.

'I was much interested by seeing, for the first time, a lady, the wife of an English resident, but herself a native of Aleppo, attired in the full costume of her country. Her age was something more than forty, she had a handsome expressive countenance, and though not tall, her rich and full drapery had really an imposing effect. Her hair, of a light brown, was arranged in large ringlets round her face, while behind, divided into at least twenty small plaits, it reached her waist. It was ornamented in front with natural flowers; those in the centre of her forehead were blue, with a carnation on each side, and the pendulous heads of two double stocks were twined among the ringlets that shaded her face. She wore a turban of purple silk, the whole circumference of which was tastefully decorated with rosettes, and tassels of small strung pearls, while a large circular ornament of silver, thickly set with diamonds, formed a centre-piece over the crown of her head. A robe of pink striped muslin fitted closely her shape, and over this was worn a full green silk vest, trimmed with embroidery and gold lace,—open before, and trailing on the ground. This had large hanging sleeves, of nearly equal length, trimmed in the same manner, and a Cashmere shawl, tied before, served as a girdle to her waist. Round her neck were long strings of pearls and gold chains, and in her bosom a fine antique cameo mounted as a brooch. Her slippers were of yellow satin—she entered the room raised on a pair of wooden clogs,

six or eight inches high, with embroidered ties, and prettily inlaid with mother of pearl; and, these when she took her place on the sofa, where she sat in the Oriental manner, were left on the floor. This is the usual mode of dress among the Levantine Christians, but that of the ladies in Turkish hareems is in a totally different style,'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 103.

Dr. Hogg traversed that part of Mount Lebanon inhabited by the Druses, and visited the castle of their chief, the Emeer Besheer. He found these people distinguished by superior civilization and courteous manners. Their territory is highly cultivated, varied by pasture and arable land, plantations of mulberry trees, and cheerful villagers. Their origin, it appears, is not known, and has given rise to controversy; some supposing them to be descended from fugitive Franks at the time of the Crusades. Dr. Hogg, judging from their language, believes them to be of pure Arabian descent. They are remarkable as having among them no form of worship, and they conform to any, whether Christian or Mohammedan, when thrown into circumstances which require it of them. They have, however, vague notions of a Messiah who has come, and is expected to come again, and there is a bond of union among the higher classes resembling the Masonic institution, which is apparently of a religious character. The Emeer and his family are Christians. The Druses are tolerant of all creeds, and hospitable to strangers. They were subdued by the Turks in the sixteenth century, and have been since tributary to the Porte, but their civil rights have not been interfered with. They are governed by their own scheicks, and all the men are admitted to the council of the nation. They are said to amount in number to 200,000; their capital contains 8,000 or 9,000. They are fond of the chase, always carry arms, and are always ready to obey the war-cry of their chief. Two extracts, one describing the residence of the Emeer, the other the costume of the people, may be found interesting.

'Our road lay through a succession of beautiful valleys, amidst detached cottages, and scattered hamlets, embowered in mulberry groves, or shaded with clusters of vines and fig-trees. A brilliant sunshine threw an air of cheerfulness around, cultivation and care were everywhere visible; the dissonant creak of the silk wheel was frequently heard, and we joyfully hailed the exhilarating indications of ease and industry. Near the domain of the prince, the sloping sides of the valleys to their very summits were cut into a series of terraces, rich with luxuriant vegetation; water was everywhere conveyed in channels for irrigation; and the habitations, though small, exhibited an appearance of neatness and comfort, to which, in our recent wanderings, we had long been strangers.

'Pursuing a winding course, we now caught the first view of the mansion, crowning, like a huge fortress, a bold, circular projection of the mountain. Picturesque buildings of great extent, and of various shapes and elevations, with flat roofs forming long and wide terraces,

were at one extremity surmounted by a cluster of small cupolas, and at some of the corners by square pavilions.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 92.

The Emeer himself was absent, having formed an alliance with Ibrahim Pasha early in the dispute with the Porte, and joined him with a body of troops. His son remained to conduct the government, and by him Dr. Hogg was received. The following extract describes the Druse costume:—

'Most of the men wore clean white turbans, and the women were wrapped in blue veils, beneath which a tantoor, that invariable article of Druse luxury which is worn day and night, made a conspicuous figure. This we had now an opportunity of examining; for our host, accompanied by his wife, came to our tent, attracted by the novelty of tea, which they both drank, when well sweetened, with apparent satisfaction. The lady, in return, satisfied our curiosity by taking off her tantoor, which was of silver, rudely embossed with flowers, stars, and other devices. In length it was, perhaps, something more than a foot; but in shape had little resemblance to a horn, being a mere hollow tube, increasing in size from the diameter of an inch and a half at one extremity to three inches at the other, where it terminates like the mouth of a trumpet. If the smaller end were closed, it might serve as a drinking cup; and in Germany glasses of the same form and size are still occasionally used. This strange ornament, placed on a cushion, is securely fixed to the upper part of the forehead by two silk cords, which, after surrounding the head, hang behind nearly to the ground, terminating in large tassels, that, among the better classes, are capped with silver.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 92.

Both travellers visited Lady Hester Stanhope at her mountain residence near Saidee (the ancient Sidon). The idea of her ladyship, left on the mind by the description of each, is extremely different. Dr. Hogg presents to our imagination a clever, enthusiastic, yet sensible woman; M. de Lamartine a mystical visionary, warm-hearted and well-meaning certainly, but a little mad, who practises astrology, and is looking for another Messiah, with whom she evidently expects shortly to ride in triumph into Jerusalem. There is, however, no contradiction in these reports. Dr. Hogg may only have given us one portion of the conversation he had with her; or it may be that the very different characters of her two visitors gave it on the two occasions a totally different turn, and she may be quite sane on all points except the stars and the new Jerusalem.

The *new* Jerusalem it is indeed! Lamartine's imagination supplied something of poetry and beauty to the city at first view, which even he was obliged to confess on nearer inspection did not in any degree belong to it. But the everlasting features of nature are still there; and standing on the Mount of Olives, or by the side of the brook Cedron, we can excuse him if his eye was not very literal or accurate. Here is his description of the first sight of Jerusalem:

'I climbed in a quarter of an hour the Mount of Olives. The Dead

Sea itself shone through the openings in the mountains, whose diversified summits form the outline of the horizon, terminating in the mountains of Arabia. Here I sat down, and this was the scene before me.

'The Mount of Olives slopes suddenly and rapidly down to the deep abyss called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which separates it from Jerusalem. From the bottom of this sombre and narrow valley, the barren sides of which are everywhere paved with black and white stones—the funereal stones of death,—rises an immense hill, with so abrupt an elevation that it resembles a fallen rampart; no tree here strikes its roots; no moss even can here fix its filaments; the slope is so steep that the earth and stones continually roll from it, and it presents to the eye only a surface of dry dust, as if powdered cinders had been thrown upon it from the heights of the city. Towards the middle of this hill, or natural rampart, rise high and strong walls of large stones, not externally sawed by the mason, which conceal their Hebrew and Roman foundations beneath the same ashes, and are here from fifty to one hundred, and further on from two to three hundred, feet in height. The walls are here cut by three city gates, two of which are fastened up, and the only one open before us seems as void, and as desolate, as if it gave entrance only to an uninhabited town. The walls, rising again beyond this gate, sustain a large and vast terrace which runs along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the eastern side, and, judging by the eye, may be a thousand feet in length, and five or six hundred in breadth. It is nearly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recal to the eye the Valley of Little Depth, which formerly separated the hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, prepared no doubt by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal upon which arose the Temple of Solomon; it now supports two Turkish mosques. * * * Beyond the platform, the two mosques, and the site of the temple, the whole of Jerusalem is stretched before us, like the plan of a town in relief, spread by an artist upon a table. * * Above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which covers them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary; from hence they are confounded, and appear drowned in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets which encompass them; and one finds it difficult to credit such a situation for Calvary and the Sepulchre. * * * The view is the most splendid that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but, on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares and streets; no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet only half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engaddi, or a cage of doves to be sold on the morrow under the terebinthuses beyond the city gates. * * * We spent some time in making the circuit of Jerusalem, but saw nothing in it which could announce it as the dwelling of a people; not one sign of riches, or even of life and motion. The ex-

terior aspect had deceived us, as it had often done before in other cities of Syria and Greece. The most miserable hamlet of the Alps or the Pyrennees, the most neglected alleys of such of our Faubourgs as are given up to the lowest class of the labouring population, exhibit more luxury, cleanliness, and even elegance, than the desolate streets of the Queen of Cities.'—Lamartine, vol. ii. p. 13.

He thus graphically describes what was once Tyre:

'This city, at present called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the further extremity of a peninsula, and seems to rise out of the waves. At a distance, you would still imagine it to be a new, beautiful, white, and animated city; but it is nothing more than a shadow, which vanishes on approaching it. A few hundreds of falling houses, in which the Arabs fold large flocks of sheep and black goats with long hanging ears, which defiled before us on the plain, are all that remain of Tyre! She has no longer a port on the sea—no longer roads upon land: the prophecies respecting her have been long since accomplished.'—Ibid. vol. i. p. 299.

Among many equally beautiful descriptions of the scenery of Mount Lebanon, we select the following, purposely inserting the mention of his child. His love for her is one of the most interesting points about him; and it is rendered doubly affecting, because, very shortly after this journey they made together over part of Lebanon, he lost her by death.

'The gulf, brighter than the sky which canopied it, reflected part of the snows of Lebanon and the battlemented monasteries stationed on the prominent peaks. Some fishing-boats were passing in full sail to take shelter in the river. The valley at our feet; the declivities towards the plain; the current sweeping through its pyramidal arches; the sea with its creeks amongst the rocks; the immense block of Lebanon, with its innumerable varieties of structure; those pyramids of snow which seemed to pierce, like silver cones, the heights of heaven, where the eye searched for them as for stars; the insensible sounds of insects around us; the melody of a thousand birds among the trees; the lowing of the buffaloes; the almost human plaints of the camels of the caravan; the dull and periodical roar of the breakers dashing upon the sand at the entrance of the river; the interminable horizon of the Mediterranean; the green and serpentine bed of the Nahr-Bairout on the right; the gigantic and indented wall of Lebanon in front; the serene and beaming dome of heaven, skirted with the summits of the mountains and the conical heads of colossal trees; the coolness and perfume of the air, in which everything appeared to swim like an image in the transparent waters of a Swiss lake: all these objects, sounds, and shadows, this light, and these impressions, constituted the most sublime and beautiful landscape my delighted senses ever drank in. What must it then have been to Julia? she was all sensibility—radiant, trembling with ecstacy; and, for my part, I delighted to impress such spectacles upon her childish imagination. The Deity is depicted in them more forcibly than in the lines of a catechism; he is there represented in traits worthy of him; the sovereign, the surpassing bounty of excelling nature reveal him such as he is to the infant mind, which translates the perception of physical and

material beauty into a sentiment of moral beauty. As the statues of Greece are displayed to the artist to inspire him with the instinct of loveliness, the young mind should be initiated in the finer and grander scenes of nature, that the image it may form to itself of the Author of nature may be worthy of her and of him!'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 138.

There is a lovely description of the clothing of the rocky sides of these valleys of Lebanon:

'It is a leafy carpet of one or two feet thick, a vegetable velvet strewed in all colours, with bouquets of flowers, unknown to us, of a thousand forms and a thousand odours, which sometimes sleep motionless, and sometimes, when the light breeze sweeps over them, raise themselves with the herbs and branches from whence they issue, becoming shaded with many tints, and resembling a river of flowers and verdure that flows in perfumed waves. At those moments gusts of intoxicating odours load the air, and multitudes of insects with variegated wings fly out, and innumerable birds sing on the neighbouring trees.'—Ibid. vol ii. p. 134.

It is impossible, by means of short extracts, to give any idea of the magnificence of Balbec. Indeed, it is difficult for the imagination to conceive of it after reading the most elaborate description. We are told of a 'hill of architecture bearing a forest of columns;' of an accumulation of ruins so vast that we must 'multiply in our fancy the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, to succeed in acquiring a notion of their extent;' of columns seventy feet high, formed out of only two or three blocks; of successive generations of monuments belonging to different ages.

'Under our very feet, in the bed of the torrent, around the trunks of the trees, were scattered blocks of red and grey granite, veined porphyry, white marble, and yellow stone as bright as Parian marble; truncated columns, richly-wrought capitals, architraves, entablatures, and pedestals; while portions of figures and whole statues, seemingly animated with life, lay around in confused masses, like the lava of some volcano which had vomited forth the relics of a mighty empire.

'Beyond these masses, which may be truly called marble downs, rises the hill of Balbec, an elevation a thousand feet long, and seven hundred broad, entirely the work of human hands, and built of freestone, some blocks of which measured from fifty to sixty feet long, and from fifteen to sixteen feet high, but the average from fifteen to thirty. Three blocks of granite alone present a surface of nearly four thousand feet. In the expansive hollows of the subterraneous vaults the river engulphs itself, and the wind, rushing in with the water, produces a noise like the distant peals of cathedral bells. Above this immense eminence we descried the tops of the great temples, relieved from an horizon alternately azure, red, and gold colour. The eye is absolutely bewildered in surveying the brilliant avenues of the colonnades of the different temples; and the horizon rising above them prevented us from discerning the point where this world of architecture terminated. The six gigantic columns of the grand temple, still majestically supporting their rich and colossal entablature, tower over all the rest, and their termina-

tions are lost in the azure sky, as if the erection were an aerial altar raised by giants for their sacrifices.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 269.

We have room but for one more extract, and there is but one that seems fitting after the ruins of Balbec. M. de Lamartine has been describing a very high situation in Mount Lebanon, in early spring, near the village of Eden.

'At some distance on the left, (he continues,) in a kind of semicircular hollow, formed by the last curves of Lebanon, we observed a large black spot upon the snow, which was the celebrated clump of cedars. They crown, like a diadem, the brow of the mountain; they overlook all the numberless spacious valleys that slope away beneath them; the sea and the sky blend in their horizon. They grow upon the proudest site of the groups of Lebanon, and prosper above that point where all other vegetation ceases. These trees diminish in every successive age. There are now but seven; these, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times.'—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 361.

Dr. Hogg has fallen into the usual affectation, or confusing error, whichever it may be, of travellers in the East; we allude to the spelling of proper names, places, and words, *otherwise* well known. We are confounded with all the different effects of sounds upon different ears. Thus harem becomes hareem; caliph, khalif; pillau, pillauf, (why not *pillaughfp* while he was about it?) and the hitherto plain-spoken name of the famous Saladin is transformed into Salàh-e'deen! We beg leave to suggest the following for choice, any of which will be equally advantageous to the future use of the individual's name:—Sala-yer'deen—Sarlard'een—Salaïd'n—Zaloiden—Psaulaigh-deen—Sczargh-laïyerteyne—S'Alladdin—Sally Dean.

A gentleman once remarked to an orientalist that he never found any two authors or travellers spell the word *Mahometan* in the same way. With some it was Mohamedan, with others Mohumedan, Mehemmetan, &c. The orientalist replied that it was no wonder, as there were thirty-two different methods of spelling it. 'Indeed,' said the querist, 'but which then is the correct one?' The orientalist looked confused. He had never thought of *that*. After due consideration, however, he replied that the correct method was for everybody to spell it as he pleased.

M.

THE BURNT OFFERING.

Let it burn!—
'Tis fitting that the heart
Should sometimes to its old loves turn;
Nor spend upon the present all its art;
Nor for new idols in the future yearn!

Let it flame!—
There hath been much of treason,
And much of violence and shame,
To the old worship of that spring-life season;
And compromisings of a sacred claim!

Let it blaze!—
The old idolatries
Come fiercely on me; as the rays
Of his forsaken god, from burning skies,
Blast the sun-worshipper's apostate gaze!

Be it ashes!—
Hearts seared with first-love fires
So waste, amid the thought that flashes,
And the hot force of world-condemned desires;
Till death dries up the blood of their thick gashes!

All is dark!
Exhaled the sacrifice!—
But faintly the rekindled spark
Of my heart's worship old revivifies;
To flee for ever, like the dove o' the ark.

Present eyes,
And present lips and limbs,
Are still the prevalent deities
Of the love-needing heart, whose ancient hymns,
With modulations new, unto new gods arise!

* W. *

NATURE AND HER FORMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE 'KOSMORAMA' OF CAROVE, AUTHOR OF 'THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.'

One spirit, one love, pervades the universe, 'one only pulse warms, and animates the whole;' and every single sound, however different, mingles into one divine universal harmony. This we acknowledge, not merely as necessarily true in science, but we feel it in the loftiest, holiest, moments of our existence.

We feel it, when we stand on the open eminence, in the radiance of spring, and look down on the green plains, the glistening rivulets, the peaceful villages, the towns, the hills, the woods, on the distant shepherd surrounded by the fragrant breezes; and the whole earth seems but one altar from which the incense of her grateful homage ascends towards heaven. We feel it when we

look up to the clear, soft, bright, blue firmament, into which the exhalations rise and melt away; from which the benign and salutary light and warmth of life flow down in the breath of spring, and in the rays of the sun. We feel it when we perceive the thousand voices of the wood, and the silent exultation of every creature around; and all—all this magnificence finds entrance into the open and comprehending mind, and, dissolved into one sense of the omnipresent God, and the holy unity of the Creator and the creation, breaks forth again in grateful praise and silent prayer.

We feel it also when, on the feast day, with the assembled community in their best attire, we kneel before the Highest; and the full choir unites with the powerful tones of the organ and the rising incense, in the dome of the sacred edifice; and all hearts beat together, kindled into one flame of devotion and adoration; and the spirit of holiness sinks down as the dew of heaven sinks into each open flower-cup, and re-ascends as a sweet fragrance and an offering of love—the one in all—all in the alone, uniting one.

But man perceives it likewise when he looks into the eye of the being he loves, and sees his own immortality reflected there—and has free entrance into the congenial heart, as if it were his own home, and there discovers with delight a second self; when he looks into the beloved eye, and his searching, sighing look is met by one more sighing and more searching,—and they seek one another, and meet and recognise that other being each had needed and had sought; and they are two, and yet are one; and then each soul flows forth into the other, and feels perfect satisfaction, because God himself is purest Love, and God is in them, and they are in God; and to them time has passed away, because to them eternity has begun.

Then, oh, then! will man intensely feel that in appearance the world may be, and must be, a divided endless multitude, but that the many in their deepest root, in their individual being, in their highest elevation,—still, indeed, are many,—but are likewise one in spirit and in love,—one in God! In such moments of exalted feeling, as well as in the highest perceptions of the pure reason, each distinction will be equally transparentand transient; a name is then to us no more than

> ——'Sound and smoke,
> The misty glow of heaven!'

The temporal dissolved into its original element—the eternal; the varied colours re-ascended into pure unrivalled light;—all is spirit, heaven, divine existence!

But we should be incapable of participating in the holy feelings of union, of arriving at the consciousness of the eternal, had we not been in the separate, the distinct, the individual,—did we not

return back to it again. A simile, which is to be regarded merely as a simile, may render this idea more intelligible. The sun revolves indeed upon his own axis, apparently regardless of all other objects; but, in truth, his being is only full and complete, when the planets, the reflections of himself, revolve around him; when he, beaming forth his rays, finds in the planets his life and his completion; when they, moving in distinct orbits, and in their path meeting the emitted rays, find, and ever and continually receive, their life and their completion in the sun. Then only does the glory of the sun become actual and manifest when the planets, separated from him, obey his powerful attraction; then only does it become apparent that they are, and must be, one with the sun, and that on his influence their fertility depends, when the planets, in their course tread with him in living oscillating movement, and thus produce the varying seasons. In like manner, we should not have known the joy of spring, had not the spring been preceded by the severe and rugged winter;—we should not have known the delight of devotion, had not the union with God, which we recognise in devotion, followed an apparent separation from him. We should not have known the happiness of love, had not the satisfaction it gives succeeded to the suffering and sighing of absence; and, again, it is only by the withdrawal of our highest gratifications, that we are capable of knowing their full enjoyment.

So does it appear how everything (though sometimes only seemingly) becomes manifest and attains to its own sense, and knowledge, and perception, and enjoyment, according to its true and complete infinitude, through its opposite—unity. The eternal and the infinite is the commencement and termination of being,—in it the endless circle has its consummation;—but duality, —separation and contrast—is necessary in order that the former may arrive at the latter,—that the latter may again arrive at the former. E. R. B.

AN ODD SUBJECT.

Politicians, who are plunged deep in the study of the destinies of nations, who catch eagerly at clues wherewith to thread the intricacies of party; philosophers, who explore the before untraversed regions of science, to cull truths that may enrich the mind, as the herbalist culls his balmy treasures to strengthen the body; poets, whose eyes wander over each fresh object with the most keenly conscious sense of beauty whereon it may dwell, of all kinds, in all degrees, whether in that physical perfection, a flower, or that spiritual perfection, a woman's soul—but at the same time alike unconscious of the rich return they render for each received impression, and of the mysterious magic by which they weave their

beautiful and many-coloured web; metaphysicians, miners of the mind, who search into its profoundest depths for the true gold which furnishes forth the current coin of the realm of intellect; philanthropists, whose hearts are the urns wherein is contained that all-holy precious love, which has been created for the healing of the nations, from whence flows a never-failing stream to fertilize deserts, and make cities joyful—Pull up pen, lest you canter your readers over your head. There—pause a minute, take breath. And now what think you, one and all, is it not an odd subject?—'The Wonderful Fleas!!'

You, who can find an interest in, and point a morality from, the meanest thing that finds a place in this beautiful world—which is so beautiful because there is harmony in all things from the highest to the lowest; you, who love to trace throughout creation the handwriting of God, rather than the superscription of the devil; in a word, who delight to dwell on the everything of good, rather than the worse-than-nothingness of evil; you will not turn away when I say, 'Come and let us reason together,' and see if we cannot find something to repay us in the 'odd subject,' beyond its first somewhat uninviting aspect.

Every one has seen in Regent-street, or in other parts of the town, a large placard headed with a representation of something like a lobster, with something like a man on its back, followed by a long description of the wonderful feats of those little lively tenants of a small space in creation, whose souls Peter Pindar, in the person of Sir Joseph Banks, doomed to everlasting perdition. The placard serves as an invitation-card to an exhibition, where you may see these heads of the sect of the jumpers, at one time drawing a carriage, at another dancing a quadrille, and performing all sorts of, to them most unnatural, antics, within the due limits prescribed by their master, (although without their accustomed *bounds*,) so that the imagination is tasked in vain to discover the secret of their subordination. And it would not be easily guessed, though it is now generally known. The unfortunate little victims, after being made prisoners, are secured in a box just sufficiently high to let them leap up, that they may be knocked down. After repeated endeavours to continue their accustomed rapid way of getting over the ground, (after all they are the only true seven leagued booters, and free-booters too,) they cease not only to hope for 'the promise of their SPRING,' but to spring at all; and thus are brought by continual blows, to a stupid state of living death, without even enjoying their liberty in the one year of four, so peculiarly their privilege. If I were amongst them, before I would succumb to such tyranny, I would, if there were vantage ground sufficient, leap up again and again till I dashed my brains out! Better so than deteriorate my own nature: it would be for my persecutors one 'flea away,' while I should 'be at rest.' And now let us look around, and see how

many, endued with capabilities somewhat above the mere elasticity that lies in a pair of long hind legs, are put to the torture of the box; how the nobler few, who have no escape, are under the infliction, and how the inferior many are deteriorated and reduced to grovel, where they should have leapt.

There are boxes of various kinds. There is a box of Toryism, and a box of Episcopacy; and there is a box of Legal injustice, and a box of Social law, which is the most cruelly oppressive box of all. Into all these wrong boxes, or boxes of wrong, many find their way without the hope of extrication, awhile to struggle with the circumstances around them, to 'kick against the pricks,' that is, to leap against the lid, and then to be turned out to perform a part in life, so fantastically untrue to the nature that should show forth in the glorious human creature, as to make the 'angels weep,' and demons shout!—Let us take a few instances.

There is the boy who begins life with a generous love of his kind; who longs to be the righter of the injured, the regenerator of the degraded, the redeemer of the slave; whose eyes flash at a tale of oppression, whose heart throbs at the recital of a deed of high and noble daring. He reads again and again the page that records the fight of Thermopylæ, and of the strife that nations have made to be free; and he has longed for the time to come over again that he might be a leader amongst them. His heart has flown with the arrow of Tell, or mourned over the fate of Emmet. He makes a vow, in all the fulness of an earnest, untouched, untried spirit, to dedicate himself, henceforward and for ever, to the sacred cause of freedom. He cannot control his enthusiasm—it works out at every pore. In his college life he can scarcely keep it within the bounds of the prescribed decorum. He gets reprimanded as a revolutionary republican, and many other long hard names, which his tutors can say and spell, it is true, but of the spirit of which they are utterly ignorant; and he is almost equally so, as his after-life shows. However, he stands it all, for at college, resistance to the local powers that be is a sort of virtue, and as there is no influence of the world upon him, he weathers out the gale of his tutor's displeasure, and comes sailing out in gallant style. We have not time to elaborate on the several phases he passes through before his enthusiasm vanishes. The promise of place or of fortune from some old Tory uncle, or mother's brother's cousin, or the dread of losing caste by associating with those of an inferior rank in society to his own, whose strong-minded sturdy demands for equal rights somewhat shock him; or, they do not quite come up to his idea of the grateful recipients of all his numerous proposals for the improvement of their condition; who, in fact, he expected were to stand by inactive while he fought their battle for them, for the idea never entered his head they were fully equal and ready to fight it for themselves, and so curtail him of that large proportion of honour and gratitude

which he had unconsciously reckoned upon, and which, unknown to himself, he had been reckoning upon as his reward. Gradual changes take place, until at last the genius—no, the devil—of Toryism clutches him, into its box he goes, and comes out finally a crawling, creeping creature, who will do anything for place. He is shackled and made their hack; he is laughed at by his old companions, he sinks into dulness; or plays the buffoon, as the only chance of securing something of that notoriety, the love of which was, in his character, the root of all the evil.

Next comes the clerical box, which is the more melancholy, as the one qualification for any service connected with the mission of Jesus of Nazareth—the chief characteristic of which was its simplicity, so remote from the forms and excrescences of the English Church—should be an entire devotion of the will, founded on a becoming fitness for that vocation rather than any other. 'His service' should be 'perfect freedom.' How many are forced into 'the box' whose character, whose pursuits, whose tastes, would lead them in a totally different direction! With some (the better and fewer) it is a fancied notion of duty, accompanied with a desire not to disappoint their friends; with others, it is the wish to attain a certain station in society—for, as the wife of a clergyman once remarked, 'the clergy rank next to the nobility!' The greater part, so far from being 'moved by the spirit of God,' are moved simply by the *argumentum ad pocketum*. How many, who would have made first-rate actors, or artists, or musicians, who would have assisted in refining the human soul, or cheering the human heart, have failed to do aught, in their forced vocation, save the administering soporifics to their congregation on a Sunday, marrying couples, christening children, or endeavouring to administer cold comfort to some poor sick creature during the week. They do their duty tolerably, but it is done merely as a duty, not, as it ought to be, as a pleasure. Their true genius is in shackles; they have not the kind of talent, or of feeling, required of them, and they stoop to the dishonesty of appropriating that of others without any acknowledgment, as the thousand bought manuscript sermons will testify. There must be a want of pure frankness in a nature that can do this. But, say they, 'we cannot starve.' True—but better wear a fustian jacket in honesty, than a black gown in meanness.

Next comes the more innocent victim of the legal box. He suffers himself to be caught by the trap of the law, he feels himself hemmed in on all sides; if he consider himself safe one way, there is a chancery suit threatening him in another, or there is some uncivil civil process that is sure to be lost—or won, it matters little which, for the gains are swallowed up by the leviathan of the law, far more readily than was Jonah of old by the briny monster, as we will venture to affirm its swallow to be infinitely more capacious. He is in a miserable condition, and he kicks

against the enclosure, which holds him, again and again. All in vain! He must submit; and he finds too late his error in not heeding the advice of Christ, 'If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also.' He too is turned out of the box at last, to be made sport of by those who have fleeced him, and who will never let him go, as long as they can keep the shackle on him and still retain him in their power.

The box of social law is far more mischievous and miserable in its consequences than any of the others; because its inflictions are more generally diffused. There are so many classes of people who are subjected to its torture—a moral torture, worse to bear, and more crippling to the energies of the mind and heart, than were the iniquitous inquisitorial torments that deformed and maimed the body. 'Society,' 'the world,' 'people,' with the mysterious '*on dit*' as a witness, have established an inquisition after the most rigid and unsparing Spanish policy. It is a self-elected judgment; it employs masked witnesses; it endeavours, like its prototype, to torture into falsehood; and would doom its victims to cells of perpetual moral darkness, away from the sun and air, and all the precious influences of social life. Thus it does, or would try to do, with those who dare to question its established laws.

And now how, and upon whom, does this last torture box act? We will take, for instance, a girl brought up without any regard to the mere forms of society; free to think, free to look, free to speak her thoughts, with this one object always before her—the desire after truth, to which she would look as the eagle looks upon the sun, whether soaring upward or taking a downward flight, always keeping that one light of life in view. The first part of her life is easy; the child may do what in the woman may be 'conspicuous;' and conspicuous for why? Because it is without that worldly varnish which 'society' wears as a livery, to the injury, and sometimes destruction, of originality of character; just as painting over a beautiful delicately-chiselled statue would destroy its sharpness. Women become, like soldiers, so many slaves in uniform, to go through their various exercises (though without ever 'standing at ease') just as society may bid. The single-hearted, the frank, the unsuspicious followers of their own generous impulses, these are the selected victims. They are taught, that to exclaim wherever they find beauty, to yield genuine admiration to whatever attracts their eye, to leap to do a service whenever they can, without respect to persons, is 'extraordinary,' 'eccentric,' 'wild,' 'incautious.' As the girl grows up she finds a thousand checks to the naturally open-hearted expression of her pure unquestionable feelings. Even the most rigid can detect no fault in the feeling itself, but they shake their heads and bid her be careful how she looks, 'for fear of the world'—what she says, 'for fear of the world.' In time she

acquires a habit of nervous consciousness which takes the name of modesty, but really is vanity; an excessive desire of approbation, a thing she never used to care or think about except from those she loved, and which she runs the risk of losing by her excessive wish to gain. She is constantly afraid of committing herself, of saying too much, of showing her feelings too much, of 'doing those things she ought not to do,' and leaving the worldly customs undone which she has been taught that society expects from her,—in fact, she is in 'the box:' she went in a pure, warm-hearted, unconventual, genuine girl—she comes out an affected, meretricious, morally-distorted woman; her intellect enfeebled; her virtue a negative; without individuality—a mere machine. It may chance that she has intellect sufficient to assert her right to be something more than a puppet; and then, owing to the unnatural restraint, it shows itself in all sorts of eccentricities, tinctured with an admixture of bravado. And thus are women subjected to be, by turns, laughed at, despised, or condemned, by 'the world;' that very world which has tempted them into the error.

And now comes the worst box of all,—the box of marriage; and for this reason, that it is the evil of all others which inflicts the deepest injury on posterity. It is the only box which is entered in couples; and society says that the two shall remain bound to each other for life, however dissimilarity of feeling may make a dissolution of the contract desirable: thus yielding a superior privilege to Messrs. Hubbins and Gubbins in the formation of their business partnership. It is said that people enter into it voluntarily, knowing the consequences. They do *not* know the consequences. They marry young, each in a state of undeveloped intellect and feeling; and the change in themselves which time produces, and the different action of circumstances upon them, may be divorcing them from each other, in spite of all their wishes to remain in sympathy. Love never came by effort. It is said, and with truth, of a popular Calvinistic preacher, that, on being repeatedly urged by his father to marry a lady who possessed sundry golden temptations, he replied, 'Father, I have tried to like her; I have *prayed* that I might like her; but I cannot like her.'* His terms of adjuration must have been a curiosity; they should have been preserved in some un-common prayer-book, for the benefit of others similarly circumstanced! But, at all events, it is one proof amongst the 999,999, that love cannot be created out of the wish to have it, but is a feeling dependent upon a positive existing sympathy. People do *not* know the consequences. They marry without any intention to deceive—they are themselves deceived. They have a liking for persons more than qualities. The error too often consists in the excess of a virtue; in goodness that thinks another like itself, or, where there is anything like

* He afterwards married her, nevertheless.

doubt, generously turning the scale on the favourable side. A glowing imagination deifies its object, and thereby is committed that grievous mistake, which we so frequently see, of 'falling in love,' instead of, as it should ever be, *rising* into love. But, says another, even should a marriage prove unsuitable, a life of struggle helps to the attainment of moral strength. It is not true. It is a mistake to suppose that continued resistance to the action of unfavourable circumstances is a good: and tolerance to inferiority is worse. Better be comparatively miserable with a consciousness of inferior unfitness, than comparatively what is called happy in lowering yourself to it. I am supposing that the hope of elevating it has been proved a fallacy. No; continued painful struggle no more strengthens the mind, than continual painful effort strengthens the muscles: it exhausts the energy of both. There must be hope beyond—there must be something to struggle *for*, as well as to struggle against.

And what says society to help them out of their sufferings? It says that the error shall be permanent—that it will visit with its direst vengeance those who dare to dispute the wisdom of the law it hath set up. It is to be adhered to with a tenacity that would go to prove that the people are made for the good of the law, rather than the law made for the good of the people. It condemns one, pure and well-intentioned, to the companionship of a man unfitted for her. She has not intellect sufficient to see the immorality of her position, nor courage enough to free herself from it. It condemns another to the degradation of seeking communion with, and being dependent upon, one who would avoid her. It encourages and legalizes the horrible transformation of man into a mere animal. Where the moral and intellectual qualities find no sympathy to warm them into progression, people too often, like the poor whose pleasures are circumscribed and only the inferior ones within reach, leave the finer part of their nature totally uncultivated, and deteriorate towards the brute. Here, too, is the secret of that 'original sin' that has caused so many a theological dispute. Here is the real crime against society! This incompleteness of sympathy, this prevalence of selfish gratification, is the cause of the unaccountable waywardnesses, caprices, and petulancies of children, that have so often puzzled physicians, metaphysicians, mothers and fathers, grandmothers and grandfathers, and a whole tribe of uncles and aunts to boot. It is this which appears to us to settle the question, when the honest and mistaken social moralist would leave things as they are to the gradual action of an improvement in education. Were the sole mischievous results the unhappiness of the contracting parties themselves, there might be room for a doubt, but the real evil lies in the injury done to society by the results of ill-assorted marriages, and to continue the necessity of such a state of things is to keep up a constant supply of mischief for education

to try to remedy. But how many make it a matter of principle? One out of a thousand is a liberally allowed proportion. No—it is what will 'the world say?' what will 'the world think?' what will 'the world do?' This 'world,' this delicate monster who likes nothing so well as to prey on precious human hearts, how he stands by, and grins in triumph, when he sees the constantly filling 'box' periodically emptied of its contents! How he loves the sound of the clanking of the fetter, be it of gold or iron! How he makes sport of the immoral distortion occasioned by the hopeless shackle! How he enjoys, by turns, each strange vagary, angry passion, odious sensuality, or morbid stupidity, the result of the unnatural bond!

It is this 'world' who is the chief proprietor of the set of torture boxes we have been enumerating. It is 'the world' who tempts the young aspirant through his ambition, the poor student through his poverty, the weak litigant by his desire for mastery, or short-sightedness in the knowledge of results. It is 'the world' who is the grand sitter in judgment upon the incautious and unsuspicious, who often, by pretended adulation, tempts them into its power, that it may make them its victims; and it is 'the world,' who, by perpetuating the error of a mistaken marriage, changes it into a crime against society of the worst possible consequences. Let 'the world' look to it—or rather let them look to it no longer. I would say to all, never trust your morality out of your own keeping; regulate it according to your own judgment; but, above all, never yield it into the hands of 'the world,' or you will find, when it is too late, that you are 'in the wrong box,' beyond the power of extrication. S. Y.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S COMPENSATION.

Some of the merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield are bestirring themselves to obtain from the legislature, by petitioning for the adoption of a bill similar to that which was lost last session upon a mere technicality, the means of enforcing such compensation as is justly due from the East India Company to their representative for the grievous oppression practised upon him in India. They have called on others to aid them in this righteous work, and we heartily comply with a request for the insertion of their sketch of a petition, which contains an outline of the merits of the case, in order to facilitate the imitation of their example. We cannot better introduce it than by the following note from a correspondent, whose name we are always glad and proud to inscribe on our pages.

'Mr. Editor,—To redress the wronged is with us a sacred duty. In J. S. Buckingham, we have a man whose wrongs enabled him to give us a free trade to India. By speaking (as none but he can speak) mouth to mouth with his fellow-countrymen, he made tens of thousands

hear, who would never have read, and thousands of them understand what, but for him, they would not even have considered. But the gigantic oppression, though trampled beneath his feet, still retains possession of his children's bread. Shall this be? I trust not.

'EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

'Sheffield, 20th November, 1835.'

SKETCH OF PETITION.

To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal (or to the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) in Parliament assembled. The humble Petition of the Merchants, Manufacturers, Traders, and other Inhabitants of Sheffield.

HUMBLY SHOWETH.—That your Petitioners have read in the Parliamentary Reports and in the Public Journals the following Resolutions of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to examine into all the facts connected with the banishment of James Silk Buckingham from India, and the subsequent suppression of the 'Calcutta Journal,' of which he was editor and chief proprietor: and which resolutions the said Select Committee had unanimously agreed to, and reported to the House of Commons on the 4th of August, 1834: viz.

1. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee that Mr. Buckingham resided in Bengal from the year 1818 to 1823, under a licence of the East India Company, and was engaged as principal proprietor and editor of the 'Calcutta Journal,' which was then a highly profitable concern, yielding to himself and other proprietors a large annual income.

2. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee, that in the year 1823, in the exercise of the discretion vested in the Governor-General, Mr. Buckingham was, by the acting Governor-General, ordered to quit India within two months.

3. 'Resolved, That it appeared to your Committee, that, after the departure of Mr. Buckingham from India, the 'Calcutta Journal' was, by order of the Governor-General, altogether suppressed.

4. 'Resolved, That your Committee, without impugning the motives which actuated the measures of the Government, feel that those measures have, in their consequences, proved to Mr. Buckingham, and his family, penal to a degree which could not have been contemplated at the time of their adoption.

5. 'Resolved, That your Committee are, therefore, of opinion that compensation ought to be made to Mr. Buckingham.

6. 'Resolved, That your Committee abstain from expressing any opinion as to the amount of compensation, in the hope that that subject will be taken into the favourable consideration of the East India Company, and thus the interposition of Parliament, in the next session, to fix such amount, be rendered unnecessary.'

That your Petitioners have since learnt, with pain and disappointment, that, although these unanimous Resolutions of the Select Committee of the House of Commons were duly laid before the East India Company, by the then President of the Board of Control, (now a member of the House of Peers, and one of his Majesty's Cabinet Ministers, as Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies,) the said

East India Company refused to grant such compensation, and declined to entertain any proposition whatever on the subject.

That your Petitioners humbly beg to assure your Honourable House, that they regard such a denial of justice as this to be highly derogatory to the British name and reputation: as it appears to your Petitioners that a British subject has been banished without trial—punished without conviction—and ruined in all his fortune and pursuits, without even the allegation of his having been guilty of any crime.

That when the great charter of English liberty guaranteed to the subjects of this realm, that no man should be punished but by the judgment of his peers—that all punishments should be proportioned to the offence—that there should be no wrong without a remedy—and that justice should neither be delayed nor denied to any man—your Petitioners humbly conceive, that these protecting privileges were meant to be extended to all Englishmen, in whatever part of His Majesty's dominions they might happen to be.

That, in the case of the said James Silk Buckingham, your Petitioners regret to perceive that all these principles of English liberty have been violated, without necessity, and without adequate cause; for he has been punished without judgment of his peers—his punishment has been wholly disproportioned to his alleged offence—he has suffered a grievous wrong, without having any remedy at law for the same—and for more than twelve years past, during which the facts of his case have been so often before the public, as to be familiar to almost every one who reads, justice has been delayed and denied—without his having yet been proved to be guilty of any other offence than that of advocating, in India, that freedom of trade, freedom of settlement, and freedom of publication, which were formerly denied to Englishmen in that country, but which are now happily made, by the last charter for India, the established law of the land.

Your Petitioners cannot bring themselves to believe that the advocating and practising in India what both Houses of the Legislature, and His Majesty on the throne, have since sanctioned and approved, and what the most distinguished Governors-General of India, past and present, have publicly declared to be as great a blessing and advantage to India as it is in England, and to every other well-governed country, (namely, the freedom of the press—subject only to the control of the laws, as administered by a judge and jury,) ought to be considered in any other light than that of a public virtue and a public good: and, therefore, they humbly conceive that the summary banishment and arbitrary ruin of an honourable individual, without trial or conviction—on no other alleged ground than that he was guilty of advocating and practising the freedom of the press—cannot be defended by any principle of the British Constitution, to the very spirit and essence of which is wholly and entirely repugnant.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly implore your honourable House, that you will be pleased to give your sanction to such a Bill as may enable the said James Silk Buckingham to recover, from the East India Company, that compensation, which the Select Committee of the House of Commons reported it to be their unanimous opinion that the said East India Company ought to make to him, for the destruction of his property, occasioned by the measures herein before mentioned.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

GLUCK.

FANTASY PIECE, IMITATED AFTER HOFFMANN.

'When one of the great works of Gluck is given here, the house is crowded to the ceiling with a most attentive and judicious audience. * * * * * Gluck was so much in earnest, so exquisitely melodious, so fanciful in his accompaniments, so pure in his harmonies, so rich and unexpected in his modulation and transition, that all must acknowledge in him the precursor and model of Mozart.'—*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.*

DIFFERENT people have different fancies for different seasons of the year. I avow a partiality for the end of Spring, and no where have I enjoyed the time—

> 'When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
> And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
> When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
> And maidens bleach their summer smocks,'

better than at Vienna. I used to sit of an evening, before one of the coffee-houses on the Prater, at a little table, shaded from the setting sun by the linden-trees, and with my meerschaum a-light, observe the passing crowd much to my satisfaction. Vienna has, however, its peculiar inconvenience—it is so dusty. On a dry day, the back of any gentleman, attired in coat of 'nighted colour,' after a short promenade, would furnish a very good copy-book for scholars on the Bell and Lancasterian system. But, alas! what capital city has not its peculiar inconvenience? In London are we safe in the streets one moment?—

> 'Nemo mortalium *omnibus* horis sapit.'

What mortal can always be on his guard against omnibuses? At Paris it is the same—nay, worse; for since infernal machines have come into fashion, there is no knowing at what moment you may chance to get into a right line with royalty, and have 'five bullets from an old gun-barrel' perforating your carcass. At Venice, drowning threatens you; at Lisbon, entombment; at Naples, ditto, in boiling-hot lava. As for the particular inconveniences of the capital cities further north, it is sufficient merely to observe that the police object to your leaving them without first paying your debts.

To the charms of a fine evening at Vienna must be added music, performed by wind instruments. The execution of this music is almost always very beautiful, but the music itself—as the choice of it rests with the listeners, or payers for it—is not always so good; and on a certain evening, as something was being performed which did not quite come up to my standard of excellence, I murmured to myself, involuntarily, 'Oh! those infernal octaves!'

Very great was my surprise when I heard some one, close to my elbow, say in a low tone of voice, 'Unfortunate destiny! here is another disliker of octaves!'

I turned round on my chair, and perceived that a man had seated himself by me at the table. We regarded each other stedfastly. Never had I seen features that made such a sudden and deep impression on my mind. A nose, softly aquiline, descended from a high and wide forehead; thick, half-silvered, projecting eyebrows shaded eyes almost savagely bright, lighting up a countenance apparently betwixt sixty and seventy years old; a chin, softly rounded, contrasted with the mouth, which was severely closed. The stranger's grey hair was arranged in an old-fashioned style, and his person, tall and thin—as far as I could judge as he sat—was enveloped in a large great-coat. During my observation of him he reclined in his chair, in an abstracted manner, taking now and then a pinch of snuff from a handsome box.

At last the music ceased, and I could not help addressing myself to him:

'I am very glad it is finished.'

He threw an absent look upon me, and took another pinch of snuff.

'It would be better for them not to play at all than to play such stuff,' continued I—'what do you think, Sir?'

'I think the same as you do,' replied the stranger; 'I suppose you are professional?'

'No, Sir, I am not. I learned a little music, as part of a tolerable education, and recollect my master used to tell me that nothing had so bad an effect as a counter-tenor voice sinking by octaves to the bass.'

'You are right,' answered the stranger. Then quitting his seat he walked slowly and pensively towards the musicians, and I observed that he spoke to them in a very dignified manner. He returned, and had hardly re-seated himself when they began the overture to the 'Iphigenia in Tauris.'

He listened to the andante with eyes half closed; a slight movement of his foot marked the time; his left hand was extended upon the table as if upon the keys of a piano-forte, and his right hand was a little raised. His right hand fell, and the allegro commenced.

When the overture was finished his arms fell to his side, and he reclined back in the chair as if exhausted. I filled a wine-glass from my bottle of Würtzburger, and pressed him to drink; he emptied it *sans cérémonie*, and exclaimed—'I am satisfied with the orchestra—they did it very well.'

'In my opinion,' said I, 'we had only a slight sketch of a most brilliant work.'

He made no reply, but hummed the chorus of priestesses, and accompanied it by striking his fingers upon the little hard walnut-

tree table. I remarked that he introduced into it novel and very energetic modulations. Suddenly he asked me—

'Did you ever compose?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'some trifles; but when the enthusiasm was off, all I had done appeared so very worthless that I gave it up.'

'You did wrong—it is a good sign to feel discontent at our first essays. We are taught music when we are young, generally because papa or mamma wishes it, and so we go on thumping, or scraping, or puffing; but after a time the soul becomes sensible of harmony. Some half-forgotten melody is the embryo which, nourished by other ideas, may grow to a colossus. We arrive at composition in a thousand ways. There is a wide path to it, occupied by a jostling, impatient crowd, exclaiming, "We are elected—we have struck the mark;" but many of them are mistaken. Myself, when I first penetrated to that immense field of exertion, was almost overwhelmed with tormenting anxieties. It was night, and frightful, grimacing, mocking, demoniacal faces swarmed around me; but from the darkness I fancied I saw a vast, clear eye gazing upon me encouragingly. Then two giants appeared to me—they were the fundamental bass and the fifth tone; they threatened to drag me down into the black abyss of despair, but the eye looked pitying upon me, and the sweet third glided forward and placed itself betwixt them. Again, I fancied myself in the land of dreams, in a beautiful valley where the flowers sang together. A sunflower only was silent; it was inclined sadly to the earth, its calyx closed. An irresistible attraction drew me towards it. The flower upraised—the calyx opened, and from the midst of the leaves I saw the large, clear eye turned towards me. Then odoriferous vapours floated around, the flowers burst out into a solemn chorus, and I joined in their hymn of praise.'

As the stranger pronounced the last words he jumped up from his chair, stuck his hat tight on his head, and darted away into the crowd. I followed him quickly, but lost all view of him in a few moments, and for several weeks after I looked for him in vain.

* * * * *

Some months after the foregoing-related strange occurrence,—that is to say, about the end of autumn,—I went to see the monastery of Closterneuburg. Now I had promised myself to go to the opera the same evening, so I discharged my vehicle as we entered the city by the Prater, and went to the coffee-house I usually frequented to get refreshment. The day had been excessively hot, and I preferred to take my coffee in the open air. After I had finished it, to employ myself until it was time for the opera, I filled my meerschaum, lighted it, and as I smoked, sunk into a pleasant reverie. Suddenly I fancied I saw the stranger at a little distance, and I hastened towards him. I caught hold of his arm; he turned round and said,—

'I recollect you. We met at the Leopoldstadt. I talked very much. Your good wine heated me.'

'Well,' said I, 'I am glad that we have met again, and I hope we shall become better acquainted. Will you go with me to the opera this evening?—I am anxious to hear Armida.'

'You wish to hear Armida! come with me.'

We passed rapidly through the Prater and into the city. In the Himelfort Strasse he turned into a narrow lateral street, and, at last, stopped before a house of mean, ruinous appearance. The door seemed to open at his touch. I followed him in, and groped my way, in the dark, up the staircase, an immense height, until we reached what would be called in plain English the garret. My guide opened a door, leaving me outside, but soon re-appeared with a light in his hand. We entered the room, and its appearance surprised me not a little. Wainscoted walls, of dark, shining wood, old-fashioned chairs, a clock in a great gilded box, and a large mirror surrounded by a frame carved into massive arabesques, gave to the whole apartment a strange, afflicting look of tarnished splendour. In the midst of the room stood a small piano, and upon it an immense porcelain inkstand, with several quires of ruled music-paper. A second glance at those tools of a composer convinced me that they had been for some time untouched, for the paper was perfectly yellow, and a cobweb covered the entire inkstand.

The stranger walked to an antique cabinet, placed in an angle of the chamber, and, drawing a curtain, discovered it to be filled with large, well-bound books, upon which were stamped in golden letters, Orfeo, Armida, Alceste, Iphigenia; in short, I saw before me all the works of Gluck.

The stranger fixed his looks upon me, and seizing one of the books—it was the Armida—advanced with a solemn step towards the piano. I opened it and pushed up the desk. He appeared to receive my attentions with pleasure. He opened the music-book—how great was my astonishment when I saw that the ruled paper had not one single note marked upon it!

'I am going to play the overture,' said the stranger; I will thank you to turn the leaves over, carefully.'

I promised, and he commenced the majestic Tempo di Marcia. In the allegro he introduced so many original phrases that my astonishment increased more and more. Sometimes his brows contracted, and a fury seemed to possess him—sometimes his eyes suffused with tears, and his countenance expressed the deepest grief—sometimes, as his hands were employed in the most striking modulation and brilliant variations, he sang the thema in a beautiful tenor voice. All the time I observed his looks and assiduously turned the leaves. When the overture was finished, he leaned back in his chair, for a few moments, with closed eyes, and then said, in a stifled voice—

'All this, Sir, I wrote after returning from the land of dreams. I discovered to the profane what is sacred. For my fault I am condemned to wander among them; but not for ever—come, Sir, let us now sing something from the Armida.'

He then began to sing the last scene of Armida, and all that the passions of love, hatred, rage, despair, could express, was expressed by him. His voice penetrated to the bottom of my soul. I was transported beyond myself, and when he finished I caught him by the arm, exclaiming, 'Who are you?—tell me, I conjure you!'

The stranger raised himself from his seat, and regarded me with a severe and penetrating look. As I was going to repeat my question, he took up the light and left the room. For about a quarter of an hour I remained alone, in perfect darkness; then despairing of his return, I set about recollecting the position of the piano, that I might obtain egress by the door. At that moment the stranger appeared again, suddenly, with the light. He was habited in a velvet coat, richly embroidered, a waistcoat of satin, and a sword hung at his side. He advanced solemnly towards me, took me by the hand, and smiling in a singular manner, said—'I AM THE CHEVALIER GLUCK.' What more he would have told me I am ignorant of, for just at that moment the waiter at the Leopoldstadt, who had heard me speak of going to the opera, was kind enough to wake me, fearing, as he said, I should be too late.

W. L. T.

AN INVALID'S REVERIE.

'Airy nothings.'—*Shakspeare.*

A DISTRESSING pulmonary affection compelled me to consult a physician: he considered the symptoms premonitory of consumption, and recommended me to leave the murky atmosphere of London without delay. Instanter, as if by the touch of a magician's wand, my aunt, and her pretty little cottage, situated at the bottom of a sylvan vale in Buckinghamshire, started up before my 'mind's eye.' I had not seen either the lady or her habitation for several years; and yet I felt as firmly resolved to go to Buckinghamshire in that moment, as if my mind had been wrought to it by invitations 'pressing and repeated.' We designate ourselves rational beings: what study of psychological science could enable us to trace the ratiocinative process by which my mind had been brought to this determination? Yet rational we are; inasmuch as we always act *by* reason, but seldom *from* it! We have no more control over the operations of our brains, and the impulses which set in motion the delicate machinery of thought, than we have over the functions of our respiratory

organs. We can no more think as we like than we can breathe as we like: and the moral character of our actions is perhaps as *necessary* as the colour of our blood. However, to Buckinghamshire I was bound. Why *there,* in particular, I knew not. There were other places, other relatives, to which I could have gone, and to which I had been invited; but no—Buckinghamshire was the place which presented itself; and I could as easily have blotted the county out of the map of England as have changed my determination to go thither.

In two or three hours after the physician had recommended change of air, I was being driven past the Middlesex Asylum for Lunatics, on the Bucks road. What an immense pile for such a purpose! What an amazing number of 'minds diseased' does it contain! My sympathies were poignantly touched while contemplating this building. In what respect, thought I, am I less mad than many of the inmates of that miserable abode? Here am I in this post-chaise,—the vehicle, the horses, the driver, my person, my volition, all put into motion by a little breath (which would not have turned a weathercock) modulated into three or four distinct sounds by my physician's tongue. How could my situation be referred to rationality any more than theirs? Surely it is hard to define where caprice ends and insanity begins! All imaginations are sometimes morbid. The functions of the brain are in no case so nicely balanced but that a small weight of care may make reason kick the beam. Yet there is a difference between a momentary and a permanent disturbance of the equilibrium of the beam. There is a difference between a healthy and a diseased brain; but the physiologist must define it—the moralist cannot. The politician in his projects, the fanatic in his inspirations, and all men in their respective idiosyncrasies, exhibit madness in their conduct, albeit their brains may be as sound as was Bentham's itself.

I arrived at my aunt's, and was received with a strange commixture of surprise, welcome, and anger. I *think* the welcome predominated. Scolding being the only recreation in which she ever indulged, of course I was well scolded. I should have thought the old lady was not rejoiced to see me if she had not rated me a little. My cough she attributed to my keeping late hours; and, consequently, I was scolded for not going earlier to bed. She had an asthmatic cough, which she did not prevent, and could not cure; yet she pointed out a thousand means by which I might have prevented my cough, and nostrums in infinity which would infallibly have cured it. And here again I got scolded for neglecting the precautions, and for not having taken the physic. Refreshments were provided, and my eyes were allowed to gaze on many *bonnes bouches* which were prohibited from entering my mouth. My aunt was a rigid dietitian; and knew as well what was fit for a sick young man as Mrs. Malaprop

what suited an obstinate young woman. Tea being introduced, a 'dish of chat,' the usual concomitant of a cup of that beverage, was superinduced. And here I discovered one fact, namely, that old maiden ladies entertain a notion that their own understandings are in a state of rapid progression, while the understandings of their juvenile relatives remain *in statu quo.* At least, such was the relative estimate obviously made of our respective understandings by my aunt. She interrogated me respecting my religion,—hoped I went regularly to church, and deprecated any heterodoxy in my creed. She also evinced much chagrin at my admitting that I sometimes dropped asleep without having previously dropped on my knees. 'She would not go to sleep without saying her prayers for the world!' *Saying* of prayers! She was quite incensed when I told her that her parrot could pray as well as those who merely *said* their prayers. She recited numerous conclusive evidences of the efficacy of prayer—quoted Huntingdon's 'Bank of Faith' for my edification—and I was obliged to succumb, 'for lack of argument,' to the doctrine that if I prayed in faith my health would certainly be restored. I expressed my doubt, and inquired whether she had ever prayed in faith for the removal of her asthma. But she scouted my scepticism by quoting the mountain-moving power of faith; and when I intimated my inability to muster up the necessary quantum of it, she closed the argument by rather a louder *ipse dixit* than was usual with her—that *I could believe if I liked.* On which she was seized with her cough, and I assured her that I should *like* for both her and myself to be relieved of our coughs. On recovering, she commenced an eulogy on the Bible, scolded me for not making it my study day and night, and was about to enumerate all the remarkable dispensations of Providence (which she regarded as so many caprices of the Almighty) on behalf of the Psalmist David. 'And yet,' said I, interrupting the narrative, 'David is not ascended into the heavens.' Whereupon I was denounced an infidel, although I showed her the very words in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. I repented of my journey to Buckinghamshire ere the hour of retiring to bed arrived. At length I was shown to the comfortable little chamber prepared for me to sleep in. The moon shed the magic of its light on the close-grown beech-trees which crowned the summit of a verdant hill, the slope of which was spread before the window of my chamber, and reached to a height at least five times the altitude of my aunt's residence: every shrub and object on the declivity being indistinctly visible, and casting their long shadows down into the vale, furnished ample materials for the imagination to work upon, to render that romantic which was indeed beautiful. I lay musing on the scene till welcome sleep closed my eyelids. The imagination sleeps not. Dreams are assuredly the most inexplicable of

all psychological phenomena. The eye sleeps, the ear dozes, the brain is relieved from impressions by the immediate agency of the senses; but the reasoning faculty sleeps not, any more than the imaginative. Who has not reasoned in his sleep, linked syllogism to syllogism till the concatenation has terminated in a conclusion strictly logical? Who has not dreamed that his very dream was not a dream? 'Tis mystery all.' Ay, from the universe to an atom, all, all is mystery to man, though made but a little lower than the angels, and in 'form and seeming' it may be said of him, 'how like a God!' Nay, the more profound, the more philosophic are his cogitations, the more he finds himself beset with difficulties. The shallow-minded fanatic sees less mystery in the attributes and providence of God than a deeply reflecting mind discovers in a blade of grass. However, I dreamed—I dreamed that I was dead. I—that pronoun, that simple letter—represents more mystery than a metaphysician could unravel in an elaborate voluminous disquisition, and revelation has not developed to man the full extent of its signification. For what is man's identity? My mind changes, my body changes, and yet I am that I am, and no other. I dreamed that I was in my coffin; that my fingers and toes melted, that my skin frizzled up, and my muscles and sinews dissolved like wax, and after leaving my skeleton bare, simmered in my coffin, and passed off in a gaseous state to mingle with the atmosphere. My eyes also melted and ran into my brain, and my brain in a ferment evaporated, and left my skull, 'the palace of the soul,' as Byron has designated it, empty. There *I* lay—my mere bones—and yet conscious. At length my joints separated, the ribs parted from the sternum and spine, and the bones crumbled into dust, and the wind blew it all away. I had thought, thought deeply of death ere I fell asleep. I had endeavoured to grasp the truculent tyrant and hold him up, not for a transient glance, but for the fullgaze of my mental vision. I thought of death—of my own death. It was possible—it was likely—that a few weeks only would pass away ere I should be his victim. No, not *victim;* for death is God's messenger of mercy, to take us from this world; and benignant is his providence in weaning us from it by sickness and other means ere he sends his summons. Yes, I had, as it were, anticipated death, and felt as if about to pass the awful, yet measureless line that divides time from eternity, when I sunk into slumber, and dreamed of being thus decomposed. But surely it was 'not all a dream.' It was but the wonted phenomena of nature exhibited more strikingly to my notice. Physiology informs us that 'this mortal' is incessantly passing away and being renovated,—that a portion of us dies every moment: surely there is, there must be, a portion of us which can never die! When I awakened, the moon was still *looking* into my window (not *peeping*—who can look at the full broad face of the smiling moon and talk of its *peeping?*) The shining orb seemed as

if conscious of what had taken place, and benignantly smiled on me as would a blessed spirit which had once inhabited a 'mortal mixture of earth's mould' like mine. My dream left an impression on my spirits not easily to be obliterated. The phantasm seemed almost an object of vision, so vividly did it possess my waking thoughts. I endeavoured to divert my mind from it. I gazed on the enchanting deep shade and mellow light of the scenery; but nothing of earth could attract my spirit. It seemed as if it had been on the point of taking its flight when I awaked. I looked on the blessed moon, the fleecy clouds, and the blue expanse of the sky, and thought of eternity and heaven. In vain philosophy whispers that heaven has no locality—man must look upwards for it. My mind was constrained to muse on my dream; a consciousness of identity remained, while the component parts of my corporeal portion were passing into space! There was no real anomaly in this; literally it is so. From year to year we know that we have changed; a consciousness of identity has notwithstanding been a part of our being. We are at once certain that we *are not,* and that we *are* the same individuals we were years ago. Then our personality does not depend upon this ever-changing flesh and blood: it does not. Then there is no occasion to revert to the seed and the chrysalis to prove the possibility of man's resurrection; for what is man's life but an incessant death and resurrection? And surely the power which enables us to throw off our mortal clothing every moment of our existence on earth, without *impairing* the principle of thought, or *disturbing* our consciousness of identity, can strip us of it entirely by death, when he shall think proper to take us to heaven, without *destroying* the one or the other. Y.

BLACKBERRIES.

The bramble, the liberal bramble for me,
The apple and cherry are fruits long forbid,
But the child of the poor finds one fruitful tree;
There, like the Fay Puck, with his spoils on his knee,
He is munching and munching sans fear to be chid.

The sheep, and the swine, and the beast that eats thistles,
Wince and away from the bough of blackberry;
For the bramble has roused all their terror of bristles,
And twitches the poachers through hides and through gristles,
And all for the children to pick and be merry.

Be merry and wise, unbuskined young elves!
For I too have rued the bramble-bough's prickle;
But booted and gloved, I'm a fear to themselves,
And they keep their fruit for me as snug as on shelves,
In the desert of turnpike my palate to tickle.

G. S.

A REPLY.

You bid me sing, you bid me sing
The songs you loved so well,
You say they steal upon your heart
Like a sweet soothing spell:

But how can I call back the tones
That erst were fraught with glee?
My faltering voice and quivering lip
Would mar their melody.

You would not know the altered strain,
For from the heart it takes
Its tone of gladness or of woe;
And mine, alas! it aches.

Then ask me not to sing to you
The song of other years;
I dare not trust my trembling voice,
'Twould soon be quenched in tears.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons from the Year 1830 to *the close of* 1835. *Including Personal Sketches of the leading Members of all Parties.* By One of no Party. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THESE Random Recollections are of the most miscellaneous character. They include the 'Forms of the House;' and the forms of the members, whether tall or short, thin or fat. The shape and colour of their coats, their waistcoats, and every article of their dress, whether worn with becoming grace or carelessly put on. The abundance or scarcity of their hair, and its particular shade of black, white, brown, grey, or red. The cut of their whiskers—of their mustachios. The mode in which they hold their hands, and handle their arguments. In what direction they throw their arms, or how they let them lie peaceably by their sides. Their ages, their complexions, their eyes, noses, and mouths. Their chins, whether double or single; shaved, or bearing a tuft of hair. The sound of their voices, and the tone of their politics. Where they sit, and how they sit, stand, or lie. But the list would become too long if we attempted to make it complete. The following extract describes one of the occasional 'scenes in the House,' which scenes—

'Have usually their origin in the impatience of honourable Members to get away from the House for the night; but who dare not venture to leave before the division, lest the non-appearance of their names in the lists of the majority and minority the following morning should lead to some unpleasant questions from their respective constituents, if not to a requisition to resign their seats.

'An honourable Member, whose name I suppress, rose, amidst the most tremendous uproar, to address the House. He spoke, and was received, as nearly as the confusion enabled me to judge, as follows:—"I rise, Sir—(Ironical cheers, mingled with all sorts of zoological sounds.) I rise, Sir,

for the purpose of stating that I have—('Oh! oh!' 'Bah!' and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with loud laughter.) Honourable Gentlemen may endeavour to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions, but I have a duty to perform to my con—— (Ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an incredible length, followed by bursts of laughter.) I say, Sir, I have constituents who, on this occasion, expect that I — (Cries of 'Should sit down,' and shouts of laughter.) They expect, Sir, that on a question of such importance — ('O-o-a-a-u,' and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order!' from the Speaker.) I tell honourable Gentlemen, who choose to conduct themselves in such a way, that I am not to be put down by — (Groans, coughs, sneezings, hems, and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peals of laughter.) I appeal ——('Cock-e-leeri-o-co!' The imitation, in this case, of the crowing of a cock was so remarkably good, that not even the most staid and orderly members in the House could preserve their gravity. The laughter which followed drowned the Speaker's cries of 'Order! order!') I say, Sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself de—— ('Bow-wow-wow,' and bursts of laughter.) Sir, may I ask, have honourable Gentlemen, who can — ('Mew-mew,' and renewed laughter.) Sir, I claim the protection of the Chair.—(The Speaker here again rose, and called out 'Order! order!' in a loud and angry tone, on which the uproar in some measure subsided.) If honourable Gentlemen will only allow me to make one observation, I will not trespass further on their attention, but sit down at once.—(This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, Sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it." The honourable gentleman then resumed his seat amidst deafening applause.'—p. 77.

There is a good anecdote of the late Mr. Henry Hunt, concluded by the information that he was careless in his dress, had a double chin, and was not at all bald.

'One honourable member, on one occasion when Mr. Hunt was speaking, was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honourable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons' pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who seemed to be so distressed with the cough, but he could assure him he would provide some for him by the next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.'—p. 168.

The house has a very different appearance at different times, we are told: occasionally upwards of six hundred members are present. But—

'The greatest number I have known in the House when the public money was in the act of being voted away, scarcely ever exceeded eighty or ninety; while from fifty to sixty is the usual number. On such occasions, especially after twelve o'clock, you see nothing but languor in the faces and manner of those honourable members who continue to sit in an upright position; while a considerable portion of them are either leaning with their heads on the benches, or stretched out at full length with their eyes, like those of Shakspeare's ship-boy, "sealed up" by sleep, "Nature's soft nurse." The strangers in the gallery, who chance to be there for the first time, are always amazed beyond measure at seeing any portion of their representatives thus enjoying their repose while matters of the deepest importance are transacting in the House. They are surprised to see those who were so bustling and animated

on the hustings, and so prodigal of pledges to oppose every improper grant of the public money, not only dull and drowsy in the House, but "sleeping it out" while millions are voted away for all sorts of objects, good, bad, and indifferent."—p. 59.

It must be a grateful reflection to us all, that we have such careful guardians of our purses! M.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with Sketches of Anglo-Indian Society. By Emma Roberts. 3 vols. William Allen and Co. 1835.

This book will prove highly interesting to that large class of readers who have friends or relations settled in India. They long to know the every-day life of those who, though now separated from them by half the globe, grew up with them in the most intimate companionship; and here they will find it. The houses, the furniture, the amusements, the occupations, the dresses—even the very dishes at the dinners—all are detailed with all the varieties of the different stations. So vivid, indeed, are some of the descriptions, as that, for instance, of the large, empty, half-darkened rooms, that we seem to have seen them, and been in them ourselves, after reading of them. We can fancy exactly how they look, with the Punkah swinging, and the walls pierced with doors on all sides, which, standing open for air, show the black servants in their flowing white dresses, gliding about in all directions, ready to answer to the call of their languid, listless mistress.

It is this portion of the book which constitutes its chief interest. In other authors will be found better descriptions of India as a country, and of its natives as a people. Miss Roberts, however, gives ample evidence of having appreciated the beauties and peculiarities of each; and to say this is no mean praise. No one can read her book without acquiring a deeper sense of the vast resources of that magnificent country, and the many interesting points in the character of its people.

There is a very clever chapter on the children of the Anglo-Indians, and another, headed 'Bengal Bridals, and Bridal Candidates,' which, unconsciously, (perhaps?) tells a tale that might serve as a text to some lecture or essay on the present 'condition of women.'

A mode of obtaining justice among the natives is mentioned, which we never heard of before. It is more efficacious than our lawsuits, or even our duels. Two old women, adepts in the art of scolding, are hired by the aggrieved party to sit at the door of the aggressor, and pour out continually the most abusive and scurrilous language against him, his family, and especially *his mother*. If any of the infamous imputations they heap on her head should reach the ear of her son, he is disgraced for ever; so that he is obliged to remain shut up in the inmost recesses of his house, and at length, wearied of confinement, to make reparation.

M.

The Life and Times of General Washington. By Cyrus R. Edmonds. Vol. I.

This is a volume of the 'Family Library.' It 'pretends to no higher character than that of a compilation,' but it might have done so with more justice than many works which do make such pretension. The compilation of facts seems to have been made with all requisite care,

and the reflections interspersed are often not only sound, but original. The opening paragraph may serve as a specimen of them, and of the author's style, to the reader.

'The history of America offers to the contemplation of the historical student one of the most complete and satisfactory experiments which has ever been made upon man in his social and political relations. It differs from most other histories in the certainty which attaches to its earlier portions; for while the primary notices of other nations are either lost in remote antiquity, or are useless as historical remains from the admixture which they contain of legend and superstition, those of the American Colonies, falling within the era of authentic history, are genuine and available records.

'There is also another consideration which, in the esteem of the philosophical inquirer, attaches peculiar interest to American history. All the important events and changes with which it is replete are traceable to the political and social institutions of the country, and not to any distinctive and general character belonging to the people. No society can be imagined more varied than that which colonized the New World. The first discovery by Columbus in 1492 had impressed a new impulse upon Europe, which was propagated through all classes of the people. To some its undiscovered regions offered a theatre for their ambition; to others a field for their curiosity; many were allured to its coasts by mercantile enterprise, while to many it became a refuge from justice, and to not a few the asylum of persecuted piety. Amidst a society so motley, characterized by so little affinity and cohesion, and in no degree modified by the character of the savages whom they displaced, it would be vain to expect anything like a marked national character, or any such rooted and extensively prevalent habits and prejudices as would interfere with the free operation of their social institutions. These institutions, therefore, may be considered to have had a singularly fair trial; a trial made under a most rare and auspicious conjuncture of circumstances; and the more modern and eventful pages of American history, in particular, may be regarded as detailing a series of decisive experiments, establishing certain great principles of political science.'—p. 1, 2.

The history of the great American struggle which is so completely identified with the biography of Washington, is presented by the writer in a more perfect form than in many larger works, by his judicious manner of blending the parliamentary discussions in this country with the insurrectionary conflict in the Colonies. He rightly regards them as different scenes of the one great battle for justice and liberty.

The Mechanic's Calculator. By W. Grier, Civil Engineer. Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

The design of this work is to 'assist the young workman in obtaining a knowledge of the calculations connected with machinery.' Something of this kind was very much wanted, and the author has very judiciously and ably supplied the desideratum. To practical men, and the higher class of operatives, who have not had a scientific education, and for whom it is too late to supply that defect, yet who deeply and daily feel the disadvantage, this compilation will be invaluable. The selection of tables, rules, principles, and examples, seems to us, with reference to the object for which it is made, to be excellent. In the geometry we think it might have been better to follow the plan of Bonnycastle in the definitions, commencing with the solid, and so, by abstracting the qualities of breadth and length, arriving at the point, instead of putting first that mystery of something without magnitude which is a sore puzzle

both to man and boy. But this is a minute fault, and the compiler follows the orthodox authorities. We heartily recommend his very useful work.

The Bachelor's Holydays, with some Thoughts of a Theoretical Philanthropist. London: Houlston.

The author is not only a theoretical but a *practical* philanthropist, as is evidenced by the publication of this volume. It has an unquestionable tendency to do good; and the narratives of which it is composed, although lacking some of the strong and spirit-stirring qualities which are requisite for fictions to make an impression on the public mind, have yet a tone of simplicity, truth, and gentleness, which beautifully harmonizes with the purpose of the writer and the objects contemplated. Sound sense, religious and moral principle, beneficent purpose, and a prevailing judiciousness of manner in the execution, are characteristics that ought to win the favourable regard of a numerous class of readers, and induce them to place this unpretending volume on their family bookshelves.

A Lecture on Education. Delivered by Jonathan Duncan, Esq., at the Guernsey Mechanics' Institution, on the 6th of April, 1835.

Every indication that there is a growing sense of the importance of educating the people at large, must be hailed with satisfaction. The present lecture evinces abundant zeal in the good cause. It contains also some valuable remarks on the necessity of clearness in language, and a plan of teaching grammar with a view to obtaining that clearness which is ingenious, and might possibly prove efficacious.

As an inciter to the work of education, therefore, Mr. Duncan deserves all praise. He is not so successful when he attempts to direct the process of instruction. He conceives that 'the succession of the mental powers is the only sure basis on which any sound and copious system of education can be founded,' and here we most cordially agree with him. But this succession, according to him, is, 'perception first, memory second, judgment third, reasoning fourth.' It is rather difficult to perceive what kind of judgment that is which would come before reasoning. His idea of imagination, too, is, that 'it is the antagonist of judgment, and exercises itself in a manner directly the reverse;' that 'blending together into one confused mass ideas essentially distinct, it compounds what is simple and aims at complexity, which is the characteristic of falsehood and sophistry.' He also declares that 'nothing can be done by a teacher to improve the faculty of perception.' The truth seems to be, on the contrary, that there is no faculty which may not be improved by culture; and this view of the matter is by no means inconsistent with the vast diversity of original power, and individual organization. M.

The Comic Almanack for 1836. Tilt.

As full of fun as last year; and the graphic wit of George Cruikshank, well supported by the gentleman who does the prognostications and

remarkable occurrences. This 'ephemeris in jest and earnest,' moreover, contains 'all things fitting for such a work,' as an almanack, and is a capital Annual of 'Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

The Visionary. Adapted from the Seventh Book of Crabbe's 'Tales of the Hall.' Being No. I. of Prose Tales. Adapted from the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, by Stephen and Horatio Hunt.

We can bear to see Crabbe cooked up in this way: but on reading further we find the names of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson, among various others who are destined to undergo the same process. We also find that the editors confidently expect such success as to induce them to '*prose* the narrative poems of the last century;' and possibly to speculate in a third series, 'which shall include the whole of British poetical narrative from the earliest period.' This success they expect to obtain, by taking from the tales they publish 'the great cause of objection to them—their poetry.' They expect that prose will be read where poetry is looked upon as an abomination. Such they conceive to be the state of the public taste. But as another generation is coming, who may think differently, we recommend them, when they have achieved their present undertaking, to turn all the prose narratives of the language into verse, as a companion work. It will be a much less exceptionable transformation.

The Forget-me-not.

This first of the Annuals, and which has always been amongst the best, professes, on the present occasion, only to aim at sustaining the character it had already acquired. To do that is much, considering the beauty of former numbers, but the attempt is certainly successful. Amongst the literary contributions, those of Mary Howitt, L. E. L., and H. F. Chorley will most attract notice; the 'Dying Sister,' by the first-named writer, is quite in her own delicate and pathetic manner, and is beautifully accompanied by the engraving in the pictorial embellishments, of which the 'Young Enchanter,' the 'Playing Cupid,' and the 'Peasants' Dance,' also merit laudatory mention.

A Collection of Moral and Religious Poetry for the Use of Families and Schools. Whittaker, London; Willmer and Smith, Liverpool.

The Hymns of Dr. Watts and Mrs. Steele, the 'Saturday Magazine,' 'Sacred Offering,' and the devotional poems of Mrs. Hemans and Bishop Heber, are the chief sources from which this compilation has been made. Much taste and pious feeling are displayed in the choice; and, perhaps, considering for whom it is intended, the familiarity of some of the compositions, and the (acknowledged) editorial alterations occasionally made, are not so objectionable as they might otherwise have been.

The General Highway Act, with Notes, Index, &c. By J. Bateman, Esq.

It is gratifying to see any approach towards 'codification;' and we may hope that by one consolidated Act after another much may be done, in

the most approved practical manner, towards reducing the number, simplifying the style, and harmonizing the provisions, of the laws under which we live. Mr. Bateman is a very useful interpreter between the legislature and the public; and his publication may interest us about mending our ways in more senses than one.

The Englishman's Political Legacy.

THE writer is one of those Reformers who prunes with a hatchet. He sees corruption on all sides, and lays about him vigorously in every direction, not sparing his tongue meanwhile. Truly, if he have overdone it a little, there was strong temptation. We should rather have taken him for the executor of a will, than the bequeather of a legacy.

The Squib Annual, 1836.

HUMOROUS verse, with a strong infusion of caustic satire, forms the staple of this amusing publication. The illustrations are by Seymour, a man who has neither superiors nor rivals in his art, that we know of, with the exception of H. B. and George Cruikshank. The vision of Captain Ross at the North Pole shows (in the figure of the Frost Fiend) how the grotesque may ascend into poetical sublimity.

The Battle of the Annuals.

A FEW verses spoken extempore by some incorrigible punster, after dinner, over his wine and walnuts, and interrupted by the summons to tea.

Schlegel's Philosophy of History. Translated from the German; with a Memoir of the Author. By J. B. Robertson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

IN these lectures there are, as every one acquainted with the writings and reputation of Frederick Schlegel would anticipate, many passages rich in profound and beautiful thought, and in pure and philanthropic feeling. Many, however, will not be prepared for the strength and extent of influence which the Catholic Theology exercised over the writer's mind. His notions of human nature, and its degraded condition, appear to us to have put him wrong at the very outset; to have invalidated the principles on which he bases his Philosophy of History, and perverted some of his views of its facts: yet these great deductions leave much which will be read with interest and instruction.

The work is rather somehow done into English than translated. The mechanism of the sentences is frequently most clumsy, complicated, and barbarous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We can only refer 'F. F.' to our former observation.

'Josiah' is declined.

'The Paris Literary Gazette' should have acknowledged its quotations from our pages.

'Songs of the Bees,' by Ebenezer Elliott, next month.

'W. A.' shall be considered. We should be glad of the writer's address.